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GAME NEWS

JANUARY, 1964

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Published Monthly by the
PENNSYLVANIA GAME
COMMISSION

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PENNSYLVANIA

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PENNSYLVANIA
GAME NEWS

George H. Harrison
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Cover Painting by
Daniel F. Ankudovich

COVER: The little white ghost of the mountains is a real curiosity as he scurries under snow-laden rhododendron and laurel thickets. While a resident of northern tier Pennsylvania, the snowshoe hare is found in shootable numbers in only a few counties of the Commonwealth. This gamester, which is brown in summer and white in winter, is most plentiful in the counties of Sullivan, Luzerne, Laekawanna, Wyoming and Monroe. He is being hunted this season from December 26 to January 4. Bag limits are two a day, six a season.

Published **MONTHLY** by the Pennsylvania Game Commission, South Office Building, Capitol, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** \$1 per year; \$2.50 for three years. **TO SUBSCRIBE:** Send check or money order payable to "Pennsylvania Game Commission." Do not send stamps; cash forwarded is done so at sender's risk. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Send both new and old addresses at least 45 days in advance of the issue with which it is to be effective. **PERMISSION TO REPRINT** any signed article may be granted provided advance permission is obtained from the author. No information contained in the magazine may be used for advertising or commercial purposes.

Printed by Times and News Publishing Co., Gettysburg, Pa.
Second Class Postage Paid at Gettysburg, Pa.

The Friendly Game Hog

HOW about the hunter who is willing to help his buddies get their limit? You know the type. He's the sharpshooter who has his own limit of pheasants, grouse or deer before anyone else and then spends the rest of the day or season helping his friends get theirs.

This kind of gunner usually considers himself an upstanding, law abiding leader who will swear to you that he has never broken the Game Law. When asked about his over killing, he calmly justifies his actions by pointing out that everyone is legally entitled to so much game and what's the difference who pulls the trigger as long as the total limit isn't exceeded.

In our opinion this fellow is just as guilty as the poacher or the game hog who exceeds the limit for his own selfish purposes.

The motivation behind this act appears to be one of "service to his fellow man" or the "Good Samaritan." Realistically, the motivation stems from a desire to "show off." He obviously gets a great deal of satisfaction by displaying his gunning skill to his fellow hunters. He thinks he shows us that he is so good that he can kill his own limit and ours, too!

No doubt some of you have been in the embarrassing position of having your partner do you a "favor" by killing game for you. What a spot to be in! The choice you have is to either accept the game and act as if you are grateful or be a real skunk by refusing it and making your "friend" a Game Law violator. Unfortunately, it isn't much of a choice.

One way to avoid such a situation is to announce to known sharpshooters that you prefer to kill your own game and are not interested in any gifts from them. Another way is pick your hunting friends a little better although sometimes this is difficult.

Unfortunately this practice of killing game for someone else is rather widespread. This is particularly true in small deer camps where hunters plan to be there for a certain number of days and find themselves unable to hunt after an early kill.

Perhaps some of this stems from the guide system in Canada and Africa where the experienced leader of an inexperienced group does a lot of the shooting for others.

Regardless of the reasons, in Pennsylvania this is an unlawful act. Sportsmen should avoid any connection with this kind of hunting. This type of game hogging is degrading, selfish, ungentlemanly and in violation of the Pennsylvania Game Law.—
G. H. H.



BEN HOLCOM walked slowly—pussyfooting his way along the edge of the poplars better remembered as the grouse patch. For in effect, that's what it was—an acre or so of poplars that covered what otherwise might have been a bald knob that terminated the hogback ridge stretching from the north end of the Buckhorn toward the headwaters of Mallory Run. And along in October and November when the grouse season was on, the birds seemed to favor this spot in preference to the sparse clumps of bushy pine and straggly sumac that grew recklessly and aimlessly in various places along the ridge.

But on this morning when each stalk of timothy—each pithy stem of goldenrod and every twig on every leaf-barren tree—was cloaked in white with frost, Ben paid no heed to grouse or signs thereof. This was buck season! Buck season with all its long miles of tramping, the careful straining of each muscle when quietness was at a premium, and the trip hammer pounding of the temples at each flash of movement in the woods. This was buck season when every deer in the open was as bald as a billiard and those in the brush seemed to have racks that always blended in with the scrub oak and laurel so that a man never could be quite certain. This was the grandest, most glorious time of the year when the true rifleman hunted with a passion—striving for a one-shot kill and dreading the moment when he loses even the slightest control and misses a shot.

And on that particular morning when Ben followed the edge of the grouse patch, working uphill toward the crest, he could almost feel his eyeballs straining at their sockets as they scanned the fields and brush clumps off to his right. Straight ahead of him and just over the ridge was the

edge of the woods—maybe a hundred yards downhill from where he'd break over. He had told himself a dozen times since starting that morning, that this was a critical area—this is where a man always stood a chance of seeing deer. Sometimes they'd be lying right out in the field and sometimes they'd be hidden in the pines that bordered the woods. And just yesterday afternoon he'd made the mistake of breaking over the skyline and not keeping a sharp enough lookout on the edge of the woods dead ahead. By the time he'd seen the deer, they had already spotted him and loped off into the trees before he could identify any of them.

He shifted the magnum into a ready position with his trigger finger caressing the trigger and his thumb perched over the safety so that it would be ready to fire as soon as the butt settled against his shoulder. And then he eased his way ever so slowly over the skyline, straining his eyes to cover the territory ahead as fast as it hove into view.

The tops of the trees came first—frosted white etchings against a sky of ice blue. And then all at once the entire panoramic view lay ahead of him—dead quiet—motionless—lifeless—frozen. He stood still, searching out each minute detail for some sign of deer, and then at the end of three minutes, made a half turn to the right looking along the backbone of the ridge.

They came out of the sumacs then—four deer bounding in long, arcing strides across the field toward the woods. And in an instant his scope covered them, checking each head for signs of legality. But they were bald—each of them a mulley—and he followed them with the scope until they disappeared into the edge of the woods leaving him alone on that high ridge with his blood surging through

Doe Day





"THE PURPOSE OF A DOE SEASON, Ben, isn't just to give a lot more hunters a chance to kill a deer; it's to balance the deer herd so that there will be enough browse to last 'em through the winter."

his veins like hot molasses candy.

He lowered the rifle then, checking the safety to make sure that it was on safe before working his way the length of the hogback and just under the rim so he wouldn't be on the skyline. He took all of three steps when the fifth deer broke from the sunacs and started across the field—not in that rhythmic, arcing bound so characteristic of a doe, but more of a straight-backed distance-eating stride indicative of a buck.

His mental calculations popped with the precision and clarity of flash bulbs—a hundred and fifty yards—hold at the juncture of the neck and the body, maybe a little ahead of that, and just under the back line. The cross hairs sought the designated spot—wavered a bit like a compass needle, and then jerked sharply when he pressed the trigger. For an instant there was an impression of hoofs and tail and antlers cartwheeling through the golden-rod, and in the end, it settled to the ground in a cloud of frost. The high moment was gone—already shrinking into the black void of the past and leaving an image that could never quite be recaptured completely and exactly.

How many times during the past 25 or 30 years had he experienced similar moments—none of them quite alike—and yet all of them with some mutual significance? How many times had he looked along a rifle barrel and all of a sudden felt that irresistible impulse—the dead certain knowledge that the sights were right and only millionths of a second and a few hundred feet separated life from death? How many times, he thought? How many?

As the Old Man would say it, "there was a whole passel of 'em—" starting all the way back in 1931 when they had a doe season that was to end all deer hunting in the state of Pennsylvania. Ben remembered it. He remembered going to the store down on the river road the night before season opened and listening to the old-timers talk—mostly cussing—about the way the doe were to be slaughtered the following day. "It'll finish the deer," they cried. "Drive 'em to extinction!" But the next day these same old-timers went out with their "thutty-thutties" and helped do their share of whittling the deer herd down to match the available browse.

That was the day that the Old Man took Ben out, and Ben carried a short-

barreled Krag that the Old Man had always claimed saw action at a place called San Juan. They had hunted along Mallory Run that morning, and come noon or thereabouts, were sitting on a log eating cold bean sandwiches and apples that had long since been frozen. Ben had both jaws locked into a Northern Spy when the Old Man nudged him.

"Easy," he whispered. "Look around ahind you!"

Ben turned his head slowly, and out of the corner of his eye saw the first shadow of a deer ghosting through the laurel. A doe maybe two years old. He raised the Krag slowly, freezing to immobility when the deer turned to look at them. And then when she took a couple steps, the Old Man whispered again. "Not that one, Ben. Wait fer the third one!"

The first doe passed from sight behind a straggly clump of laurel and the second took her place. She was a monstrous deer—rather old in years if the steel-grayness of her coat was any indication of age. And in a matter of split seconds, the blade sight on the Krag hovered just over her foreleg and Ben applied some pressure to the trigger. It seemed like too beautiful a specimen to pass up, and certainly, the third deer couldn't be any larger.

"Hold yer fire, you idjut!" The Old Man's voice was almost frantic with urgency.

In an instant the big doe was gone and the one that took her place seemed hardly larger than a good sized collie.

"Now!"

Ben Obeyed

Ben fired, and even before the yearling had crumpled to the snow, the Old Man was on his feet leveling down on a second yearling as it wheeled and ran. The old Winchester blasted once, filling the atmosphere with that unmistakable odor of burnt sulphur and niter and the little doe slid nose first into the snow. "Now, lad, we've done killed us a couple of

deer!"

For a long minute Ben said nothing. He looked at the little deer lying in the snow—not much bigger than a Jersey calf and about the same color—and then he thought of the first two that he'd let go past. "They were big," he said finally. "The second was the biggest deer I ever saw, an' I let it go by!" He glared bitterly at the Old Man. "Why?"

Youth Will Sting

There are times when the voice of youth will sting even the most caloused soul of an old man—times when all the faith and confidence once placed in a senior seem blighted and distorted; times when a kid wished he'd done what he knew was best instead of listening to the twisted advice of an elder.

But somehow, the Old Man had expected this blast from Ben. And instead of rising in righteous indignation, he smiled and busied himself by rummaging through his pockets for the crusted meerschaum and a sack of smoking fodder that was undeniably a mixture of toasted willow bark, corn silk and river bottom burley. "Looky here, Ben," he said finally. "Of all the outdoor sports, there ain't none of them can even come close to deer huntin'. It's the very greatest. An' you an' me as deer hunters want to do everything in our power to preserve the sport fer next year an' the year after an' fer generations to come. That takes some doin', boy—but mostly it's simple arithmetic an' a little judgment." He paused while he filled the pipe, tamping the mixture with just the right amount of pressure to make a good draw. And after he had scraped a kitchen match with his thumbnail and swept the flame across the pipe bowl, he sat down on the log and outlined his thoughts to Ben.

"The purpose of a doe season, Ben, isn't just to give a lot more hunters a chance to kill a deer; it's to balance the deer herd so that there will be

enough browse to last 'em through the winter an' at the same time see to it that there's deer for us another year—bigger deer.

Come Next February

"Now you take them two little ones there—come next February an' March when the snow's a foot deep an' crusted over, they'd have a purty rough time findin' food to keep their bodies goin'. Take a look at some of the brush around here, Ben, an' notice how the small tips have been nipped off clean as a whistle. That's deer work, boy, an' if'n we hadn't had a doe season this year, by next spring you'd see 'em standing up on their hind legs an' reachin' jest as high as they could to get at food. An' a whole lot of 'em—like these two little ones—would starve. There'd be nuthin' within their reach!

"Even with a doe season, it's going to be nip an' tuck for a lot of 'em in this locality 'fore another summer, becuz the herd has kept the browse gnawed back fer so many years that in lots of places there's nothin' to eat. That's why I figgered it best to shoot these two little ones 'stead of the older doe. The big ones will stand a better chance of livin' through the winter now, an' each of 'em will throw twin fawns in the spring. So really, we've gained six deer fer killin' the two that might have starved, an' at the same time, this doe season will whittle the herd back far enough so's it will be more in balance with the amount of food available. 'Course, if'n everybody shot jest the little ones, we'd soon do ourselves out of a hull generation.

"Some folks figger," he said, "that when they see lots of deer in the woods, everything is goin' just fine an' dandy. An' the more deer they see, the better they like it. That's true only to a point, Ben. But we seem to forget that as the deer herd grows bigger, the trees in the woods are also growing bigger, which takes away some of their food. And at the same time, the

brush an' small stuff that makes browse fer the deer, gets gnawed back each year until it's stunted an' finally dies. That, boy, leaves us with a big deer herd and nuthin' to feed it."

The Old Man's pipe had long since gone dead, and while he fumbled in his pockets for a match, Ben walked around the area looking at some of the small beeches and maples and wild cherries that at first appearance struck him as oddly shaped bushes. It was only after a closer look that he saw what the Old Man was talking about—small clusters of branches that had been nipped in the budding stage for so many years that they had died. And while these had been in the process of dying, the lower limbs on the larger trees had also been browsed upon so heavily that many of them were gaunt sticks poking outward from the trunk.

He Was Right

Yes, that's the way it was back in '31 when they killed some seventy thousand antlerless deer. And just as the Old Man predicted, it was going to be increasingly difficult each year after that to keep the herd balanced with the available browse. Somehow the old codger was always able to look a little bit beyond tomorrow and visualize the results of today. He was always able to sit back in a corner kind of quiet like, listening to the clamor of argument about him and sift the good from the bad. And by the time he'd made up his mind to speak, other folks sat back and usually nodded their heads in agreement.

"Shore," he said. "Sometimes it seems unreasonable to be killin' doe—an' I grant that I've had my dander up about it oncet er twice in the past. But when you look at the facts, Ben, get right out into the woods an' study 'em fer yourself—you'll see that doe seasons are purty necessary. It's jest like thinnin' out a melon patch an' leavin' jest enough of the vines to give you the biggest crop possible for the amount of ground you've got planted."



Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III

BLACK BEARS ARE ANTI-SOCIAL and except during the mating season are seldom seen in company with other bears. Cubs, however, normally stay with their mothers during the first 18 months of their lives.

THE KEYSTONE BRUIN

Compiled by George H. Harrison

Editor, GAME NEWS

THERE'S magic in the thought of a trek into "bear country." Amazingly, a lot of Pennsylvania is, in fact, prime bear country with recent reports of this amazing animal from nearly every section of the Commonwealth.

If you don't live right in bear country, it's only a matter of an hour's or so drive for any resident of the Keystone State.

A lot of interest is shown in this elusive creature, but when it comes right down to it, very little is known about the bear and his status in our state.

We do know that whatever the total population, it is sufficient to hold its own against creeping civilization and gunning pressure. The 554 bears harvested in 1962, the best since 1947, vouch for the fact that the bear population is doing all right. The greatest recorded kill was in 1930 when 707 bruins were taken. The lowest kill

of 149 was in 1942 when the hunters were after bigger game overseas.

Like all our big game animals, the bear suffered from the initial advance of civilization in America, as towns grew, markets were established, and game was bought and sold along with grain and vegetables. Bear meat and hides were among the leading market products and by 1895, when the Game Commission was established, black bears were very scarce in Pennsylvania. In spite of this, they were given no protection until 1905, when a closed season was established and shooting was permitted from October 1 to March 1 only. Thus, Pennsylvania was the first state to enact legislation protecting black bears, and without this wise action there probably would be no bear hunting in our state today. Although they were included on the protected list of game animals, the same law also permitted the killing of bears which were destroying personal



PGC Photo by George Harrison

"BEARS HAVE SHARP CLAWS," says this Blair County father as he shows this trophy to his son last season. The animal was hanging in front of this successful hunter's home along Route 220 north of Tyrone.

property or attacking a human being. This same protective-permissive killing law is in effect today although penalties for violation have been increased from \$50 to \$200.

One bad feature permitted under the law of 1905 was the use of the steel trap and the deadfall, but in 1911 an act of the Legislature abolished the use of both of these dangerous contrivances. Not only were they unnecessarily cruel, but on more than one occasion, hunters were badly injured when they unknowingly stepped into a deadfall or large steel-jawed trap.

The law of 1909 reduced the length of the open season to three months, October 1 to January 1. By 1912 bears had increased considerably and the hunter began regarding them as prize game animals. He accordingly demanded additional protection for

bruin, with the result that the Legislature of 1915 reduced the open season to two months, October 15 to December 15, prohibited the use of log pens in taking bears, and established a bag limit of one bear to each hunter. In 1917 a law was passed establishing a bag limit of three bears for each camp or hunting party.

By 1919 the animals had increased to such an extent in some counties that numerous complaints of sheep kills and beehive destruction were heard. As a result the Legislature gave the Game Commission authority to provide special rules and regulations concerning the taking of bears, upon petition of two hundred citizens, in counties where conditions would warrant such action.

In a three-year tagging study in Virginia, it was found that about 33 per cent of those bears tagged were harvested the following season. If this harvest figure could be applied to Pennsylvania's total kill of 554 bears in 1962, then our total bear population last fall was between 1,500 and 2,000 animals. It is generally believed by the experts that the black bear population ranges a little under 160,000 animals throughout the United States and slightly over 1,300 in Pennsylvania.

More is known about the life history of the black bear than other aspects of its management. In the West Virginia Conservation Magazine Game Biologist George Zappler reported some interesting details of the bear's private life:

The mature bears seek a winter retreat by late November or early December in our part of the country. This retreat may be an underground den, a cave under a ledge, among broken rocks, or a hollow in a large tree or fallen log. Sometimes they have to dig a shelter for themselves. Some bears, the more careless, or perhaps the more rugged (who is to judge?) go to sleep in a windfall, in the lee of fallen tree trunks or in a thicket. Perhaps, too, in these cases,



PGC Photo

THE MOTHER USUALLY HAS TWINS, sometimes triplets, a single cub being the norm for her first delivery which occurs when she is about three years old.

there is an "apartment shortage," the more provident bears getting the choice locations. The pregnant female always retires earlier and takes more pains about providing a comfortable winter den than does the footloose, more restless male.

Bears do not hibernate in the true sense. The body temperature does not drop and the rate of breathing and metabolism is not slowed down to the degree of true hibernators such as woodchucks, ground squirrels, and others. During most of the winter, the dozing bear is semi-conscious and aware, but somewhat dulled to movements and sounds around it.

The mother usually has twins, sometimes triplets, a single cub being the norm for her first delivery which occurs when she is about three years old (The Virginia study showed that the average female has 2.6 embryos). Bears have young only every other

year. Mating takes place in June or July when the normally solitary animals make a frolicsome, hugging and mutually pawing couple, feeding together among the lush vegetation. Simple calculation will show the gestation period to be seven months. If we compare this length of time with the normal for other carnivores, the span involved for the bear is more than twice as long. The biological explanation for such a situation has become apparent in recent years, and has been given the name of "delayed implantation." In other words, after the ovum is fertilized, it does not immediately attach itself to the walls of the uterus to commence its foetal development as in most animals; instead, the fertilized bear egg remains free and undeveloped in the body cavity, not to implant itself and start its normal growth until approximately three months after mating.

The cub is born during the coldest part of the year, in January usually—a tiny, blind, naked morsel of bear potential, and huddles against his huge dozing mother who has been in winter retreat for the last several months. The newborn cubs are about nine inches long, weigh about seven ounces ($1/500$ the weight of the mother), resemble nothing as much as miniature, almost legless bulldogs.

The tiny cubs stay with their half-asleep mother, snuggled up close and nursing contentedly. After about six weeks the cubs open their eyes and begin to cut their teeth. They are then twelve inches long, weigh about two pounds and are covered with soft black down.

With the arrival of spring, the mother takes her brood out for the first time. Better climbers than they are walkers, the cubs toddle about rather uncertainly at first. At the first sign of trouble, the mother sends them sprinting up into the treetops. She does not permit them to come down until the danger is over, or if she has errands to do, not until her return. If



PGC Photo

BETTER CLIMBERS than they are walkers, the cubs toddle about uncertain at first. When trouble is sensed, the mother sends them sprinting up into the treetops. They must stay there until she tells them to come down.

they do not obey her hoarse grunt immediately, she cuffs them hard and they know better the next time.

The evident enjoyment with which cubs and mother play together is a good index of intelligence of the species. Although the bear mother is an indulgent parent, she can be a very stern disciplinarian. By example and by help she teaches the youngsters to hunt mice and ground squirrels, to dig for wild parsnips and other roots—and to swim.

Ordinarily, bears are relatively silent animals, the mother and cubs only occasionally making sounds that range from grunts to mumbles and squeaks. In times of stress, however, there is nothing more vocal than a bear. An angry male can be heard half a mile away. A bear in pain will bawl and sob like a human. Cubs that have become separated from their mother cry for hours with a peculiar whimpering, high-pitched moan that rises and falls and stops only from sheer

exhaustion.

Mothers and cubs are nomads for the half year after leaving the winter den. They will range about in an area approximately ten miles in radius. The solitary male has a large home territory—perhaps 15 miles in radius. The female and her young sleep whenever fatigue overtakes them, sometimes in trees, sometimes on the ground. As bulky as she is, a two-hundred-pound bear can relax completely when sprawled lengthwise on a limb only four inches in diameter. She looks rather incongruous with her legs hanging down on each side, but appears to enjoy a comfortable night's sleep nonetheless. On the ground, she selects a sheltered place in a thicket and scoops out a shallow bed from a few inches to a foot deep.

All bears are good swimmers, and like to take a dip in hot weather just to cool off.

The reason a bear's gait looks rather cumbersome is that bears possess no

true collarbones to anchor the front limbs solidly to the body, but bruin can travel as fast as 25 miles an hour if he feels in danger. He may look clumsy, but isn't.

When once again summer's abundance has faded into approaching winter's desolation, the mother and her cubs, which now weigh about 40 pounds each, look for a winter hide-out. They may sleep together as before, or in closely neighboring dens.

The following spring, when the cubs are about 16 months old, they are husky fellows and quite knowledgeable woodsmen. Their mother usually leaves them to their own devices, only very occasionally will she still nurse them. By the middle or end of June the mating instinct will have taken precedence in her case, and some big male bear in the vicinity will take up her complete interest. The yearling cubs move away on their own at this point, usually traveling together another year until they are about two and one-half years old, then disperse, mate briefly, and become solitary like their elders.

Sleeping or Eating

When not sleeping, the black bear spends most of its time looking for food. This usually comes in small units for such a bulky creature. It satisfies its taste for meat mainly by digging out rodent burrows. Ants, crickets and grasshoppers are not disdained either, and any piece of carrion, too, is eaten with relish.

Most of the time the bear is a vegetarian, eating quantities of grasses, tender sedges and clover. The list of fruits includes everything he can find: elderberries, blackberries, blueberries, strawberries, wild cherries, the fruits of poison oak, thornapple, crabapple, paw paw, serviceberry and persimmon.

There is a lot of interest in the weight of bears, not only here in Pennsylvania, but throughout the country. Each season, wild rumors spread about the weights of certain bears that

have been killed. The estimates are usually several hundred pounds too high. The largest bear on record killed in Pennsylvania is a 588-pound (hog dressed) bruin killed in 1919 by Norman Caykendall, of Milford, on the Ed Orben farm in Dingman Township, Pike County. The bear was 18 inches across the skull from ear to ear and 8½ feet long.

During the 1962 hunting season a 562-pound (hog dressed) bear was killed in the Adirondacks of New York State by Robert Avery, of Arietta, N. Y.

Pennsylvania's largest bear killed in 1962 was a 521-pound bruin killed by David Fitzgerald, of Bernville, on November 26 in Tioga County.

Food storage for the winter is accomplished internally, that is the bear tries to get as fat as it can. In the late fall, the mast of oaks and beech are its main diet. If frost does not bring the nuts to the ground fast enough, the bear climbs the trees and shakes them vigorously. Then it returns to the ground, gobbling up its harvest, shells and all.

Paradoxically, the black bear can be anything but black. Various color phases throughout the country find this species robed in gray-black, blue-gray, cinnamon or even white. However, most of the black bears in Pennsylvania and eastern U. S. are actually black although cinnamons are found.

Property Damager

And now to the bear's reputation as a sheep killer and outlaw. Each year, Pennsylvania pays farmers money in return for the loss of stock, bees and beehives due to bear damage. During the fiscal year 1961-1962, \$4,338.28 was paid out for this purpose. By law, the total amount for any year may not exceed \$5,000. Claims for damage are investigated by District Game Protectors. Damaged beehives must be within 300 yards of a farm building to be eligible for claim. Jefferson County led last year with claims of \$1,127.85.

A breakdown of the claims shows



POTTER ENTERPRISE Photo

KILLED DAMAGING CORN. This mother bear and two cubs were killed by a Potter County farmer last fall after the bear family had caused considerable damage to his cornfield. A third cub escaped. District Game Protector Richard Curfman and Deputy Myrl Knickerbocker, Coudersport, took the animals to a migrant camp where they were used for food.

that damage to beehives was far in excess of damage to sheep. In fact, damage was paid on only four sheep, three hogs and one calf during the fiscal year 1961-1962.

Unfortunately, rumors about sheep killing bears spread like wildfire. Such rumors should be referred to the local Game Protector who will investigate the matter thoroughly and will advise the landowner of his rights to collect damage or dispose of the bear.

Present Game Law allows each individual hunter one bear over one year old during the open season. If you are in a hunting party of three or more, then the party, as a group, is allowed only two bears, over one year old. The season is one week in length usually preceding the deer season.

The one problem that haunts all bear hunters is the fear of mistaking a cub for an adult. In the woods, at a distance, it can be difficult to determine if the bear is legal.

According to Game Commission Chief of Law Enforcement Thomas F. Bell, "The legal size bear law has

been, and in all probability will continue to be, the most debated subject in bear camps across the state. The truth of the matter is that hunters are not required to make a distinction between thirteen-month-old cubs from those that are only ten or eleven. In bear season (November) all cubs are approximately ten months old and the next age group is 22 months and full size bears are 34 months old and older. The hunter is therefore required only to determine that the bear in question is not a ten-month-old cub. The difference in size between the 10- and 22-month-old bears is generally the answer; however, there is some overlapping of size and anyone who would kill a small bear is gambling with the possibility of violating the law. As for teeth, any bear that does not have fully developed canine (tusk) teeth at the time of the hunting season is a cub, regardless of all else. Ten-month-old bears generally weigh twenty-five to sixty pounds and a few have weighed as much as eighty pounds. Twenty-two-month-old bears usually weigh from 110 pounds to 175 pounds; however, like all wildlife and humans,

there are always some individuals that are smaller than average or in poor physical condition and weigh less than a hundred pounds. Nevertheless, all bears in this age group, regardless of size or weight, have fully developed canine teeth and are therefore legal.

"There is no positive criteria for separating small adult bears from exceptionally large cubs, unless the animal is dead. We can only suggest to the hunter that he shoot at bears that are beyond the questionable size. If this suggestion is followed it would keep the hunter out of trouble and provide the sportsmen of Pennsylvania with many more trophy size bears. Knee-high bears are almost never legal."

The accompanying illustration further explains the teeth arrangements of cubs and adult bears.

Unfortunately, each year hunters kill cub bears and either confess their crime or leave the animal in the woods.

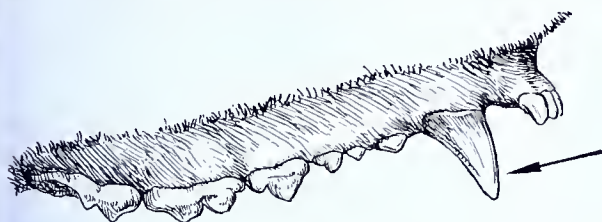
In spite of the problems facing the bear population in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, the bruin is doing remarkably well. His presence in our woods continues to thrill park tourists in the



POTTER ENTERPRISE Photo
CORN DAMAGE caused by bears in Potter County last fall. The Game Commission pays for damage on both beehives and stock, but not on corn.

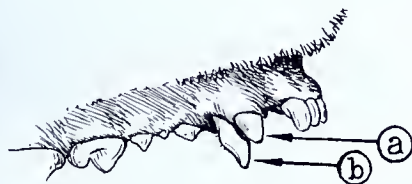
summer and hunters in the late November. He is a noble beast worthy to roam in the wilds of Penn's Woods.

THE ONE POSITIVE way to tell a cub from an adult bear is by examination of the teeth. The drawings below show what to look for when checking for the difference.



ILLEGAL CUB BEAR

The permanent canine tooth (a), only partially exposed, is forcing the "milk" canine tooth (b) out of the gum.



LEGAL ADULT BEAR

Permanent canine teeth, or "tusks," are fully formed and at least an inch in length. As a rule they are stained around the base.



ILLEGAL BEAR CUB

No sign of a permanent canine tooth. The small "milk" canine tooth is still in place.

IDENTIFICATION OF BEAR CUBS



WALKIN' SHOES

By NED SMITH

Visitors From the Northland

1. What is the purpose of the crossed mandibles of the cross-bill?
2. Some winters numbers of large, white owls are seen in Pennsylvania. What species of owl are they?
3. What hawk that infrequently visits Pennsylvania is almost completely black?
4. The male pine grosbeak is black, yellow, white, and olive. True or false?
5. The cedar waxwing is our common species. What is the name of the larger waxwing that sometimes appears in our state in wintertime?
6. Short-eared owls prefer dense evergreen forests. True or false?
7. Is the Oregon junco's natural range really in the mountains of the far west?
8. Pipits, snowbuntings, and horned larks all prefer to feed in open country. True or false?

BY EVERY standard the world is shrinking. Jet planes can whisk air travelers from New York to California in a matter of hours, and European cities are a mere day's journey from our shores. Probably more Pennsylvanians will see the Grand Canyon next year than saw the Washington Monument in any one year in Grandma's day.

Birds are traveling farther these days, too, though surely not because of faster transportation. Each year we are surprised by reports or personal sightings of birds that simply "don't belong here," and many species that were practically unknown in Pennsylvania fifteen or twenty years ago are now commonplace.

Wintertime is probably the best season for seeing out-of-place birds, due chiefly to the erratic influences that move them about. Food failures, severe weather, population cycles, all have an effect on the winter travels of various northern species; few comparable forces are in effect during the summer months.

Where to look for them? There's no best place. Some make their Pennsylvania debut at feeders; others haunt deep forests, weedy fields, and bare, wind-swept beaches. One thing is certain—*where* you look for them is not as important as *how* you look. Most are discovered by careful observation. Rare birds often bear a close resemblance to familiar species, and frequently a flock of common birds will be found to contain one or two rare birds of an entirely different kind.

The following paragraphs describe a number of uncommon species that have been recorded in wintertime in various parts of the Commonwealth. Some, it is true, would not be considered rarities everywhere in the

RIGHT-
PINE
GROSBEAK



RED
CROSSBILL



AMERICAN PIPIT



WHITE-WINGED
CROSSBILL



BOHEMIAN
WAXWING



OREGON JUNCO



state, nor are some of them uncommon every year. But if you've seen all these birds in Pennsylvania you are either extremely lucky or a naturalist supreme.

Pine Grosbeak

Once extremely rare below the northern mountains these robin-sized birds have become rather familiar visitors in some parts of southeastern Pennsylvania in recent years. They are quiet birds, but when excited utter a quick, finchlike "chick, chick, cheer." Other notes are a muted trill, a low "purt," and a ringing "cleer."

The male's body is a delicate rosy-pink, brightest on the rump and blending into gray on the flanks, lower belly, and under tail coverts. The back is streaked with dusky. The tail and wings are dark brownish gray, the latter crossed by two white wing bars. The dark bill is short and stout.

The female is predominantly gray, the head and rump tinged with yellow. Like the male, she has two white wing bars. Immature males resemble the females, but are washed with bright orange-yellow on the head, breast, and rump.

Red Crossbill

Crossbills derive their name from the manner in which their mandibles are twisted and crossed — a strange specialization that enables them to easily pry open the scales of evergreen cones and extract the seeds. Both species are the size of a sparrow.

The most common is the red, or American, crossbill which sometimes invaded our northern evergreen forests in winter and more rarely breeds there. They are quiet feeders, making little sound other than the crackling of pine cones or an occasional sharp, "jip, jip."

The males are brick red, brightest on the rump, and streaked with grayish brown. The wings and tail are plain blackish.

The females are nondescript sparrow-looking birds washed with olive.

Their wings and tails are dark and unmarked and, of course, their bills are crossed like their mates.

White-winged Crossbill

Frequently found in company with the red crossbill, this species is by far the rarer of the two. Its feeding habits are the same, but its notes are less harsh.

The male resembles a miniature pine grosbeak in certain respects, being rosy-pink in color, with white-barred blackish wings and plain, dark tail. Its smaller size should prevent confusion with the grosbeak, however, and at closer range the crossed mandibles and broader white wing bars are infallible crossbill field marks.

Females resemble female red crossbills, but have the characteristic white wing bars.

Oregon Junco

Last year a friend and I photographed one of several Oregon juncos that spent most of the winter in Dauphin County and others have been reported during recent years.

These birds from the far west are usually in company with the native slate-colored juncos, and unless the observer is quite discerning they can be readily overlooked—especially the females.

The males are easily identified by their black or very dark gray head, neck, and chest, decidedly brown back, and tan or pale rusty sides that contrast sharply with the black chest.

On females the black is replaced by gray, but the tan sides also contrast sharply with the color of the upper chest. Young female slate-colored juncos often have sides that are tinged with tan, but they blend smoothly into the color of the chest.

Bohemian Waxwing

Like the familiar cedar waxwing this western relative has a crested head, narrow black mask, and yellow-topped tail. However, it differs from its eastern cousin in its larger size,

LAPLAND LONGSPUR



SNOW BUNTING



SHORT-EARED OWL



SNOWY OWL



LIGHT PHASE

ROUGH-LEGGED HAWK



DARK PHASE

NED
SMITH-

grayer coloration, bold yellow and white markings on the wings, and bright rusty under tail coverts. Like the cedar waxwing, this bird's secondaries are often tipped with red appendages.

Bohemian waxwings breed chiefly in western Canada and sometimes drift into the middle-western states in winter. Stragglers from this eastern movement account for the occasional Pennsylvania record.

American Pipit

It's hard to determine if this bird is really rare (some winters it isn't) or if it is simply overlooked. In addition to losing itself among flocks of prairie horned larks, its neutral coloration and ground-hugging manner do little to advertise its presence. Like the horned lark, the pipit walks and runs, rather than hops, and it rarely alights on a perch higher than a clod in a field. It, too, delights in bare, windswept fields.

A little larger than most sparrows, the pipit is generally brown in color and has a slender bill. Its grayish brown back is unstreaked, its buffy breast and sides are narrowly streaked with dark brown. The wing feathers are dark brown with paler edges, and the almost constantly wagging tail is dark with white edgings on the outer feathers.

Lapland Longspur

In its summer plumage, which we never see hereabouts, this bird is easily recognized, but by the time it arrives in Pennsylvania from the Arctic tundra regions it has changed to its nondescript sparrowy winter attire. The male resembles an English sparrow at a distance, but at closer range the shorter tail with its white outer tail feathers, sparsely streaked sides, and variable reddish tinge on the nape can be discerned. Most males also have a more or less concealed dark patch on the chest.

Except for the distinctive tail pattern most of the females lack the male's field marks, and if unaccom-

panied by males their identification can sometimes be difficult.

The longspur is often found in company with horned larks, snow buntings, and other northern birds with a liking for open country.

Snow Bunting

Not too many years ago the sight of a flock of snow buntings anywhere in Pennsylvania but around Lake Erie and a few other scattered localities was cause for no little excitement, but no longer. For instance, in the last few winters I've seen hundreds of these birds in Dauphin County. Still, some winters they are almost totally absent.

Little larger than English sparrows, snow buntings appear predominantly white in flight. On the ground they display a pale reddish brown crown and back (the latter streaked with black), black tertials edged in buff, black-tipped outer flight feathers, and a two-toned tail—black in the center and white on the sides. Females are duller, and the black in their wings is replaced with dusky brown.

Like most birds born in the Arctic tundra snow buntings travel in flocks and revel in inhospitable, wind-swept beaches and open fields, often in the company of horned larks, tree sparrows, and pipits.

Snowy Owl

Ordinarily these beautiful birds are extremely rare in Pennsylvania, but every four years or so we can expect an "invasion" due to periodic food shortages in their Arctic homeland. Shunning forested areas, they appear in large numbers around Lake Erie and in lesser numbers in flat farm land throughout the rest of the state, sitting on haystacks, muskrat houses, ant hills, rocks, or on the ground. They are quite fearless.

Females are the larger, often attaining a length of more than two feet, and are white, barred with dusky brown. Males are smaller and less heavily barred—some being almost

pure white. There are no ear tufts, but the feet are heavily feathered.

Short-eared Owl

Like the snowy owl, these birds prefer to roost and rest on the ground, although they do perch on fences, posts and trees on occasion. Most winters they are extremely rare, but when they do migrate to Pennsylvania certain localities become literally overrun with them.

The short-ear is nearly as large as a crow. Its ear tufts are usually too small to be seen in the field, but it can be quickly distinguished from the earless barn owl by its heavily streaked buffy breast and its brown upperparts streaked with blackish brown.

Its call, a rasping "skeow," as well as a low growling note, are sometimes heard from flying birds; at other times it is usually silent. Although considered diurnal it shows a preference for the period between late afternoon and nightfall to do its hunting.

Rough-legged Hawk

One of our most handsome visitors from the north is the rough-legged hawk, a huge buteo equalling the red-tailed hawk in size. It occurs in two color phases, as well as in intermediate

plumages. Pale birds have distinctly streaked heads and necks, brown backs, buffy breasts streaked with black, black bellies and white tails tipped with black.

At rest, birds of the black color phase appear completely black or very dark brown except for their tails, which are somewhat paler, especially toward the base. In flight they show a large amount of white at the base of their light feathers on the under side.

The rough-leg is an open country hawk, and is usually seen skimming low over fields and marshes, hovering over one spot like a sparrow hawk, or sitting quietly on a low perch.

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS

1. They enable the crossbill to open pine cones and extract the seeds.
2. Snowy owls.
3. The rough-legged hawk (black color phase).
4. False. That is the coloring of the evening grosbeak. The pine grosbeak is chiefly pink in color.
5. The Bohemian waxwing.
6. False. They prefer open country.
7. Yes.
8. True.

1963 Conservation Directory Available

The 1963 Conservation Directory, a listing of organizations and officials concerned with natural resources, is ready for distribution by the National Wildlife Federation, 1412 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C. Completely revised, the new edition contains information about more than 900 agencies and organizations, including the names and titles of nearly 5,000 individuals, the Wildlife Management Institute reports.

A new feature is the addition of a 19-page alphabetical index of the names of individuals working in the resources field. Listings include official agencies in the United States and Canada, international and interstate organizations, national and regional nongovernment organizations, and state agencies and citizen groups. Copies should be ordered directly from the Federation at \$1 apiece. Ask for the 1963 Conservation Directory.



PGC Photo by Steve Kish

THE DAIRY-TIMBER CUTTING AREAS of Susquehanna County seem to produce some of the best nourished deer in the Commonwealth. Large grazing lands broken by wooded area are typical of this northern tier section.

*Pennsylvania Hunting Series, Part 6**

Hunting in Northeast Pennsylvania

IN A few words, northeastern Pennsylvania is a land of great contrasts. Just as this area displays gutted terrain in the form of strip mines so too does it offer the state's most picturesque scenes of white birch, blue lakes and green moss-covered woodland floors. Northeast is a land of high mountain meadows, of deep forested woodlands, of farms planted to corn and wheat.

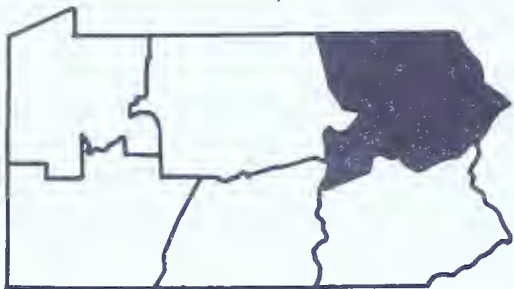
The diversified habitat thus produces a variety of wildlife and offers the sportsmen a choice of big and small game hunting unmatched anywhere in the Commonwealth.

Northeast is the home of the snowshoe hare, of deer, bear and cottontails. It is the haunt of turkey, grouse and pheasants. Northeast is even a haven for woodcock, doves and water-

fowl. This corner of the Commonwealth is a paradise for the sportsman who likes to hunt a variety of game in settings ranging from the farm areas of the mid-West to the wilds of Canada.

The Game Commission's Northeast Division is composed of 13 counties bordered to the north by New York and to the east by New Jersey. This part of the Commonwealth has been called the "Playground of the East" mainly due to the Pocono summer resorts. Nevertheless, the influx of non-residents doesn't end on Labor Day. The fall and winter hunting seasons continue to attract sportsmen to northeastern Pennsylvania from all over eastern United States to reap the wildlife harvests from this land of contrasts.

The white-tailed buck is "King" of Northeast hunting. This number one game species continues to be the big



** Editor's Note: "Hunting in Northeastern Pennsylvania" is the sixth in a series of six articles covering the vast wealth of public hunting facilities in our state. Each article covered one of the Game Commission's six field division areas. Each of the six will be available in reprint form upon request.*

attraction for both local and visiting sportsmen. During the 1962 deer season, 16,616 deer were reported killed during the open season (9,549 were bucks, 7,067 were antlerless). Although all Northeastern counties have good deer populations, hunters in seven of the 13 counties killed from 1,400-2,200 whitetails last year. In descending order they are Bradford, Wayne, Luzerne, Pike, Monroe, Sullivan and Carbon.

Research findings from roadside checking stations show that the best nourished animals with the largest racks in Northeast have, in general, been coming from the dairy and timber cutting counties of Susquehanna, Wyoming and Bradford. Poorer quality deer seem to come from the Pike, Wayne and Monroe Counties where large private land holdings are closed to public hunting. As a result of underharvesting, the deer population in many of these areas is high but food supplies are scarce and the deer are underdeveloped.

The second most popular game species in Northeast is the cottontail rabbit. Leading bunny counties are Bradford and Susquehanna with Carbon, Luzerne, Columbia, Northumberland and Montour following closely behind.

In addition to good rabbit hunting on private lands three State Game Lands in Northeast are specifically managed for the cottontail: No. 219 in Bradford County; No. 226 in Columbia County; and No. 187 in Luzerne County.

The Northeast Division is second only to Northcentral in its bear hunting resource. Last year 27 per cent or 150 of the 554 bruins killed in the Commonwealth were claimed in Northeast. Pike County is by far the leader, but Monroe and Sullivan are good, too. The opening day and the Saturday before buck season are the two big bear days in Northeast. Last year four Luzerne County brothers hunting independently killed four bears at various spots in Northeast.

Although this is a rare occurrence, it indicates the kind of bear hunting available in this part of Pennsylvania.

Some 15 years ago, there were practically no turkeys in Northeast, but today they are plentiful in about seven of the 13 Northeast counties. Sullivan is tops with Wyoming, Bradford, Luzerne, Pike, Monroe and Lackawanna tying for second.

Most of the outside turkey hunters come from southeastern Pennsylvania. At the same time, Northeast hunters drive south for pheasants.

Although the Northeast counties are holding their own on turkey populations, recent years have shown a leveling off of turkey numbers without any noticeable increases.

Grouse hunters will find all Northeast counties good except for the farm areas of Northumberland, Columbia and Montour, although, even in these areas there are some grouse hot spots.

THE STATE'S BEST and almost only snowshoe hare hunting is found in Northeastern Pennsylvania. The counties of Sullivan, Luzerne, Lackawanna, Wyoming and Monroe have the largest populations.

Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III





PGC Photo by Steve Kish

NORTHEAST OFFERS THE STATE'S BEST woodcock hunting, too. Two O'Boyle brothers and Leonard Arch claimed this kill on the opening day this year in Lackawanna County.

Northeast offers the state's best woodcock hunting. Because of the numerous lakes, marshes and rivers the Northeast provides excellent woodcock habitat for migrating "timberdoodles." Sullivan is the top county, but Lackawanna, Luzerne, Monroe and Pike will often give the woodcock hunter what he is looking for.

The state's best and almost only snowshoe hare hunting is found in Northeast. Game Commission management and experimental restocking efforts have shown some encouraging results in snowshoe populations recently. Private hunting clubs have also released hares in these Northeastern counties which, if liberated in potential but unoccupied habitat, have helped the snowshoe cause.

In past years when there was a separate season on snowshoes, pressure on the white bunnies was unbelievable; almost like the opening of deer season. Now that the snowshoe season is combined with the late small game harvest, the pressure is not nearly as great and hare populations are not as prone to be overshot.

Squirrel hunting is not nearly as popular in Northeast as in other parts of the state, but there are fair populations throughout the Division. A few black squirrels can be seen in Bradford and Sullivan Counties.

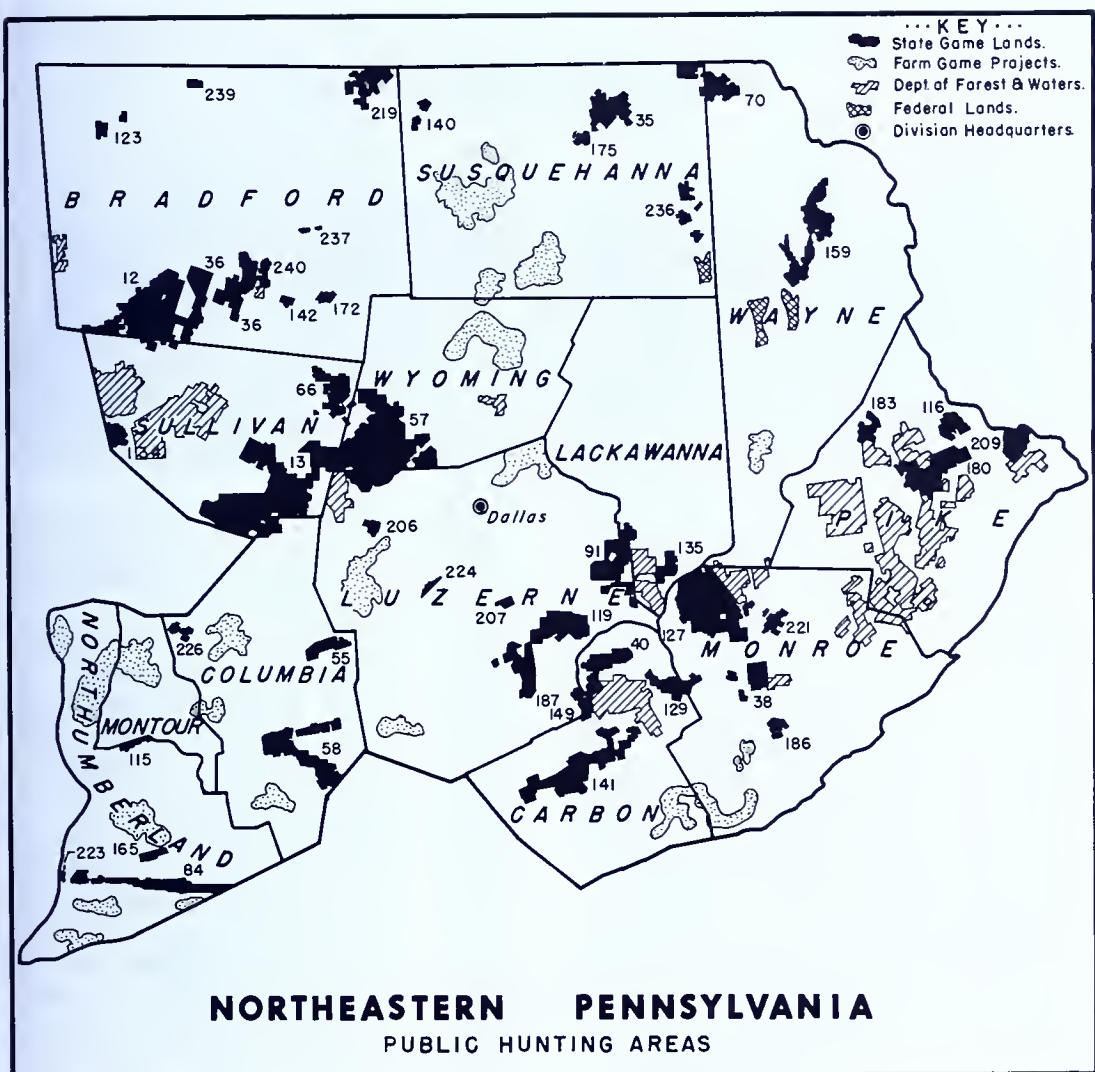
The prime pheasant habitat in Northeast is located in the farming areas of Northumberland, Montour, Columbia, southern Monroe, southern Carbon and southern Luzerne Counties. Pheasants are stocked in all other Northeast counties, but no natural reproduction occurs there.

Mourning doves are also found in some numbers in all the above pheasant counties and also southern Lackawanna. These are mainly local populations and move out soon after the September season opens.

Woodchuck hunting is good throughout all Northeast counties, especially in the dairy grazing lands of Bradford, Susquehanna and Wayne. Whistle pigs also show up in numbers in the farming properties of Northumberland, Montour and Columbia.

Only Northwest beats Northeast in waterfowl hunting. Once again, the rivers, ponds, lakes, beaver dams and marshes so common in Northeast create a notable waterfowl attraction. Waterfowl biologists tell us that the Commonwealth's major waterfowl flyway is located across eastern rather than western Pennsylvania, but that most of the southbound traffic doesn't stop or stops for only a short rest while traversing our eastern areas.

The Game Commission is attempting to make a stop in eastern Pennsyl-



vania more attractive to ducks and geese in the form of a waterfowl management project on Hoovers Island in the Susquehanna River in Northumberland County. This 400-acre development area, known as State Game Lands No. 233, is closed to hunting, but provides excellent fringe gunning.

Two more islands in the Bradford County part of the Susquehanna, State Game Lands No. 237, are also closed resting and feeding attractions for migrating waterfowl.

Although the Susquehanna River is the favorite haunt of many a duck and goose hunter, beaver dams seem to provide excellent waterfowl gunning in Northeast, too. These wilderness

hot spots for waterfowl are common in Bradford, Susquehanna, Wayne, Sullivan, Wyoming, Lackawanna, Luzerne, Montour and Pike.

The well-known lakes of Northeast may appear to be good duck hunting spots, but the lack of food and cover kills any concentrations of these gamesters.

Here in Northeast, as in all counties of Pennsylvania, the raccoon is far too plentiful and causes considerable damage to game and crops.

No story about Northeast is complete without mention of the outstanding fur trapping possibilities here. The wet lands of the northern and eastern counties of the Division produce good

STATE GAME LANDS IN NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

<i>County</i>	<i>Tract</i>	<i>Nearest Town</i>	<i>Acreage</i>	<i>Game</i>
Bradford	No. 12	Canton	23,345	Deer, Bear, Turkey
	No. 36	Towanda	14,971	Deer, Bear, Turkey
	No. 123	Gillette	906	Rabbit, Grouse, Waterfowl
	No. 142	New Albany	368	Deer, Grouse, Rabbit
	No. 172	Wyalusing	722	Rabbit, Grouse, Deer
	No. 219	Warren Center	5,262	Rabbit, Deer, Grouse
	No. 237	Wysox	115	Waterfowl, Woodcock
	No. 239	Athens	206	Waterfowl, Rabbit
	No. 240	Monrocton	928	Deer, Grouse, Raccoon
	No. 250	Wyalusing	260	Waterfowl, Rabbit
Carbon	No. 40	White Haven	5,732	Deer, Grouse, Turkey
	No. 129	Lake Harmony	3,518	Deer, Grouse, Bear
Columbia	No. 141	Jim Thorpe	16,840	Deer, Turkey, Grouse
	No. 55	Orangeville	2,238	Deer, Grouse
	No. 58	Catawissa	11,229	Deer, Grouse, Squirrel
Lackawanna	No. 226	Millville	2,650	Rabbit, Ringneck, Squirrel
	No. 135	Gouldsboro	2,808	Deer, Grouse, Bear
Luzerne	No. 91	Bear Creek	10,512	Deer, Bear, Grouse
	No. 119	Mountain Top	7,908	Deer, Bear, Grouse
	No. 149	White Haven	1,334	Deer, Grouse, Squirrel
	No. 187	White Haven	7,879	Deer, Rabbit, Woodcock
	No. 206	Sweet Valley	977	Deer, Grouse, Turkey
	No. 207	Mountain Top	832	Deer, Grouse, Turkey
	No. 224	Hunloek	533	Rabbit, Grouse
	No. 38	Tannersville	3,943	Deer, Grouse, Bear
Monroe	No. 127	Tobyhanna	25,079	Deer, Grouse, Bear
	No. 186	Bartonsville	1,107	Rabbit, Grouse, Squirrel
	No. 221	Creseo	4,618	Deer, Turkey, Grouse
Montour	No. 115	Danville	1,243	Deer, Grouse, Rabbit
Northumberland	No. 84	Trevorton	7,807	Deer, Grouse, Squirrel
	No. 165	Trevorton	1,104	Deer, Grouse, Rabbit
	No. 233	Herndon (Closed)	332	Waterfowl Refuge
Pike	No. 116	Lackawaxen	3,023	Deer, Bear, Grouse
	No. 180	Greeley	10,758	Deer, Grouse, Turkey
	No. 183	Tafton	2,778	Deer, Grouse, Turkey
	No. 209	Shohola	4,391	Deer, Bear, Grouse
Sullivan	No. 13	Sonestown	38,906	Deer, Turkey, Grouse
	No. 66	Lopez	6,219	Deer, Grouse, Turkey
Susquehanna	No. 35	Hallstead	7,611	Deer, Grouse, Raccoon
	No. 140	Friendsville	1,168	Deer, Rabbit, Grouse
	No. 175	New Milford	736	Rabbit, Deer, Grouse
	No. 236	Herrick Center	1,220	Waterfowl, Rabbit
Wayne	No. 70	Susquehanna	5,847	Deer, Grouse, Rabbit
	No. 159	Lookout	8,313	Deer, Grouse, Turkey
Wyoming	No. 57	Noxen	33,237	Deer, Turkey, Bear

crops of muskrat, mink and beaver. Tops among the counties are Monroe, Pike, Wayne, Susquehanna and Bradford. Susquehanna trappers took 206 beavers last winter, more than any other county in the state. Wayne was second with 202. The Division as a whole trapped 964 of the state's 1,887 beavers in 1963.

A look at the relief map explains the

variety of wildlife found in Northeast. The 13-county section has three major geographical areas: The dairy grazing counties of Bradford, Susquehanna, northern Wayne and northern Wyoming; the deep forested counties of Monroe, Pike, Sullivan, Wyoming and western Luzerne; and the farming-agricultural landscapes of Columbia, Montour and Northumberland. Lack-



PGC Photo by Steve Kish

AT HOOVERS ISLAND WATERFOWL AREA in the Susquehanna River, corn and other foods are planted to attract migrating ducks and geese. The island is known as State Game Lands No. 233 in Northumberland County and is closed to gunning.

awanna has characteristics of all three ecologies. Each geographic area produces its own type of upland and big game hunting.

The major drainages of the Northeast are the West and North Branches of the Susquehanna River and the Delaware River. The larger lakes include Wallenpaupack in Wayne and Pike Counties, Harvey's in Luzerne (second largest natural lake in the state), Bear Creek Reservoir in Luzerne and Carbon Counties and Prompton Reservoir in Wayne County.

Fortunately, with all its wildlife resources, Northeast has a lot of land open to public hunting. Unlike the metropolitan divisions of Southeast and Southwest, Northeast still has considerable wilderness country, a substantial amount of which is set aside as State Forests, State Parks and State Game Lands. A known total of 776,626 acres of forests and fields are open to public hunting on both public and private lands in this corner of the state.

The 45 tracts of State Game Lands totaling 292,000 acres is more than is found in any other of the Commission's five other field divisions (see chart for location, acreage and game found there).

The Game Commission's Farm-Game Program in Northeast totals

175,101 acres on 1,486 farms open to public hunting. The Safety Zone Program there offers 148,841 acres on 1,012 farms open to the hunter (see charts for county breakdown). Both of these programs are based on signed agreements with landowners who open their lands to public hunting in return for black and white safety zone signs erected on the edge of the 150-yard closed hunting area surrounding houses and farm buildings. Cooperators also receive special law enforcement attention and a free subscription to GAME NEWS.

Lastly is the 160,684 acres owned by the Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters in Northeast. This land is composed of State Forests and State Parks lands (see chart for names and locations). Each has small additional acreages which are posted as safety zone areas for the protection of others using the recreation facilities.

This brief outline should indicate the wealth of good hunting offered by this great outdoor recreation center. Those who are familiar with the Northeast Division will testify that a hunting trip to Pennsylvania's land of lakes will result in a rare experience. Whatever it is you are looking for, Northeast has it in just about any setting your heart desires.

**FARM GAME COOPERATIVE PROGRAM
IN NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA**

<i>County</i>	<i>Acreage</i>	<i>Number of Farms</i>
Columbia	10,699	106
Luzerne	22,450	271
Monroe	20,998	189
Montour	5,606	58
Northumberland	36,219	372
Susquehanna	61,779	369
Wayne	3,897	43
Wyoming	13,453	74

**SAFETY ZONE PROGRAM
IN NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA**

<i>County</i>	<i>Acreage</i>	<i>Number of Farms</i>
Bradford	16,922	94
Carbon	8,887	55
Columbia	10,554	81
Lackawanna	15,538	127
Luzerne	26,558	225
Monroe	4,693	6
Montour	5,676	42
Northumberland	15,943	132
Pike	1,571	6
Sullivan	16,677	99
Susquehanna	5,758	30
Wayne	7,065	44
Wyoming	12,999	71

**DEPARTMENT OF FORESTS AND WATERS
LANDS OPEN TO PUBLIC HUNTING
IN NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA**

<i>County</i>	<i>Name</i>	<i>Location</i>	<i>Acreage Open to Hunting</i>
Bradford	Tioga State Forest	North of Canton	3,838
Carbon	Weiser State Forest	East of Christmans	995
	Hickory Run State Park	East of White Haven	14,000
	Bear Creek State Park	North of Pocono Exit of Tpk.	100
Lackawanna	Lackawanna State Forest	West of Thornhurst	6,024
Luzerne	Lackawanna State Forest	West of Plymouth	1,425
	Ricketts Glen State Park	Rte. 118 at Redrock	12,000
Monroe	Delaware State Forest	Tannersville & Canadensis	8,637
	Tobyhanna-Gouldsboro State Park	Rte. 611 at Tobyhanna	6,000
	Big Pocono State Park	NW of 611 at Tannersville	1,000
Pike	Delaware State Forest	Porter's Lake, Tafton, Twin Lakes	62,985
	Promised Land State Park	Rte. 390 N. of Canadensis	1,000
Sullivan	Wyoming State Forest	Forksville, Hillsgrove	39,058
	Worlds End State Park	Rte. 154 SE of Forkesville	1,500
Wayne	Prompton Reservoir State Park	4 miles E. of Honesdale on Rte. 170	850
Wyoming	Lackawanna State Forest	Eatonville	1,272

Pennsylvania Game Commission

NORTHEAST DIVISION

Personnel

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(And Northern Part of Northumberland County)

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R. D. 2, Milton, Pa. 17847



PGC Photo by Steve Kish

THE LEADING FUR TRAPPING area in Pennsylvania is the Northeast. Here District Game Protector in Susquehanna County, Donald Day, checks a beaver trapped by Tracey Thompkins, of New Milford, early in 1963.

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Colley Star Route, Dushore, Pa.

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William D. Denton --- Jackson 756-4271
R. D. 1, Susquehanna, Pa. 18847

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R. D. 3, Honesdale, Pa. 18431
T. A. Meehan 253-0715
R. D. 1, Honesdale, Pa. 18431

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R. D. 2, Tunkhannock, Pa. 18657

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John A. Booth 443-9336
P. O. Box 249, White Haven, Pa. 18661
C. M. Stanis 723
28 Chenango Street, Montrose, Pa. 18801

LOST

By Bill Walsh

Part III

JIM WHEELER'S spirits perked up as he moved from one landmark to the next. Without a compass he realized there would be some error but he decided that should he miss the dead end of the Game Lands road he would, after an hour and a half's hike, head straight south and at least parallel the road. This would, in time, take him to a main highway and the rest would be easy.

After the allotted time had gone by he had still not come to the head of the road. In order to be sure he had not walked too slowly he gave himself another ten minutes of steady hiking. Still no sign of the road or recognition of the area.

It started to cloud over again and he feared losing the sun for direction finding. Not wanting to lose his "line" he took out his hunting knife and "blazed" the two trees that had formed his last set of landmarks.

"There's a turkey feeder at the end of that road," he told himself. "Should be easy to spot."

It is interesting to wonder what he might have thought had he known that his primitive record had been almost as strict as the needle of a compass—and that the head of the road he sought lay only about three hundred yards ahead of him. He had miscalculated the time it would take to reach it.

He "felt" that he had more than likely passed over the top of the dead end and that it now lay either to his right or left—and he chose the right

for his first trial expedition. He planned to give himself 20 minutes to find it. If he did not, he would return and travel 20 minutes in the opposite direction.

An hour later he stood in consternation in a place in the forest which looked as unfamiliar to him as all the country he had traveled before. A heavy, gray blanket of clouds, tucked in at all the corners, now hid the sun. Somehow he had lost his "blazed" line at the end of his last exploratory probe to the east. He circled in an attempt to find the blazed trees. The old panic clawed at his throat.

It was not necessarily his fault that he missed the road. However, woods-wise travelers seeking a dead-end road or trail have learned that even with a compass and map it is not likely one can hit such a point with unerring accuracy. Therefore, the best method of interception is to travel beyond it so obviously off course that there is no doubt whether it lies left or right.

As he readied himself for his second night in the forest, the seriousness of his situation came home to him more forcibly than at any time before. Using another cartridge, he got a fire going and tried to forget his hunger in the task of gathering wood.

Hungry, tired, and disgusted with himself, he closed his eyes and tried to sleep. But throughout the night he dozed fitfully, rising often to replenish the blaze. He was even more exhausted when the sun rose next morning.



Rocky

His only food had been the candy bar and the kernels of corn. He remembered reading how to prepare a simple survival kit and wished he had done so.

He was certain he was north of the hunting camp. The sun burnt brightly, almost fiercely. He cut more sticks and established directions again. Determinedly he struck off to the south, noting that the sun was fast melting the snow and that, for December, it would be a "scorcher."

Lack of food and rest began to tell. The day was already too warm for his heavy clothing — yet he could not abandon any of it in case he had to sleep out again. The possibility did not seem so remote now that he had done it twice.

He began to see things that weren't there. His dulling senses made shapes of men and deer from distant objects. Once he went far out of his way to investigate a hunter leaning against a tree—only to find it was a stump, the top of which vaguely resembled head and shoulders.

NOT WANTING TO LOSE his "line" he took out his knife and "blazed" the two trees that had formed his last set of landmarks.



He crossed several streams. Had he followed one of them, some three hours of steady progress would have brought him to the back door of a hunting camp near his own. He had always heard that following a stream would lead to civilization, but an experience out of his past kept him from it.

Stream Didn't Help

On that occasion he had become mixed in his directions while deer hunting in the same territory. He had a map and a compass but it was early in the day and he thought he would find his own way out for the fun of it. Following a stream, he wound up in a hopeless tangle of swamp behind a series of beaver dams that took hours of detouring. He remembered that on returning to camp that time he had not admitted to the others that he had been lost.

By midmorning, fatigue, hunger and worry turned to exhaustion and despair. His entire manner changed—all sense of composure gone. Too weary to charge off in various directions as panicked men are apt to do, he wandered disconsolately about. He walked into bushes and the lower branches of trees. One of these cut him at the corner of the eye. He did not even brush the blood away. It dried in a thin, brown stream down his face. He lost his hunting cap but did not bother to pick it up. His boots seemed twice their weight.

His thirst was uncontrollable. Wherever he found a stream or a spring, he stopped and drank. There was no nourishment in it but it kept his stomach from hunger pains. Finally, at midday, he could go no farther. He attempted to lower himself to the ground but lost control of his muscles and fell. He slept almost instantly.

This time there was no fitful dozing. His body cried for rest and demanded it. Men jokingly talk of "sleeping twice as fast" at times—but there are occasions when a nap seems to refresh as much as hours of sleep on

another occasion. When he awoke, he opened his eyes to a feeling of vigor and well-being that almost startled him. However, he was smart enough to know it was reserve energy and it was going fast—that the sensation was temporary.

Rising, he had enough sense to get back to fundamentals and again established direction with the cut twigs and the sun. With what strength he had left, if he husbanded it, he *must* travel generally south and if he did so long enough without confusion he *must* cross the hunting camp road. He knew that—"For sure!" he spoke aloud.

For almost an hour his strength kept well and he conserved it. But it was foreordained that it would ebb and by midafternoon he wandered, almost without purpose, on a trail that moved him generally south—by accident and not of his own design. It was about 2:30 in the afternoon when he came to a spring that bubbled up out of the side of a hill and spilled down into a graveled pocket. He lay on his stomach beside it and pushed his face down into the cool water. Then he washed his hands in it and rubbed the wet palms through his uncombed hair. He wanted to sleep again but fought the compelling urge.

Civilization at Last

Then he spied it. His heart leaped as he saw it, sitting simply and matter-of-factly on a leveled off spot near the source of the spring. A drinking glass. Someone had placed it there and had to carry it from a house or a camp. Surely there must be some human habitation nearby. His spirits soared.

Amid the mixture of sounds and sights that registered imperfectly on his dulled senses, he heard a muffled, far-away note that was different. He moved away from the rushing noise of the stream to hear it better, but it was gone. He stood still, mouth hung open, arms akimbo. It came again—a bell-like tone, perhaps a bit like the cooing



ONCE HE WENT FAR out of his way to investigate what looked to be a hunter leaning against a tree—only to find it was a stump of another tree, long since fallen, the top of which vaguely resembled head and shoulders.

of a mourning dove. He placed its direction and moved slowly, hopefully toward it.

After some fifteen minutes of travel it seemed nearer and more metallic in timbre. Surely it was a sound of civilization and not a sound of the forest. It had to be. He began to run. His heavily insulated coat, light in weight though it was, seemed to weigh him down. He removed it. But he clung to his rifle out of habit. The trees seemed thinner ahead as though he approached the brow of a hill—or an opening.

As the sun comes out abruptly from a heavy layer of clouds on occasion—swift, sudden and shocking in its brightness—it was over. He stood at the edge of the highland pasture and stared in disbelief at the cows and the barn and the house below. Again he was running, running, running with heavy legs toward the house — then

(Continued on Page 64)



4



3



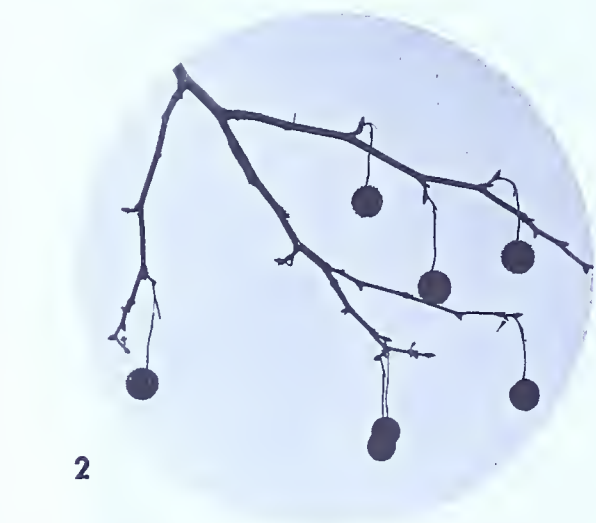
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Sudden

AS ICICLES grow from shed roofs; as the naked tree limbs, it suddenly is the first official day of winter, but the early riser and the weather's chill has come from scarfs and coats, while smoke curls

There are many signs outdoors which of winter. The (1) hardened bracken topped with a snowy Christmas tree remind the observer of Christmas ornaments which have not sped southward are of beauty; while (5) withered weeds and hillside; and (6) the deer herd nibbling in the snow.

There are also signs in sportsmen's Pennsylvania. (7) A walk into the quiet pines work feverishly to harvest pelts of shoes, skis and skates are taken down for use; and finally (10) many hunters track the countryside. All these are signs that herald the winter season to once again bill



2



1



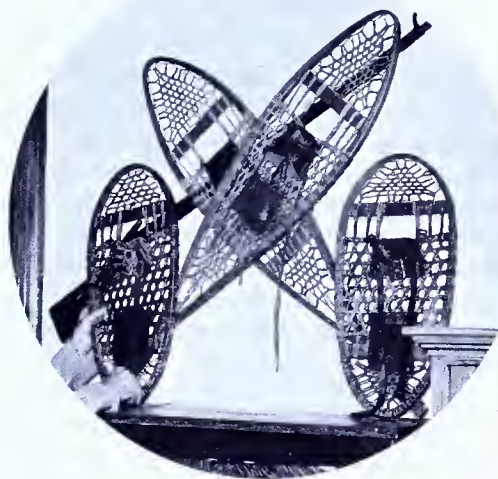
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6



9

Winter

rs bang shutters and snow settles on
hat winter has arrived. December 22
is date frost-coated twigs greet the
y. Hurriedly moth crystals are shaken
y from chimneys.

nature preparing for the long sleep
rding from the dead birch trunk, is
decorated with seed balls that re-
ttings, sparrows and other songsters
flocks; (4) icicles form designs of
seedling evergreens to dominate the
ad writes stories of nervous wander-

int winter is stealing steadily across
pers arrows lost by bowmen; (8) trap-
slaught of winter arrives; (9) snow
in preparation for months of outdoor
tn to flocks of crows that mill about
uplanet's inevitable tilting which trig-
rs the northern hemisphere.



10



FIELD NOTES



Disappearing Act

COLUMBIA COUNTY — In the short period of time the waterfowl season was in effect, before the ban on hunting, many amusing incidents were observed by this officer. Take the hunter that tried to catch up with a crippled bird, running through the water after it and every time he would pull up to shoot, the bird would go under. This was repeated for what seemed half an hour. Then the other hunter that tried to step on the same type of crippled bird, only to have the bird reappear a distance away, then the chase began all over, finally the bird escaping to the bottom never to appear and the hunter returning to his blind empty-handed.—Land Manager William Fulmer, Bloomsburg.

A Realization

CHESTER COUNTY — Merchants in this area never realized the effect that hunting seasons had on the economy of the area until the ban went into effect.—District Game Protector P. J. Filkosky, Parkesburg.

Determined Archer

FAYETTE COUNTY — Joseph A. Noschese of Republic, Pa., is an avid hunter so this season he decided to try archery for the first time. On opening day (archery-deer) a buck and three does stopped within 15 feet of Mr. Noschese. As he drew his bow and aimed, the bowstring broke. More determined than ever he went back to the same "stand" the next day and at 10:30 a.m. he got another chance. Bowstring was good this time and his aim true—after tracking the hit deer 175 yards, there lay his trophy, a nine-point buck. It's a "little" more difficult for Joe to pursue this sport of hunting than it is for the average sportsman—Joe is a double-amputee and does his hunting on artificial legs.—District Game Protector Michael Sarachman, Uniontown.

Quail in a Dither

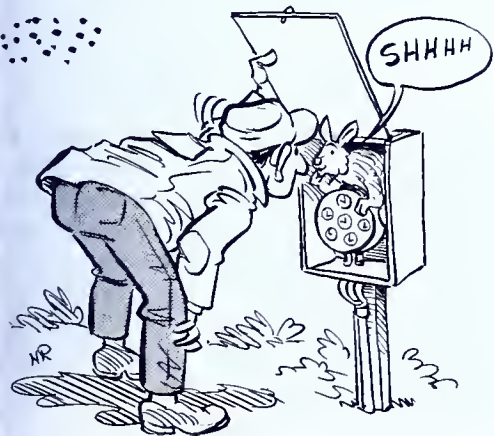
NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY —While patrolling on Farm-Game Project 122 last summer, I came upon a Peking duck with a brood of youngsters waddling down the highway. I stopped to give mother duck a chance to get her brood off the highway. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed a movement and saw a female quail come out of the grass and take off down the road after the ducklings. When they came to water she was in quite a dither. The question that presents itself is this, did she feel they were her youngsters or did she feel she was part of the brood?—District Game Protector Clyde E. Laubach, Elysburg.

Ban on Monkeys

FRANKLIN COUNTY—The most serious problem the Governor's ban has caused in this area was the lady who lost her monkey and wanted to know if she would be allowed to set a trap for it during the ban.—District Game Protector Edward Campbell, Fort Loudon.

Safe Another Day

MERCER COUNTY—The following was related to me by Barney Klumph, a pheasant hunter from West Middlesex. Last hunting season as he stopped at a swamp area to hunt he noticed a hunter who had two good beagle dogs barking on a rabbit track, but the dogs would take the track to a nearby gas line and would lose it. The dogs repeated the run several times; and after no results, the hunter caught his dogs and headed for the car, mumbling about his dogs. Heading down the gas line to hunt, Mr. Klumph noticed a meter box, where the rabbit seemed to disappear, so he lifted the lid very carefully and sure enough, there sat Br'er Rabbit on top of the meter about two feet off the ground. Mr. Klumph turned to yell to the hunter who was just loading his dogs, and then decided, no, this rabbit has earned his right to live another day, and closed the lid. The last he saw of it, it was still sitting high and dry on top of that gas meter.—District Game Protector John A. Badger, Mercer.



High and Dry

ERIE COUNTY — Deputy Game Protector Theodore Janosik and I visited a beaver dam located on State Game Lands No. 109. The dam has been active and full of water for the past ten years. We found the impoundment almost dry except for a small puddle around the beaver house. The dam had not dried up because of a break in the structure but due to the extremely dry weather. A colony of beavers still occupied the house because they had been preparing for winter by cutting and placing a large, soft wood feed bed near their house and fresh beaver sign was all around the place. It is not unusual to find beavers living in dams with practically no water in Erie County this fall. The animals are conducting business as usual for they are cutting and storing feed, expecting the rains to come to fill their dams and cover their feed bed with water so that food will be available under the ice this winter.—District Game Protector Elmer D. Simpson, Union City.

Grounded Owl

CAMBRIA COUNTY—A farmer in Richland Township called me to identify a bird that came in contact with his electric fence. It turned out to be a great horned owl. Mr. Owl put one foot on the wire and the other on the steel post and that was the end for the owl.—District Game Protector Louis D. Mostoller, Johnstown.

Bear Crime

ELK COUNTY—From all indications it appears that the bears in this area have either attended an "Adirondack Type Crime Meeting" or they are celebrating their 10,000th anniversary. According to all statistics the crime rate in beardom has increased to well over 1000 per cent. Early in the spring, as many as 11 of them were noted boozing it up over some fermented corn that was dumped from a wreck on the railroad between St. Marys and Ridgway. They have been found guilty of entering houses, peeking in windows, tearing the sides off camps for bees, raiding garbage cans, stealing hams from tents in camping areas, raiding beehives and stealing corn from the farmers. Last summer and fall I investigated at least 33 bear damage complaints, settled at least 15 bear damage claims to bees, trapped six bears found at the scene of their crimes and sentenced them to at least several weeks in the wilderness before they return to civilization, picked up and disposed of 6 bears that were executed at the scene of their crimes, hauled live bear traps over 600 miles and even went so far as to stand guard over at least 25 children and their parents at a public swimming area, where a mother and her two cubs were helping themselves to the contents of garbage cans not 25 yards

away. Fortunately these depredations should and will come to an end when winter sets in and they decide to go for their long sleep. When this time comes, here is one Game Protector who is ready and willing to tuck them in.—District Game Protector Fred H. Servey, St. Marys.

Fox Out Foxed

ADAMS COUNTY—On the night of October 20, 1963, I was called to remove a deer killed by a car off Route 15 near Gettysburg. About 40 feet from the badly mangled carcass of the deer I found a freshly killed gray fox lying on the highway. It is believed that Reynard no doubt scented the fresh deer kill and was hurrying to get an easy meal of venison when he was also struck by a car.—District Game Protector Homer Thrush, Gettysburg.

Protector Needs Protection

BEDFORD COUNTY—It can happen to anyone. I was cruising a piece of road in southern Bedford County looking for a deer which had been reported hit by a car when a huge buck poured down off the bank and rammed the side of my car. There was no apparent damage to the buck but my car suffered \$34 in repairs.—District Game Protector John J. Troutman, Everett.

Silent Death

LANCASTER COUNTY — The spraying of alfalfa has been going on this month and again I have had a lot of complaints of finding dead rabbits. Most of the rabbits that have been found have been too far gone to have them analyzed. Something will have to be done about this fall spraying or we will wipe out our supply of rabbits.—District Game Protector J. P. Eicholtz, Strasburg.





Thieving Bear Attempts Cover Up

INDIANA COUNTY—During the early part of October, I received a bear damage complaint from the northern part of the district. Upon investigation, we found that the culprit was a bear but a very mild-mannered one. He had removed the tops from several hives, found one that he liked, removed three frames, devoured the bees and honey, then departed for parts unknown. About the middle of the month, the bear again returned to the hives and this time he knew exactly what he wanted. He removed the top from one of the hives, pulled out several frames and ate them. It is supposed to be the gospel truth that he tried to replace the top of the hive to its original position. Apparently he had taken a lesson from the human thief.—District Game Protector Charles Hertz, Marion Center.

Late Nester

MIFFLIN COUNTY—On October 17, 1963, several members of the Mifflin County Sportsmen's Club located a wild turkey nest with eleven eggs, the hen turkey was on the eggs. This nest was found on the Club farm in Granville Township, Mifflin County.—District Game Protector George Smith, Reedsville.

Snorting Cat

CARBON COUNTY—While checking bow hunters on State Game Lands No. 141 at closing hours, the first day, I asked them if they had any shots or had seen any deer. One fellow remarked that he didn't see any deer, but he heard a wildcat screaming and that it was in the brush pretty close to him. Just then one of the deer which was working out into the fields, after hours, scented us and started snorting, and the nimrod remarked, "There's that cat yelling again."—District Game Protector David L. Moyer, Jim Thorpe.

Left Turn

FOREST COUNTY—While releasing trapped bears this past month in one of our more remote sections of my district, I noticed the first two turned to the left almost as soon as they cleared the trap. I rather hoped for more releases to see if they were or if it was just by chance that they looked left handed. I've tried it on two more since, and they also without fail turned to the left. This was tried in different directions, for up hill and down hill running and also in and with the wind, but they still turned to the left. This might be a good thing for bear hunters to keep in mind.—District Game Protector Duane W. Gross, Marienville.





CONSERVATION NEWS



PGC Photo by D. L. Batcheler

THE GREAT LEBANON LOTTERY is being conducted here by County Treasurer Willard J. Meyer (center) on October 31 in Lebanon. Assisting him in his impartial selection of antlerless deer licenses is Irwin Buser, C. M. Logan and Robert Yake. The first application drawn belonged to Bernard F. Meyerhiffer, of Lebanon.

Lebanon Holds Antlerless Deer License Lottery

In an attempt to conduct a fair distribution of antlerless deer licenses in Lebanon County, the treasurer, Willard J. Meyer, held a lottery on October 31. This was the only county in the Commonwealth to issue antlerless deer licenses in this fashion.

"The only thing I was interested in was fair distribution," Meyer said. "So

I held a meeting. One man said to burn the applications and another to give them out on a first come, first served basis. Finally, they voted 10 to 5 in favor of a lottery."

The "Great Lebanon Lottery" was held at the Lebanon County Courthouse. Apparently Meyer was one of the 1,650 successful applicants since

his application could not be found among those not drawn.

Meyer last bagged a doe six years ago. His last buck was even longer ago, eight years. Nevertheless, he and his 22-year-old son, Dale W. Meyer, went out to the Blue Mountains last December in search of a doe.

Robert Lichtenberger, the Game Commission's Chief of the Division of Administration, was on hand and called the lottery "a fair system." However, the law orders the Game Commission to distribute the permits to the County Treasurers, who can deal them out in any manner they choose.

"In some counties there were disturbances because they didn't give the permits out in a fair and honest manner," Lichtenberger said.

In Dauphin County, the permits were distributed more than two weeks before the announced date. When applicants arrived on the announced date, they were told that all of the permits were gone.

Meyer had a total of 2,064 applications for his 1,650 permits. All of the permits must be used in the county in which they are issued, but a licensed hunter can apply in as many counties as he wishes. Of the applicants, 1,531 were from Lebanon County and they received the first 1,200 permits under the system used in the drawing.

Then the 553 applications from out-

side the county were mixed—or "schussel" in with the Lebanon ones and the remaining 450 allotted. An additional 30 applications were drawn in case some of the lucky applicants changed their mind.

Three Lebanon County sportsmen did the drawing. They were Bob Yake and Chester Logan, as representatives of the organized hunters and anglers, and Irv Buser, as an unorganized outdoorsman.

Yake was in charge and he brought up the fact that anyone who wanted to help in the "schusseling" could come up and do so. As in poker, some of the 25 onlookers would move up to "cut the deck" periodically.

Not all of the applicants in Lebanon County were in favor of hunting doe. One said: "If I get a permit I'll do one of two things with it. I'll either tear it up or burn it up. I'm against doe hunting."

Bernard F. Meyerhoffer, Lebanon, got the first permit drawn for Lebanon County. He was not among those present. The first one from out of the county went to Edgar A. Scheffler and his son, Donald, from Egypt, a Pennsylvania town famous as the home of Curt Simmons.

Meyer had a well-thought out plan that even included "togetherness." If a father and son applied—or a whole family—they were kept together and all received permits or none at all.

Pennsylvanians Vote "Yes" for Project 70

Project 70, Pennsylvania's plan for developing and perpetuating the state's outdoor resources through the purchase of open spaces, received voter approval on November 5. As required by state law, the project was approved by separately elected sessions of the General Assembly in 1962 and 1963 and by the general public on Election Day.

Under Project 70, which calls for the sale of bonds, \$10 million will be allocated to the Pennsylvania Game and Fish Commissions for purchase of hunting and fishing areas and river access sites threatened by imminent development. The Department of Forests and Waters will receive \$40 million for acquiring land for regional parks and reservoirs to service metropolitan outdoor needs. The remainder of the \$70 million bond proposal would be used to match local funds to stimulate community recreation and conservation programs.



PGC Photo by Steve Liscinsky

FREAK CYCLONE LEVELED GAME LANDS No. 14 in Cameron County on Tuesday, September 3. The path of the storm was roughly a third of a mile wide in the Hicks Run area.

Cameron County Game Protector Assaulted by Two Indiana Men

For the second straight month a Pennsylvania Game Protector has been injured while performing his official duties.

Norman L. Erickson, R. D. 2, Emporium, District Game Protector for Cameron County, received serious head injuries when he was assaulted by two Indiana County men on Friday night, November 15. The Game Commission officer was making a routine check of their car along Route 872 about five miles north of Sinnamahoning.

In October, L. B. Welch, Huntingdon County Game Protector, was seriously injured in a two-car crash near Shade Gap as he was investigating a deer poaching case. Two of the deer poachers were killed in the accident and Welch is still under treatment at a Huntingdon hospital.

According to Raymond H. Morn-

ingstar, Supervisor of the Pennsylvania Game Commission's Northcentral Field Division, Erickson was making a regular night patrol, accompanied by his son, Lee, age 15. About 11:15 Friday night they passed an automobile parked in the vicinity of the Stevenson Dam on Sinnamahoning Creek. The six men in the car were spotlighting deer. Erickson stopped to make a routine check of the vehicle for firearms. During the inspection two brothers, James C. Kostella, 22, and Steve Kostella, 26, both of Indiana, Pa., refused to answer questions and to permit a thorough search of the car. As Erickson was moving towards the rear of the vehicle to inspect the trunk, the two men pinned him to the ground and severely beat the 48-year-old officer about his head and face. He was saved from further injury when his son, Lee, obtained a .22-caliber rifle from Erickson's car and ordered the Kostella brothers to stop their beating of his father. Although Erickson was armed with his service revolver, the attack was so sudden that he was unable to use it to protect himself. The rifle obtained by his son was not loaded but young Erickson was able to threaten the assailants long enough for his father to regain control of the situation. Erickson has reported that the other four men with the Kostella brothers took no part in the attack.

Morningstar said both parties have filed charges against each other and a preliminary hearing was scheduled for November 30 at the office of Emporium Justice of the Peace J. R. Bacot. Erickson was treated by an Emporium physician for severe cuts of the forehead, scalp and cheeks, cuts over both eyes and cuts on the lips and mouth. Morningstar also reported that neither of the Kostellas showed any visible marks of the fight. James Kostella had been arrested before and found guilty of shooting a deer illegally. His hunting license privileges had been revoked for three years.



POTTER ENTERPRISE Photo

NEW YORK JOURNALISTS discuss their successful turkey hunt with well-known Pennsylvania sportsman Lou Stevenson, of Wellsboro. With their turkeys are Dave Knickerbocker, outdoor editor of "Newsday" newspaper in New York City, and Nickolas Karas, director of Sportsman's Service Bureau, New York City. Turkeys were killed in Tioga County in November.

Duck Hunters Get Extended Season to Replace Days Lost During Ban

Duck hunters had a wish come true after the rain came. The Pennsylvania Game Commission announced approval of its request to the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service for extension of the 1963 hunting seasons on ducks, geese and other migratory game birds. The extended seasons were aimed at making up days lost during the recent hunting ban.

According to M. J. Golden, Executive Director of the Game Commission, Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall authorized an extension of the hunting seasons on ducks and coots through December 16. The season which opened October 12 had originally been scheduled to close November 30. Under the Governor's forest fire prevention proclamation, all hunting was banned between October

18 and November 4. The hunting season on geese and brant which also opened October 12 and was originally scheduled to close December 20 was extended through January 4, 1964.

Other hunting seasons on migratory game birds were also extended. New closing dates for each species were as follows: Rails and gallinules—November 26; woodcock — December 17; mourning doves—November 27; Wilson's snipe—November 16.

Golden said the extended seasons included an equal number of shooting days to those lost during the hunting ban. He declared the same daily and possession limits as originally announced remained in effect and said all other Federal laws and regulations concerning the taking of migratory game were to be observed by hunters.



CHAMP PROVES SHE IS CHAMP. Andrea Maikut, East Vandergrift, 14, is 1962-63 Junior Girls' Target Archery Champion of Pennsylvania and National Field Champion. She proved her ability again on the opening day of the bow season in Potter County with this four-point buck. She used a 25-pound bow.

Commission Extends Small Game and Archery Seasons

The Pennsylvania small game and archery seasons were extended by the Pennsylvania Game Commission in a special session held on Friday, November 8, in Harrisburg. The extensions were the result of the Governor's drought-imposed ban on hunting.

The extended archery season will run for four days from December 18-

21, 1963, and for six more days from January 6-11, 1964. Bow hunters lost the last week and a half of their regular 21-day October season because of the ban.

The small game season on cottontail rabbits, grouse and squirrels will be reopened December 23-24. Small game hunters lost November 2 and November 4 before the Governor lifted the ban on November 5. With this extension on the small game season added to the regular late season, hunting on the above species will run from December 23 to January 4 except for Christmas Day and Sunday, December 29.

The proclamation banning hunting was issued on October 17 by Governor William W. Scranton. It became effective at noon October 18.

M. J. Golden, Executive Director of the Commission, said the extended archery season had to be split because of the regular midwinter small game season running from December 26 to January 4.

The above extension had no effect on the regularly scheduled bear, deer, turkey or ring-necked pheasant seasons.

An extension of the waterfowl and other migratory game bird seasons had been previously announced.

Deer Film Produced by Game Commission Premiered in Williamsport

"The Whitetail Deer," a 25-minute color movie produced by the Pennsylvania Game Commission, was premiered at a recent Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs meeting in Williamsport and is now being shown by Game Commission personnel throughout the state.

Depicting the management and harvest of Pennsylvania's most popular big game animal, the new film has been in production for over two years. All of the film was shot in the wild by expert nature photographers and shows many interesting close-ups of deer in their natural surroundings.

Game Commission spokesmen reported the film will be used in connection with the Commission's educational program. Field officers will use the movie to illustrate talks on deer and deer management, but due to the cost of production and maintenance, prints will not be loaned to individuals or organizations. Any sportsmen's club or other organization, however, may request a showing by a Commission representative in connection with his speaking engagement.

Nonhunting Deer Kill Up 1,970 Over 1962

As Pennsylvania's army of big game hunters was getting ready for the 1963 deer and bear seasons in November and December they had already lost the chance to harvest over 11,000 deer and 40 black bears.

A report released on November 20 by the Pennsylvania Game Commission showed a total of 11,165 deer had been killed since the first of the year, up 1,970 over the same period in 1962. The nonhunting season toll included 1,047 whitetails shot by farmers for crop damage, 8,279 animals killed accidentally on Pennsylvania highways, 752 deer known to have been killed by poachers, and 1,087 animals killed through miscellaneous causes such as accident, stray dogs, disease and starvation. The figures are compiled from reports submitted by Commission field officers through the month of October.

In addition, District Game Protectors had reported a total of 46 black bears killed during the first ten months of 1963. Of this total, 23 were shot by farmers for crop damage, 21 were killed by vehicles and 2 were shot illegally.

Harvey A. Roberts, Chief of the Game Commission's Division of Research, said the deer mortality totals were running well ahead of last year. He pointed out that the figures are compiled because they can be used as a general indication of the total population of Pennsylvania's two big game animals species.

Conservation Loses Friend In Congress

Conservationists lost a loyal and understanding friend when Congressman Leon H. Gavin died in Washington last fall. Gavin, 70, of Oil City, Pa., represented the state's 23rd congressional district since 1942.



PGC Photo by Bob Parlamen

A FAMILY AFFAIR AT the Pymatuning Goose Management Area on October 19. Frank Matis, George Matis, John Fend and Andy Matis are brothers from Butler who enjoyed their first try at waterfowl hunting when Frank won a blind at the goose area.

A tall and witty man, Gavin was an untiring and determined campaigner for the national forest system. He was an effective and unrelenting debater and his House floor fights in the early 1950's helped stave off determined raids on the national forests. They also brought him national recognition and praise. The Pennsylvanian also was a respected and effective member of the Migratory Bird Conservation Commission at the time of his death. The Commission passes on all national waterfowl refuges proposed by the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife.

Five of the country's foremost conservation organizations in 1954 joined in giving Congressman Gavin a National Award and bronze plaque for distinguished service to conservation. He was cited as "a man whose continuing interest since the 78th Congress has been the promoting of better management of vast treasures held in public trust by the Federal Government and assuring equal privileges for all who would benefit from those resources. During his long and active career in the House of Representatives of the U. S., he has become known as a fearless champion of the national forest system."

Audubon President Urges Public Alert on Pesticide Danger

Carl W. Buchheister, of New York City, president of the National Audubon Society, said recently that one of the Society's continuing goals would be to inform and arouse the public about the dangers involved in the misuse and excessive use of chemical pesticides.

In a speech prepared for delivery at the opening session of the Society's 59th convention, he urged local Audubon groups to "keep hammering away at this problem in your home communities."

"The necessary controls will come when the public is fully aroused," he said. He criticized the U. S. Department of Agriculture agencies for continuing to use DDT and other persistent insecticides in their own spraying programs.

He recalled that a White House science advisory committee last May confirmed the warnings of Rachael Carson's book, *Silent Spring*, and recommended that the government cease using pesticide poisons which won't break down in nature.

"Despite that recommendation, the U. S. Forest Service continued to use

DDT in most of its insect-control operations last year. This means that additional millions of pounds have been added to the growing accumulation of this long-lived poison in the soils and waters and food chains.

"It also means the outlook for our national bird, the bald eagle, has grown darker. On the basis of the evidence at hand, we can only conclude that the eagle is having its reproduction systematically blasted by DDT poisoning."

Mr. Buchheister also scored the Department of Agriculture for opposing a bill in Congress which would require a warning to be printed on the package if a chemical pesticide is toxic to wildlife.

"Why doesn't USDA want the buyer to have the facts?" he asked. "Is it because the Department is more interested in helping to sell chemicals than in protecting the consumer?"

Reviewing other conservation measures pending in Congress, the Audubon president endorsed the Land and Water Conservation Fund bill, which would provide Federal grants to help states acquire and develop outdoor recreation areas.

He predicted a wilderness conservation bill would be passed next year, and called for new national seashore areas, and legislation to strengthen the Federal water pollution control program. The creation of an Ozark National Rivers area in Missouri, a proposal recently approved by the Senate, will set a precedent for saving other beautiful, unspoiled rivers such as the Allagash in Maine and the Buffalo in Arkansas, he said.

Mr. Buchheister urged a "redoubling of Audubon educational efforts" and praised the Society's Nature Centers division, its junior program for children, its wildlife-film lectures, and the operation of Audubon Camps where schoolteachers and other adults receive training in natural history and conservation.

TURKEY BANDED BEFORE RELEASE in Blair County. Jerry Wunz, Game Biologist; William Hodge, Southcentral Division Supervisor; and Paul Miller, District Game Protector in Blair County; band one of the 130 turkeys released in Blair County, one of 4,600 released state-wide.

PGC Photo by Joe Chick



Grouse Featured in Wildlife Journal

North America's native grouse—ruffed, blue, spruce, sage, prairie chicken, harptails, willow and rock ptarmigan—and all manner of information about them is featured in the October, 1963, issue of the "Journal of Wildlife Management." Publisher of the Journal is The Wildlife Society, a membership organization of professional wildlife and fisheries scientists, according to the Wildlife Management Institute.

The big issue carried 40 papers on grouse, making it the finest and most useful reference document for a review of modern knowledge concerning the management of grouse on this continent. The Society's hope for the issue, according to Editor Thomas G. Scott of Oregon State University, is that it 'brings to light questions meriting research, that it produces guidelines for management programs, and that it predicts the direction of future progress.

"The decision to feature grouse management reflects relative need and importance. Certain races are endangered, at least locally, primarily as a consequence of public apathy, for grouse respond readily to management . . . grouse provide an outstanding contribution to sport hunting and their esthetic value should not be underrated. . . . We hope the beginner and the veteran will profit from this review."

A limited number of copies of the issue are available for sale at \$2.50 each. Orders should be placed directly with the Society at Suite 65, 2000 P Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C. The price will be \$3 a copy after the first of the year.

Bow Hunting Claims First Life

Virginia had the unhappy distinction of becoming the first state in the nation to add a bow hunting fatality to its hunting record, according to official National Rifle Association records. The fatal mishap occurred in Patrick County, October 16, when William Lee Ingram, 21, of Danville, was shot in the neck with a broad-head arrow by a 19-year-old hunting companion.

The youth who released the fatal arrow told authorities that he saw a movement in the brush and shot, thinking it was a deer. He thought Ingram was on a hill behind him at the time. The accident reportedly happened at 5:40 p.m., eight minutes after the end of legal shooting hours for that day.

The arrow struck the victim in the neck severing the jugular vein, the windpipe and the carotid artery, finally lodging in the bones of the opposite shoulder. There have been scattered

bow hunting injuries down through the years, but this is the first death attributed to bow hunting in official NRA accident records.

DEER TAKE THEIR OWN PICTURE on State Game Lands No. 24 in Forest County. This photo was sent to **GAME NEWS** by Walter Emert, of Tionesta, who rigged his camera so that the deer would trip the camera string and take their own picture last May.

Photo by Walter Emert





Photo by Lock Haven Express

LOCK HAVEN POLICE SERGEANT honored for his work in hunter safety education. The American Association for Conservation Information awarded Sgt. William S. Wenker a certificate of honor for his work with the police firearm school at Camp Rockypoint. Presenting the award is W. T. Johns, Game Commission Wildlife Information Specialist.



Photo by Graphic Arts

LATIMER-TRIBUNE PLAQUE presented to Game Commission Waterfowl Propagator Henry Pratt, Meadville, by Ken Williams, Meadville TRIBUNE outdoor writer, as Commission President H. L. Buchanan looks on. The plaque marks the Game Commission's waterfowl management program as directed by Robert E. Latimer for 12 years before his retirement.

Pennsylvania Trappers Set for 30-Day Beaver Season

Thousands of Pennsylvania trappers are preparing traps, lure and cold weather gear in preparation for the 1964 beaver season which opens at 7:00 a.m., February 15. The open season for taking the valuable fur bearers runs to 12:00 noon, March 15.

Pennsylvania Game Commission officials reminded trappers that a season limit of six beavers has been set in Bradford, Lackawanna, Monroe, Pike, Sullivan, Susquehanna, Tioga, Wayne and Wyoming Counties. Elsewhere in the state, the season limit is three beavers. Commission spokesmen pointed out that a trapper who takes three beavers in a county where the limit is three may then move into a county where the limit is six and take three additional beavers. No trapper may take more than six beavers.

Under the 1964 beaver trapping regulations, trappers must possess a current hunting license and display the tag on their back. One person may set, tend or operate not more than ten traps. Traps must not be set on any beaver dam or house, or within 25 feet

of the water line of either structure. Each trap must be tagged and the tags must be kept above the ice or water line so that identification can be made without disturbing the trap. Traps must be visited at least once every 36 hours except when prevented by sickness or storm.

All beaver pelts taken in Pennsylvania must be presented to a Game Protector in the county where the animals were trapped within 10 days after the close of the season. Game Protectors are required by law to affix an official seal before the trapper sells or otherwise disposes of them.

Last year Pennsylvania trappers harvested only 1,881 beavers, attributed to cold weather and frozen ponds. This was the smallest take in Pennsylvania since 1949 when 22 counties were closed and 1,207 beavers were harvested. Nonresidents are not permitted to trap for beavers. Susquehanna County led the state in 1963 with a take of 206 broadtails. The average price of beaver pelts sold in Pennsylvania last year was \$11.52.

Letters . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In an attempt to be fair in the controversial question of hunting great horned owls in Pennsylvania, this space has been given to a well-known Pennsylvania conservationist who took exception to "Hunt the Horned Owl" by Jim Hayes in the August GAME NEWS.*

I read "Hunt the Horned Owl" in the August issue with a mind that couldn't believe what my eyes were seeing. By and large, sportsmen and conservationists have joined hands in their recognition of the well-proven fact that the balance of nature cannot be tampered with with impunity. Sportsmen, as well as conservationists, are recognizing that the ecological balance of the Eco System necessitates the protection of the natural predator if man hopes to continue to function as the most predatory of all animals.

Charles H. Callison, Assistant to the President of the Audubon Society, comments on Mr. Hayes' article. He regrets that "organized sportsmen of the Commonwealth and other conservation groups still permit the Pennsylvania State Game Commission to waste valuable conservation funds in the futile payment of bounties on great horned owls and foxes. The perpetuation and encouragement of this waste seems to be based on the scientific error that predators are evil and that, therefore, anyone who kills a predator is doing a heroic deed.

"In contrast, the great horned owl is protected by law along with the other hawks and owls in New York." It is difficult to understand that Pennsylvania, which leads in so many conservation areas, should be so shortsighted in this respect.

I wrote my friend, Dr. E. R. Hall, Director of The Museum at Kansas University and author of "The Mammals of the World." He happened to be absent at the moment. Richard F. Johnson, Associate Professor of Zoology, Associate Curator of Birds, at the University of Kansas, replied in his stead. I quote, "Rabbit hunters, squir-



The Bird in Question

rel hunters, grouse hunters, bird watchers, poultry farmers, and others may see published lists of the foods of horned owls and say, we must reduce numbers of these owls — they are harmful. What needs to be done is to place predation in its proper setting; that is, we must try to instruct others as to the effects of predation in natural populations—it occurs naturally, populations are adapted to it, and present knowledge suggests that we ought not greatly tamper with it."

I have in front of me a letter from Walter Boardman of The Nature Conservancy, in which he states that in his opinion "the article 'Hunt the Horned Owl' was particularly unfortunate, both in the characterization of the bird and in urging its destruction. Obviously the writer had no understanding of the ecological importance of owls."

One of the great conservation leaders is Clarence Cottam, Director of the Welder Wildlife Foundation and President of the National Parks Association. I quote from his letter in response to my inquiry. "It seems to me that the author of the article is a bit antiquated. This type of thing seems to be a throwback of from 30 to 50 years ago in the development of our present concepts of wildlife manage-

ment. This point of view was common 30, 40 and 50 years ago. There is scarcely a state, however, that hasn't grown out of this type of bloodthirsty approach in dealing with predators as uncommon as our great horned owl.

"There have been many thorough scientific studies made with regard to the relationships of our solitary feeding avian predators. Without exception, I believe, they point out quite clearly that the murder of all of these birds is not a modern approach to sound management and neither does it necessarily insure that there will be more game for the bag.

"Errington and a number of others who did very careful work pointed out clearly that if the environment is adequate it makes little difference whether the surplus game is killed off by great horned owls or other species of raptors because nature will eliminate these anyway by one means or another. The sound approach of game management should be to increase the carrying capacity by establishing the type of environment with food and cover that our game species need. If we do, we won't need to be bothered by the occasional depredation of a great horned owl or a buteo. Frankly, I am surprised that an article of this type should be given such prominence in a magazine with the high reputation of Pennsylvania GAME NEWS."

It would be presumptuous of me to attempt to add anything to the comments of these recognized authorities. I am proud of my state, proud of the record of the Pennsylvania State Game Commission, proud of the integrity of its present staff. It is with a sense of mortification that I observe a magazine I hold in high esteem giving of its valuable space to a viewpoint so utterly archaic as that represented by the article "Hunt the Horned Owl."

I will close with reference to the center spread item in the same issue of the magazine. It is entitled "Happiness Is the Outdoors." "Happiness" is not only "a glimpse of a band of wild

turkeys" (incidentally, a picture that I took), but is, as you so aptly put it, "All the Outdoors."

Frank E. Masland, Jr.
Carlisle, Pa.

Woman Slaughters Pheasants

My husband was witness recently to an unfeeling slaughter of some of our most beautiful game birds.

While talking with a neighbor along the Sharon-Mercer Road he saw seven pheasants walking across the road. Before they could get to safety, a car driven by a woman came sailing along. She never faltered nor swerved but smashed into the midst of them killing three. The others lingered near the dead ones so my husband chased them up into a field.

If the mothers of this country show such an utter disregard for life, I wonder how we can expect the coming generation to feel differently.

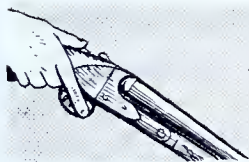
Mrs. Ralph Fisher
Mercer, Pa.

Sportsman Praised

I am sure that you are always interested in hearing about public-spirited individuals who give a little more of themselves than they expect to get. My reference is to Dr. James Townsend of Murrysville, Pa.

This past summer, Dr. Townsend, with the able assistance of Mrs. Helen Funk (a registered NRA instructor), conducted a six-week free gun clinic to the youth of this community. The purpose was to teach gun handling, gun safety and marksmanship. Dr. Townsend, who is a very successful general practitioner and ardent sportsman, not only gave of his own free time, but also picked up the tab for all ammunition, both rifle and shotgun, that was used. Then, as a planned afterthought, to insure that the youth might continue their education in this field, he gave each participant a one-year subscription to the Pennsylvania GAME NEWS.

Charles E. Wade
Murrysville, Pa.



HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



Coed Hunter Safety

Victor M. Joswick, Hunter Safety Instructor at Redstone High School, Republic, reported that at present 40 girls are enrolled in his hunter safety course and the results have been most satisfactory.

"By the close of the school term in June, 1964, over 200 boys and girls will have completed our Hunter Safety Program," said Joswick. "This is a part of the curriculum throughout the academic school year," he added.

Some of the activities of the school have been NRA Hunter Safety film shown to all club members in early fall. The demand was so great that the films had to be shown again at an evening performance to another 400 students, and to 200 parents and adults of the area. Slide lectures have been used for all students and adult groups including sportsmen's clubs in the area. Good farmer-sportsman relations were developed with these slide lectures on both safety with firearms and landowner problems with hunters.

Prior to the hunting season a program is held annually for the student body of 1,000 students with demonstrations on safe handling of firearms and farmer-sportsman relations. The school permits one day off for students to go hunting. Mr. Joswick says, "We feel that our programs have helped better our safety record." The Hunter Safety Club holds monthly meetings and during the hunting season they meet twice each month to discuss field activities pertaining to hunting.

The U. S. Armory at Connellsville, 7th 155 mm. Howitzer Battery, USMCK, furnishes the facilities for the club to take part in shooting. Meetings are also held at the Union-



Photo by Victor M. Joswick

RED STONE HIGH SCHOOL hunter safety course directed by Victor M. Joswick and District Game Protector Alex Ziros, of Connellsville. By June more than 200 boys and girls will have completed the course at Republic.

town U. S. Army Armory, XXI Army Corps, Engineers and Headquarters. Uniontown City Police have given their time and personnel. The Pennsylvania State Police from Washington Barracks give talks and demonstrations and show police film to club members. Local gunsmiths and collectors are on evening programs to show their collection of guns, and give talks on the history and development of firearms, tips on gun safety and good shooting.

The armory is 20 miles from the Redstone High School and private transportation is arranged at no expense to the school. Student members pitch in for gas and borrow Dad's car and in many cases Dad even comes

Pa. Game Commission
Hunter Safety Certified
To Date:
Instructors—4,778
Students—56,595

along. All of the students fire at least 50 rounds of live ammunition on indoor ranges during the school year. They all don't get medals for sharpshooting but they at least are familiarized with the firearm and the fundamentals of safe gun handling. The girls especially get a thrill out of shooting. In many cases these girls never have had a gun in their hands until they joined our Hunter Safety Club.

A total of 100 certification cards have been recently sent to Alex Ziros, District Game Protector in Connellsville, and the Club will send him 100 more before school is out. Joswick said that Alex is always ready with a helping hand and the students feel good about knowing their Game Protector.

Clarion Club Requires Hunter-Safety Course

A recently organized Clarion Sportsman's Club incorporated a required hunter-safety course in their by-laws. District Game Protector Jack Lavery, of Clarion, reports that the new club has asked him to conduct the course for all its members.

LUZERNE COUNTY STUDENTS hear District Game Protector Howard Bower instruct in hunter safety recently.

Photo by Wojcik



Army at Your Service

The U. S. Army will provide a firearms instructor for any Boy Scout Camps that can qualify free of charge.

Further details can be secured from Boy Scout Liaison Officer, Second U.S. Army Headquarters, Fort George G. Meade, Maryland.

Silver Bullet Awards Announced

The National Rifle Association of America announces the opening of its annual Silver Bullet awards contest for the 1963-64 hunting season. Each year since 1959, as a feature of the NRA program for its hunter-members, Silver Bullet plaques have been awarded for the outstanding trophy submitted to the NRA under the Boone & Crockett Club standards. This award is open to all NRA members with the qualification that any entry must be bagged in the continental United States.

When the program was first established, only mule deer and whitetail were recognized. Today the program has been expanded and includes each of the following classes:

- Typical mule deer
- Nontypical mule deer
- Typical white-tailed deer
- Nontypical white-tailed deer
- Antelope

Another separate hunting award program feature offered to the NRA members is a gold lapel button in the likeness of the game for mule and black-tailed deer, white-tailed deer, pronghorn antelope, elk and bighorn sheep (all species). For the first time an award for bear (all species) and moose (all species) has been added.

Additional information and application blanks are available from the Hunting and Game Conservation Department of the National Rifle Association.

Danny Builds a Turkey Call

By Don Shiner

Photos by the Author

THE conversation and laughter of friends being entertained by his father caught Danny's interest. The chief topic of the discussion was wild turkeys, birds that Danny admired and which held prominent positions in his collection of bird pictures torn from pages of magazines. Dad had displayed a new turkey yelper to the group of hunters, shaped similar to that all-too-familiar hair brush. He explained that the thong, fitted to the handle, permitted the wearer to carry the instrument around his neck, and drop it immediately from hand when a turkey stalked into range. The group voiced approval of this feature as well as the unique design of the call. Each in turn rubbed turkey talk from the box. Had Danny been in another part of the house, he would have been certain turkeys were actually strutting in the game room!

The haunting voice of that cedar box remained with the boy for several days. The distant school bell, sound of squealing car brakes, the squeak of chalk rubbed across the schoolroom blackboard all brought the shrill turkey yelp to mind. Finally, in desperation he pleaded, "Dad,



IN THE BASEMENT WORKSHOP, Danny jig-saws the parts for his turkey call.

would you make a turkey call, like the model you showed to your friends, for me?"

"Sure Danny. That box was made from odd pieces of surplus aromatic red cedar that remained from lining your mother's clothes closet. There's probably enough material for one more turkey box," his father answered.

"Is this call better than those other models stashed in your gun cabinet?" the boy questioned in all seriousness.

"I wouldn't boast of its superiority, but it's a good design, Danny. Several turkey calls, presently on the market, are designed along similar



lines. The handle is the improvement on this model. This prevents one's fingers from interfering with the vibrating sound board. Now it gives a clearer, more penetrating yelp," Dad explained.

"Can we make the box tonight?" Danny begged.

The two filed into the basement workshop and there rummaged through odd pieces of cedar sheeting material. A three-foot length, free of obstructing knots, appeared satisfactory.

As the first step in building the turkey call, the 3/8-inch material was planed to 3/16-inch thickness for the handle portion of the box. Another planer cut further reduced the board to 3/32 inch, suitable for the lipped sounding board and the four slender side pieces.

The outlines of the various parts were traced on this thin material. Danny then jig-sawed the components and sanded the six individual pieces to satin smoothness. Later glue was applied to the numerous edges. Finally the box was clamped rigidly

into position until the glue dried thoroughly.

"Don't disturb the box until the glue is cured. By tomorrow evening you can practice turkey calls," his father advised.

"How do wild turkeys call?" Danny inquired. "I mean, do turkeys have special voices, just as crows have peculiar ways of calling?"

"They sure have, and turkeys are quick to detect false notes sounded by the inexperienced hunter. Turkeys are not the most conversational fowls. Their calls also announce their presence to big horned owls, wildcats and other predators in the vicinity. They're mindful to talk only when motivated by loneliness, courtship or hunger. A wild turkey calls when it is lost from the group, when food in abundance is found in some forested spot, and when assembling for the evening roost.

"Hunters," his father continued to explain, "take cover in a blind, or fade into the outline of a wind felled tree, and sound a series of calls every 15- to 20-minute interval. The call most generally used imitates that of a bird strayed from the main flock. If the notes are fairly accurate, chances are good that birds within hearing distance will answer and stroll toward the waiting hunter."

"How can you be certain there are turkeys in that area?" Danny inquired.

"Good question, Danny. Look for signs. Turkeys, like barnyard chickens, scratch in leaves and grasses to uncover seeds, insects and berries. Patches of raked leaves, droppings and in some cases an occasional feather point to turkeys in that area. Most veteran hunters scout for turkey signs before the season arrives. Then they move in at daybreak, for this is the time the game leaves its roost to begin scratching and uncovering breakfast. Their travel during the day covers an established route through the forest.

DANNY LEARNS how to hold his turkey call and sounds a series of inviting yelps.



"Several years ago I spotted a turkey flock scratching among the fallen beech leaves in an old footpath that bore little resemblance to the original log road leading to a beaver pond in Sullivan County. I was en route to a blind for a duck hunting session. Time was a few minutes after seven-thirty o'clock.

Discovered Timetable

"Two days later, when I returned for another duck hunting stint, I met the flock again in the same log road area, at the identical time. I had accidentally discovered the turkey's timetable. Second day of the turkey season, I hiked in during the pre-dawn, to the spot where the birds had been observed feeding. Seated comfortably beside a wind felled beech, I rubbed a series of calls from the cedar box. Within minutes of 7:30 o'clock, the flock walked into view," Dad concluded.

"What notes did you sound on the box?" Danny asked.

"I doubt whether the calls were necessary in this case. The birds would have come without encouragement, but the calls probably hurried the birds toward my position.

"I yelped a series of three long, drawn-out 'p-e-r-k-s.' This is the call given by a lost bird searching for friends. It is made by rubbing the entire length of the striker slowly across the lip of the box.

Try Three or Four Times

"If, after three or four calls, no response is received, it is advisable to move to a new area, perhaps $\frac{1}{4}$ mile distant. Should a turkey answer the call, experienced hunters sound a series of low, contented 'p-e-r-k-s' between main calls, to imitate birds feeding on wild cherries or beechnuts. But, Danny, you first learn the call of the 'lost bird.' Practice until you have perfected the sound," Dad responded.

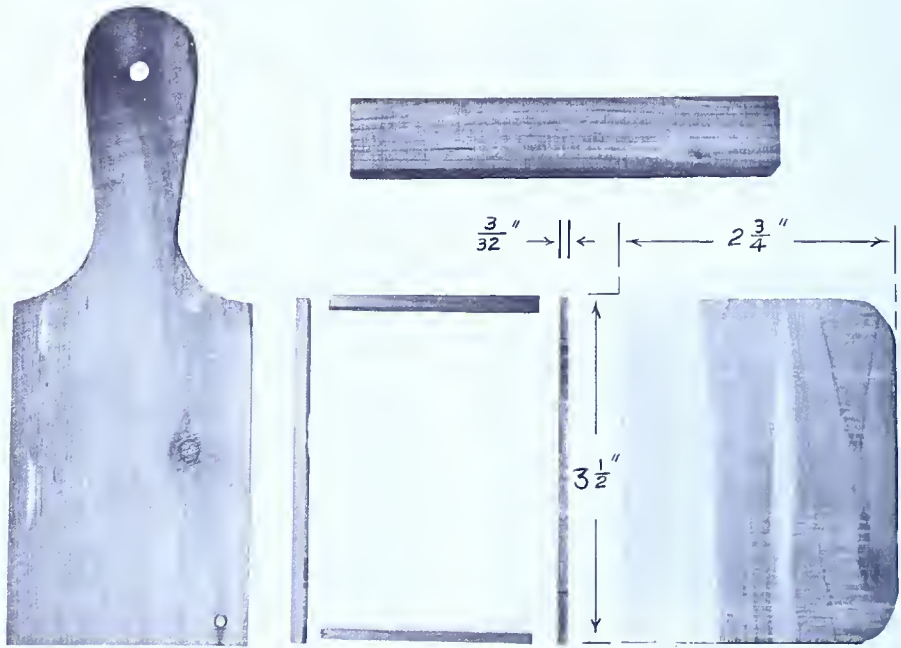
That weekend Danny showed an interest in visiting the Sullivan County area where his father scored numerous times on turkeys. Perhaps they could call in one or more birds. The thaw in the cold January weather ushered in a fairly comfortable and sunny day. A half hour's drive placed them on half-mile high Red Rock Mountain, on the fringe of the Allegheny range. Several degrees colder at this elevation, a trace of snow was visible in the cupped leaves. They stopped the wagon at a clearing beside the highway, where Danny's father had parked many previous times, then walked through a gorgeous stand of smooth gray beech. This year the towering monarchs had produced an abundance of triangular shaped nuts for the forest's black ghost. They came upon a slight rise in ground level which afforded a good view of the surrounding area.

Here they kneeled, among tall rhododendrons, and rubbed chalk dust on the lip of their hairbrush cedar box. Then a series of "p-e-r-k, "p-e-r-k, p-e-r-k" calls rang through the quiet forest.

The older of the two callers pondered the outcome of their experiment, and searched for a possible explanation to give the boy should their calls fail to receive an answer from nearby turkeys. Would the lad doubt the ability of the box to talk turkey?

Thrice the pleading call was sounded among the tall beech timber. Once they imagined a reply, far off, but were not certain it came from a turkey. It could have been bare tree limbs being rubbed together by wind. Again they stroked the cedar box and sent shrill notes into the air lanes. Danny grew restless. Moments later they heard the reply, strong and clear like an exploding icicle. A wave of excitement rippled through the boy and his father as well!

"Shhhhhh, be stone quiet. Don't even move your hand," his father instructed



MATERIAL FOR TURKEY caller may be either walnut or red cedar.

in a whispered voice that was barely audible.

Waiting what seemed an eternity, once more they sounded their cedar box. The bird answered again. This time the sound was not more than 100 yards away. But a most puzzling incident then occurred. Following on the tail of the turkey notes, they heard the sound of wing tips beating frantically against underbrush. Then cold silence. The turkey had apparently fled the area.

"What happened? What scared that bird?" Danny quipped.

"Don't know," his father replied. "Could have discovered us faking calls, or possibly some movement, a deer or a fox slinking nearby, alarmed it."

"At any rate, Danny, you can be proud that your new box has the ability to call in turkeys. You take care of this box, keeping it bone dry, well chalked and practice calling whenever you find spare moments this winter. Come next turkey season, we'll gun gobblers together," Dad remarked.

The Boy Was Excited

The excitement that filled the boy as they hiked through the beech forest could not be masked from his father. There was ample evidence that this was excellent training for a growing boy to receive during his formative years. The training would instill a life-long interest in the voices of wildlife, and lead to many pleasurable events that would put order and meaning into his world.

"What other game can be called to hunters?" the boy quizzed.

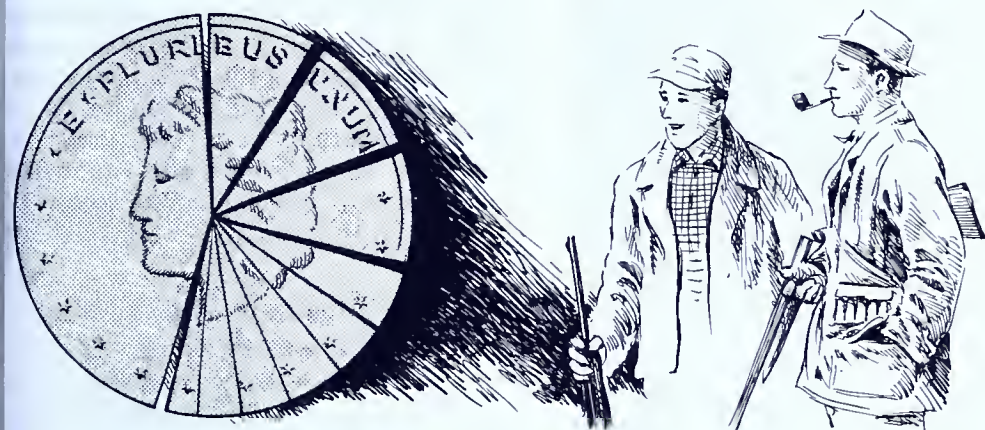
"Oh there's a number of birds and animals that will respond when their voices are imitated. Geese, ducks, crows, wildcats, raccoons, even wolves, coyotes and coy-dogs can be successfully called. Like to go with me fox hunting with a varmint call?" the older hunter asked.

"Boy!" Danny exclaimed. "This is exciting hunting . . . best we've ever had outdoors!"

Next month: "Danny Reads Game Trails."

Financial Report for the Fiscal Year July 1, 1962, to June 30, 1963

By **RALPH J. PUTT**, Assistant Comptroller



FINANCIAL operations of the Pennsylvania Game Commission for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1962, and ending June 30, 1963, are outlined in detail for the benefit of Pennsylvania's sportsmen and hunters in the following series of schedules, charts, graphs and supporting statements. In order to complete the picture of the status of the "Game Fund," expenditures of other State Departments authorized to expend monies from the Game Fund are also included.

It is necessary to emphasize the fact that the Game Commission is a completely self-sustaining organization which receives no support from the general taxpayer. Its income is derived solely from the sale of licenses, from Game Law fines, sales of wood products from State Game Lands owned by the Commission, royalties from coal and gas leases on Game Lands, contributions from the Federal Government through the Pitman-Robertson Act which returns a portion of the Federal excise tax on sporting arms and ammunition to the states, and other related Commission activities which are detailed in Schedule I of

the financial report. All of this revenue is deposited with the State Treasurer in the "Game Fund" and may be spent, upon authorization from the Governor, solely for the purposes set forth in the Game Law; these purposes are the propagation, protection and management of game, and the right of the licensed hunter to enjoy his chosen sport.

To aid in the interpretation of the financial schedules, the following facts are presented:

Schedule I shows that at the beginning of the Fiscal Year on July 1, 1962, the Game Fund had a net balance of \$2,975,406.28. Revenue from all sources during the year amounted to \$5,613,243.20 which, when added to the beginning balance, made a total of \$8,588,649.48. Actual expenditures by the Game Commission and by other State Departments authorized to draw on the Game Fund amounted to \$5,972,050.10 for the Fiscal Year. This left a balance of \$2,626,353.99 in the Game Fund at June 30, 1963.

Schedule II shows how the balance of June 30, 1963, is affected by normal operating liabilities of the Game

Fund and the actual amount available for expenditure during the 1963-64 Fiscal Year. From the balance of \$2,626,353.99 available at the beginning of the new Fiscal Year, provision must be made for bills in the amount of \$9,754.61 which were sent to the Treasury Department for payment too late to be included in the June 30, 1963, cash expenditures. The sum of \$696,954.60 must be reserved for encumbrances which represent Game Commission commitments to purchase feed, materials and supplies, equipment, land and other contracts not completed at June 30, 1963, but for which payment must be made in the near future. The Department of Revenue is, by law, authorized to print and issue all hunting licenses; and Game Fund money is specifically appropriated to cover their expenses. The sum of \$515.43 must be set aside to cover their outstanding commitments. The Treasury Department receives an appropriation from the Game Fund to cover escheated checks which they must re-issue and the sum of \$817 must be set side to meet this continuing appropriation. The sum of \$12,723.11 was encumbered by the Department of Labor and Industry to provide for the Commission's share of due but unpaid social security at June 30, 1963. Finally, the sum of \$1,250,000 is set aside as Working Capital to cover the period from February to September of each Fiscal Year when the Game Commission expenditures far exceed the cash income necessary to carry out the Commission programs. The remaining balance of \$655,589.24 is added to the estimate of revenue to be received during the Fiscal Year and becomes the basis of budgeting for the operations of the Game Commission during the 1963-1964 Fiscal Year.

State-wide Field Operations

Schedule III shows the summarized activities of the Game Commission for the Fiscal Year and the actual amount expended for each along with the re-

lation each activity expenditure bears to the total amount spent by the Commission.

Schedule IV lists in detail the expenditures by the major field activities of the Commission. The State-wide Law Enforcement Program and the Land Management Program have been summarized to show the purposes of each program and what has been spent to realize those purposes. No summary is presented for the major Propagation Program since the total expenditure is made for the operation of six Game Farms devoted solely to the raising of game to be released for hunting.

Control and Audit of the Fund

To insure the maintenance of complete, accurate records and accounts and the judicious expenditure of funds, the Commonwealth has many controls and safeguards. Under the provisions of Article IV, Section 402, of the Commonwealth's Fiscal Code, the Auditor-General is required to audit the accounts and affairs of all State Departments, Boards and Commissions at least once a year. The formal audit of the Game Commission for the Fiscal Year ended June 30, 1963, has not yet been completed but the accounts are in good order and no problems are expected.

Other controls imposed on all Departments, Boards, and Commissions are:

1. The mandatory requirement that all invoices, payrolls, and other operating expenses shall be audited by the Auditor-General and the State Treasury Department before payment is made.
2. The mandatory reporting daily of all financial transactions to the Governor's Bureau of Accounts and Control.
3. The control exercised by the Governor's Budget Secretary over all requests for quarterly budget allotments and all other budget matters.

4. The periodic verification of accounts with those maintained by the Auditor-General's Department, the State Treasury, and the Governor's Bureau of Accounts and Control.

All of the above controls and mandated requirements are in addition to the field and internal controls, audits, etc., performed and maintained by the Accounting Section in the Comptroller's Office of the Game Commission.

Earmarked Funds

Under the provisions of the Game Law, as amended by Act 271, Session 1949, not less than \$1.25 from each Resident Hunter's License fee shall be spent for improving and maintaining natural wildlife habitat on land that is available for public hunting; the purchase, maintenance, operation, rental and storage of equipment used in this work; the purchase, distribution, planting, cultivating and harvesting of game foods; the purchase, trapping and distribution of all species of game, as well as providing protection to the property of Farm-Game Cooperators.

Article XIV of the Game Law, as amended by Act 632, Session of 1956, provides that the sum of \$1 from the sale of each Resident and Nonresident Antlerless Deer License shall be used solely for browse cutting or otherwise removing over-shadowing tree growth to produce undergrowth sprouts and saplings for deer food and cover on State Game Lands.



Photo by Grant Heilman

BETTER HUNTER-LANDOWNER UNDERSTANDING can come from the Game Commission's farm game and safety zone programs. Here a pheasant hunter offers the landowner his birds in return for the privilege of hunting on the cooperator's land; the result of Game Commission dollars at work.

Tabulated schedules are provided in the Financial Report to show the Game Commission's compliance with the above provisions for each year since they have been in effect and the overall expenditures of these mandated funds.

SCHEDULE II

CONSOLIDATED STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL POSITION AS OF JUNE 30, 1963

Cash		\$1,135,360.38
Investments—U. S. Short Term Securities		<u>1,490,993.61</u>
Total Cash and Investments		\$2,626,353.99
Less: Liabilities and Working Capital		
Vouchers Payable—Game Commission	\$ 9,754.61	
Encumbrances—Game Commission	696,954.60	
Encumbrances—Department of Revenue	515.43	
Reserve for Continuing Appropriation—Treasury Department	817.00	
Reserve for Working Capital	1,250,000.00	
Encumbrances—Department of Labor and Industry	<u>12,723.11</u>	<u>1,970,764.75</u>
Net Balance Available for Expenditure During Fiscal Year 1963-64		\$ 655,589.24

1962-63 FISCAL YEAR STATEMENT

SCHEDULE III

SUMMARIZED FUNCTIONAL EXPENDITURES

The expenditures of the Commission during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1963, have been subdivided into major activity groupings as follows:

		Part of Dollar
<i>Acquisition and Management of Land for Wildlife.</i> Purchase and management of State Game Lands, costs of administering and managing Cooperative Farm-Game Projects and other leased areas. Also payments in lieu of taxes on State Game Lands	\$2,528,773.27	42.5
<i>Propagation of Game.</i> Operations of Game Farms, purchase of game, wild game transfer, distribution of game	974,366.91	16.0
<i>Protection of Wildlife.</i> Salaries and expenses for enforcement of Game Laws, assistance in enforcement of fish, dog and forest laws, and numerous other related field activities by Game Protectors	1,127,560.56	19.0
<i>Division of Administration.</i> Cost of GAME NEWS magazine, other publications, exhibits, motion pictures, radio and TV programs, attending Sportsmen's meetings and other related Conservation Education activities. Also includes salary and expense of Hunter Safety Coordinator and costs of personnel and service section in Harrisburg office	476,757.81	8.0
<i>Ross Leftler School of Conservation.</i> Costs of training Student Officers, costs of In-Service training courses, maintenance costs of school grounds and buildings	73,736.86	1.0
<i>Bounty Payments.</i> Bounties on predators, payment for bear damage, cost of deer-proof fence	104,647.17	2.0
<i>Issuing Hunting Licenses.</i> Includes tags, application forms, reports	86,882.66	1.5
<i>Radio System.</i> Operation and maintenance of state-wide radio system	76,440.52	1.0
<i>Retirement Contributions.</i> Commission contribution to state employees' retirement system	149,807.00	2.5
<i>Wildlife Research.</i> Studies by Game Biologists to determine practical methods for developing wildlife management	113,236.84	2.0
<i>Accounting.</i> Preparation and audit of payrolls, vouchers, maintenance of records and accounts	93,945.36	1.5
<i>Social Security.</i> Commission's share of Social Security payments	87,706.89	1.5
<i>Auditor-General's Department.</i> Audit fees for vouchers, annual audit costs, etc.	19,313.91	.5
<i>Executive Office.</i> Salaries and expenses including travel expenses incurred by Commissioners	58,874.34	1.0
TOTALS	\$5,972,050.10	100.0

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES

ACT NO. 632, 1955

License Year	Antlerless Deer Licenses Sold	Minimum to be Expended	Expenditures	Expended Fiscal Year Ended	Over (°) or Under (-) Minimum	Cumulative Over (°) or Under (-)
1957	334,683	\$334,683.00	\$104,218.85	1958	\$230,464.15-	\$230,464.15-
1958	349,054	349,054.00	306,605.18	1959	42,448.82-	272,912.97-
1959	369,409	369,409.00	370,647.80	1960	1,238.80°	271,674.17-
1960	229,535	229,535.00	425,895.55	1961	196,360.55°	75,313.62-
1961	210,840	210,840.00	361,196.19	1962	150,356.19°	75,042.57°
1962	201,431	201,431.00	316,411.47	1963	114,980.47°	190,023.04°

HUNDREDS OF goslings are raised each year at the Game Commission's Pymatuning Goose Management Area. The sportsman's dollar is put to work here as well as in many other phases of game management work across the state.

Photo by Rod Heinrichs/Grant Heilman



**RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES
ACT NO. 271, 1949**

License Year	Resident Licenses Sold	Minimum to be Expended	Expenditures	Expended Fiscal Year Ended	Over (*) or Under (-) Minimum	Cumulative Over (*) or Under (-)
1949	810,059	\$1,012,573.75	\$1,012,465.96(A)	1950	\$ 107.79-	\$ 107.79-
1950	801,948	1,002,435.00	1,266,856.18	1951	264,421.18*	264,313.39*
1951	810,349	1,012,936.25	1,095,938.26	1952	83,002.01*	347,315.40*
1952	830,147	1,037,683.75	1,163,287.09	1953	125,603.34*	472,918.74*
1953	859,137	1,073,921.25	1,247,584.35	1954	173,663.10*	646,581.84*
1954	868,577	1,085,721.25	1,215,543.03	1955	129,821.78*	776,403.62*
1955	897,776	1,122,220.00	1,150,865.08	1956	28,645.08*	805,048.70*
1956	901,775	1,127,218.75	1,280,927.58	1957	153,708.83*	958,757.53*
1957	929,165	1,161,456.25	1,312,154.02	1958	150,697.77*	1,109,455.30*
1958	943,340	1,179,175.00	1,261,098.24	1959	81,923.24*	1,191,378.54*
1959	943,866	1,179,832.50	1,308,305.57	1960	128,473.07*	1,319,851.61*
1960	949,365	1,186,706.25	1,894,854.64	1961	708,148.39*	2,028,000.00*
1961	933,346	1,166,682.50	1,856,635.22	1962	689,952.72*	2,717,952.72*
1962	925,000(B)	1,156,250.00	1,599,871.34	1963	443,621.34*	3,161,574.06*

(A) Expenditures from September 1, 1949 (effective date of Act), to May 31, 1950.

(B) Estimated License Sales.

SCHEDULE IV

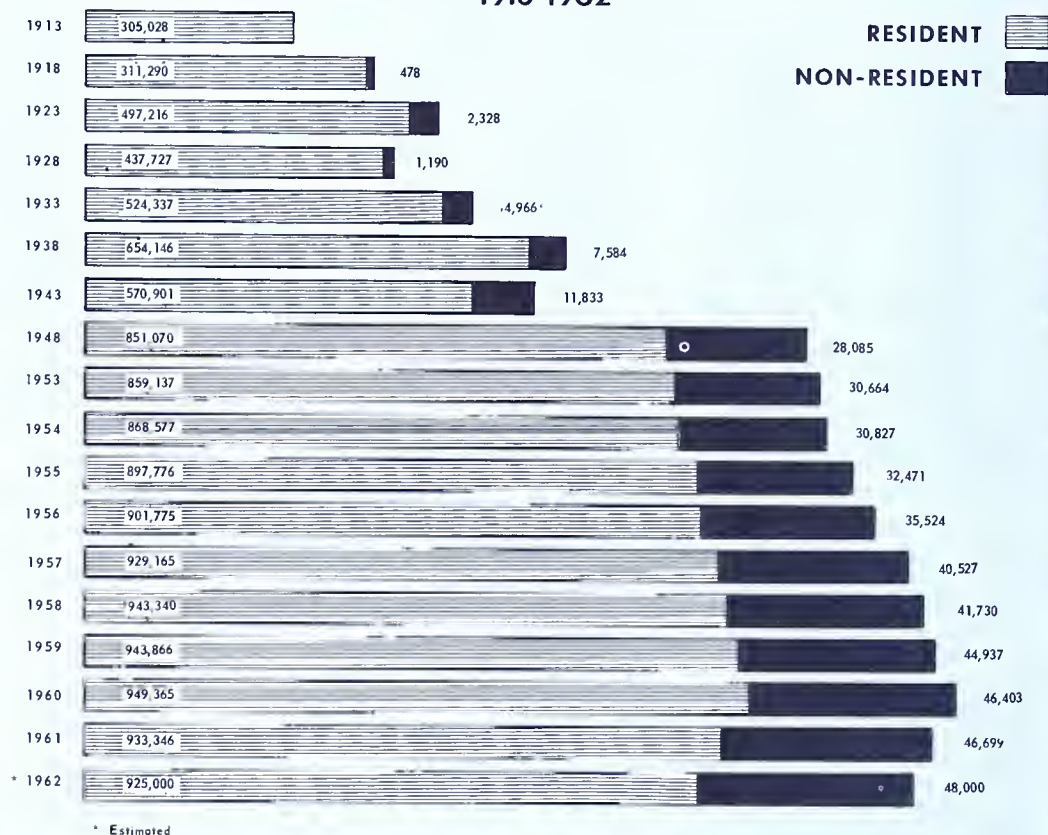
LAW ENFORCEMENT AND OTHER WILDLIFE PROTECTION ACTIVITIES

Game Law Enforcement on a State-wide Basis	\$ 655,884.40
Investigation of Damage Complaints and Disposal of Highway-Killed Game	71,402.50
Law Enforcement by Deputy Game Protectors	107,060.15
Proportionate Share of Field Division Administrative Costs	109,589.37
General Administrative Expenses in Connection With Law Enforcement	68,243.59
Activities in Connection With Control of Predators	51,035.71
Deputy Game Protectors' In-Service Training	18,436.69
Protecting Farm-Game Projects	24,011.63
Bounties Paid for Predators	104,647.17
Two-Way Radio System Operation and Maintenance Costs	76,440.52
Maintenance of Prisoners Incarcerated for Violations of Game Law	1,903.50
Assistance to Other Law Enforcement Agencies	19,993.02
Total Cost During the Fiscal Year for This Purpose was	\$1,308,648.25

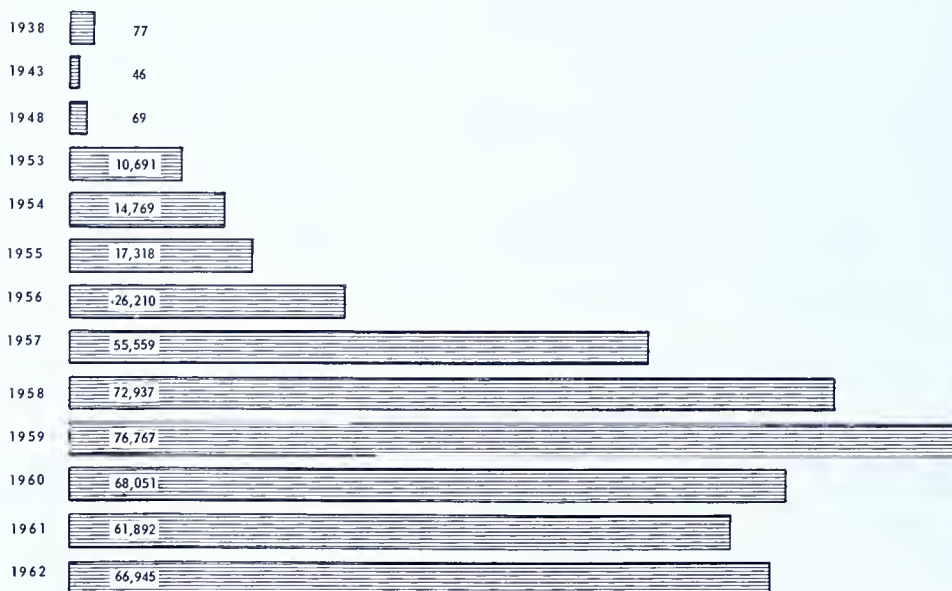
LAND MANAGEMENT

Establishment and Maintenance of State Game Lands, Refuges and Propagation Areas	\$ 872,346.82
Establishment, Maintenance and Development of Farm-Game Projects	276,167.84
Allegheny National Forest: Construction and maintenance of buildings; clearing, preparing and harvesting food strips and a variety of other important activities in connection therewith	24,338.28
All Other Areas: Includes Primary Refuges, State Forest Lands, Auxiliary Refuges, etc.	67,321.76
Waterfowl Impoundments and Marsh Developments: Construction costs of waterfowl impoundments, marsh developments, and planting waterfowl plants regardless of ownership or location of lands, also includes costs of construction, distribution and erection of duck nesting boxes	65,358.34
Goose Area: Construction and development of experimental area for migrating and nesting wild geese	84,782.94
Winter Feeding of Game in the Wild: Includes the cost of standing grain and cover crops on other than Farm-Game Projects, also costs of constructing feeders and the purchase and distribution of grain and salt by the Food and Cover Corps and other approved personnel	102,748.63
Howard Nursery: Includes all costs of preparing, fertilizing, seeding, cover cropping, liming, spraying, and dusting of nursery plants, also transportation of nursery stock. Purchase or collection of seeds. Costs in connection with packing and shipping of nursery stock. Costs involved in the maintenance of buildings and equipment	60,408.64
General Administrative Expense of Land Management	153,244.75
Payments to Political Subdivisions in lieu of taxes on State Game Lands	99,995.22
Purchase of Lands, including title and survey costs	424,566.34
Purchase of Equipment (trucks, tractors, graders, etc.)	68,499.08
Construction of Buildings	34,310.57
Pro-Rata Share of Field Division Administrative Costs	174,439.49
Division of Minerals	15,023.87
Total Cost for the Fiscal Year for This Purpose was	\$2,523,552.57

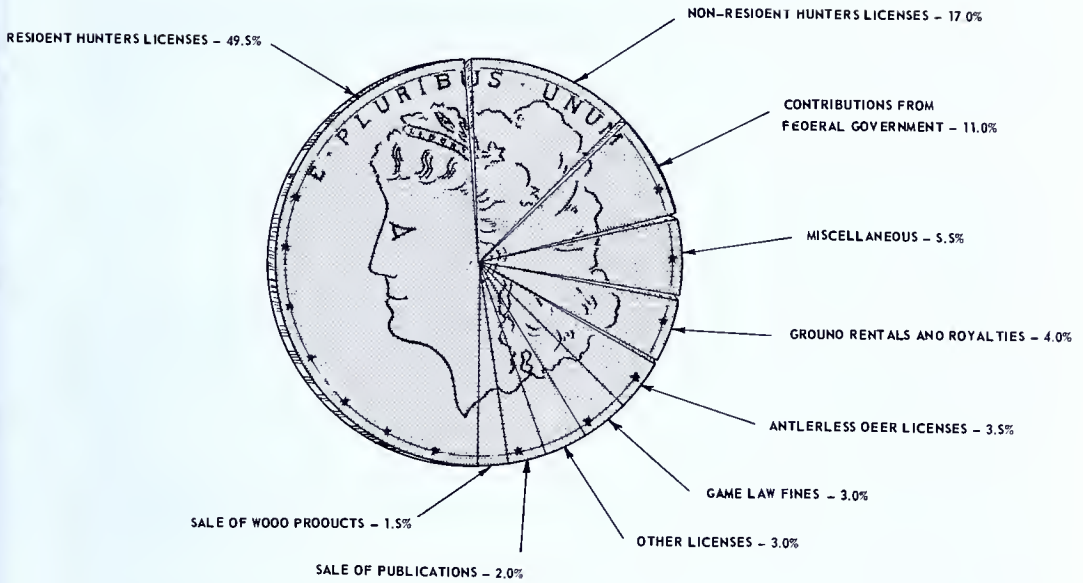
HUNTING LICENSE SALES 1913-1962



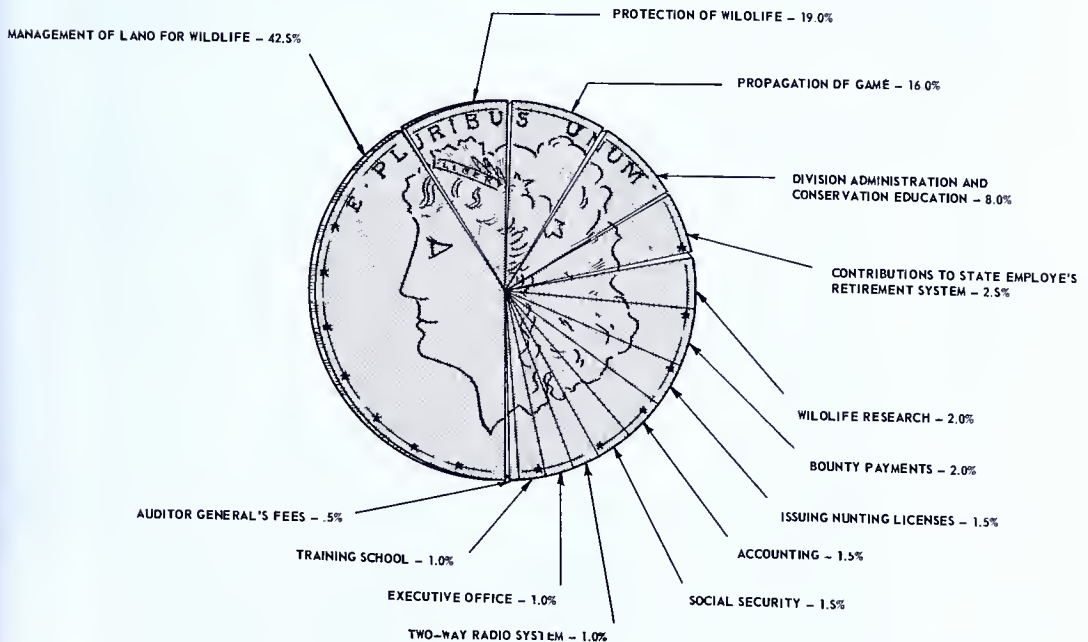
ARCHERY LICENSE SALES 1938-1962



WHERE THE GAME FUND DOLLAR CAME FROM DURING THE FISCAL YEAR 1962-1963



HOW THE GAME FUND DOLLAR WAS SPENT DURING THE FISCAL YEAR 1962-1963



SCHEDULE I

PENNSYLVANIA GAME COMMISSION
STATEMENT OF REVENUE, EXPENDITURES AND CASH BALANCES
FISCAL YEAR JULY 1, 1962, TO JUNE 30, 1963

REVENUE		
Cash in State Treasury to Credit of "Game Fund" on July 1, 1962		\$ 3,012,828.92
Less: Unpaid Vouchers in Fiscal Offices as of June 30, 1962		-37,422.64
Net Amount as of July 1, 1962		\$ 2,975,406.28
Receipts July 1, 1962, to June 30, 1963:		
Resident Hunters' Licenses	\$ 2,778,334.37	
Nonresident Hunters' Licenses	960,051.05	
Antlerless Deer Licenses	201,651.20	
Archery Licenses	132,142.65	
Nonresident Trapping Licenses	200.00	
Special 3-Day Nonresident Regulated Shooting Grounds Licenses	6,375.45	
Special Game Permits	28,321.30	
Game Law Fines	162,215.75	
Interest on Deposits	40,640.81	
Sale of Skins and Guns	9,950.97	
Sale of Unserviceable Property (Through Property and Supplies)	543.30	
Miscellaneous	28,501.40	
Rental of State Property	30,891.13	
Sale of Wood Products	73,843.60	
Contributions From Federal Government	626,696.21	
Sale of Publications	93,022.11	
Interest on Securities	46,682.92	
Leased Lands Act 43-1955 Session	2,610.35	
Ground Rentals and Royalties (Gas Wells)	238,529.55	
Coal Royalties	26,272.56	
Two-Way Radio System-Civil Defense Contributions	125,766.52	
Total Receipts from All Sources	5,613,243.20	
Total Credited to Game Fund During Fiscal Year 1962-1963	\$ 8,588,649.48	

CLASSIFICATION OF EXPENDITURES BY ORGANIZATIONAL UNITS

Classification of Expenditures	Executive Accounting Administration	Conservation Education	Propagation	Research	Law Enforcement	Training School	Land Management	Totals
Salaries	\$195,481.45	\$127,751.21	\$199,820.59	\$ 71,655.33	\$ 692,110.22	\$ 38,017.91	\$ 461,567.89	\$1,786,404.60
Wages	9,537.64	11,296.80	210,212.07	4,235.95	104,319.76	11,623.07	911,788.31	1,263,013.60
Professional and Specialized Services (**)	24,607.92	22,104.50	647.21	1,752.50	3,869.21	98.15	14,014.24	67,093.73
Printing	4,519.13	114,275.87	225.01	910.15	4,866.18		7,331.06	132,127.40
Advertising					10,549.36		886.31	11,435.67
Postage and Freight	22,337.46	10,097.64	808.99	476.81	3,910.02	12.65	4,170.29	41,813.86
Communications	2,990.82	1,957.62	4,806.15	1,505.66	12,881.78	318.50	23,451.81	47,912.34
Travel	13,109.71	32,364.19	28,845.82	18,708.15	266,106.73	10,828.65	112,241.95	482,205.20
Utilities and Fuel		771.49	11,388.62		14,222.51	1,561.49	7,707.50	35,651.61
Insurance, Surety and Fidelity Bonds	965.57	397.80	1,931.30	216.19	3,963.62	141.13	7,237.38	14,852.99
Motorized Equipment, Supplies and Repairs	823.11	1,667.07	19,559.19		5,694.38	928.06	88,193.06	116,864.87
Contracted Maintenance and Repairs	2,830.61	4,078.81	5,452.52	39.90	39,770.28	1,679.16	45,406.41	99,257.69
Rent of Real Estate		1,599.40	1,185.40		1,248.20		4,327.50	8,360.50
Rent of Equipment	10,776.54	176.18	2,317.93	60.00	1,511.47		15,479.85	30,321.97
Materials and Supplies	9,971.01	9,205.68	231,516.42	1,676.20	25,414.06	7,785.61	227,186.83	512,755.81
Wearing Apparel		555.00	13.95		7,845.17			8,414.12
Motor Vehicles and Farm Equipment	938.50	1,861.82	17,650.47		1,211.21	742.48	69,335.63	91,740.11
Furniture and Fixtures	132.39	8.53	8.53		78.92		391.40	619.77
Purchase of Game								
Land Acquisitions								
Buildings and Structures		442.80					373,031.36	235,681.10
Non-Structural Improvements			1,771.20		4,428.00		49,808.57	56,450.57
Grants and Payments to Individuals			249.52					249.52
Grants to Institutions		7,845.00		12,000.00				104,647.17
Subsidies to Government Units			274.92				99,995.22	19,845.00
Refunds	1,112.15							100,270.14
TOTAL EXPENDITURES BY GAME COMMISSION	\$300,134.01	\$348,457.41	\$974,366.91	\$113,236.84	\$1,308,648.25	\$ 73,736.86	\$2,523,552.57	\$5,642,132.85

Plus: Expenditures by Other State Departments								
Department of Revenue-Printing Hunting Licenses, Tags and Miscellaneous Forms (*)								\$ 86,882.66
Department of State-Contributions to Employees' Retirement System (*)								149,807.00
Department of Labor and Industry-Contributions to Social Security (*)								87,706.89
Treasury Department-Replacement of Escheated Checks (*)								300.00
Land Purchased With Restricted Revenue-Act 43, Session of 1955								5,220.70
TOTAL EXPENDITURES								\$5,972,050.10

Cash Balance June 30, 1963, Available for Expenditure During Fiscal Year 1963-64								\$2,616,599.38
Plus Unpaid Vouchers in Fiscal Offices as of June 30, 1963, Amounting to								9,754.61
Cash Balance in State Treasury to Credit of "Game Fund" at June 30, 1963 (Includes U. S. Securities in Amount of \$1,490,993.61)								\$2,626,353.99

(*) These items are paid out of the "Game Fund" upon requisitions drawn by the various Departments and are included to present a complete picture of "Game Fund" expenditures.

(**) This item includes Auditor-General's audit fees of \$19,313.91.

(Continued from Page 31)

there was the graying of everything before him as he fainted and fell. Indistinctly he heard the farmer calling and the sound of his footsteps as he approached. And there was the warm, wet tongue of a friendly farm dog licking his face and his ear. He didn't care.

The rest of it was a whirling jumble of events mingled with overwhelming



THEN HE SPIED IT. His heart leaped as he saw it, sitting simply and matter-of-factly on a leveled off spot near the source of the spring. A drinking glass.

relief. The farmer's wife pouring out hot, strong coffee; the phone call to his wife; the arrival of his hunting companions; the ride back to town and the eventual crawling into the warm comfort of his own bed. It was over.

* * *

It can happen to you, Mr. Hunter. A glance at the map of Pennsylvania reveals a densely settled state, cut by many roads, railways, and the many kinds of trails men travel upon. Yet a second look will reveal many areas of wilderness where a man can wander

for days without seeing another person.

It happens each year. Many never admit how close they have come to spending a night in the open. A Pennsylvania archer, in current history, was lost for three days while hundreds sought him.

The wise hunter will, upon entering the kind of big woods country in which it is possible to become lost, prepare himself physically and mentally. Physically, a map, a compass, and a survival kit should be carried. The kit can consist of a few candy bars, some tea bags, envelopes of sugar, a small box of raisins—all in a metal container in which water can be boiled, and wrapped in a plastic cloth for temporary shelter. It should contain matches, a candle, a razor blade, a length or two of nylon twine, several safety pins—and other “goodies” depending upon how much the hunter wishes to carry.

Mentally, the hunter should carry into the woods a determination to “stay found.” Carefully check map and compass in strange territory before making major changes in plans or direction of travel. Check now and then, anyway. Should it become necessary to stay out overnight, don't panic. The most inconvenience lost hunters truly suffer is the loss of one or two meals—and most of us are dieting anyway. Build a fire, keep warm, and stay with it until found. And never, as Jim Wheeler discovered to his sorrow, enter the woods without someone's knowing at least approximately where you are going.

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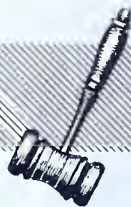
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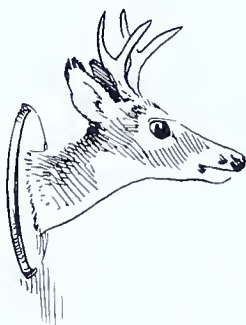
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IT'S THE LAW



NOT ALL GAME LAW VIOLATIONS ARE INTENTIONAL. AS A SERVICE TO COMMONWEALTH SPORTSMEN, GAME NEWS, IN COOPERATION WITH THE DIVISION OF LAW ENFORCEMENT, TAKES THIS MEANS TO BRIEFLY CLARIFY SOME OF THE MOST FREQUENTLY MISUNDERSTOOD OR LEAST KNOWN GAME LAWS.

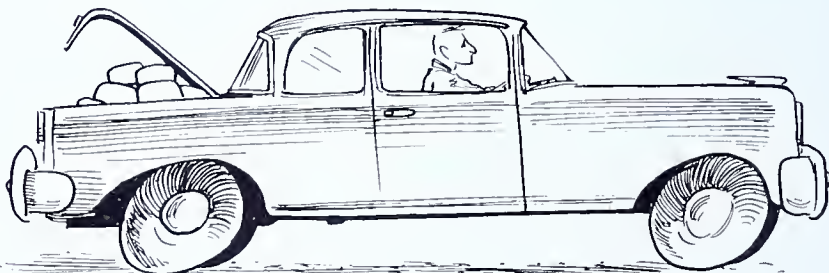


QUESTION:

I HAVE MOUNTED HEADS OF SEVERAL DEER AND BEAR KILLED IN PENNSYLVANIA. MAY I SELL THEM?

ANSWER:

NO! UNLESS YOU ARE A LICENSED TAXIDERMIST SELLING UNCLAIMED SPECIMENS FOR THE COST OF MOUNTING ONLY.



QUESTION:

FRIENDS OFTEN OFFER ME PACKAGES OF VENISON. MUST THESE BE TAGGED OR MARKED FOR TRANSPORTATION?

ANSWER:

NO, BUT YOU MUST PROVIDE THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE PERSON WHO DID THE KILLING IF REQUESTED BY ANY LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER.

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Pennsylvania **GAME NEWS**

FEBRUARY, 1964

TEN CENTS



Published Monthly by the
PENNSYLVANIA GAME
COMMISSION

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PENNSYLVANIA

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Cover Painting by
Vic Stephen

COVER: As icy February winds whip powder snow into every crack and crevice outside, a warm glow of peaceful winter activity prevails from within this sportsman's den. Hand loading shells is one hobby which can be pursued in midwinter that doesn't require heavy underwear and insulated boots. It is now that an outdoorsman takes heart in the thought "When winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

Published **MONTHLY** by the Pennsylvania Game Commission, South Office Building, Capitol, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** \$1 per year; \$2.50 for three years. **TO SUBSCRIBE:** Send check or money order payable to "Pennsylvania Game Commission." Do not send stamps; cash forwarded is done so at sender's risk. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Send both new and old addresses at least 45 days in advance of the issue with which it is to be effective. **PERMISSION TO REPRINT** any signed article may be granted provided advance permission is obtained from the author. No information contained in the magazine may be used for advertising or commercial purposes.

Printed by Times and News Publishing Co., Gettysburg, Pa.
Second Class Postage Paid at Gettysburg, Pa.

Safe Side of Hunting

HUNTING in Pennsylvania and throughout the Nation is becoming a safer sport each year.

The National Rifle Association tells us that deaths due to firearm accidents have declined 50 per cent during the past 30 years (Pennsylvania had a 40 per cent drop). This is even more significant in light of the fact that the number of licensed hunters has more than doubled during this period to over 13 million throughout the country (doubled in Pennsylvania to nearly 1 million).

The NRA attributes the drastic drop in deaths in firearms accidents to the nationwide NRA Hunter Safety Course which was inaugurated in 1950. Based on the conviction that the educational approach is the most effective method of reducing the number of gun accidents in the hunting field, this program is conducted by the NRA in cooperation with game departments in 34 states (Pennsylvania included) and two Canadian Provinces. Over 44,000 dedicated NRA Certified Hunter Safety Instructors (4,805 Pennsylvania Game Commission certified) have taught marksmanship and safe gun handling to more than 2 million individuals who have completed the course (57,696 in Pennsylvania). As a result, the death rate due to firearm accidents dropped 21 per cent nationwide from 1952 to 1962 (dropped 33 per cent in Pennsylvania).

Firearm accidents, percentage wise, take very few lives when compared to other kinds of accidents. In 1962, the death rate per 100,000 population for the principal types of accidents were: motor vehicles 22 per cent; falls 10.7 per cent; fires and burns 4 per cent; drowning 3.4 per cent; railroads 1.2 per cent; firearms and explosions 1.1 per cent; poison gas .8 per cent; and other poisons .9 per cent.

Available statistics show that approximately 2,000 individuals lose their lives in the United States each year due to accidents with firearms. More than half of these accidents, about 55 per cent, says the NRA, occurs in the home. For this reason, the NRA Home Firearms Safety Course has been inaugurated. Its purpose is to bring information to those unskilled in the use and handling of firearms in order that they may attain the knowledge necessary to prevent unsafe conditions related to guns in the home.

The Pennsylvania Game Commission's Hunter Safety Program is patterned after and in cooperation with the NRA program. The Pennsylvania course has integrated home safety firearm education with hunter safety training since its inception.

Although Pennsylvania's program is only five years old and still on a voluntary basis, progress has been made in making hunting in Pennsylvania safer for everyone.

Much of the credit for any success in Pennsylvania's Hunter Safety Program goes to the 4,805 certified instructors who have given considerable time and effort freely for this great cause. Pennsylvania hunters owe these unselfish, dedicated sportsmen a debt of gratitude.—G. H. H.





NED
SMITH



WALKIN' SHOES

By NED SMITH



Porky—The Untouchable

1. What is the porcupine's favorite winter food?
2. Why does he sometimes chew ax and shovel handles?
3. Do porcupines ever attack humans?
4. How many porkies are born at one time?
5. They are extremely small when born. True or false?
6. Are they born with quills?
7. What makes porcupine quills so hard to remove from their victims' flesh?
8. Porcupines eat the bark of only a few species of trees. True or false?

ASK anyone what he considers the most dangerous wild animal in Penn's Woods and he will probably name either the rattlesnake, the bear, or the bobcat. In reality, any of these three formidable creatures would probably come out second best in a tangle with the lowly, dim-witted porcupine. Not many wild animals try to take him on, of course, but those that do usually wind up dead.

The porky doesn't look very deadly. He moves with the speed of a snail, and even when forced into high gear his fastest gait is a clumsy, rolling shuffle. He is big for a rodent, but only the largest males exceed 30

pounds in weight and females usually weigh from 10 to 15 pounds. He is a dumpy individual, broad of back and short of leg. His witless face is remarkably blunt; his tail is stout and somewhat flattened. The bowed legs terminate in bare-soled feet armed with sturdy, curved claws.

Porky's face is clothed in short, blackish hairs. The remainder of his body sports longer blackish brown hair that is tipped with white to pale brown. More or less concealed by the long body hairs are the approximately 30,000 dark-tipped, ivory-white quills, ranging in length from less than an inch on the head to three and a half or four inches on the back. The tail is thickly studded with them, also, but the legs, face, and underparts are unarmed.

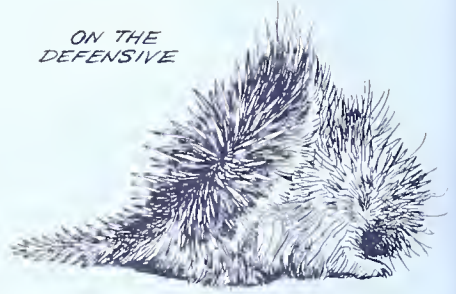
The quills are actually specialized hairs, and are among the most fiendish devices found in nature. About the diameter of matchsticks, they are hollow, somewhat stuffed with a pithy substance, resembling the shaft of a feather in construction. The root end terminates in a tiny bulblike tip which is loosely attached to the skin. The business end comes to a very sharp point, all but the extreme tip being thickly overlaid with hundreds of microscopic barbs.

Because of their sharp points the

AT EASE



ON THE DEFENSIVE



quills penetrate skin and flesh at the slightest touch and the backward pointing barbs resist all but the most determined efforts to withdraw them. Being attached so weakly to the porcupine they are readily transferred to the skin of the attacker.

When threatened, the porcupine immediately erects his quills by means of special muscles beneath the skin, at the same time protecting his vulnerable and unarmed nose by either sticking it into an available cranny or by poking it down between his forelegs. Thus the enemy is presented nothing more toothsome than a bristling bundle of quills. To make his armament still more effective the quill-studded tail is lashed from side to side at each real or imaginary movement of the enemy.

Quills Not Shot

The quills are not "shot," as folks used to believe. They are sometimes dislodged when the lashing tail strikes a solid object such as a stick with which the animal is being tormented and it is conceivable that they could be propelled a short distance in this manner, but that is as close as they would come to being deliberately propelled.

Once the porcupine makes up his mind to reach a certain place of refuge nothing deters him. Step in his path and he'll wheel around and *back* toward you, switching his tail back and forth to clear the way. Somehow he always gets the right-of-way. A variation of this maneuver is sometimes employed when a persistent

human decides to shinny up a tree and shake out the stupid beast. Nothing is more disconcerting than to have a 20-pound porcupine suddenly come to life and back down a tree toward you—at twice the speed of *your* normal descent.

Serious to Other Animals

Being "quilled" is a painful but temporary, inconvenience to a human, but it is a far more serious matter to a wild animal which, lacking the means to withdraw the quills must allow them to take their natural course. Because of the barbs each movement of the muscle in which they are imbedded draws them deeper into the flesh and oftentimes they find their way into vital organs. More commonly the animal that attacks the porky finds its lips, tongue, and the inside of its mouth studded with the painful, festering darts, preventing the victim from eating until starvation ends his agony.

Most animals have learned to let the porcupine strictly alone, but occasionally a bobcat, bear, fox, or one of the larger birds of prey will try him. The result is usually the same, although in the north country the fisher, that crafty cousin of the weasel, regularly dines on his flesh, flipping him over with a carefully inserted forepaw and tearing open his unprotected underside before the slothful porky can right himself. Dogs, in particular, have an inbred compulsion to shake the liver out of the first porcupine they see. The more sensible ones give up this idea after the first ex-

perience, but some hot-headed canines grab each and every quill-pig they see, subjecting themselves repeatedly to the agonizing de-quilling ritual. To hunt with such dogs in porcupine country without a pair of long-nosed pliers in your pocket is sheer folly.

Dog owners aren't the only folks who lose patience with the quill-pig. Foresters hate him for the damage he does to trees. During the colder months especially, he will perch in one tree for days or even weeks, patiently gnawing off the bark, which is his staple cold-weather diet. Oftentimes his continuous munching proves fatal to the tree. Hemlocks, some of the pines, beech, maple, aspen, and several others are among his favorites. In summertime Porky varies his diet with all sorts of vegetation, eating sedges, clover, water lily stems and roots, and various buds and leaves.

But it is his strange and insatiable craving for salt that really gets the porcupine into big trouble with humans. He not only likes salt—he will endure *anything* to chew on any object that bears the slightest trace of this alluring substance. Ordinary perspiration contains enough salt to cause him to devour every article touched

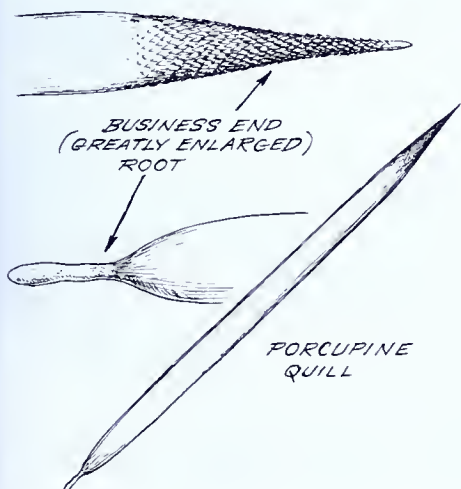
by humans—ax handles, canoe paddles, picnic tables, shovel handles, wood boxes, privy seats, *anything!* He and his friends have been known to eat half the floor out of a small cabin, encouraged in their monumental task, no doubt, by the light sprinkling of fryings that splashed from the skillet and traces of salt dropped here and there. Even metal won't always stop them. I've seen a heavy cast aluminum kettle from which the entire bottom was missing—devoured by porcupines that broke into the hunting camp where it was stored. For years porkies have been known to occasionally chew on rubber articles, but synthetic tires seem to have an especially appealing flavor.

Seldom Be Frightened

Such dietary indiscretion can't be expected to go unnoticed — and it doesn't. Camp owners, in particular, are quick to take out their wrath on every quill-pig they see. If the porky could be taught to let things alone he would surely fare better, but he bows to neither pleas nor punishment. He can seldom be really frightened, and then only temporarily. He can be beaten unmercifully, but he'll return in a half hour to continue eating up your possessions as though nothing had happened.

Fortunately, porcupines are not plentiful everywhere, in spite of their lack of natural enemies and the abundance of suitable foods. Throughout much of northern Pennsylvania they are fairly common, and even locally abundant, but in southern Pennsylvania they are rare to absent. In fact, our state is practically the southern limit of their range.

One reason for our moderate porky population is their slow rate of reproduction. As a rule only one young is born each year, twins occurring but rarely. But the infant porky makes up in size what he lacks in numbers. At birth he will tip the scales at a whopping one or one and a quarter pounds.



This from a 10- or 12-pound mother! For an interesting comparison, consider that the newborn cub of a 250-pound black bear would weigh about half a pound.

The youngsters are clothed in long, black hair underlaid with half-inch quills that are soft at birth. They are weaned when little more than a month old, and at six months of age are completely on their own.

All porcupines, young or old, spend much of their time in the open, feeding and sleeping high in the treetops during even the coldest, snowiest weather. When they seek terrestrial shelter, usually for a daytime nap, they have their favorite caves, hollow logs or trees, in which to pass the time. These places can always be identified by the huge accumulations of bean-shaped droppings at the threshold, sometimes several bushels in volume.

Although occasionally seen waddling about the forest or wading in the lake shore shallows in daytime, porcupines are active chiefly at night. It is then that they venture forth, each attending to whatever business awaits him—one chewing on an old

shed deer antler, another nipping the buds from some pine seedlings; one settling down in a comfortable beech crotch, another rasping away at the floor of a cabin porch. Man, the enemy, sleeps, and there's nothing to disturb a porcupine at his work. In his own dim way the prickly one seems to know that human beings spell trouble, although even as he chews a scalloped hole in the cabin door he can't for the life of him understand why.

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS

1. Tree bark.
2. For the salt deposited by perspiration.
3. Not really, although when cut off from safety they will *back* toward whoever is cutting off their retreat, threatening him with quills and lashing tail.
4. One, usually.
5. False. They are very large.
6. Yes, although the quills are soft at birth.
7. They are studded with hundreds of backward pointing barbs.
8. False. They eat the bark of almost any tree.

1,382 Geese Harvested from Pymatuning Management Area

More than 1,300 Canada geese were harvested this fall on the controlled shooting section of the Pennsylvania Game Commission's Pymatuning Goose Management Area of Crawford County. The hunting season on the 2,000-acre area near Hartstown closed on November 30.

M. J. Golden, Executive Director of the Game Commission, said a report filed recently by Raymond E. Sickles, waterfowl management agent in immediate charge of the area, shows a total of 3,002 hunters used the 40 blinds constructed and maintained by the Commission. The shooting points were assigned by a random drawing in early October from more than 8,000 applications for reservations. Operation of the controlled shooting area was interrupted by the hunting ban from October 18 to November 4 but all reservation holders during this period were given an opportunity to hunt the area later in the season.

The 1963 hunting season produced a total harvest of 1,382 Canada geese and 345 ducks. Last year, the first time the area was open, the harvest totalled 1,296 geese and 249 ducks.



SIMPLY CONSTRUCTED, this permanent all-weather blind is five feet square with an entrance large enough to put a chair through. The blind is located near the house so that activity at the feeders can be observed from the house, too.

A Fine Weather Project . . .

Permanent All-Weather Photography Blind

By James S. Seibel

Photos by the Author

WHY not take pictures of Mother Nature's children the easy way, and in solid comfort through spring, summer, fall and winter?

After adding the finishing touches to the architectural gem pictured here I backed up a few feet, looked it over and decided no animal, stupid or otherwise, would ever get used to so obvious a man-made lump. However, the beasties not only got used to it, but tried on several occasions to claim it as their very own.

If you are handicapped in such a way that you must depend on a wheel chair or crutches as a means of getting about then this is for you, too. The thrill of observing, studying, and photographing wildlings at close range

will present few problems with this type of blind. Have the entrance door to the blind made large enough for your chair to enter. A gently sloping ramp makes it easy. Furthermore there is no need for the blind to be any great distance from a main building, house, or cabin. My blind is only about 40 yards from the main building on the property, and is reached via a good hard wide path. Many wonderful hours can be yours.

The feeder shown here is of the drum type, is easy to build, holds about five bushels of corn and is the attraction that brings in the birds and animals to be photographed. It is located about 12 feet in front of the blind, close enough to assure large



COON AND SWEETS make a good close-up. Camera and flash were operated by remote control from inside the blind. A ruby red light was used at night to observe the game. They paid no attention to it.



WILD TURKEY at point-blank range of ten feet. This picture was taken with a telephoto lens near evening.

images on the negatives.

You must have a spot of ground, or permission to use some ground near **GOOD COVER**. By good cover is meant brush, trees, and so on in case a hungry predator arrives on the scene. A weekend cabin is good. You have an ideal situation if you live on a farm or in a rural area and it need be no great distance from a town or city.

The feeder comes first. Build it near the good cover mentioned above, and either up wind or cross wind from the spot selected for the blind. The wind direction, as far as a permanent blind is concerned, must be decided or selected from the direction from which the prevailing winds blow. Wind direction is not too important as far as the short noses such as bunnies, squirrels, birds, and so on go—but it is important where the long noses are concerned. These include deer, fox, coon and such.

No dimensions for the blind pictured here will be mentioned other than to say it is five feet square. Build your blind any shape you care to. It may be square, tent shape, round or what have you. Just be sure it is large enough. Plan it as though two people were going to use it at the same time and you should be safe. Inside equip-

ment should include an alcohol stove of some sort for warmth on cold days and nights. Two folding chairs with rubber pads on the bottom of the legs, a very sturdy shelf to hold the camera and short tripod. Camera shake is deadly, especially with a long lens. A notebook holder and a shelf for film and extra lenses should about do it. The peepholes are 1 x 3 inches and covered on the inside of the blind with a mesh of some sort. The blind should be fairly dark inside.

The camera opening is about 12 inches square and is covered on the inside by a piece of opaque material. The cloth can be a gray similar in color to the wood or tar paper, or it can be any dark earth color or a piece of camouflage material. The cloth is cut about 20 inches square, or four inches wider all around than the opening cut in the front of the blind. Cut a circular hole in the center of this cloth the size of the barrel of your largest lens. Now go inside the blind and lightly tack the material to the wall directly back of and centered over the 12-inch opening. Measure three inches beyond the edge of the material and drive stout nails into the wall all around the material at this distance. Keep the nails about four inches apart. Let about an inch or so of the nails stick out inside the



GROUSE AT 12 FEET taken with a telephoto lens. The poor light makes the dark bird stand out on the white snow.



ANIMALS CAN BE TOO CLOSE to the telephoto lens. Notice that the nose of this deer is out of focus because it is too close to the camera at ten feet.

blind. Remove the tacks from the material, punch holes near the edge of the cloth, loop good quality rubber bands through these holes and over the projecting nails. This will stretch the material tight across the 12-inch opening. This method of mounting the cloth permits it to float in any direction as you move the lens from position to position. **MOVE THAT LENS SLOWLY.** Sew a flap of the same material to the inside and just over the lens hole. This covers the opening when not in use.

The floor of your blind should be at least four to six inches off the ground. Slant the roof to the rear to carry off drainage. Be sure there is plenty of overhang in front to protect the lens when it rains or snows.

Do not paint or use creosote on the blind. Leave it natural wood or cover it with roofing paper.

Do not smoke in the blind.

Do not enter or leave the blind alone when game is about. Take someone along who will leave as soon as you are in the blind and prepared for "shooting."

Do not shoot a gun or bow from the blind.

Do not use the blind immediately after construction is finished. Stay out of it for a few weeks and give it time

to "weather in."

Do not use any animal or bird in such a manner that harm or death may come to it just for the sake of a photograph.

Arrange for some sort of signal to be used to summon help when you wish to leave the blind. I have a wire from the blind to the cabin. When a switch is pressed in the blind a soft buzzer sounds in the cabin and brings someone to frighten off the game so I may exit.

Do be quiet. No talking. If you plan to be in the blind for quite a while and take a lunch with you wrap it in cloth, paper is much too noisy.

Use a reflex, or through the lens camera. If your camera is a range finder type then add a reflex adapter. The lens hole **MUST BE KEPT AS SMALL AS POSSIBLE.**

Plan for plenty of ventilation. The summer days can be more than just warm. For the cold days and nights a heater will be needed and this definitely calls for ventilation.

The photographs reproduced here were all taken from the blind pictured. As you can see it is not at all necessary to include the feeder any more than you care to do so, thus giving a much more natural look to the shots.

Boss of Blue Spring Hollow

By R. N. Hamilton

IT WAS raining—one of those all-day sod-soakers that come along soon after the first hard frost of the year. Herb Reott and I were sitting in Jack Snyder's barbershop. The three of us were cussing and discussing "The boss of Blue Spring Hollow." We were trying to formulate a plan we hoped would put an end to his reign in the Hollow. This was our number one hunting and trapping ground—that is it was before "the boss" moved in and took over.

Let me introduce you to the boss. He wasn't a grouchy old bear, nor a majestic buck deer, but a big old boar coon, who ruled the hollow with claw and fang, plus a diabolical cleverness which at times was almost supernatural. When he was a small cub, I learned a storm blew his home down (an old hollow tree).

Mamma coon moved her family to a new home, but somehow she missed him. Three days after the storm Aaron Garber, a onetime hunting and trapping buddy of mine, found a miserable looking half starved little raccoon wandering aimlessly in the woods near his house. He carried it home, and fed it some warm milk with a teaspoon. The young raccoon soon learned to eat, grew fast, and, with his many mischievous tricks and pranks, soon endeared himself to the entire town of Port Matilda. For three years he lived the life of Riley. But as he grew older he grew surly and cross, and he couldn't be trusted around the children. One day he chawed up a boy's dog and when the boy attempted to rescue his dog the coon bit and clawed him severely. It

was then, despite the loud and vigorous protests of the youngsters, that the city fathers decided he had to go. One day Aaron Garber, Bill Curry and Roy Nesbitt took him to Blue Spring Hollow and released him. This was the beginning of our troubles. He knew a good bit about humans and hounds. He had played and fought with all the dogs in town. He wasn't afraid of them. He wasn't a killer though, he was satisfied to give a dog a good drubbing.

I did a lot of trapping for mink, fox, muskrat, and other fur bearers in the fall and winter, and before this raccoon moved in, Blue Spring Hollow was a money-making spot. But I soon found most of my traps sprung and any animal caught was killed and chawed so badly that the pelt was nearly worthless. I made special sets in an effort to snare him and while coons are not usually hard to catch in a trap, I never came close to catching him. Other coon hunters and trappers had also tried to destroy him but had fared no better than I. Their traps were sprung and their dogs got the inevitable drubbing. I was anxious to have him caught before mink and muskrat season opened, for fear this fearless denizen would rob my traps as he had done so successfully in the past.

In order for you to understand how simple it was for this coon to outsmart us, let me describe Blue Spring Hollow to you. Located about 25 miles northeast of Altoona on the southwest side of Bald Eagle Mountain, it is a huge bowl-shaped hollow in the side of the mountain. Many





THE BOSS had hold of Tobie's collar with one front claw, leading him around in circles, at the same time raking poor Tobie's head and face with the other claw.

springs issue from its sides and flow to the flat, forming a bog or swamp containing old beaver dams, with plenty of rocks from the size of a bushel basket to that of a small house. The hole is blanketed with a dense growth of rhododendron, green briers, thornberry, wild crab apple and a few patches of blackberry briers. The sides of the hollow are covered with second-growth hemlock, red, white and scrub oak, sheep laurel, and huckleberry bushes, old hollow trees and snags to provide homes for coons. All told, it's an ideal haven for game and fur-bearing animals. Two streams, having the same name of Bald Eagle Creek, have their source here. One flows south and enters the Juniata River at Tyrone, the other flows north and joins the Susquehanna at Lock Haven. Both are clean and fine trout streams. This was the lair of this famous robber coon.

Before this big coon moved in and took over as boss of Blue Spring Hollow, Jack and I had always caught

a lot of coons there. But for the last two years this old booby coon had been making monkeys out of us. Nig and Shine, our two dogs, had even less success. We all wanted to get him so bad we couldn't sleep at night for dreaming about him. I know he had been a pet, you might think that would make it easier. He knew too much about man and his dogs. He wasn't afraid of them, just cagey and smart.

Decoy Dog Away

When the dogs treed a coon, he would come close and run around in the brush snarling and squalling his head off to get the dogs to chase him, he seemed to think it was a game. Then he would lead them a merry chase far away from the coon they had treed and lose them, a trick that he had mastered. When the dogs treed a coon you had to get there quickly or you never found the coon.

There was one place in the swamp where he lost the dogs most frequently. An old beaver dam was the biggest pond in the hollow with an old beaver house in the middle where it was eight or nine feet deep. The Pennsylvania Game Commission had trapped and transferred all the beavers from a few years previous, and the house was not inhabited. At least that's what we thought. We were in for a big surprise.

Jack came up with a plan. Herb and I were to take our flashlights and shotguns, and go to the aforementioned beaver dam and watch for the coon. He, Jack, would take the dogs to the other side of the hollow and turn them loose. When Herb and I heard the coon plunge into the water we were to spot the light on him and shoot him. It sounded good. The only doubt was the coon didn't always go to this pond to lose the dogs. However it was better than a 50-50-chance he would, and we were desperate. We decided to try Jack's plan the coming Saturday night.

Saturday was one of those all-day drizzle rains with a ground fog. But nevertheless, Herb, Jack and I, with Jack's two dogs, Nig and Shine, parked at the bottom of Blue Spring Hollow just as it was getting dark. This gave Herb and me time to get to the beaver dam before it was time for Jack to let the dogs loose.

Herb and I had just gotten settled with a good view of the beaver house and dam, when Old Nig started singing his trail song—a long, low rumbling moan, like the muted rumbling of far-off thunder. In just seconds Shine joined in with his ringing tenor. Ah, there was music to raise the blood-pressure of any red-blooded sportsman, as the echoes bounced and rebounded from the sides of the hollow. It was hard to pinpoint the dogs' location at all times, but all too soon the dogs changed their tune and barked treed. We heard the sharp spiteful crack of Jack's 25-20. We knew he had beaten the boss to the tree. We heard a coon squall and Jack yelled, "Stay put, boys, that's the boss." Nig and Shine took after the boss and what a chase. Up a "spring run" to the head of the hollow then through Nigger Gap to the Half Moon Valley side of Bald Eagle Mountain. They were out of hearing but not for long. We heard them coming down a spring run on the opposite side of the hollow. Nig and Shine were pushing him hard. We heard them barking "treed" and went to them. We found them barking up a big hemlock tree. Now as every coon hunter knows the hemlock is a mighty hard tree on which to spot a coon. Herb, who climbs like he really was a monkey's uncle scurried up the tree, and soon he yelled "there's no coon on this tree." Just then a coon squalled on top of a big rock and then jumped off. We could hear it running through the brush as it raced down into the swamp. It didn't take us long to figure out what it had done. The boss had jumped from the hemlock to a big

old oak, then to the top of a big rock where he scoffed at us. That ended our coon hunting for that Saturday night as the Pennsylvania Game Laws prohibits Sunday hunting. It was 15 minutes to midnight. Jack had tied the dogs but it was too late to turn them loose. Lucky for us we didn't continue, for when we arrived at the car, a Pennsylvania Game Protector, with two of his deputies, and Big Bill Travis, a well-known coon hunter from the Clearfield section, were there to greet us. "Good," he said, "I was just coming after you fellows. You're only 10 minutes late," he added.

Jack explained, "That's a tough place to get out of when you're leading a couple of dogs that want to chase a coon as bad as Nig and Shine." Then we told him about the trick the boss had put over on us.

Big Bill said, "Yes," he'd heard about this coon and he and his dogs had been on one chase after it, coming

KNOWING HE WAS DISCOVERED he let out a squall and made a tremendous leap off the rock. I saw him coming straight at my face with outstretched claws and tried to dodge him.



out second best. "But I'm getting a hound from Kentucky that knows all about coons. I'd like you fellows to go along as I don't know this section very well." We made a date for the next Tuesday night.

Tuesday evening Bill picked me up at 7:30 and we went to Jack's home where he and Herb were waiting for us. Nig and Shine set up a howl in protest when we started off without them. But Bill said, "I want to see what this dog Tobie can do with the boss, I just have him on trial." Tobie was a strain of black and tan known as the Kentucky coon hound.

Trailed in 5 Minutes

It was a bit after eight when we pulled into the parking place at the bottom of Blue Spring Hollow. Bill turned Tobie loose immediately and in a scant five minutes he sang out coon in a beautiful bawl-mouthed voice. After a few bawls we heard him growling and a coon snarling. He had caught the coon on the ground and they were having a battle royal. As we raced toward the fight, I got tangled up with a barbed-wire fence, tore a hole in my boot and didn't get to see any of the fight. Jack said, "That was a dandy. Tobie knew how to handle a coon all right." The coon was a big yearling and fat as a roll of butter. We waited while Bill took it back to the car. Just as he returned Tobie hit another hot trail and started broadcasting it in that beautiful voice of his. But this was to be a different story. Tobie soon "said" he had it treed and we all dashed toward the location. Before we got close enough to locate the tree we heard a coon squall and Tobie tuned into his trail song again. We knew the boss was at his old tricks again. The chase went straight to the beaver dam with the house in the middle. Before we got there we heard Tobie's song turn to howls of pain. At the dam we saw the coon and Tobie in the water. The boss had hold of Tobie's collar

with one front claw, leading him around in circles, at the same time raking poor Tobie's head and face with the other claw. When our lights shone on them, the coon left Tobie floundering in the water and swam rapidly toward the beaver house. Bill took a couple of shots at him with his .38 Colt, and the coon dived under the water at the edge of the beaver house. We spotlighted all around the beaver house and dam, but we couldn't see anything of the coon. Bill was sure he had killed it. We all hoped so, but we were to learn differently on our next hunt. We got Tobie out of the water and patched him up. Then we circled the dam twice to see if he could find the coon's track. But there was no track to be found or perhaps Tobie wasn't interested in that particular coon any more that night.

One week later Herb, Jack and I were again in Blue Spring Hollow. Nig and Shine found a hot track and after a short chase treed a yearling

THE BOSS had done it again. He was in Herb's trap and was towing the raft away from us.



on an old dead elm tree, which we bagged without any trouble from the boss. "Maybe Bill did hit him," Jack said. We went up a spring run toward the head of the hollow and Nigger Gap, where the dogs hit another trail and treed on the Half Moon Valley side of the mountain. We were just through the gap, when we heard the boss squall. He was at his old tricks again. Back past us to the Bald Eagle side he went, and treed on the same hemlock he had tricked us at before. But we weren't to be fooled again. We surrounded the big rock and spotted our lights on him. Jack took a shot at him but missed. Knowing he was discovered he let out a squall, and made a tremendous leap off the rock. I saw him coming straight at my face with outstretched claws and tried to dodge him but he hit my left shoulder and we went rolling into a brier patch. He stopped only long enough to rip a slit in the lobe of my left ear, which required two stitches, but it never did heal properly. I still carry the scar.

He lit-out for the beaver dam where he always lost the dogs. He must have been satisfied with the roughing-up he gave me, for he didn't stop to fight the dogs, he just disappeared.

My ear was hurting like all get-out so we called the hunt off for the night. Jack took me to town and we got Doctor Lowerie (who was an old coon hunter himself) out of bed and he sewed my ear together.

Really Mad Now

I was really mad at that coon now, and determined to solve the mystery of how he dissappeared so easily. I was sure that the beaver house was the key to the problem, but first we had to get out to it. The water was too deep to wade and too cold to swim. The only way to get out there was with a boat or a raft. A raft was the answer. We decided to build one.

We carried in a dozen 1" x 10" by 4' boards, saw, axe, hammer and some nails. There was plenty of dead trees that had been cut down by the beaver, and we planned to use them for floats. It was noon when we got everything packed in, so we ate our lunch. Herb, an ardent trapper, had carried in a No. 4 beaver trap, just in case.

Built the Raft

Soon we finished our lunch and started building the raft. We cut three logs about 10 inches in diameter and 10 feet long and spaced them equal distance apart and nailed the four-foot boards across them. We cut two long poles and worked the raft into the water. It supported the three of us nicely, and we poled it out to the beaver house. We found an entrance about a foot under water that showed evidence that it was being used a lot. So this was the boss' secret. He was diving through this hole and coming up inside the house. Obviously he had found the entrance when hunting for crawfish during low water and was smart enough to know it would make a good summer home and a nearly foolproof escape from man and dogs. Who knows, if he hadn't bitten my ear he might have used it for a long time.

After talking it over we decided to break into the house on the chance that he was still there. We poled the raft back to the shore and got the axe and Herb's trap, which he insisted he was going to set in the entrance hole before we cut into the house. After fastening it to the raft with a long chain he placed the trap in the hole in a position that nothing could go through without getting caught. When he had the entrance blocked to his satisfaction, we went to work on the house with the axe. We soon made an opening but didn't see anything of the coon. However, there was a lot of evidence one was using it. We were examining the inside of the house when Jack yelled.

"Hey, somebody get that raft." It was moving out in the water, leaving us stranded on the beaver house. The boss had done it again. He was in Herb's trap and was towing the raft away from us. Herb was the closest to the raft and made a leap for it, but landed about four feet short in eight or nine feet of water. Being at home as much in the water as climbing trees Herb soon overtook the raft and crawled onto it. Jack threw him one of the push-poles and the first thing he did was to clout the coon on the head with it. When the boss went under the water that time we knew he wasn't fooling.

Herb brought the raft back to the

beaver house and Jack and I jumped on and poled it to shore. We built a fire to dry Herb's clothes. Then we pulled the coon from the water. He wasn't the biggest coon we had ever caught but he was the smartest. What he lacked in brawn he made up in brains.

Jack and I voted the coon to Herb but Herb suggested, "Let's have it mounted and put it in Jack's barber-shop where we all can see it." And that's what we did. And if you should happen to visit Tyrone, stop in Jack Snyder's barbershop and see the boss and hear a good yarn about coon hunting from Jack.

Voters Approve Outdoor Recreation Measures in Other States Too

Voters in Florida and Ohio approved proposals in recent elections to finance state-wide outdoor recreation programs like Pennsylvania's Project 70.

Floridians approved a constitutional amendment to authorize sale of revenue bonds to finance a long-range program of land acquisition for recreational purposes. The bonds would be retired with revenues collected from a five per cent excise tax on many kinds of sporting goods and recreational equipment.

In Ohio, \$25 million will be allocated for land acquisition and outdoor recreation improvements over the next three years. Financing will come from one cent of the Ohio cigarette tax. Pennsylvania's plan, Project 70, contemplates the investment of \$70 million by 1970 in a comprehensive land acquisition program. Regional parks near urban areas would receive \$40 million. Grants to local government will reach \$20 million, and \$10 million will be made available for wildlife areas and for hunting and fishing access.

Voters in California and Washington next November will have an opportunity to approve similar outdoor recreation bond issues. Californians will be voting on a \$150 million issue and the Washington Staters, \$10 million.

The state-wide outdoor recreation programs launched in Florida, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, and the proposals to be put to the voters in California and Washington next year are consistent with earlier programs undertaken by other states. New Yorkers authorized issuance of \$100 million in bonds for its Now or Never recreation program. New Jersey is investing \$60 million in its Green Acres plan. Wisconsin is well along on its 10-year, \$50 million program; Minnesota has approved a 10-year \$55 million program; and Connecticut has approved the major elements of a program.



PGC Photo by Paul Glenny

WILDLIFE EDUCATION SPECIALIST Kenneth V. Gardner explaining the Pennsylvania Game Commission program and activities to members of the West Chester State College Conservation Workshop.

*The Nucleus for Conservation
Instruction in Pennsylvania Schools . . .*

Conservation Education at Teachers Workshop

By Kenneth V. Gardner
Wildlife Education Specialist

THE handful of schoolteachers who attend conservation workshops at colleges each year throughout the state form a nucleus for integrating conservation instruction in Pennsylvania public schools.

An example of these efforts is the 26 schoolteachers who attended the 1963 summer Conservation Workshop at West Chester State College. These interested educators received training in wildlife management from representatives of the Pennsylvania Game Commission and other state and Federal agencies. In turn, they will impart this knowledge to their students who will, themselves, someday be facing the problem of conservation.

Similar workshops held at Pennsyl-

vania State University and other state colleges play a vital role in acquainting public schoolteachers with the current problems in resource management. Inasmuch as most school curriculums do not provide for a special course in resource conservation, it is essential that public schoolteachers have a good understanding of these concepts so that this important subject matter can be integrated in their other courses.

Elementary teachers especially have an excellent opportunity to impart to children many of the basic ideas which will enable them to better appreciate some of the conservation problems to be faced in later life. Through summer workshops and laboratories, teach-

ers gain knowledge which enables them to work conservation topics into the regular school curriculum.

The West Chester State College Workshop serves as an excellent example of how the Pennsylvania Game Commission's Conservation Education Program can assist in educating teachers. One day this past summer was set aside in the workshop schedule for "Wildlife Conservation." Ordinarily these wildlife conservation days combine classroom instruction and field trips with field work receiving the major emphasis. However, due to a torrential rainstorm, this year's field trip was omitted and the classroom served both purposes.

A team of three Game Commission members, Ken Gardner, Wildlife Education Specialist, Harrisburg; Paul Glenny, Conservation Information Assistant in the Commission's Southeast Division; and Peter J. Filkosky, District Game Protector, Parkesburg, outlined state-wide, regional and local programs and activities of the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

The organization, programs, policies and state-wide services of the Pennsylvania Game Commission were explained to the workshop by Gardner. Then Glenny outlined the Pennsylvania Game Commission's Hunter Safety Program and related the recreational opportunities that are available to students in schools where shooting

is part of the extracurricular activities. Questions on materials and services available to teachers from the Pennsylvania Game Commission were answered by Glenny.

District Game Protector Filkosky outlined a field trip for the group. He explained the land acquisition and land management programs of the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

The teachers seemed very interested to learn about the Commission's Co-operative Farm-Game Program in Chester County—the site of the first such project in 1936. He explained how the cooperative efforts of landowners, the Game Commission and sportsmen have resulted in about 1.3 million acres of private land open to public hunting. This program plus the Commission's special Safety Zone Program and the State Game Lands purchased with sportsmen's dollars were thoroughly explained by Mr. Filkosky.

Judging from the questions raised by the teachers, workshops such as the one held by West Chester State College serve to make teachers more aware of the many complex problems facing conservation agencies. Moreover, a better appreciation of the need for conservation education in the schools is gained. Only through an awareness and an appreciation of today's problems will we be able to alert our children to the challenges which they will face in the future.

THIS SESSION of the West Chester Workshop was held at Octorara High School in Chester County while the group was on a field trip conducted by the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

PGC Photo by Paul Glenny



**Meet Patty Singer,
All-American Skeet Shooter**

Pennsy Skeetress

By Steve Butchcock



All-American Patty Singer

ALL-AMERICANS invariably fall into two categories — durable physical specimens or profiles in sheer determination—and Mrs. Patty Singer of Sewickley is living proof that concentration is a substitute for muscle.

The first woman to make the All-American skeet team in the history of Pennsylvania, Mrs. Singer has lived all her life behind the shadow of a chronic heart condition which was a complication of rheumatic fever at the age of 12.

In spite of her problem, she has learned to live a most active and happy life.

Zestfully, she performs her daily chores—smiling, cracking jokes and pleasantly anticipating the future. To her, a heart irregularity seems less serious than a mild virus; sort of a loose limit on the pace of life. She realizes

her supply of energy and lives within its boundary.

An overpowering yen to ride horses flourished during her girlhood days. In fact, she once owned a horse and even taught riding at the Allegheny Country Club.

Whenever her parents would see her pulling on riding togs they would shudder. The thought of their daughter flirting with a career around the stables incensed them; it wasn't lady-like.

Encouragement from her husband, Harton (Red) Singer, III, funneled her desire toward shooting. "And I've never been on a horse since I took up shooting about five years ago," admits Mrs. Singer, whose husband deserves a sizable share of the credit for her quick success in skeet.

A fine shooter himself, Red spent many of his weekends competing in various local shoots. At first Mrs. Singer just watched.

"I couldn't stand it," recalls Mrs. Singer, "so I bought myself a gun with intentions of learning to shoot well enough to compete with my husband.

"Red already was a good shot and I was the world's worst shot," she added disdainfully. "Couldn't hit the side of a barn."

But Red dutifully taught his wife the correct technique of shooting—from holding the gun properly to the knack of picking up a flying target. After much practice she began to shoot with composure.

Later, however, she discovered her left eye to be her master eye, thereby unfurling a new problem for a right-handed shooter.

A switch to the southpaw style of shooting or shooting without the use of the master eye were the alternatives confronting Mrs. Singer. She chose, perhaps expediently at the time, to fire without the use of her master eye.

It took hours of practice before she cultivated a "natural" feeling. Soon, with the aid of greatly developed peripheral vision, she could pick up the targets as fast as the next person.

"If I didn't close my master eye I was cross-firing or unable to detect the birds quick enough," explained Patty. "It was discouraging at first. Then I began to gain confidence. That's when I felt the sport was tailor-made for me."

Moonstruck, Mrs. Singer shared her enthusiasm with John Poister, a newcomer to the Sewickley Heights Gun Club. Poister, a fanatic for shooting, actually introduced registered skeet to club members. He also coached Mrs. Singer on the finer points of shooting and she responded magnificently.

Competed in 1961

By 1961, after only a short apprenticeship, she felt "good" enough to compete with her husband in registered shoots. Bubbling with confidence, she fired at the Great Western in Chicago.

"I won absolutely nothing," she remembers with embarrassment. Yet, her confidence grew. She viewed competitive shooting as a challenge—a challenge that she aimed to conquer.

Next, Patty and Red shot in the North-South tournament. There she became acquainted with Wilbur Cox of the Remington Arms Corporation. Prior to the shoot she tried his gun—a model '58 Sportsman—and fell in love with it. Never scoring higher than an 88, Patty cracked 95 the first time she used Cox's gun. Quite a "few" targets better than most Class E shooters.

"I couldn't leave without the gun,"

Mrs. Singer enthused. "It felt like heaven in my arms. I had to have it so I coaxed Mr. Cox into selling it to me."

Both Mrs. Singer and Mr. Cox arrived early the following weekend to get in some practice rounds before firing in the Pennsylvania State Shoot.

Shoulder Hurt

"I shot at 375 targets in one afternoon practice session with Wilbur and my shoulder felt like it was dropping off," confessed a weary Mrs. Singer. "When the meet began it was an effort to even get the gun up to a firing position. But she competed in the tournament and won the small, sub-small, 20-gauge and all-around titles. She was tickled pink; partly from exhaustion and partly from success.

The heavily used, gas-operated 12-gauge gun that she had bought from Cox suited her perfectly. It softened the impact of the recoil and buoyed her confidence.

Significant improvement was apparent in her scores. At the Homestead she had a 93 for second place and at the Blue Mountain a 91 for third place. She broke 96-of-100 in the Mountain Laurel Open after firing an exciting 98-of-100 in the 12-gauge preliminary. Again, a "few" hits better than most Class D shooters.

Patty continued her meteoric rise with titles in the 12, 28, .410 and all-around in class events in the Great Western and at the 1962 Pennsylvania State Shoot, she won the Ladies 12-gauge with a 99, the 20-gauge with a 98, the 28-gauge with a 92 and finished runner-up in the .410 with an 82, capturing the all-around crown with 370-of-400.

She warmed up for the World Skeet Shooting Championships at Montreal, Canada, by sweeping most of the ladies' honors in the Mid-West Open, Split Rock, Homestead and Tonawanda tournaments.

At the World Championships she



Photo by Don Shiner

IT TOOK HOURS of practice before she cultivated a "natural" feeling.

tied for top honors with 98-of-100 and bowed to Kathleen McGinn of Houston, Texas, in a shoot-off, 49-48.

"That handshake was the hardest I ever made," a dejected Mrs. Singer muttered after the meet. "I felt equal to my opponent. The only reason I made it to the shoot-off was because I broke as many targets as she did."

The great record of 1962 earned Mrs. Singer a spot on the mythical All-American skeet shooting team of

Sports Afield, a prominent outdoor magazine.

She's presently rated a Class AA shooter and, obviously, is expected to win something in any meet in which she fires. At the Royal Palms Open in Florida last March she won the 28-gauge with 94-of-100 and using her favorite gun, she broke 100 straight in the 12-gauge division for her first perfect score in registered competition.

"Next to winning All-American honors it was one of the most thrilling things that ever happened to me," relates Patty.

Since the Royal Palms Open Mrs. Singer hasn't competed in any tournaments, and last August she had a "valve and ring job" done on her leaky heart. She faces more surgery of similar nature in the future.

Currently, Mrs. Singer is content to take care of her adopted children—Anna, 5, and Billy, 2—while enjoying a rest from tournament shooting until this spring.

The itch to shoot is still there, however. "I can hardly wait to get a gun in my hands again," confesses Patty.

It's a way of life with All-Americans.

Whooping Crane Count at 33

Aerial flights over the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge, Texas, have confirmed the presence of 22 adult whooping cranes and seven young. Another four adult birds were sighted on nearby Matagorda Island, raising the total known whooper count to 33, according to the Wildlife Management Institute. This is five birds more than left the refuge for their long flight to the breeding grounds in the Northwest Territories this spring. There is hope that up to four more adults may return, because refuge records show that some birds have arrived after the main flock in past years.

Largest Buck Kill

Pennsylvania's largest kill of antlered deer was registered in 1939 with hunters reporting a harvest of 49,106 legal bucks. The lowest harvest in the past decade took place in 1953 with a reported kill of 37,384 buck deer.

*Free Running Dogs are
A Scourge to the Deer Herd . . .*

CANINE CARNAGE

By L. E. Stotz

HE WAS a large buck. During his four years of life he had become woods-wise and full of cunning, out-witting every hunter who had slapped rifle to shoulder in a running shot. Like a great antlered wraith he had haunted the forest — an elusive target that had melted into the timber and laurel.

The first snowfall broke upon him with the suddenness and fury of a rifleman splattering lead. The buck's powerful shoulders and well-formed back turned white as the heavy flakes clung to them.

Storm after storm struck hammer-blows throughout the long winter. Each was followed by a wave of fierce cold that kept the snow powder-dry and the streams and ponds ice-locked. But the great buck gloried in his strength as he plunged through the snow leaving a winding, slotted path behind him. With hunting season past, and the poachers holed up like bank beavers in their houses in town, fear no longer walked at the buck's side.

As the browse became scarce, and the winter's chill probed deep, he drifted over into the oak country where the ground was covered with mast. Insulated from the bitter cold by two feet of snow, the acorns had kept as fresh and plump as the day they had tumbled out of the trees. So abundant had been the yield that the squirrels had filled their larders to overflowing without making any noticeable inroads into the crop. Here was food for the taking, and the buck pawed his way through the snow to feast on nature's bounty. A clump of hemlock weighted down with snow

furnished shelter against the wind and cold.

March came in like a lion. Then came thaw and rain followed by intense cold that formed a hard crust that glistened like diamonds. With springtime and the promise of new life so near fulfillment, the crust on the snow was a bitter blow to the great buck that had survived the winter so well.

Slender feet and broomstick legs are designed for lightning-fast running, and pawing for food. They are not at home on top of a glistening crust, and so it became a deadly trap as the buck's sharp-toed feet broke through. Floundering about in bewilderment and frustration, he wasted his strength.

One day, belly-deep in snow and breathing hard, he stood stiffly with ears erect listening to a far-off sound that came rapidly nearer. His remote ancestors on the American continent had run like the wind from a similar sound—the cry of a mother wolf and her whelps.

Now the fleetest animal in the forest listened helplessly to a band of mangy dogs voicing its hunger cry. On they came, their soft, padded feet sweeping easily over the hard crust at a fast run. The big buck turned and fled over the path through the snow that he had so laboriously made, but the dogs overtook him and swept around him in an enveloping attack that pulled him down in his tracks.

Village dogs, that no one cared enough about to feed and keep under control, were tearing the vitals out of a living animal of the wild. This was



not the clean kill of a leaping mountain lion, or the swift death from a pack of powerful timber wolves. This was an ugly death, like being waylaid in a dark alley and overrun by a rabble from the gutters. As the buck writhed in agony in its death struggle, his lean, snarling attackers fought savagely among themselves.

At last it was over. The gutted carcass lay half buried in the bloodied snow, and the glazed eyes stared heavenward out of the mutilated face. Far off, the hills echoed the "wolf cry" of the pack of dogs that ravaged the countryside because dog owners cared too little to keep this scourge out of the forest.

The Phantom Buck of Haycock Mountain

By Mary A. Horne

UNLESS you live in Upper Bucks County, you may never have heard about the so-called Phantom Buck of the Haycock Mountain. These mountains are located in Haycock Township. I never did any research, but, I assume, the township was named after the mountain—rather than vice versa. You may wonder how this mountain acquired this odd name, but if you view them from a distance, you will find that these mountains closely resemble many haystacks or haycocks, as they are known.

I don't know where or when the legend of the Phantom Buck started—but started it did—and that buck grew and grew! For the lucky people who have seen him—he ceased to be a phantom.

You can number me among the lucky ones, and it's hard to say whether my dad puts himself in this category. For although Dad was lucky enough to see the buck, neither he nor I, until now ever dared to tell anyone of our experience with the Phantom.

Some years back, when I was a kid of ten, I began to hear—especially around hunting season—grand stories about the large Phantom Buck of Haycock Mountain. From the stories I heard, I had a pretty good picture of him. He weighed anywhere from 300 to 800 pounds, had from 15 to 30 points; and on one thing they all agreed—once you had seen him, he was no longer a phantom but a large unattainable male deer!

One cold morning, during deer season, Dad announced: "Well, Son, want

to hunt the Haycock with me?" He smiled, "Maybe we can bring home that old Phantom!"

My heart pounded in my throat and I could hardly swallow my oatmeal. Just last night one of Dad's hunter friends had been here—he had seen the Phantom and missed him of course.

"Oh, gee-whiz, golly, Dad, I sure do."

Mom just laughed and said, "Now, Dad, just a little old four-pointer will be fine. I'm afraid Old Phantom would be too old and tough. He's been around a long time you know."

"Oh, now Mary, he sure would look nice draped over the fender," Dad said as he smiled and winked at Mom.

"Good way to get your name and picture on the front page of the *Free Press*," Mom continued to josh.

I didn't hear any more of their conversation, for I was in my room getting warmly dressed. Of course, I was too young to hunt but Dad sometimes honored me by letting me go along. See, my mom wasn't too crazy about having a dog, especially a hunting dog—to be exact, she wouldn't let Dad keep any dog. Well, anyway, since he didn't have a dog—he sometimes took me along, mostly just for companionship.

Before leaving the house, I shoved several sandwiches into my jacket pocket.

"I put rubber bands around each wrapped sandwich," Mom said, "don't want mustard inside your pockets!"

"Thanks, Mom," I said as I stuck several of Mom's leftover homemade



biscuits into my pocket. "A man gets mighty hungry when he's hunting."

She laughed, but I considered it an honor to go along—whether I was a hunter or not!

For several hours we roamed the Haycock. Squirrels and rabbits darted here and there—but no deer. Finally lunchtime came; well, Dad's watch didn't tell us it was noon—but our stomachs did! We found an old log to sit on and started to eat.

Just as I was removing a rubber band from a sandwich—we heard the snap of twigs and we looked up. There it was! That buck was even taller than the tallest story I had ever heard! His rack had so many points it looked more like trees growing right out of his head.

My sandwich dropped to the ground and the rubber band hung dumbly from my finger. I was too amazed to move, to breathe, or even to shut my mouth—which hung wide open. My dad regained his senses. I watched from the corner of my eye as Dad reached for his 30-30, loaded and took aim.

Now, let me tell you, my dad is no amateur with a gun. He had at that time the record of seven bucks in seven straight years of hunting. You know a 30-30 isn't exactly a BB gun either. Well, Dad took careful aim and fired. At that moment Dad was probably seeing that rack hanging in our living room. That old buck didn't even bat an eye. Dad aimed and fired again, another perfect shot! I guess Old Phantom was tired of being stung,

anyway he reared on his hind legs and came for Dad. Dad's 30-30 fell from his hands. In that split second my heart began to beat again, my mouth snapped shut, and I grabbed a biscuit from my pocket, stretched the rubber band over my fingers and "zing"—snapped that biscuit straight into Old Phantom's left eye. He stopped dead—no he wasn't dead—just stopped all at once — turned around — leaped twelve feet into the air and took off, swift as Donner or Blitzen. In the wink of an eye he was gone.

Dad and I looked at each other and for moments we didn't speak.

"Wait 'til I tell Mom?" I shouted.

"Are you nuts, kid? She'll say 'Johnny, quit your telling stories,' or 'Jim, I told you not to stop in at a hotel when you are hunting.'"

"But, Dad," I started.

"And Johnny, what of my marksmanship reputation?"

"Oh, but Dad, we gotta tell someone."

"No, Son, we can't; what if it got back to your mother about that ammunition you used? What of her reputation as a good cook?"

That's right, I thought. If I would tell what really happened—I'd be a ten-year-old who tells whoppers, Dad would be a drunk, and Mom would be a cook who makes biscuits harder than bullets!

But, remember, if you're ever around Haycock, and you see Old Phantom, I'm betting he has a blood-shot left eye!

1907 Last Any Deer Season

Except during recent archery deer season, there hasn't been a hunting season in Pennsylvania since 1907 when it has been legal to hunt both antlered and antlerless deer at the same time. In five years, 1923-26 and 1930, however, it was legally possible to kill both a buck and an antlerless deer during the same year. In those years and in certain counties, antlerless deer hunting permits were available to hunters regardless of whether or not they had already killed an antlered deer.

A Winter Woods

By Marian N. Baker

THE winter woods is quiet; all sounds are hushed as if in deference to the slumbering plant and animal world. The stream murmurs in its sleep under a three-inch comforter of ice, which seems in places to be higher than the banks, where successive overflows have piled up layer after layer, below the more rapid stretches. Here and there an air hole reveals the swift water beneath and spray from its splashing forms beautiful bell-shaped icicles around the dark aperture. Where snow covers the surrounding ice there are the dainty tracks of deer that have paused to drink from the cold clear stream.

Familiar spots seem strange and a little remote as I walk over the firm surface where last summer only the water-striders held sway. Through patches of clear black ice the floor of the stream bed is clearly visible where deep in the ooze and muck, turtles and frogs are sleeping the long cold sleep of hibernation, while the activities of their summer companions, crayfish and salamander, black-nosed dace and trout, May fly and dragonfly nymphs, are reduced to a minimum. The rhododendron, tipped with stout winter buds leans far over the stream with its green leaves drooping and furled against the cold. The catkins of the alder are in hard tight pin curls.

One feels the urge to tread softly by the spot where the mottled leaves of the hepatica lie flat to the brown earth and the green fronds of the Christmas ferns and leather wood-ferns, pressed down by the winter's



Photo by Grant Heilman

EXCEPT FOR THE SOFT MURMUR of the stream, all the wood is hushed. The plant and animal world is asleep. This is the winter woods.

snow, spread out like spokes of a wheel from their central crowns. These light sleepers add a touch of green to the leather-brown mat of leaves and needles that covers the ground in exposed places.

The brown coverlet and the remains of snow in sheltered spots cover many more plant sleepers that give no visible evidence of their presence other than a withered leaf or a dried stalk. The bluets and bloodroot, Dutchman's-breeches and phlox, marsh marigold and golden ragwort, violets and fringed polygala, Solomon's seal and jack-in-the-pulpit all await the summons of spring.

The slanting rays of the winter sun brighten the silver-gray twigs of red maple and beech and the whole pattern of interlacing branches stands out against the winter sky like an intricate etching. Rocked in their winter-proof cradles, on every bough are the winter buds of the trees and woody shrubs. Here are the round crimson buds of the red maple, so crowded in their arrangement that they appear

to encircle the twigs at regular intervals: the long narrow spears of the beech: the duckbills of the tuliptrees and the overlapping scales of the pointed oak buds that cluster at the ends of the twigs. All of these contain the leaves and flowers that will bedeck the trees in spring and summer and give food and shelter to the woodland inhabitants.

Now with the green canopy gone, the pendant cup-shaped nest of the red-eyed vireo, suspended in plain view from a slender fork of the red maple, makes us feel as if we are being let in on a secret. The owner of this summer home has solved the problems of winter by leaving them all behind and in company with her fellows departed to a warmer climate.

Except for the blue jays and the crows, who are no respecters of privacy, the conversational notes of the winter birds are low and subdued. Juncos sift down through the white pine branches to feed on the weeds that stand above the snow or scratch about in the leaf litter. Chickadee and company scours the woods for hibernating insects. Pine grosbeaks come

unobtrusively to feed on the bright red winter berries and purple finches harvest the seeds of the white ash.

I thought of the myriads of insects, in all stages of their development, that are concealed under bark and in the crevices of tree trunks, under logs and rocks and leaf litter or buried deep in the earth. Some, like the queen bumblebees and the ladybug beetles are hibernating as adults, others like the yellow swallowtail butterfly and the luna moth winter over in the pupa stage. still others such as the firefly and click beetle hibernate as larvae while the katydids and grasshoppers exist only in the egg stage during the winter months.

In front of a small cavity at the base of a wild cherry tree, I found a pile of cherry pits, each with a circular hole gnawed on one side where the kernel had been neatly extracted. This is the work of a deer mouse; those elfin creatures keep active all winter long. I could picture this one's well-filled storehouse in the trunk of the old cherry tree and for a moment I imagined story book cupboards and quaint chairs and tables.

On the side of the shaly hill beyond the woodland clearing, snow is drifted in the mounded opening of the ground hog's burrow, but the owner, snug within its confines, pays no attention.

The February woods, far from being bare, is a study in the various devices nature has employed to protect her children from the cold. Tread softly in the winter woods and pause often to look and listen.

LONG SPIKES OF ICE, like bars on a cell, contain the plants and animals resting within.

Photo by Grant Hellman



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What Is a Duck Hunter?

By Charley Dickey

BETWEEN a boy and his first single-barrel shotgun and a wistful old man, we find an amazing creature called a duck hunter. He and his clan may wear patched sweaters or cashmere, but all have the same idea: to enjoy every second of every minute of every hunting trip. They hotly resent the long dreary wait for the sunrise shooting hour, and they quit reluctantly when the sun sets, ending the day's shooting.

Duck hunters are found nearly everywhere — on small creeks or in great marshes, in gun shops, beside potholes, at retriever trials, slipping out of back doors, telling lies during working hours at the office, and lurking in the pin oaks. Mothers are patient with them, young girls are suspicious of them, wives give up on them, brothers and sisters think they are touched, the boss envies them, and Artemis protects them. A duck hunter is fortitude with freezing feet, fate in flannels, wisdom in a windstorm, and the essence of man with nature as his god.

When you have work to do, a duck hunter likes to talk about blocks, his Labrador pups, his newest shotgun, and rice paddies. When he wants to show his erudition, he speaks of the nesting season in Canada, good or bad; insulated boots; the best load



for pass shooting at sprig; the strategy that brought down a honker he once bagged. At all times and all places he's quite willing to demonstrate loudly the "come back" call.

A duck hunter is a split personality. At camp breakfast he'll eat two slices of country ham and six eggs; at home he'll get by on coffee and cigarettes. He's always at the blinds before dawn, but he's been known to be late for an appointment with his banker. He has the energy of a magnum shell as he slogs through icy mud, but at home he avoids snow shoveling because of what it might do to his heart. He has the wind of a bellows as he blows the wrong notes on his call, the imagination of a ballistician as he explains why he missed his last five shots, the courage of a polar bear as he gradually turns blue in the shivering dawn ("Feeling in the pink," he tells his buddy). The duck hunter displays the enthusiasm of a kid at Christmas as he waits and waits for a scattered flock a mile off to decoy in to his blocks. And when they do come in and splash he forgets to take the safety off.

He likes dry-bottom britches, all kinds of retrievers as long as they're of the breed he owns, slouchy caps, full-choked guns, smoggy mornings, frequent holidays, secret ponds, hand-painted decoys, hunters he can outshoot, insulated underwear, nor'easters, and the other questionable characters who make up his brotherhood. He does not like dancing, duck hawks, posted land, loud clothes, shaving, bridge, weekend company, short seasons, dieting at camp, late sleepers, and bluebird days. He'll snub a Senator who thinks ducks grow in barnyards and become the bosom friend of a town idler who remembers "the good old days."

Nobody arises so early or drags home so late and tired and cold—during the duck season. Nobody else has a hobby that can boast squeaky calls, frozen feet, leaky boots, muddy



flats, and a thermos of hot coffee between flights. Nobody else can find equal joy in frostbitten hands, a stream of ice water down the neck, and the luxury of chapped lips. Nobody else could cram into one pocket a box of shells, a spare duck call full of marsh seeds, extra smokes, a squashed candy bar, a roll of string, a bottle opener, last year's waterfowl regulations, a dog leash, two rolls of film but no camera, several soggy sandwiches, wet matches, and a busted duck strap.

All in all, a duck hunter is a magical creature. You may get tired of his practicing on his caller, but you can't help liking him. You may find it hard to locate him at his desk during open season, but you know he'll do his work with the best at any other time. He may stretch a weekend into five

days but he'll give his Saturdays and Sundays to the job the rest of the year. You soon understand that the gods have endowed him with a special gift—a yearning for the marshes each fall that's as strong as that of the wild ducks he hunts.

And though you may lose patience with him in the fall, you know you'll like him again when the waterfowl depart and sanity returns. There's something about him that rings as true as gun-barrel steel, and something about him that's as strong. He asks of life only one bonus: that the ducks fly often and fast, that they get a sporting chance, and that God will let him come back to the marshes again next year.

Reprinted from the December, 1962, issue of FIELD AND STREAM.

Day of Yore



Photo by Thomas H. Knepp

DEER HUNTERS FROM YEAGERTOWN, PA., in 1911. This camp was located in the Seven Mountains of central Pennsylvania north of Milroy. Left to right are Warren Rhoades*, David Knepp, Abraham Wagner*, Martin Teats*, James Craig*, William Wherry* and kneeling is Clarence Bair (* indicates deceased). The buck weighed 169 pounds after hanging in the open for nine days.



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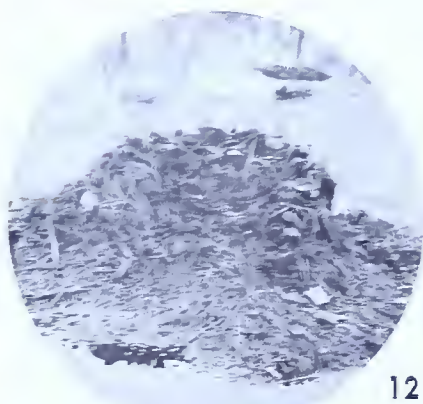


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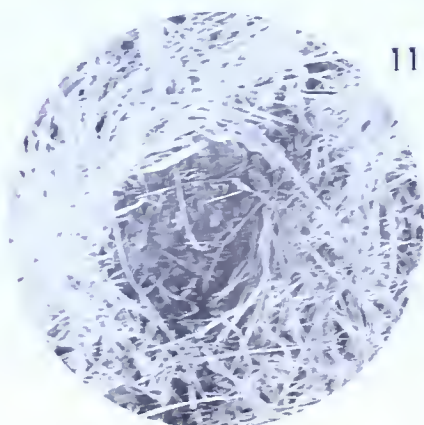
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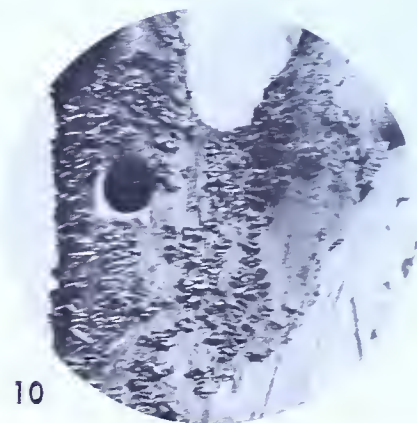
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A NY port in a storm may be the most dangerous. The woodland creatures are indeed to reside, and especially are they particular. Each species has a well defined style of architecture.

This preference for personally styled architecture. The woodchuck, for example, are well adapted for pick and shovel work. They dig drained hillsides or sloping meadows dwelling within the earth.

Another example to show wildlife's architecture. The flickers, the notorious woodcutters with their feathered ice picks dig cavities within the wood. In moves the wood ducks or the flying squirrels houses of their own.

Deer on the other hand, not fitted for extensive preparations for winter but make no extensive preparations for winter. Deer beds are commonly found.

Thus it becomes clear that wildlife, studied by merely observing their various apartment dwellings is educational and interesting.

To test your present knowledge of wildlife. The names of the wildlife that use each of the above are listed below. Check how many you can unscramble.

Answer

S
Cott
Gray
Crow
Robin
Weaver
Flicker
White
Beaver
Red
Muskrat
Woodchuck
White
Raccoon



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lors, but it does not apply to wildlife.
ive about the area in which they choose
the homesite and type of home. Each

partly from the wildlife's physical char-
e bulldozer, equipped with claws that
easonable that this fellow prefers well
supply of greens in which to carve a

ference for home designs is unveiled by
Fitted with efficient drill presses, these
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labor, select a residential area with care,
Yet, to the alert and experienced hunter,

particular area, can be readily identi-
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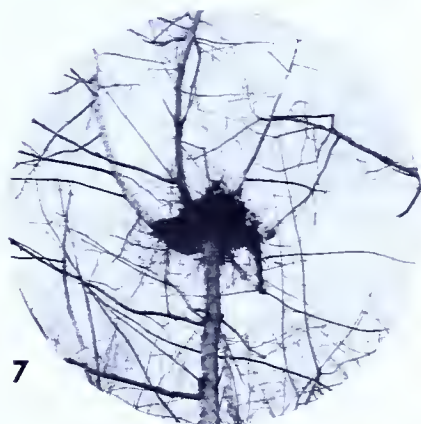
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FIELD NOTES



Bad Night for Bucks

BUTLER COUNTY—On the evening of November 21, 1963, I had seven deer killed on the highways in one hour and twenty-five minutes. These deer were killed in seven different sections of this district. There were six bucks and one doe killed. Many evenings like this and there won't be many bucks left.—District Game Protector Jay D. Swigart, Butler.

Rabbit Proves a Point

CRAWFORD COUNTY — While checking a hunter after the season had reopened, he was telling me about a rainy day he had been hunting and got soaked and chilled after a few hours afield. Then he happened to look down at an old bucket lying on its side. Inside of the bucket sat a rabbit all warm and dry. He said the rabbit had more sense than he did. He didn't have enough to come in out of the rain. He didn't have the heart to shoot it, instead he headed for his car and home.—District Game Protector John R. Miller, Meadville, Pa.



Needs Deer Guard

BRADFORD COUNTY—Recently Waldon Bailey of R. D. 1, Troy, tried to avoid hitting a deer on Porter Road near Troy and in doing so, not only hit and killed the big doe, but also totally demolished his 1957 Ford sedan. Later I received a call from young Mr. Bailey stating that he had hit another deer on Route 6 near Troy. I arrived on the scene to find a nice 6-point buck and another badly damaged 1957 Ford sedan. He told me that he saw the deer coming and again tried to avoid hitting the deer but that even though he had the car almost stopped, the buck ran into it. Waldon informed me that he didn't think that he would go deer hunting this year as he figured he had harvested his share.—District Game Protector Richard Donahoe, Troy.

They're Tough

BUTLER COUNTY — On November 15 I was called to a coal stripping operation near Boyers to pick up a deer which had committed suicide by jumping over a 45 foot high wall while running at full speed. Workers there reported that the mining operation had stripped across what had been a well used deer crossing in years past. The 7-point, 200-pound buck broke his right foreleg off at the knee and his left hind leg dangled from the socket at the hip, yet it continued on for another 150 yards before the workers caught up to him and attempted to finish him off with a shotgun at about 15 yards. The buck then jumped into a small pond and swam nearly across before giving up for good.—District Game Protector W. Ned Weston, West Sunbury.

Bug Adrift

ERIE COUNTY—On Monday, November 18, Deputy Game Protector Joe Janosik and Fish Warden N. Ely accompanied me to check hunters and trappers in Waterford Township and on State Game Lands No. 109. I was checking for traps along LeBoeuf Creek in an area where a bridge is out. I could not believe my eyes when I noted a Volkswagen about half submerged in the creek. I called to Joe and Norman and we went to investigate. A gun case and a pair of shoes were on the bank near the V.W. In the car there was a camera and one shoe floating around. There was a leather belt fastened from the front bumper to a tree rod to keep the car from floating farther downstream. Presently three young men appeared on the scene with towing equipment.

The owner had driven the V.W. across the stream during the dry spell when the water was low. When he and his hunting companions came to the fording spot, he attempted to drive across as usual. The water was up about two feet and the V.W. just floated down the stream until the passengers, in fright, opened the door and let the water flood the car. They abandoned ship and later anchored it to the bank. We helped them get their water-borne craft back on dry land, and requested that they refrain from litter-bugging in the future.—District Game Protector Elmer Simpson, Union City.

Strange Gun

FULTON COUNTY — While investigating an alleged report of a car having been fired upon, Trooper Wheeler and I asked the lady if her husband owned a gun. She answered, "Yes, a .30-cal. 12-gauge."—District Game Protector Carl Jarrett, McConnellsburg.



Hunter Spooked

LYCOMING COUNTY — The following story was related to Deputy LeRoy Gleason and myself by Charles Naler of Manchester, Pa. Early during the month of November he was staying alone at the Raishes Camp on the Coudersport Pike near the Black Forest Inn in Lycoming County. During the night, as many as five and eight bears would come and scratch and bite at the camp building. After a few nights of this, Mr. Naler became so unnerved and lost so much sleep he had to cut short his hunting trip and return home for a rest. — District Game Protector Michael Evancho, Jersey Shore.

Big Bear in Blair

BLAIR COUNTY—On the last day of the bear season in my district a 420-pound bear was killed by John E. Morder of R. D. 2, Tyrone. This was one of the several bears seen in the area. A young lad saw the bear sleeping when he was out grouse hunting and came back and told his brother, and both in turn told the lucky fellow that shot it. A 222 was used and it took five shots to bring the big female down. All this happened within two miles of Bellwood. Perhaps Blair County will lead the state this year in the biggest bear killed.—District Game Protector Paul R. Miller, Bellwood.



Pulled a Slip

FOREST AND WARREN COUNTIES—I often wonder if some game like deer and bear do not have some sixth sense that tells them when the season is opening. An example in point. At the storage building at State Game Lands No. 29 the evening before the bear season opened, four large bears and two cubs were seen getting corn out of the corncrib. These bears had been doing this for some time. The next day when the season opened, we had the largest concentration of bear hunters in this area that I have ever seen. Did anyone get a bear? No. Did anyone see a bear? No. At least the hunters knew there were bears in that vicinity as they had left their calling cards as evidence considerable distances away from the corncrib.—Land Management Officer William Overturf, Youngsville.

Doubleheader

LAWRENCE COUNTY — Deputy Game Protector Ronald Anthony of New Castle did the unusual while hunting in Forest County. Anthony was hunting grouse during the 1963 season with Arthur Doult also of New Castle. Two grouse took off at the same time and Anthony fired one shot with his .410 gauge shotgun killing both birds.—District Game Protector Calvin Hooper, New Castle.

Must Be Blind

LUZERNE COUNTY—On November 21 as I was starting to walk in on State Game Lands No. 40, I met and checked three hunters who were very irate and abusive because they had not seen or gotten any game. During a three- or four-mile hike over areas to be cut this winter I saw the following amount of game: 2 gray squirrels, 9 turkeys, 5 grouse and 6 deer. This was the approximate same area that the hunters had said they were hunting in. I wonder if they knew what they were looking for.—Land Manager John A. Booth, White Haven.

New Dance Step

YORK COUNTY—While on patrol in November, Deputy Paul Riley noticed some activity up in a field near Spring Grove, Pa. When he went up to investigate, he found that a deer had caught its antler in a fence, and two of our nonresident hunters from Maryland were cautiously attempting to disentangle it. It is unfortunate that a few of our teen-agers were not there to witness the rescue, as it would have undoubtedly started a new dance step.—District Game Protector G. J. Martin, York.

Lively Display

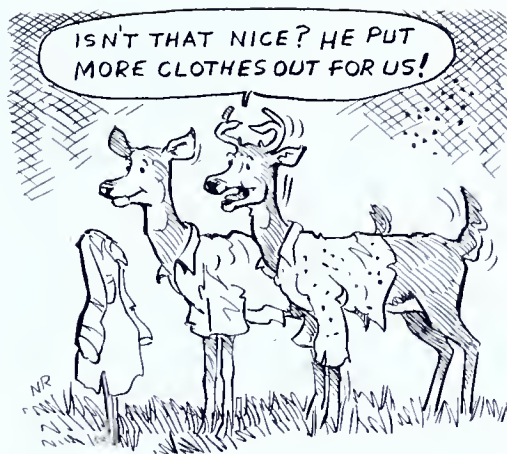
DAUPHIN COUNTY — Harrisburg pharmacist Russell Miller constructed a fall scene in the window of his drugstore at 19th and Paxton Streets recently. The decorations consisted of cornstalks, pumpkins, leaves and cut-outs of birds and animals. The scene must have looked authentic because shortly after completion a live hen pheasant landed on the ledge outside the display window and spent the night against the glass.—Bruce Whitman, Harrisburg Patriot-News.

Roundabout Kill

PERRY COUNTY—The following is an incident that was related to me by Deputy Deitzler at Liverpool. During the second week of the small game season, Carl Hartman, while looking over his farm with field glasses, noted a hawk pick up a ring-neck. He drove over where the hawk was sitting in a tree with the bird and crept up on it. He promptly shot at the hawk and to his dismay killed the pheasant, and the hawk flew away. After telling the story to Deputy Deitzler, he accused him of falconry.—District Game Protector J. I. Sitlinger, Newport.

Clock Watchers

MERCER COUNTY—Due to the nice fall we had in Mercer County, we had good duck hunting for several weeks this year. Most of the ducks were woodies and mallards and provided many hours of enjoyable hunting; but after the first few days they became well educated. One beaver dam near my headquarters held approximately 250 ducks every night, and you could see the most of them leaving about 15 minutes before the legal sunrise time, and they wouldn't return until about 10 minutes after the legal sunset time. They are supposed to be wild birds, but it appears to me that they could tell time better than some of the hunters.—District Game Protector John A. Badger, Mercer.



Can't Win for Losin'

INDIANA COUNTY—During the month of October I received many deer damage complaints from local farmers, but the one that is remembered best of all follows: A local cabbage raiser had considerable deer damage in several fields; but he finally thought that his problem was solved. He had learned that by taking off his perspiration soaked clothing and leaving it in the area where the deer entered his fields, this prevented the animals from going into the cabbage. This system worked fine until disaster struck. Some culprit began stealing the farmer's clothing. Total loss in clothing was one jacket (new) and three slightly used undershirts.

The farmer lamented as we parted company, "I can't win for losin'."—District Game Protector Charles Hertz, Marion Center.

Road Hunter Disappointed

ARMSTRONG COUNTY—I heard very few complaints about the past small game season, in general the sportsmen were well satisfied, except for one. He said he must have *driven* 50 miles over the back roads and didn't even see one rabbit.—District Game Protector Richard F. Leonard, Rural Valley.

Low Bear Harvest

McKEAN COUNTY—After being bothered by bear damage complaints all summer and fall, we were hoping for a good bear kill this fall but neither the weatherman nor the food supplies cooperated and brother bruin went to bed early, resulting in one of the smallest bear kills we have had in this county.—District Game Protector Robert Myers, Mt. Jewett.

Decoy Deadeye

WASHINGTON COUNTY—The following story (true one) was related to me by John Penderville of the Washington County Juvenile Detention Home. It seems that four unnamed friends of John's were lucky enough to draw a goose blind at Pymatuning, but what these four men didn't know was that you could rent goose decoys at the main building. Shortly after the opening time for goose shooting, one of the more observant members of this fine four spotted a goose feeding near the blind, and promptly put two loads of buckshot in this bird, but to the shooter's surprise the bird didn't fall, but just kept on feeding. Upon investigation it was found to be a decoy bird. Naturally the above unnamed "Wooden Goose Killer" paid the owner for the decoy and to this day here in Washington County this man is known as "The Mighty Wooden

Goose Killer."—District Game Protector Donald C. Madl, McDonald.

Good Rabbit Season

WESTMORELAND COUNTY—From the road kills observed during November, it appears that the rabbit population is close to 49 per cent above that of last year at the close of the small game season. Contacts with hunters and landowners in most cases indicated a successful cottontail season.—Land Management Assistant Gilbert Bowman, Ligonier.

Deer by the Hundreds

CLEARFIELD COUNTY—Deputy Cloyd Hollen of Utahville reports that on November 17, he and a couple of friends went spotting deer between the hours of 10:00 p.m. and 3:00 a.m. During the course of the ride, they saw 234 deer of which a good number were bucks, two bears, two raccoons, three opossums, two skunks, one gray fox and four cats (the cats were each about a mile from the nearest houses). This was just one of many such reports from other people who experienced much the same on spotlighting trips prior to the big game season.—District Game Protector Lawrence A. Kuznar, Ramey.

One Hitch

McKEAN COUNTY—On the first Saturday of the turkey season, Deputy Joe Lee and I were checking cars coming out of Lick Run area near Route 6. A station wagon with three men in it came out of the run. We checked their car and they had three nice sized tom turkeys. I imagine they were going back to camp to show the other members of their party. The only hitch was these were tame turkeys that they bought from one of the local farmers in the area.—District Game Protector Philip Young, Port Allegany.





CONSERVATION NEWS



State Ikes Honor Becker

The Pennsylvania Division, Izaak Walton League of America has honored Oscar A. Becker by naming him "Conservationist of the Year."

This, the first award of its kind given by the Pennsylvania Division, was presented to Mr. Becker at the League's convention in Lancaster on September 29.

Mr. Becker became a member of the Berks County Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America in 1932; was elected president of the chapter in 1933, again in 1935 and again in 1962. He is now, and has been a State Director for many years, a National Director since 1956, and in June of 1963, at the League's National Convention in Cincinnati, was elected to the National Executive Board.

In 1934 he helped organize the Berks County Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs, and was its first president. He served two three-year terms as president of the Southeast Division of the Federation, and two two-year terms as State President of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs, 1946-48 and 1958-60, and is now their honorary president.

He is a member of the Legislative Committee of both organizations and took an active part in securing the passage of the strip mine bills, boating bills, and the increase in hunting and fishing license fees. He is a member of the National Affairs Committee of both organizations.

He is on the Board of Directors of the Water Resources Association of



OSCAR A. BECKER

Ike's Conservationist of the Year

the Delaware River Basin representing both the League and the Federation.

In 1960 he was given the Award of Merit by the American Association for Conservation Information "for outstanding contribution to conservation education in his long career of statewide leadership in Pennsylvania sportsman-conservationist activities."

Retired December 31, 1958, after 46 years by Parrish Pressed Steel Division of Dana Corp. as a sales engineer, which organization in 1962 started an annual Sports Banquet for employees, and he was awarded a trophy for outstanding sportsman-conservationist activities.



CALVIN "RED" PERRIN
Runs His Last Job

Calvin "Red" Perrin Retires As Machine Operator

One of the Game Commission's "unsung heroes," Calvin "Red" Perrin, retired on December 13 at age 64.

Red has worked as a duplicating machine operator in the Game Commission's Harrisburg Office since 1949. Before that he was with the Department of Commerce and the State Planning Board.

A native of Forty Fort, he plans to return to his home town for retirement.

Answers Unscrambled From Pages 32-33

1. Robin
2. Beaver
3. White-faced Hornet
4. Woodchuck
5. Red-winged Blackbird
6. Weasel
7. Crow
8. Raccoon
9. White-tailed Deer
10. Flicker
11. Cottontail Rabbit
12. Muskrat
13. Gray Squirrel

Game Commission Urges Dog Owners to Keep Canines Under Control

"Man's best friend can often be a deer's worst enemy."

This was the reminder to dog owners issued recently by the Pennsylvania Game Commission. T. F. Bell, Chief of Law Enforcement, said free-running dogs are a menace to deer, especially during the late winter and early spring. He reminded dog owners that the law requires them to keep their pets under control at all times. Bell pointed out that all dogs have a natural instinct for the chase and even a friendly pet can turn into a vicious killer if he spots a deer or picks up the scent trail.

Pennsylvania Game Protectors reported 160 known cases of deer being killed by dogs during last February. They are spending many hours on field patrol in an effort to halt canine predation on the deer herd. During the first 10 months of 1963 a total of 642 deer were known to have met death from attacks by dogs, with over half the total cases reported in February and March. By law, Commission officers are permitted to destroy any dog caught in the act of killing deer. Whenever possible, however, they warn the owner to keep his dog tied.

Game Commission spokesmen also advised sportsmen and citizens who may witness dogs chasing deer to contact local Game Protectors or other law enforcement officers. They strongly urged sportsmen not to take the law into their own hands by shooting at any dogs chasing deer. Occasionally, a very valuable dog, which has briefly escaped its owner's control, has been wounded or killed through lack of good judgment and discretion on the part of some person fearful of the deer's safety. In such cases, indiscriminate shooters often become involved in expensive civil suits.



PGC Photo by Steve Kish

CONFISCATED DEER in a Luzerne County case involving two men charged with multiple serious infractions of the Game Law. This case has a potential fine of more than \$6,000 and the forfeiture of a 1963 Cadillac car. District Game Protector Edward Gdosky, the prosecutor, and Deputy Dennis Bonning check the kills.

Commission Starts Game Habitat Improvement Under Accelerated Public Works Program

The first Federal Aid project to be undertaken by the Pennsylvania Game Commission under the Federal Government's Accelerated Public Works Program got underway January 7.

According to M. J. Golden, Executive Director of the Game Commission, \$300,000 in Federal funds plus \$286,558 from the state Game Fund will be spent on the program during the next two years. The principal purpose of the Accelerated Public Works Program is to provide local employment to help the economy of certain areas and to accomplish useful public works of lasting benefit.

Golden said a total of 36,405 man-

days of work will be required in the wildlife habitat improvement program. Work areas have been established in 45 counties. They involve 368 acres to be planted with tree and shrub seedlings on farm-game projects plus 150 acres to be cleared and planted to grasses and clover. The major phase of the program will require 34,840 man-days of labor to improve food and cover conditions on 6,345 acres. The work will be performed on State Game Lands and state forests. It consists primarily of woodland border cuttings, daylighting forest roads and other cuttings designed to increase growth of desirable tree and shrub seedlings.

Big Game Hunters Reminded to Report Deer-Bear Kills

Successful big game hunters in Pennsylvania were reminded by the Pennsylvania Game Commission that the law requires them to report any deer or bears killed.

M. J. Golden, Commission Executive Director, said any sportsman who bagged a deer or bear during the 1963 hunting season should report the kill immediately. Golden stated that each hunter received a postage prepaid postal card with his license for this purpose. Hunters who have misplaced this official report card can submit a personal letter or postcard. Information required includes the hunter's name, address, and license number, the date and county of kill, plus the animal's sex, estimated weight and antler points.

Some 1963 Pennsylvania Trophies



Photos by Ken Gardner

TWENTY YEARS AGO Arthur Yeagle, Allenwood, killed the 10-point buck on the left in upper Union County. On December 4 of this past season, Mr. Yeagle killed the 8-point on the right in the exact same area. The latest trophy weighed 168 pounds (hog dressed) and was 3½ years old.



Photo by Eldy Johnston

THIS 17-POINT BUCK, weighing 200 pounds, was shot December 13 by Charles Myers of Coulter while he hunted in Westmoreland County near Trafford.



PGC Photo by Joe Chick

BIG BLAIR BEAR was shot on the last day of the season in Blair County by John Morder (kneeling) of Bellwood. The bruin weighed 420 pounds and was killed only two miles from Morder's home. Also shown are James Bloomfield and Raymond Bloomfield.

FIRST DAY BEAR KILL made by Dennis Radabaugh of Marysville. The kill was made in Lycoming County near Cammal around the Jersey Mechanics Camp.

LYCOMING COUNTY BEAR killed by Thomas Coleman, Valley View, weighed 341 pounds (hog dressed). These men are members of the Dutchmans Camp near Cammal.

PGC Photos by D. L. Batcheler



SAYS THE COURT

Signing Roster Makes You Party Member—Even If You're Not

WHEN the hunter has signed the roster, a *prima facie* case is made out that he participated in the hunt and the killing of the deer.

In *Commonwealth vs. Shoemaker*, 8 D&C 668, 1926, it was established that Shoemaker had signed the roster of Club A, which killed five deer, Club B, which killed one deer, and Club C, killing a deer himself while hunting with this last. His deer was held to be the seventh kill in which he participated, hence one over the then legal limit for camp parties.

Shoemaker argued that although he had signed Club B's roster he had not hunted with it and therefore could not be held accountable for its one kill.

The Court, in an opinion by Judge Keller in Centre County Court, held that Shoemaker's signing of the roster was *prima facie* evidence that he had hunted with it. This, the Court said, placed the burden on the defendant to prove that he had not hunted with Club B. Since he had met this factual burden by establishing that he had not participated, his appeal was sustained and he was found not guilty.

To Shoemaker's further point that he had signed the roster only temporarily because he was hauling members of the party, the judge replied that this would be a "fruitful source of misunderstanding" and was frowned upon, because "a person is either a member of a hunting party or he is not," and "if not, his name should not be on the roster at all."

John Sullivan



WHO'S THAT KNOCKING at the door? A mother bear and two cubs were attracted to a box of apples on the porch of a cabin near Canadensis. From inside, Frank Meisweiser, Jr., and Willard Price took this picture on November 12.

Badger, Flaugh Leave Game Protector Posts

Leo J. Badger, District Game Protector in western Crawford County, resigned on November 29 to accept a position as game management agent with the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Badger is now stationed in New Jersey with headquarters near Salem. He began work there on December 2.

A native of Beaver County, Badger is a graduate of Lincoln High School, Ellwood City, and of the Pennsylvania Game Commission Training School, March 1, 1959.

Ralph E. Flaugh, District Game Protector in Erie County, resigned his position on December 13. Flaugh has accepted another job with private industry.

Joining the Commission as a student officer on July 1, 1936, he graduated from the Training School on March 1, 1937. He worked as a District Game Protector in both the Game Commission's Northeast and Northwest Divisions.



PENNSYLVANIA 25 YEARS



EDWARD R. RICHARDS
Game Protector-Land Manager

Mr. Richards began his Game Commission work as a Deputy Game Protector performing seasonal work until his enrollment in the Third Training Class. His first assignment on March 1, 1942, was Game Protector-Land Manager, with headquarters at Weedville. In August, 1944, he was assigned to another land management position with headquarters at Portland Mills, and later became District Game Protector of that district. In January, 1953, he was promoted to the position of Land Utilization Assistant in the Southwest Division until his reassignment as Game Protector at Tionesta on February 1, 1955. His present position of Game Protector-Land Manager began on April 18, 1960.

ORVIS G. WAGNER
Assistant Superintendent, Eastern Game Farm

Mr. Wagner was first employed by the Game Commission October 15, 1938, as a Game Propagator at the Fisher State Game Farm. After military service from August 29, 1944, to March 31, 1946, he returned as Game Propagator at the Eastern Game Farm. He worked in this capacity until February 13, 1960, at which time he was promoted to his present position as Assistant Superintendent of the Eastern Game Farm.



R. DEWEY LONG
Clerk III

Mr. Long began his Game Commission service December 12, 1938, as a Clerk in the Accounting and Budget Division. After a brief assignment to the Bounty Section, he returned to the Division of Accounting and Budget. His present position of Clerk III in the Division of Administration began August 1, 1956. His present duties are principally the tabulation of Game-Kill reports, Hunting Accident reports and License Sales.



GAME COMMISSION CLUB



MARY E. SIDES
Clerk III

Miss Sides began to work for the Commission September 15, 1937, as a Senior Stenographer Clerk in the Education Division. She later worked in the Research Division, and from August 18, 1939, until July 31, 1956, she worked as secretary to the Comptroller in the Accounting and Budget Division. August 1, 1956, she was transferred to the Division of Administration, and was promoted to her present position August 29, 1960, as Clerk III in the Personnel Office.



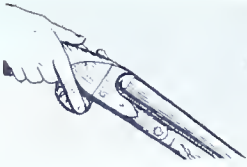
WILLIAM R. OVERTURF
Game Protector-Land Manager

Mr. Overturf's Game Commission service began October 16, 1937, as a Deputy Game Protector in Jefferson County. Prior to his enrollment into the Third Training Class, June 7, 1941, he was employed as Custodian at the Training School. His first assignment as Game Protector was Clarion County. From April 27, 1942, to October 2, 1945, he served with the armed forces. Upon discharge from the army, he was assigned a district in Lawrence County, and had subsequent assignments in Forest, Erie and Warren Counties. June 1, 1958, he was appointed Land Management Officer in charge of Group No. 3, comprising Warren and Forest Counties, the position he now holds.

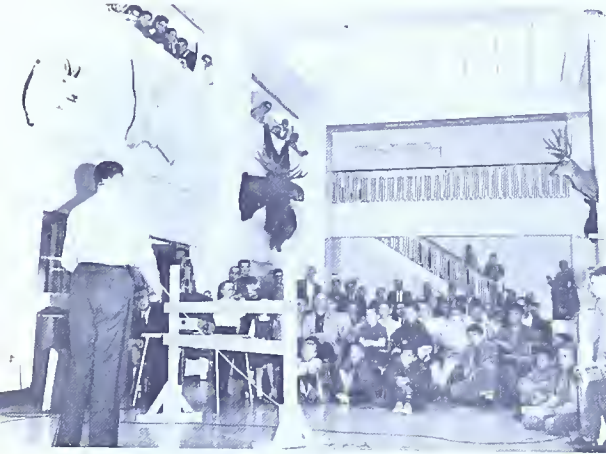
DOROTHY M. WOLFE
Clerk Stenographer II

Miss Wolfe began her Game Commission service January 16, 1939, as a Senior-Stenographic Clerk in the Department of Lands. Her entire period of service was in the Division of Land Management, and more recently in the Land Title and Records Section. Her present position of Clerk Stenographer II began August 1, 1956.





HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



PGC Photo by Sam Weigel

AUTUMN HUNT SHOW sponsored by the Equitable Gas Company of Pittsburgh presented a hunter safety demonstration as a part of the week-long activities. District Game Protectors George T. Szilvasi and Dean Crooks are shown leading the safety program.

Equitable Gas Sponsors Hunter Safety

The Equitable Gas Company held an autumn Hunt Show in Pittsburgh during October open to the general public. One phase of the program was a hunter safety demonstration by District Game Protectors George T. Szilvasi and Dean M. Crooks. This was not an official hunter safety course, merely a short demonstration in safe hunting practices. Several hundred persons attended the week-long event.

Each year prior to hunting season, thousands of hunters and non-hunters take advantage of hunter safety lectures given by Pennsylvania Game Protectors.

A recent check of hunter safety lectures using demonstrations, slide lectures and films revealed that District Game Protectors have given as many

as 300 hunter safety programs in one month. These programs have been presented at schools, sportsmen clubs, Boy Scout troops and civic organizations.

50 Western Pa. Students Pass Hunter Safety Course

Fifty students passed the Pennsylvania Game Commission Hunter Safety Course given at Neshannock High School in November.

Two perfect examination papers were turned in by June M. Booher and Gordon Louks.

The course was conducted by the Lawrence County Hunter Safety Instructors Association.

The Neshannock students were given instruction on proper gun handling, types of guns, knowledge of guns and ammunition, clothing and equipment, self control, hunter's responsibility, game laws and courtesy to landowners and hunters.

The instructors were Charles Shoaff, Vy Latshaw, Whitey Zelsdorf, Harry Guy, Bill McKeown, Fred Acker, Andy Cline, and Jim Horton. They were under the supervision of Game Protector Calvin Hooper, and John T. Copits, president of the association.

The course is sponsored by the Pennsylvania Game Commission and the National Rifle Association in an effort to reduce the number of accidents both while hunting and in the home.

Pa. Game Commission
Hunter Safety Certified
To Date:
Instructors—4,805
Students—57,696

Danny Reads Game Trails

By Don Shiner

Photos by the Author

THE veteran hunter awakened with a jolt as Danny stood beside the bed, shaking his shoulder and shouting, "Dad! Wake up! There's snow everywhere!"

His father yawned, blinked from the bright morning sun, then climbed wearily from bed to peer through the bedroom window. A dazzling blanket of snow greeted him.

"What's so unusual about this snowfall, Danny?"

"Don't you remember? Last week you promised we'd go tracking after the next fresh snow. You said we could follow game trails and read all sorts of stories in the woods floor," the lad reminded him.

"So I did, son. Well, let's have breakfast. Then we'll slip into some warm clothing and spend part of the day on the trail."

The two ate a hurried breakfast, then slipped outside, shutting the door quietly to avoid wakening the other household members. It had turned noticeably colder during the wee hours of the morning, but the night had been warm. Game had opportunity to romp about the woodlands. Their pace quickened as they strode through the light snow in the back yard, heading toward the pine wood lot outside of town.

At the edge of the pines they found their first trail.



DANNY AND HIS FATHER set out this February morning to read game trails.

"Look, Dad, each print in this trail appears like arrow points, pointing the direction the game is walking," the lad said excitedly.

"That's a ring-necked pheasant, Danny. Because the rear toe mark is absent, the tracks do resemble pointed arrows, but the arrows point the direction from which the bird came, not the direction it is traveling. You're back tracking," his father explained.

"One does not need to be a member of the F.B.I. to identify and interpret snow trails. When a track is found, size is one of the first clues to its identity. A tiny print made, say by a woods mouse, could not possibly suggest an animal as large as a rabbit, even though basically the tracks are somewhat similar. Nor could a junco track suggest that of a ruffed grouse.





IT WASN'T LONG before they found their first set of tracks.

"Always note the size of the track. Is it small? Large? Does it consist of only lines, as do most bird tracks, or is there evidence of pads, nails or hoofs? This further reduces the category into which the owner falls.

"As you study the track, determine the direction the game is traveling. Take the track of a house cat for example. This appears as a series of small round holes placed in a fairly straight line. What direction is the cat traveling?"

"This problem can be solved by remembering that all animals *slide* into their tracks. Hence when one examines the round cat track, it becomes evident that one side is more vertical than the other. This indicates the front and back edge of the track and the direction in which the cat is moving. This rule of thumb is also applicable to foxes, wolves, coydogs and the dog family in general.

"After studying a series of tracks," his father continued to explain, "one should be able to form some judgment as to whether the owner is traveling at its normal gait or running. Are they spread at a uniform distance, or do they suddenly become spaced farther apart? The latter suggests that the animal has become alarmed

and is speeding for cover. Perhaps has discovered your presence and frightened."

"I understand that. But what happened when tracks simply disappeared before your eyes?" the lad questioned.

"That's easy. If it's a bird trail, the bird took to flight. A disappearing rabbit or fox track indicates the game has leaped far to the side to throw its pursuer off trail. The animal may have backtracked and you missed observing the double set of prints. Disappearing squirrel tracks indicate it has climbed a tree. Tracks that end at the water's edge suggest the animal went swimming.

"It is not uncommon to find where trails have crossed. Which one to follow then?" the older trailsman asked.

"You could follow the one that appears the fresher," the lad replied.

"Right, son. Follow the track that retains the clearest impression of nails, pads or wisps of hair. These quickly fade from snow that begins to melt."

As the two trackers studied the pheasant trail, they noticed another set of prints close by. "Here's another pheasant track," the lad announced.

"This one has four toe prints, with one placed in the rear. A pheasant track has only three toe marks. This newest one belongs to a crow. And look over here, Danny. Can you guess who made these tracks?"

"Was it a snow bird?" the boy inquired.

"Sparrow. Notice how both feet are placed side by side, indicating the bird hops rather than walks."

"Let's enlarge our game tracks list which we compiled late last fall. We'll measure and record the size of the various prints, listing unusual characteristics to guide us in identifying future game trails," his father suggested.

The veteran tracker removed a steel tape, pad and pencil from his pocket. Throughout much of the morning they carefully examined each trail encountered. A surprisingly large variety of

game moved freely during the nocturnal hours.

GAME TRACK FACTS

1. *Cottontail Rabbit*: Front foot measures 1" x 1", positioned one in advance of other; hind track 1½" x 3¼", usually parallel; can leap to 6½'.

2. *Red Fox*: Front track 1¼" x 2", 4 nails show; hind track 1¼" x 2½", 4 nail prints. Wisps of hair prints visible; tracks in straight line unless running.

3. *Raccoon*: Front track 2½" x 3", 5 fingers show; hind track 2½" x 4", 5 toes show together with heel pad, similar to a human foot. Leaps about 18" to 22" apart.

4. *Opossum*: Front foot 1¾" x 1½", 5 toes spread far apart; hind track 1½" x 2½", 5 toes (only four with nails). Tail drags.

5. *Skunk*: Front track 1½" x 2", 5 nails; hind track 1½" x 2½", 5 nails. The four prints form diagonal line.

6. *Muskrat*: Front track 1½" x 1¼", 4 toes; hind track 3½" x 1¼", 5 toes. Hind track shows webbing. Tail drag.

7. *Barn Rat*: Front track ½" x ½", 5 toes; hind track 1½" x ½", 5 toes, spread. Tail drag.

8. *Meadow Mouse*: Front track up to ½" x ½". Hind track about ½" x ¾", 5 toes. Tail drag visible.

9. *Gray Squirrel*: Front track 1" x 1½", 5 toes; hind track 1¼" x 2½", 5 toes. Often confused with rabbit but front tracks of squirrel are parallel, not spaced one in advance of other. Tracks usually lead to base of tree.

10. *Porcupine*: Front track 2" x 3¼", 4-toed, long claws; hind track 3½" x 2", 5 toes. Tracks toe in prominently. Often wears deep trench from den to food tree.

11. *Virginia Deer*: Hoofs to 2½" x 3", parted. Buck sometimes drags feet more than doe. Packed snow indicates bed.

12. *Black Bear*: Front track to 3" x 4", 5 nails; hind track 4" to 6½", 5 nails. Heel print visible. Hind track in advance of front track.



TRAILS THAT DANNY found were (left to right) wild cat, crow, skunk and white-tailed deer.

13. *Gray Fox*: Front track to 1½" x 2", 4 nails; hind track to 1¼" x 1½", 4 nails. Tracks very neatly placed in straight line.

14. *Wild Cat*: Front track to 1½" x 2¼", 4 nails; hind track to 1½" x 1¾", 4 nails. Almost identical to house cat's tracks, except larger in size.

15. *Snowshoe Hare*: Front tracks to 2½" x 2½"; hind track to 3¼" x 6". Larger than cottontail's tracks, and spaced farther apart, both in hop and leap. Droppings nearby.

16. *Mink*: Front track 1½" x 1½", paired; hind tracks same size. Rarely overlaps as do weasel prints.

17. *Beaver*: Front track 2½" x 3¼", 5 toes; hind track 5" x 6½", 5 toes, with webbing showing clearly. Tail drags. Makes deep trail from water to food tree. Mud in tracks.

18. *Woodcock*: Tracks 1¼" x 1½", toes thin, no webbing; hind toe shows clearly in mud or snow.

19. *Ruffed Grouse*: Tracks 1½" x 2¼", no rear toe mark, hairlike webbing along toes.

20. *Turkey*: Tracks to 5" x 5". Rear toe may show in deep snow; tracks are like large chicken prints.



THEY FOUND SEVERAL deer beds in the snow under a heavy growth of pines.

21. *Quail*: Tracks to $1\frac{1}{2}$ ", smaller than ring-necked pheasant, no rear toe mark shows.

22. *Goose* (Canada): Tracks 3" x 4", short rear toe, webbed.

23. *Duck* (Mallard): Tracks $2\frac{3}{4}$ " x $3\frac{1}{2}$ ", 3 toes front, no rear toe, toes fully webbed.

24. *Coot*: Tracks to $3\frac{1}{4}$ " x $3\frac{3}{4}$ ", rear

toe print short, front toes with scalloped webbing.

25. *Ring-necked Pheasant*: Tracks to 3" x 3", no rear toe print; like domestic hen, middle toe print is longest.

26. *Crow*: Tracks to $3\frac{1}{2}$ ", 4 toes, rear toe print, inner toe nearer to middle toe, very pronounced.

(Note: Due to variations in size of animals, these measurements may vary slightly.)

"That about completes our list of the more common animals and birds in Pennsylvania. Wood lots that appear to be devoid of game clearly reveal the number and variety of tenants after a fresh snowfall. The white floor is like a newspaper, Danny," his father commented. "The news covering all woodland creatures is written plainly for all woodsmen who take time to read the game trails."

"I'll tell you one thing, Dad," the lad replied. "I'd rather read game trails than your daily paper. There are too many difficult words in the newspaper!"

BOOK NOTES . . .

How much does outdoor recreation mean to you and your family?

A practical guide is now available to citizens willing to work to help meet growing outdoor recreation needs in their communities and states.

The guide—a 36-page booklet, "Action for Outdoor Recreation for America"—summarizes principal findings and recommendations of last year's report of the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission (ORRRC).

The booklet also illustrates with case histories what can be accomplished through citizen leadership of vigorous community, county and state outdoor recreation programs and suggests specific projects for effective citizen action.

It is published by the Citizens Committee for the ORRRC Report, 1001 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C. 20036. Interested citizens may obtain a copy free by writing to the committee.

ORRRC was established by Congress five years ago to survey outdoor recreation needs of the American people over the next 40 years.



THE PSAA'S NORTHEAST CONFERENCE BANQUET. Seated are Mary Cicula, Sec.-Treas.; Mrs. Stanley Williams; Patricia Sibly, 1962 Bow Hunters' Festival Queen; Eloise Schuyler; Mrs. Clayton Shenk. Standing are Lars Edburgh, '61-62 State Men's Champion; Celia Walters, '62 Women's State Champion; Stanley Williams, Pres., Berwick Archery Club (host group); Roy Trexler, Game Commission Northeast Supt. (speaker); John Sibly, board of Governors, PSAA; Keith C. Schuyler (toastmaster); Clayton B. Shenk, Sec. of PSAA and Pres. of NAA; Robert Cicula, Pres., N.E. Archery Conf.

An Important Winter Activity . . .

Target—Entertainment

By Keith C. Schuyler

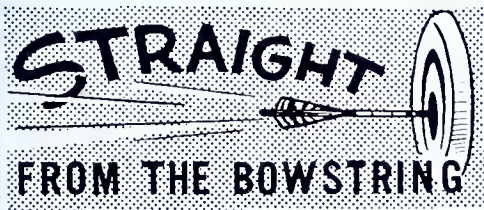
THE first three months of the year are logical times for the annual banquet of an archery club. Outside activities are somewhat limited by the weather at this time of year.

Although an annual banquet is one of the finest ways to maintain enthusiasm among your members, it can backfire. There is nothing so delightful as a well-organized and well-planned banquet. There is nothing more dreary than a hastily thrown together program which is presented for its own sake rather than the entertainment of the members.

Any program designed to get together a large number of people should justify its own existence. It should be so planned that it will either entertain or inform.

Either route, if mapped out properly, can produce the desired result. My preference is for a program which entertains. Not all wives are interested in archery, but each enjoys a night out on the town with you footing the bill. Consequently, a lively program with a minimum of statistics and a maximum of laughs is most likely to produce a good crowd the next time around.

An enjoyable program doesn't just happen. It is carefully planned from tickets to toastmaster. It might be two hours of boredom, during which your guests sit with one eye on the nearest exit and the other on the pile of ciga-



rette butts collecting in their coffee cup. Or, it can be a full evening of fun and laughs which breaks up when the management turns off the lights.

There are eight specific areas which should be carefully covered by the banquet committee.

In order of importance, they are: No. 1, program chairman; No. 2, toastmaster; No. 3, location; No. 4, the program itself; No. 5, speaker—if any; No. 6, the important extras; No. 7, photographs; No. 8, food.

We might call the preceding the *president's list*. He is the man who must get things started. It is his prerogative to pick the program committee as well as a chairman. So, we'll start at the top.

PROGRAM CHAIRMAN

The chairman of the program committee should know his people well. It should be a man. Other members of the committee are more likely to respond to male authority. If such a person is not available, a female member may be able to handle the job.

This choice should not be made lightly. The president should emphasize the importance of the job. He should present a tentative list of committee members subject to approval, deletions and additions by the chairman himself. He must work with these people, so don't force incompetents upon him.

THE TOASTMASTER

The toastmaster is number two man in importance.

It is preferable to have someone from the organization since he is better acquainted with the members. If none qualify, it is good judgment to select some individual from the community who has had experience.

The program chairman must work very closely with the toastmaster. They should go over the completed program well in advance so that there are no mixups or embarrassing delays.

A man who is "good on his feet" can skillfully maneuver a program in the

event the speaker is late, a waitress drops a tray, or a fuse blows during the evening. But, don't make his job tougher than necessary. You may want to get him again. He will probably bring his own jokes. But, it is good to supply him with some humorous anecdotes about the club members themselves. Keep in mind, however, that there are always certain people who are sensitive to this sort of thing.

LOCATION

A hall or a room should be selected which will accommodate without crowding. If it is a local club, and the banquet hall is situated over the bowling alley or next to an open bar, be sure that your program will not be conducted to the tune of tenpins or barroom baritones.

Avoid a large hall for a small crowd. Even if you have 100 per cent attendance, it will appear that your crowd is small. If you can't find accommodations appropriate to your numbers, at least keep the banquet setup well to one end so the place *looks* crowded.

Don't try to jam everybody in at the head table. Chairmen of the various committees will understand if you only have the officers and their wives up in front. This is particularly true if you have a speaker and honored guests. The normal complement of officers is four. To this you add the toastmaster, his wife, the speaker and his wife, and any special extras.

THE SPEAKER

If you plan a speaker, hold him down to no more than twenty minutes. It might be well to skip the speaker altogether. It is most certainly appropriate to invite some area member of the Game Commission and his wife as guests, but don't feel that he will be offended if you don't give him full rein to speak. Both should be recognized, but they may just enjoy spending the evening with you without him having to pay for his meal with a speech.

If you want a speaker, don't hesi-



PAT SIBLY presents gold-plated arrows to former State Champions Lars Edburgh and Celia Walter. This was a special award from the Berwick Archery Club. Trophies were given by the Northeast Conference.

tate to suggest a topic. Don't feel that he will be offended if you limit his time. Good speakers prefer it this way and they will plan accordingly. It is the program chairman's job to define his part in the program, and it is the toastmaster's job to prevent him from becoming over enthusiastic. A good speaker can add much to your program; a poor one can ruin it.

Know if your speaker prefers to use a lectern. Speakers vary in their presentation from off-the-cuff, to notes, to full copies of their speech. Check if he prefers a microphone. If he shows no preference, have one available. Everybody is entitled to hear what he has to say.

THE EXTRAS

It is frequently the little extras which make or break a program. Some of these are listed below. They are the program chairman's responsibility. His job is to see that they are taken care of properly — or that they are eliminated entirely if so indicated.

(a) Music: Dinner music is fine. It should be soft music played in a manner that will not interfere with normal dinner conversation.

(b) Tickets: Tickets are a must.

Usually the local sporting goods store will be glad to sponsor the tickets. The sale will determine your crowd in advance and eliminate free riders. Normally, everybody pays for a ticket except the actual guests.

(c) Presentations: Plan them so that they can be made rapidly without waiting for the recipients to come forward one at a time. Have one person hand out the awards while another person explains them over the microphone.

(d) Moving pictures: This is not the time. When the lights go out, you are apt to have half your crowd go out with them.

(e) Applause: When applause is called for, but there are a large number of names, ask that applause be held until the end. Otherwise, the first name elicits heavy applause and the last person gets an embarrassing patter from sore hands.

(f) Audience participation: Any part of the program which calls for recognition or audience participation is fine. But, plan it so that there is a minimum of delay. Avoid embarrassing shy ones who genuinely don't want to play games.

(g) Seventh inning stretch: If the program is necessarily long, it is well to have a break of a minute or two for everyone to stand up and let their blood start circulating again. Plan this when things are going good so that you don't have anyone sneaking out the back door.

(h) Microphone: Microphones are practically standard equipment. There is nothing standard about the way they operate. Be sure that someone knows how to turn it on and test it before the program starts so that it doesn't start screeching at the wrong moment.

(i) Entertainment: Specifically, here we are talking about special entertainment as a part of the program. It is fine if it doesn't crowd the program. Consequently, selection is less important than timing. If your toastmaster

handles humor well, you may be able to skip special entertainment.

(j) Dancing. There is no better way to hold your crowd together for the balance of the evening than by holding a dance. Even this part of the program deserves special consideration and a few dance events with simple little prizes awarded can add interest and spice.

(k) Decorations: Fine. Make it look like an archery club affair.

PHOTOS

Photographs serve two functions—they provide a record of the event and are an immediate source of some good publicity for the local newspapers. Whether he is a club member or a newspaper photographer, thought should be given beforehand to proper pictures.

Accompanying this column today are two photos of the 1963 Northeast Conference Banquet of the Pennsylvania Field Archery Association.

Don't hold up the photographer. Know immediately when he arrives what you want photographed. In some cases, it is well to have photographs taken before or after the banquet.

Don't crowd the picture. Too many people provide a sea of little round heads which are difficult to identify. About all such a picture shows is that there were people present. Get your most important people in your photo. Have someone assigned to take down names left to right as the subjects are standing or sitting. Remove any table ornaments which might obscure or divide a person's face. Caution those wearing glasses to hold their heads at an angle which will prevent a flash-back on the picture. If possible, have somebody doing something. It adds interest.

FOOD

What you eat is not so important as how it is served. A wholesome menu is certainly in order. But, the major consideration is to insure beforehand

that there will be sufficient waitresses. Cold mashed potatoes can put a real damper on your party.

Liquid refreshments is a matter of knowing your crowd as well as limitations dictated by good sense. Carelessness in this area can cause difficulty before the night is out. If officers and the committee keep clear heads, it is most likely that this part of the program can be kept well in hand and contribute to conviviality.

These are the major considerations in holding a banquet. Properly handled, they will help hold your club together and make your annual affair an event to be long remembered and eagerly anticipated.

TIPS FOR HUNTERS



Cold Weather Hunting

Take an old jacket, sew into it three pockets, one over each shoulder and one over the small of the back. Put a hand warmer in each pocket and that ought to keep you warm. — Reverend George L. Harting.

Strange Rifle Speaks

By Jim Varner

Photos by the Author



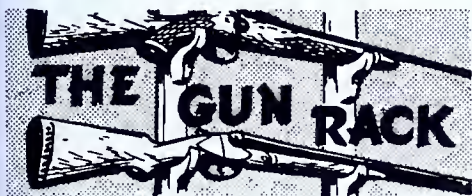
PRESIDENT OF THE Blue Mountain Muzzle Loading Rifle Club, Robert Huijsa, is shown in full regalia.

DURING the early hours of Pennsylvania's first day of deer season, December 3, 1962, hunters of Wyoming County's Dutch Mountain finger ridges might have yelled "Hark! A Strange Rifle Speaks" if they were in hearing range of its voice. The noise was strange to the hunters, but not to these age-old mountains. If it were possible, the hills of the Key-

stone State could narrate some thrilling stories if only their silence would disclose some of the unseen secrets of the past which have left no clues.

Later in the story we will solve the case of the strange rifle's report, but first let us be content with turning back history's pages only a few hundred years in an attempt to decipher the past. We know that the white settlers' lot was an interesting but tough one. In most cases he survived only by being alert and by possessing indomitable courage. No state in our Union probably offered any greater danger to the pioneer than Pennsylvania. The steady urge to roll back the frontier brought misunderstandings, strife and hardships. Frequently the white settler was at fault with his selfish demands. Regardless of whether he was good or bad with his intentions, right or wrong in his demands, the irresistible drive to conquer went on. He was a strong individual cast in the crucible of a harsh era. One has to admit our courageous pioneers, who carved a nation out of a wilderness and gave us the country we have, deserve a monumental pedestal whether they are guiding a plow, swinging an axe or standing alert with their long rifles guarding the ramparts they so jealously protect. We need more of their spirit today.

Here we will drop the axe and plow subject until a later meeting. We will talk "turkey" and "bar-rifles." We will turn the pages back some 200 years when the real long-rifle began to emblazon its record at the head of the list whether used for sport, food, protection or military purposes. Pennsylvania was the home of the long rifled arms mistakenly called "The Kentucky Rifle" instead of "The Pennsylvania





HUNTERS TESTING muzzle-loaders on their Shartlesville Range before bear and deer season.

Rifle." Glancing back to our story in the June 1962 issue of *GAME NEWS*, you will find, under the title "Shartlesville Area Shooters Uphold a Tradition," these long accurate rifles were made in the backwoods forges of pioneers living in the Lancaster, York and other Dutch, Swiss and German settlements. Actions and barrels bear the names of Henry Leman, Philip Lefevre, William Henry, Thomas Butler and James Golcher, to name only a few. Rifles bearing these names are in great demand.

For our *GAME NEWS* readers who thrill to the sharp whiplike crack of a long graceful flintlock or percussion rifle we advise you to visit one of the Blue Mountain Muzzle Loaders' shoots on their Rifle Range some two miles south of Shartlesville just off Route 22—across the road from Miniature America. August 11 is their date for the "Summer's Special" match. October 5 and 6 are the dates for their "World's Championship" shoot. Remember, this is the oldest active muzzle-loading rifle club in America. A match with Kentucky to settle the dispute over the long rifle's name may change the date of the August shoot.

The Blue Mountain Muzzle Loaders are a dedicated group of sportsmen who have done more than their share

to keep alive the traditions patriotic Americans cherish. Numerous other organizations have copied their splendid strife-free sportsmanlike by-laws. It is indeed a pleasure to work with a group who try to help their toughest competitor and where everyone is not seeking to be a "chief." You can always find them ready to join in a crow hunt or a woodchuck hunt with muzzle-loaders, a clay bird shoot with black powder muzzle-loading shotguns, or an organized hunt for deer or bear with their long rifles.

The crack of that strange rifle along one of the finger ridges of Dutch Mountain was the outcome of a deer hunt suggested to a few members of the Blue Mountain Club by this writer during their November Annual Banquet, Gun Show, and Rifle Match of 1962. In an offhand sort of a way I suggested that a real serious deer hunt with muzzle-loading rifles would make an excellent motion picture, an interesting story, and create a better understanding of the rifles that were instrumental in creating our great nation. Before one could turn around, President Robert Hujsa of Nazareth was signing up members who wished to join in a deer hunt with either flintlock or percussion long rifles. About 20 riflemen went on record to join the party.

Bow Is Common

Within the Commonwealth we have about 65,000 taking out archery licenses for deer during the special October archery season. The bow, more ancient than the flintlock, ceases to attract attention and is now a common sight. Such was not the case with the little crowd of hunters who appeared along the Dutch Mountain ridges on December 3. Their long flintlocks and percussion rifles attracted more attention than a church collection. Some of the carriers of modern arms considered them as members of the "Loyal-Order-Of-The-Nut-Club" with an overabundance

of bats in their "belfry." Others were curious but wished them luck, while a few admired their familiarity with the ancient arms and agreed it must be real sport that they would also like to try some time.

The local deputy warden was the most curious of all and thought he was "seeing things" when he read the roster which went something like this: Captain Robert W. Hujsa, R. D. 1, Nazareth, Pa.—60-caliber Flintlock. George Seisler, Fleetwood—48-caliber Flintlock. Richard Hujsa, Allentown—54-caliber Flintlock. Newton Cunningham, Wyomissing—58-caliber Percussion Musket. Thomas Price, Allentown—53-caliber double-barrel Percussion Rifle. Harold Gerew, Weaverville—.30-'06 Enfield. Joe Fernandez, Allentown—.30-'06 Springfield. Terry Hoin, Allentown—.30 Ackley Magnum.

Chose Dutch Mountain

This group had checked the possibilities of deer success while bear hunting near Thornhurst the week before. They chose the Dutch Mountain area as a more likely spot for success with the long rifles due to less hunting pressure. Their judgment was good. While there were three high velocity arms in the crowd everyone tried for suitable chances for the muzzle-loaders. Although two or three of this group have not had the woodsman experience the muzzle-loaders have, they are all expert riflemen on crows and woodchucks as well as targets. A rifleman who is successful on woodchucks and crows finds deer easy targets with modern big game rifles.

The first day of the 1962 deer season (December 3) was a rather unseasonably warm one—too warm for attire usually worn at that time of the year. Despite being so warm it was good flintlock weather as moisture was always the nemesis of the flintlock's ignition system. Given dry weather, a sharp live flint, a strong mainspring, and dry fine FFFFG black powder for its powder pan and it will do the rest with few failures. Firearms that came



ON THEIR WAY TO THE HUNT are Robert Hujsa, Richard Hujsa and George Seisler. They not only sneak through the woods, but they carry their long rifles in the approved manner.

later and used percussion caps were more sure in their firing under unfavorable conditions.

Our actors got out of their cars that morning and showed skill and care with every move when handling those long 200-year-old flinters. The 58 musket is a long arm but requires less attention due to its strong military design. Tommy Price's double percussion rifle is heavy for its short length and carries 80 grains of black powder back of each of its 350-grain Minie slugs. Tommy puts one in mind of a "Stanley-in-Africa" on a small scale. I have never seen a double percussion arm quite as short and rugged as the one he carries. It was formerly a smooth bore gun for round ball but expert gunsmith Robert Hujsa rifled it to handle the 54-caliber Minie slugs mentioned. Its accuracy is amazing.

As one watched those tall flintlock users slink noiselessly into the woodland with the peculiar gait and stance developed after long association with the arm they carried, you could not help but feel like you were gazing into the past—a colorful past that is vividly depicted in James Fennimore Cooper's—"The Deerslayer." Striving not to embarrass over 6-foot Robert Hujsa, I believe you will agree with me that he is truly an exact replica of

the Daniel Boone-Davy Crockett era, or the famous Minute Man. His in-born woodsman traits, skill with all firearms, and his advanced electronic and mechanical skill should qualify him for most any of Walt Disney's or Hollywood's thrillers. Bob is better qualified than any of those mentioned as he not only makes fine flintlocks but knows their entire history.

Each hunter stealthily took his stand that morning. Shortly after the legal hour of 7:00 a.m., a rifle cracked far down toward the banks of the Susquehanna. A few minutes later two more reports came from off the ledge above the Mehopany Flats. An over-curious jay was unable to figure out Mr. Cunningham as he stood with his heavy Civil War musket peering through the second growth oak and laurel patches ahead of him. The jay started his alarm call which sometimes gives away one's location and alerts other wildlife. Shots came from the fields across the Susquehanna over a mile away. Then every element of nature seemed to pause into oppressive silence.

The Silence Was Broken

Out there in the brush along the ridge 50 yards to Robert Hujsa's right the silence was broken by the crack of a twig. The long old flinter had been silently cocked and was in aiming position when a nice four-point buck headed his way. His half circle course brought him directly in front of Mr. Hujsa where he hesitated to check position and wind. That hesitation was fatal as the low flat sights were on his chest, the set trigger was touched, orange flame spewed outward from the powder pan as it ignited 80 grains of FFG back of a 300-grain, 60-caliber patched round ball. This happened nearly as fast as a cartridge rifle could do the job due to the warm dry day.

Bob said the hold looked good and the deer was bowled over sideways by the 300-grain ball. "He got up and disappeared over the hogback ridge

he stood upon. I had some anxious moments standing there with an empty flintlock. Since no one was near, I reloaded and stood for a few moments hoping the big diameter ball would soon bleed him out, if hit anywhere near right. After a ten-minute wait I made a 100-yard circle with no results. I came back in a 50-yard circle and still found no sign. From here I went to where he was hit and found a good blood trail. His lifeless body had slid under a deadfall within 35 yards of where he was hit and showed no sign of a struggle after falling."

Lots of Ladies

Tommy Price helped Bob carry the deer to the car after being dressed out. Tommy said he saw a lot of "ladies" but no bucks where he overlooked a small plateau below a 30- or 40-foot ledge. Later Mr. Hujsa stated the long rifle's ball had not enlarged much although it had nicked a rib where it entered and cut one squarely off as it came out. "I was more surprised to see the shock area of about 14 inches diameter on both sides of the rib cage and shoulder area. I have had great respect for the killing energy of these soft lead balls in the past and believe now they will easily do a thorough job on any of Pennsylvania's big game." Bob dressed out this buck with an authentic Bowie knife and tomahawk. This deer was killed at near 50 yards range. Its heart was cut almost completely off by the big round ball driven approximately 1,500 feet per second.

Nearby hunters who heard the sharp whiplike crack from the 200-year-old flintlock told Robert Hujsa and his group they were unable to figure out just what happened back there along the finger ridges of Dutch Mountain. Those old hills and valleys have seen and heard the voices of many different firearms of late years but it has been a long time since they heard the voice of a flintlock. Young Joe Fernandez downed a similar buck



SUCCESS ON THE FIRST DAY. Tommy Price with his double-barreled muzzle-loader 53-cal.; Joe Fernandez and his Mannlicher stocked 30/06 Enfield and Bob Hujsa and his long 60-cal. flintlock. One buck was killed with the Enfield, the other with the flintlock.

on this first day with his .30-'06. Pictures were taken of the old and new. The warden came back and rechecked the muzzle-loaders to see if

they were real so the next time hunters shout "HARK! A STRANGE RIFLE SPEAKS" it may be a 45- to 60-calibered flintlock.

Time to Erect Wood Duck Nesting Boxes

Pennsylvania Game Protectors have about finished inspecting wood duck nesting boxes and placing fresh wood shavings in them as nesting material. This is a reminder that the best time to easily erect these structures is during the freeze-up period, when a person can stand on a frozen pond or marsh surface, chop a hole in the ice, drive home a supporting post and attach the nesting device before the woodies return.

Game Commission waterfowl men recommend that the nesting box be made of galvanized sheet metal. Such a one will last much longer than one made of wood, thus will be less expensive in the long run. The galvanized metal device provides a mother duck and her young protection from predators, not true of a wooden nesting box. The structures should be placed over stable shallow bodies of water (not streams) out from shore and facing open water.

Drawings for the structures are available at the Game Commission headquarters, Harrisburg, or any field division office. Roughly, they are: A cylindrical "box" 12 inches in diameter, 24 inches high. A cone-shaped top 15 inches high, crimped to fit over the cylinder and fastened to it by metal screws and removable for nest inspection. A 4- by 3-inch oval opening, the bottom edge rolled inward and the center about 6 inches below the shoulder of the structure. A strip of ¼-inch hardware cloth 14 by 4 inches spot-welded inside the nesting house below the entrance hole to the bottom of the house to act as a ladder on which ducklings can climb to the opening. A metal floor is soldered to the bottom of the house. Paint the house with aluminum paint, inside and out, or dip it for permanency. Bolt the "box" to a U-shaped steel post and place 3 or 4 inches of wood shavings inside.

Use Sense With Your Scents

By Larry J. Kopp

Photos by the Author



THERE IS NO SCENT which can be purchased or made that will take the place of common sense.

THERE is probably nothing about trapping that can be more confusing and bewildering than the advertising matter or publicity relative to the use of scent—whether it is commercial or homemade.

There's nothing wrong with buying or making animal lures or bait. I have repeatedly tried to make it clear in my column that I have no objections to either commercial lure or any other kind.

Indeed, I've used literally gallons of assorted commercial animal scents and bait, and I would be among the first trappers to say that the stuff is practical.

However, there is no scent which can be purchased or made that will take the place of common sense. You must learn to trap the various fur animals by taking advantage of their

habits and characteristics before you can really put any kind of lure to practical use.

Actually a trapper ought to learn nearly everything there is to know about ordinary, normal animal behavior before he considers the idea of adding lure to his equipment.

Too many beginning trappers today—as in the past—fail to develop the proper attitude toward animal lures and their use mainly because they do not have an adequate knowledge of fur animals as they exist naturally in their trapping territory.

I've talked and corresponded with a sufficient number of interested people to know that many novice trappers not only expect too much from lure—but often they look for something that doesn't even exist at all.

Perhaps one of the most damaging concepts about the use of lure is the dream that it will increase a season's catch. Some unsuspecting trappers even hope that lure will double or triple their yearly catch of furs.

This is ridiculous! Whether or not you catch more animals is determined by natural circumstances in your trapping territory. Breeding conditions, food and cover, not to mention the migratory tendencies of some animals, must be considered. Favorable or unfavorable weather conditions during trapline operations also contribute their share in determining your season's catch.

From Great Distances

Some trappers entertain the idea that lure will attract fur animals from great distances and thus increase their catch. It is true, of course, that scent is carried a long way by the wind and that animals can and do locate its source at your set.

But it is also true that when scent attracts a fox or some other animal from as far away as one or several miles, all the credit belongs to the almost rare fact that there was absolutely no change in wind direction during the time that it took the animal to locate your set.

Generally speaking, the number of animals which your lure attracts from great distances depends almost entirely on the shifting winds. A fox can and does travel far when following a scent line but becomes relatively helpless when the scent line disappears with a change in wind direction.

Waste of Lure

If there is one thing about the topic that I would object to it is the obvious waste of good lure. I have reason to believe that even experienced trappers misuse much lure.

Probably the most popular way in which many trappers waste or misuse lure is by adding a drop or two at sets for what they call "good measure"—like dumping a pail of water on a campfire that is already dead!

All of this is a roundabout way of saying that it is not a practical idea to use lure at places where natural circumstances already attract a desirable number of animals.

Muskrat lure should not be used at slide sets. Nor is it practical to use muskrat lure at feeding stations or established resting places.

While it does no real harm to use lure at all fox sets, it can be a waste of time and money to add fox lure at baited sets made along trails or elsewhere when foxes are known to visit the area for some natural reason. In other words, if foxes are known to travel along a certain trail or road for the purpose of visiting a feeding area, a set would be sufficiently attractive if you used only bait and some fox urine.

I might mention that most commercial fox bait is, in itself, a lure which attracts foxes. After much ex-

perimenting, some fox trappers agree that fox urine is entirely sufficient to call foxes to a set. The point of all this is to avoid using several kinds of attractors when one would do.



A SMALL MEDICINE dropper can be used for the purpose of adding lure to sets.

The novice trapper can also waste good lure by using too much at the right place. You simply can't use too little lure. Some expert fox trappers have suggested that if you can add only a trace of lure at your sets, you have the right idea.

Generally speaking, a small medicine dropper can be used for the purpose of adding lure to sets. Many sets for a variety of animals can be made at spots where a small clump of grass is situated nearby. To add lure to your set, simply dip a blade of grass into your lure and leave it that way.

You can save lure at cubby hole sets by placing it on the inside rather than outside where it would be exposed to rain. Lure placed on the inside of hollow logs can last for weeks, even a month.

So after all is said and done, the whole idea is to use lure sparingly.



TO ADD LURE to a set like this, simply dip a blade of grass into your lure and leave it that way.



YOU CAN SAVE lure at cubby hole sets by placing it on the inside rather than outside where it would be exposed to rain.

For in the end the real purpose of lure is not so much to attract an animal to a set, but rather to make it feel at home after it gets there for reasons of its own.

In a much broader sense, I sometimes believe that the real value of using lure is in the fact that, when properly used, the trapper can catch a given number of animals in considerably less time than if he did not use any lure.

Using lure, a good fox trapper could catch at least thirty foxes or more in a month—provided that all contributing circumstances were favorable. Without lure the same trapper might have to spend three months or more

to catch the same number of foxes.

But this sort of figuring does not apply to muskrat trapping. Nor am I bold enough to say that a trapper could catch a given number of skunks, opossums, raccoons, or even weasels, in less time by using lure.

At any rate, there is a great deal to be said about using lure. Experimenting with a variety of lures is one of the most fascinating aspects about trapping, but the stuff does not increase animal populations in your trapping territory.

The fur industry was built by trappers who never even heard about such a thing as lure and common sense still works well today.

HOW FAST IS A SNAKE?

		Est. Prowling Speed (m.p.h.)	Est. Maximum Speed (m.p.h.)
California Boa	Lichanura r. roseofusca	.09	.22
Sierra Coral King Snake	Lampropeltis zonata multicincta	.17	.72
Gopher Snake	Pituophis spp.	.13	1.18
Desert Patchnosed Snake	Salvadora h. hexalepis	.22	1.43
Sidwinder Rattlesnake	Crotalus cerastes	.31	2.04
Colorado Desert Whipsnake	Masticophis flagellum piceus	.29	3.60
Butler's Garter Snake	(Colubridae) Thamnophis butleri	.19	.75
Ribbon Snake	(Colubridae) Thamnophis s. sauritus	.30	2.00
Four-lined Chicken Snake	Elaphe obsoleta quadrivittata	.14	.37
Florida Racer	Coluber constrictor priapus	.26	3.07

Letters . . .

The Old Hunter

Cameron Stewart, a cooperator on Farm Game Project No. 175 in Jefferson County farms 109 acres of his own and about 50 acres on an adjoining place.

Mr. Stewart tends 10 head of dairy cows and has a flock of 80 or more chickens. On the opening day of the hunting season, Election Day, he took care of his native chores, cast ballot No. 1 and took to the field hunting. He returned to his home by noon with two gray squirrels, a black squirrel and a rabbit. Mr. Stewart's success may be attributed, in part, to his long experience in hunting, this being the 66th year the 80-year-old sportsman has been afield.

W. D. Silvis
Farm Game Manager
Brookville

Treasurer Disagrees

In regards to your editorial on the Antlerless License Snarl, I feel that you are overlooking the crux of the entire question. AS LONG AS YOU HAVE A QUOTA, YOU WILL NEVER SATISFY EVERYONE. Regardless of what type of system you may devise, or whoever will issue the doe permits, those who will not receive theirs, will weep and moan and carry on.

In Clinton County, we sold our licenses by mail only. We had advance publicity in our county newspapers and over our radio station and as a result we were sold out in about two and one-half days. This was difficult for some of our "sportsmen" to understand. I tried to explain that I didn't think the Game Commission was too understanding neither in cutting our quota and extending the season for two days, but that we had handled our job in good faith and did the best we could. We had told in advance how we were going to handle the sale of doe licenses, and

WE KEPT OUR WORD. That is all we could do.

I don't mind taking blame for something that is my fault, but when the Game Commission tries to place the blame on the County Treasurers, when they are doing their best, then it is time that something is done. I asked, in our local paper, if anyone had any suggestion on how this matter could be handled to satisfy everyone, and received no replies. Personally I doubt if you either can come up with a suggestion that will please everyone.

Eugene E. Wolf

Clinton County Treasurer

Editor's Note: It should be noted that without the antlerless deer license quota in each county, all control over hunting pressure would be lost. As a result, certain areas would be grossly overharvested, others grossly underharvested. Each county quota is a predetermined figure designed to keep the deer population there in balance with the available food. Furthermore, it is obvious from the numerous angry letters from unhappy hunters that the crux of the problem is not the quota, but the method in which the antlerless licenses are distributed in some counties.

Hopeful Reader

I have just finished reading December's issue of Pennsylvania GAME NEWS. I read the Editorial which you wrote concerning the antlerless deer license and what could be done to possibly solve the situation of distributing antlerless deer licenses to more hunters throughout the state.

As we all know, the deer herd must be reduced to keep the population down for the winter, due to the amount of natural food available for them. Don't you feel that the only way this can be done is by having more hunters being able to obtain antlerless deer permits to hunt antlerless deer in our state?

I personally feel that the Game Commission could better distribute

and handle this problem.

Do you know or have you ever heard of this state going to open the deer season for one (1) week for both antlered and antlerless deer at the same time, and do you feel this would help solve the over population of deer in some areas of the state, also giving more hunters a chance to hunt antlerless deer, such as done in archery season?

I sure hope that something can be done to solve this problem we have, and I feel as long as we have men like you, who give the people the true facts, this can be accomplished in the near future.

Richard L. Rhoads
Pottstown, Pa.

Introduced Bill

Congratulations on your editorial "THE ANTLERLESS DEER LICENSE SNARL," published in the December, 1963, issue of Pennsylvania GAME NEWS.

As you are probably aware, House Bill No. 1666 to which you refer was initiated by the Pennsylvania State Fish and Game Protective Association of Philadelphia and introduced by Hon. Austin M. Lee and Elizabeth A. Winter, both members of the Legislature from Philadelphia County.

While we will admit that Philadelphia County has a very singular problem over these antlerless deer licenses, being the only county out of the entire sixty-seven in the great Commonwealth wherein none are issued by the county treasurer, we are in complete sympathy with complainants of the other counties where inequalities also are found to exist.

We in Philadelphia County intend to continue this fight for corrective legislation and sincerely invite any and all other interested organizations to join with us.

Let us hope that in the near future our sportsmen will wake up to the realization that the fault is with the treasurers in the counties lacking uniformity and system of fairness in their

methods that cause this inequity. Our bill No. 1666 would have permitted the Pennsylvania Game Commission to distribute these licenses state-wide on a basis similar to Pymatuning Goose Management Area.

George McCann, President
Pennsylvania State Fish and
Game Protective Association

Deer Camp Communications

A Pottstown man who has prize-winning homing pigeons put them to a practical use as message senders during deer hunting season early in December.

Darwin R. Kirchhof, R. D. 3, Pottstown, who keeps the birds as a hobby, sent six of them along with a group of local deer hunters when they recently made a week's trip to a hunting lodge near Wellsboro. Included in the group was his father, Rudolph B. Kirchhof, Spring City, plumbing and heating contractor, who has a heart ailment.

All six of the birds returned promptly to their owner's home after being released on successive days with capsules containing a message around their necks.

One of the messages informed a young boy that his father had bagged an eight-point buck in the early part of the week.

Another told those at home that a snowfall of six inches made the stalking of deer a lot easier. The younger Kirchhof's mind was put at ease when he got a message that his father's health was fine.

The birds made the flight in about three hours, a distance that takes about five hours to drive by car. The men sending the birds on their journey marked down their estimated time of departure.

This might open up a whole new area in the ever-growing field of communications, especially for remote areas. The toll fee is very nominal, too, they say, since the birds have not as yet joined any union.

R. L. Willauer
Parker Ford, Pa.

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National Boy Scout Week—February 7-14

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Pennsylvania **GAME NEWS**

MARCH, 1964

TEN CENTS



FEB 28 1964

POSTIMENTS

PENNSYLVANIA GAME NEWS

Volume 35 • Number 3

MARCH, 1964

Published Monthly by the
PENNSYLVANIA GAME
COMMISSION
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Cover Painting by
Daniel F. Ankudovich

COVER: All of Pennsylvania is not ideal quail country, but there are some areas where these spunky little gamesters carry on year after year. Cold winter weather and deep snows have a greater effect on quail than upon most of our game species. With this in mind, many Pennsylvania farmers go to great efforts to see that their coveys make it through the lean months of late winter.

Published **MONTHLY** by the Pennsylvania Game Commission, South Office Building, Capitol, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** \$1 per year; \$2.50 for three years. **TO SUBSCRIBE:** Send check or money order payable to "Pennsylvania Game Commission." Do not send stamps; cash forwarded is done so at sender's risk. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Send both new and old addresses at least 45 days in advance of the issue with which it is to be effective. **PERMISSION TO REPRINT** any signed article may be granted provided advance permission is obtained from the author. No information contained in the magazine may be used for advertising or commercial purposes.

Printed by Times and News Publishing Co., Gettysburg, Pa.
Second Class Postage Paid at Gettysburg, Pa.

Knights of the Winter Woods

PACKING corn into the hinterlands of Pennsylvania is a major wintertime activity for sportsmen's groups throughout the state. Backbreaking efforts on behalf of our game species do as much, if not more, for the clubs as for the wildlife. Winter feeding programs conveniently span the gap in the sportsman's year between the fever pitch of the hunting seasons and numerous spring cleaning, planting and building projects.

Most sportsmen make a sincere and valiant effort to get the feed to the game when it is needed—some do not. Each year we hear discouraging reports of sportsmen who do more harm than good by their winter feeding programs.

A few groups have been completely irresponsible with the corn they put out for winter feeding. We know of several instances where corn has been actually dumped along a highway because the snow was "too deep" to get it into the woods. Corn disposed of in this manner creates a death trap for deer and other forms of wildlife attracted to a roadway of speeding automobiles.

Other reports which have raised eyebrows were about clubs which "didn't get to camp until spring." Finding themselves in possession of a ton or two of ear corn prompted them to get rid of it anyway. The above photograph, taken by the *Enterprise* of Coudersport, shows how this corn was thrown out in a field already green from the arrival of spring



Too late to help.

weather. In addition, it was dumped only a few hundred feet from camp.

The Pennsylvania Game Commission's winter feeding policies are based upon the knowledge that normal snow accumulations do not interfere with wildlife's day-to-day quest for natural foods. When snow depth in excess of 20 inches or extreme ice conditions prevail for an extended period or when there is a prolonged heavy crust it may be necessary and possibly advantageous to feed wildlife.

Regardless of conditions, if sportsmen feel compelled to feed wildlife, the food should be placed in remote areas where it might do some good, and furthermore, it should be made available during winter months when food is least plentiful.—G. H. H.



N.A.2

The Thistle Bird Case

By Wilbur M. Cramer

FOR several years prior to early 1929 Delaware and Philadelphia Counties were combined into one Game Protector district. The patrolling of wild waterfowl, shore birds and blackbirds in the marsh areas of South Philadelphia (at that time there were still many marshes in that area where hunting was legal), the work with licensed taxidermists, fur dealers or those doing these things without a license, and the searching of cold storage plants, all increased tremendously. As a result, early in 1929 I recommended to the Game Commission through my superiors at Harrisburg that a separate district be created in Philadelphia County. This was approved and an examination was advertised and held for Philadelphia County men who could qualify for Game Protector. Edwin W. Stucke of East Cheltenham Avenue, who had been a professional taxidermist and was well versed along game lines, ranked high in the examination and was chosen to be the new Game Protector. He was appointed on April 16, 1929.

He was a busy man training a staff of Deputy Game Protectors, checking on the killing of blackbirds in the marshes before season, the killing of herons, protected hawks and songbirds, and pheasant hunting in the northern city areas. Stucke had two or three Italian-American deputies who were of great help to him. They knew the South Philadelphia section very well, were able to speak and understand Italian, and thus learn of and process game violations by many Italian-Americans that Stucke and his other deputies would not have been able to investigate and ap-

prehend. On the other hand, it was a constant problem for Stucke to avoid political interference. It soon became apparent to him that if at all possible a game case should be settled by him in the field on an acknowledgment of guilt and the use of a field receipt as authorized by the Game Law. This seemed to work better than taking the case to a magistrate and having the defendant found "not guilty" due to the possibility of losing a few votes in a future election.

The goldfinch or "wild canary" or "thistle bird" as this bird is called is a very late summer nesting bird. In late July, 1935, Game Protector Stucke received information from a City Policeman in South Philadelphia that men were trapping and killing these birds in the marsh areas. Stucke, Deputy Joseph Diringer and the City Policeman made a trip down there and sure enough they apprehended two men with three goldfinches in possession, having taken them by a sticky substance, commonly known as "bird lime," placed on the stems of thistle stalks. These men did not want to settle the case on a field acknowledgment so it was necessary for Stucke to take them to a magistrate's court, where they were found "not guilty."

This decision certainly "floored" Stucke and we all felt very badly about it. He took it somewhat as a personal affront to his knowledge of wild creatures and his experience as an enforcement officer of the Game Commission. Then it "dawned upon him" that the enforcement of the Game Laws in Philadelphia might suffer if this case were to be known among the hunters who frequented



HE TOLD ABOUT these birds using the down of the thistle to make their nests in the crotch of a tree, and this is why they are called thistle birds.

the marshes. Stucke, Deputy Diringer and I discussed the case in detail and raised the question among ourselves about the Game Commission taking an appeal to the Court of Quarter Sessions. It was true that in the other counties of Pennsylvania we had many cases through the years appealed by the defendants from the decision of the Justice of the Peace or Alderman, officials of the minor judiciary. The matter of the Game Commission taking an appeal was a new one. In the first-class City of Philadelphia the minor judiciary court official is a magistrate. The appeal procedure is the same as in the other counties.

Following our conference in Philadelphia, I talked the matter over with our Chief of Law Enforcement and requested permission to appeal these two cases because of the great injustice the Game Commission had received and not because of the amount of fines and costs involved. They agreed to the plan and secured permission from the office of the Attorney General to make appeals in these two cases. September 20, 1935, was the date set for the hearing of the cases before a Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions in City Hall, Philadelphia, but we were not ready. Because the City Policeman who was one of our witnesses was on vacation, the Judge postponed the case for a week. On September 27 Game Pro-

sector Stucke, Deputy Diringer, the City Policeman, the two defendants, Patrick Keegan and Patrick Coyle, and the Magistrate and I were in City Hall for the hearing of this appealed case.

The Case Began

An Assistant District Attorney in Philadelphia had been assigned to handle the Commonwealth's case. The defendants had their own attorney. There is no jury in an appealed Game Law case. The Judge hears the evidence and renders the verdict. Surprisingly enough, in this big city the court procedure was very simple and not as formal as the ones we had experienced in the rural counties. The oath was administered to our three men in the usual court manner and they were called to the front of the courtroom to present their evidence as the Commonwealth's witnesses.

Stucke gave one of the most complete and masterful presentations of evidence that I have ever heard. He said, "Your Honor," and then proceeded to tell the Judge that long after most wild birds have gone to housekeeping, indeed after many have finished, the goldfinch annually earns for itself the title of the last bird to nest. Stucke, of course, used his own language to tell this story, but it is described so aptly by Hal Harrison in his splendid book entitled "American Birds in Color." He told about these birds using the "down" of thistles to make their nests in the crotch of a tree, and that for this reason they are sometimes called "thistle birds."

He then said that a certain time on a certain day in July, he and Deputy Diringer, accompanied by the City Policeman were on patrol in the marsh section of South Philadelphia; that they came across these two defendants in a thistle patch with three goldfinches they had killed after catching them through the placing of bird

lime, "a sticky preparation they had spread on the stems of a number of thistle stalks." Stucke presented as evidence skins of the three goldfinches he had skinned and stuffed with excelsior as only a taxidermist or other expert could do; he presented several thistle stems which had been treated with this preparation and he also had several stems which had not been so treated to show the difference. Then he told the Judge that in Ireland as well as other parts of the Old Country this practice is used to catch goldfinches and other birds, and that many times the immigrants who come to America from those countries bring along their customs, including those involving the taking of birds or animals. He said that they come here with the idea that America is a land of freedom and that those things can be done here, not realizing that freedom does not mean freedom to violate our laws. Deputy Diringer and the City Policeman corroborated Stucke's testimony. Then the defendants were given an opportunity to testify but there wasn't much that could be said except to admit that the Commonwealth's testimony was correct.

The Judge soon reversed the decision of the magistrate and found

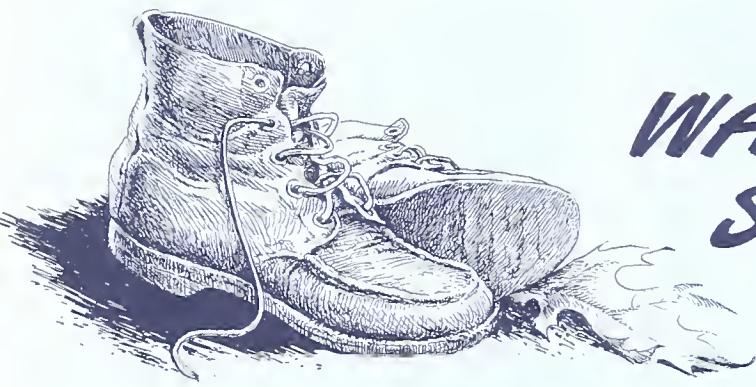
these two men "guilty" and directed that they pay the fine and costs involved. But that isn't all to the story—the Judge called the Magistrate to the front of the courtroom and "bawled him out." The Judge told the magistrate that he was out of order in finding these men "not guilty" in the face of this very complete evidence and that he didn't want him to make another decision of this kind. Then, too, there were two S.P.C.A. agents who were trying to hold these defendants under the S.P.C.A. laws. The S.P.C.A., to my knowledge, has always been very active in Philadelphia. The Judge told them they were "splitting hairs" in trying to hold these men on a charge under their laws.

For the Future

To the Game Protectors of today, this story should show what can be done when an officer has complete testimony and evidence that is as convincing as Stucke's. Under these circumstances, there is hardly any decision a Judge can make except "guilty." Then another thing for Pennsylvanians to remember is the fact that we must do what we can to stop these deliberate Game Law violations if we hope to have wild creatures and hunting for the future.

THE JUDGE CALLED THE Magistrate to the front of the courtroom and "bawled him out." He told him that he was out of order in finding these men not guilty in the face of this very complete evidence.





WALKIN' SHOES

By NED SMITH

Assorted Rats and Mice

1. How far can a jumping mouse jump?
2. Do deer mice make good pets?
3. What is a vole?
4. What mouse commonly builds its nests in abandoned bird nests?
5. Are wood rats carriers of disease, like Norway rats?
6. Are house mice native Pennsylvanians?
7. What mouse has an extremely long tail?
8. What rat decorates its nest with assorted junk such as bones, stones, tin cans, bottle caps, and pieces of paper?

IT'S a shame the imported house mouse and Norway rat proved to be so downright undesirable, for they've given an undeserved black eye to our native rats and mice, most of which are clean, cute, interesting and inoffensive little animals.

There are a dozen or so species in Pennsylvania, but not all small, mousy-looking mammals are rats or mice. Shrews and moles are constantly being confused with them by the casual observer, but the similarity is only superficial.

Rats and mice are rodents, or gnawing animals, which are characterized by having two chisel-shaped incisor teeth above and two below, with a

distinct space between them and the grinding teeth. They are primarily vegetarians.

Shrews and moles, on the other hand, are not rodents and lack the space behind the front pair of incisors. There are other, more obvious differences, too. Moles, for instance, have extremely broad, heavily clawed forefeet designed for digging. Their tiny eyes are concealed by the fur, and there are no external ears. The snout is elongated, movable, and bare at the tip.

The shrew is as small or smaller than a mouse. Its forefeet are not enlarged. The snout is long, pointed, and movable. The eyes are extremely small but visible; the ears are nearly or completely concealed by the fur. Both the mole and the shrew feed on insects and other animal life.

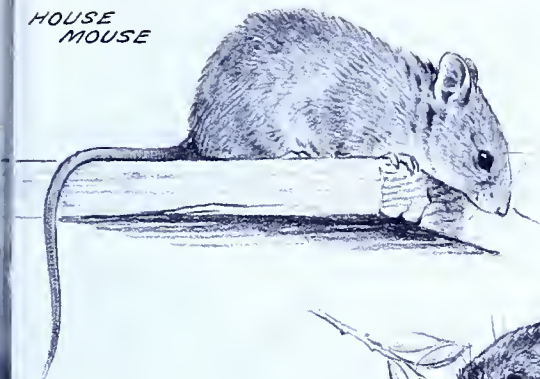
So much for the mammals that *aren't* mice or rats. Those that are can still be confusing. What is the difference between a rat and a mouse? Well, roughly speaking a rat is a large edition of a mouse. What is a vole? A vole is a short-tailed mouse with smaller eyes and ears than the typical long-tailed mice. The "field mouse" or meadow vole is a common example.

The muskrat really belongs to this group, for it is essentially an aquatic vole, but because it was recently fea-

DEER MOUSE



HOUSE
MOUSE



FIELD VOLE - REDBACK VOLE AND YELLOWNOSE
VOLE ARE SIMILAR EXCEPT FOR COLOR.



WINDLAND JUMPING MOUSE -
SHADOW JUMPING MOUSE IS
SIMILAR.

RIGHT-BOG LEMMING - PINE
VOLE SIMILAR EXCEPT FOR
COLOR.



NORWAY RAT



EASTERN
WOODRAT



tured in a "Walkin' Shoes" article it will be left out of this one.

Now meet the rest of the tribe:

House Mouse

As the name suggests, the house mouse is never happier than when living under the same roof with human occupants. Not that it is fond of man's company, but it is smart enough to appreciate his heated quarters, his varied foodstuffs, and the luxurious nesting materials that are found about the usual human domicile.

It is small and dainty, even for a mouse, with short, grayish fur somewhat tinged with yellowish brown. Its belly is pale gray or buffy, never really white. The tail is long and slender, the ears moderately large.

The house mouse's nest is a hollow ball of any suitable material—news- paper chewed into "confetti" is as good as any—placed on a ledge inside the walls of a house, in crannies in the cellar or attic, in unused drawers, or, in warm weather beneath outside porches and steps.

Although a raider of pantries, this mouse's most expensive depredations are often committed on what it considers nesting material—furs, clothing, books, upholstery, etc. Small wonder that this immigrant from the Old World is cursed without shame and trapped without pity.

Deer, or White-footed, Mouse

Scientists make a distinction between the species that are called deer mice and those that are called white-footed mice, but the layman will find it all but impossible to tell them apart. For the sake of simplification they will be called deer mice in this article and treated as one species.

Usually tawny or reddish brown above with snowy white bellies and feet, they are easily our prettiest mice. Their tails are long—dark above and white beneath. The large, dark eyes protrude noticeably from their heads, and their ears are quite large. The

young and some adults are gray with white feet and bellies.

Deer mice live in fence rows, wooded hollows, field borders, grassy swales, and even in suitable deep forests. Some make their nests beneath stumps and logs. Others nest above the ground, in dense bushes, in abandoned bird nests, in woodpecker holes, hollow trees, birdhouses, hollow fence rails—even in old squirrel nests fifteen or twenty feet above the ground. The nest is usually a hollow ball of leaves, grasses, shredded inner bark, lined with finer material.

Acorns, beechnuts, weed seeds, cherry seeds, and other favorite autumn and winter foods are stored in large quantities in hollow trees, logs, and stumps. They are usually consumed in established eating places beneath overhanging roots and stumps, in dense thickets and in other sheltered places.

Woodland Jumping Mouse

Nothing about this animal is quite as impressive as its jumping ability. When startled it escapes in five- to ten-foot leaps, a surprising feat for so small an animal. Its steering is less remarkable, for it frequently propels itself into brambles, creeks, and other unseen hazards.

These tremendous leaps are made possible by the large hind legs. The remarkably long tail, nearly half again as long as the head and body combined, probably contributes to balance and stability in "flight."

A beautifully colored little animal, the woodland jumping mouse has a dusky brown back, buffy orange sides, and white underparts. The tail is dusky above with a white tip.

It is at home along shaded forest streams where it feeds on berries, seeds, and insects. Instead of storing food for the winter it hibernates in an underground nest from late October or early November until middle or late May, spending more than half of each year in a comatose state.



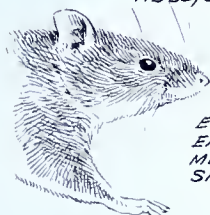
SHREW

TINY EYE.
LONG, POINTED SNOUT.
SMALL FOREFEET.
SMALL SIZE.



MOLE

EYES NOT VISIBLE.
LONG, POINTED OR STAR-SHAPED SNOUT.
HUGE, BROAD FOREFEET.



MOUSE

EYES NORMAL TO LARGE.
EARS VISIBLE.
MUZZLE NORMAL.
SMALL FOREFEET.

Meadow Jumping Mouse

Slightly smaller than the woodland species, this little creature has the same oversize hind legs and ridiculously long tail. Its color is olive-yellow, dusky on the back, white or buffy beneath.

Damp, grassy meadows as well as drier swales are home to this leaper. It is often flushed from high, stream-side grass, through which it progresses in immense frog-like hops. It, too, hibernates.

Meadow Vole

This is the common "field mouse" or "meadow mouse." It is a rather large, short-legged mouse, with small ears nearly hidden in the fur, small beady eyes, and a blunt muzzle. The tail is rather short, about half the length of the head and body. In color

it is dark brown; the underparts are gray to buffy.

The meadow vole lives in fields, meadows, and fence rows, wherever there is sufficient vegetation and litter on the ground through which to make its tunnels. Its nests are round masses of fine grass and shredded vegetation packed into shallow cavities excavated beneath stones, boards, mats of flattened weed stalks, and corn shocks, or tucked into tussocks of grass. In wintertime its nests are placed in underground chambers.

Meadow mice are among our most prolific small mammals—a single pair being capable of producing nearly a hundred offspring in a year.

Normally their food consists chiefly of wild grasses and sedges, plus a smaller amount of roots, tubers, grains and seeds. They store quantities of grains, seeds, and tubers in underground caches for the winter. During hard winters they sometimes girdle trees to eat the inner bark.

Bog Lemming, or Lemming Mouse

This small mouse is usually mistaken for the meadow vole, greatly resembling that animal but having a tail only half as long. The general coloration is similar, but more grizzled, and the underparts and feet are paler.

The bog lemming makes its home in swampy places with a ground covering of fallen leaves or grassy debris, in grassy mountain clearings, and in sphagnum bogs. Its surface tunnels can usually be distinguished from those of the meadow vole by the smaller size and the distinctive green droppings found therein. Its winter nests are built in underground cavities; those for use in warmer weather are placed in hollow logs beneath stumps or logs, or in some instances in grass clumps.

Bog lemmings feed largely on green vegetation, although they do some barking in winter, consume a few insects in summer, feed on small roots throughout the year.

Redback Vole

If the bog lemming is a "short-tailed meadow vole" the redback vole could be described as a "red-backed meadow vole," for the reddish brown back and somewhat paler sides are the only obvious differences. It has the same stubby build, the same medium-short tail, the same small ears and eyes as its well known cousin.

It lives in the mountains among the rocks, especially on the cool north slopes where mosses and ferns abound, but I've seen it on the mountaintop scrub oak flats, too. While rummaging around in rocky crannies beneath the leaves it frequently makes a brief appearance topside, then quickly turning, it disappears again. Its food consists of ferns, leaves, grasses, acorns, beechnuts, insects, and snails, supplemented in wintertime by inner bark from various trees and shrubs.

Pine Vole

This pretty vole is similar to the bog lemming—small, chubby, blunt-nosed, stubby-tailed — but its soft, silky fur is a rich reddish brown.

It inhabits wooded areas, orchards, and fields, and sometimes invades gardens. Loose soil is a prerequisite, for it lives in a maze of underground burrows from which it rarely strays, feeding chiefly on roots, tubers, and the bark of roots, which it devours underground, and on such fruits and seeds as it can snatch from its doorstep.

One pine mouse, attracted by scratch feed I put out for the birds one winter, quickly riddled the site with burrows with gutter-like continuations. Much of the broadcast seeds and grain fell into the gutters where it was seized by the industrious rodent and whisked underground. There it was probably stored for future use, as are wild seeds and tubers.

In the forests pine voles are probably not economically important, but in the garden they do much damage to young plants and root crops, and

their fondness for the bark of tree roots often results in considerable damage to orchards.

Yellownose Vole

Sometimes called the rock vole, this animal is apparently quite rare in Pennsylvania. It is found in rocky situations, chiefly in the higher mountain areas of the state.

The yellownose is similar in size and proportion to the meadow vole. Its coat is grayish brown with paler underparts, and the muzzle is yellowish or amber in color.

Norway Rat

In the world of nature it's doubtful that any animal is truly worthless, but the Norway rat certainly comes within a whisker of being the exception. It is probably the most destructive mammal in the world. It lives in filth and spreads some of mankind's most dreadful diseases. And it gives nothing in return.

This detestable creature was brought to America from England in the late 1700's and now occupies suitable habitat throughout the entire United States. It usually makes its home in and around human habitations, buildings, dumps, and sewers, although in some places it lives in fields and along streams, far from any dwellings.

Rats eat practically anything, feeding heavily on corn and other crops, fruit, root crops, eggs, poultry, and practically anything else that man considers food, plus garbage, sewage, etc.

The Norway rat is grayish brown above, dirty white to yellowish white below. The ears are moderately large, the eyes average. The tail is practically hairless and ringed with scales.

Eastern Wood Rat

Known also by the names, "trade rat," "pack rat," and "cave rat," the poor wood rat suffers unfairly from the "rat" appellation. Unlike the familiar and contemptible Norway rat,

this bright fellow is clean, friendly, harmless, and amusing. It differs from the Norway rat in having large, prominent eyes, and large ears. Its tail, instead of being naked, is clothed in short hair. Its coat is grayish brown above, white or whitish below.

Ordinarily the wood rat shuns human habitations, preferring instead the rocky outcroppings high in the mountains. Here it builds its nest—a huge accumulation of sticks up to four feet across, in the center of which is a chamber of leaves and grasses. To the exterior is added whatever material and objects strike the owner's fancy—paper, tin cans, bottle caps, cartridge cases, bones, corn cobs, as well as leafy twigs, mushrooms, ferns, grasses, and berries to serve as food at some later date. Quite often

additional heaps are constructed in neighboring crannies.

Other prominent signs of wood rat occupancy are the accumulations of dung on certain rocks and the dark urine stains on others.

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS

1. Ten feet seems to be about the maximum.
2. Yes.
3. A small rodent with smaller ears and eyes and a shorter tail than the typical long-tailed mice.
4. The deer mouse or white-footed mouse.
5. No, they are an entirely different animal—clean and friendly.
6. No, it is a native of Asia.
7. The jumping mouse.
8. The wood rat or cave rat.

Small Game; Waterfowl Kill Reports Up for 1963

Pennsylvania small game and waterfowl hunters generally had a better season last year than in 1962.

Official 1963 game kill figures released recently by the Pennsylvania Game commission show that hunters bagged more rabbits, hares, squirrels, raccoons, grouse, woodcock, rails, waterfowl, woodchucks and doves, but less turkeys, pheasants and quail. The state-wide totals are based upon estimates made by Pennsylvania Game Protectors. In years when studies and checks were made, these estimates were always found to be conservative or low.

The 1963 harvest of 975,250 rabbits was nearly 36,000 over the 1962 kill and 96,000 more than the 1961 season. M. J. Golden, Game Commission Executive Director, said that the rabbit kill figures reflect an improvement in rabbit populations in some areas of the Commonwealth.

Other small game figures show that the kill of 371,500 squirrels was about 82,700 above the 1962 figure, the grouse kill figure of 63,400 was about 7,300 more than the previous year. Woodchucks, raccoons and snowshoe hares were all up over the 1962 totals.

Estimated kills below 1962 were the wild turkey kill of 13,600, representing a reduction of 2,160 from the 1962 season, and a slight drop in the ring-necked pheasant kill from 449,000 to 448,000 in 1963. Quail kill estimates decreased from about 19,750 to 13,300.

The 1963 migratory report revealed an encouraging upswing among all species. The woodcock kill total of 22,800 was up 5,700 over 1962, the dove figure of 117,000 increased 19,800 and the waterfowl harvests of 58,500 birds was up 13,975 more than the previous year. Rails, gallinules and coots nearly doubled to about 6,700.

All in all, Pennsylvania hunters had a good small game and waterfowl hunting season. While there was an apparent decline in hunting pressure state-wide, hunter success on most species definitely improved.

Pymatuning Wrap-Up

1
9
6
3

By Raymond M. Sickles
Waterfowl Management Agent

PGC Photo by Bob Parlamen

ON OCTOBER 10 the peak of 12,000 geese was reached at Pymatuning and was maintained until about October 16.

*It Was a Great Year,
Could Have Been Even Better . . .*

WHEN autumn weather approached Pymatuning last fall it appeared that the stage was set for another banner year of hunting wild waterfowl. Production of both geese and ducks in the local area had been good. Nesting pairs of geese had increased and more were observed at greater distances from the Pymatuning Refuge. Gosling production from the captive flock of geese exceeded the past season by 100 additional birds. Prior to any migration from the northern breeding grounds the Pymatuning flock numbered approximately 2,700 birds. Duck production in the local area had also been very satisfactory. Of the 179 metal wood duck nesting boxes maintained at Pymatuning, female woodies had used 167 of them; 25 of these had a second clutch of eggs by hens that had been unsuccessful

ful at another location. Mallard broods at first seemed to be just normal. However, later in the season an unusual number of late hatched ducklings were observed. Black duck production was normal, but blue-winged teal production showed a marked increase.

By the first of September all of the geese and most of the ducks were able to fly. The adult birds were just over the eclipse molt that made them flightless for the few weeks before, and the young birds had primary wing feathering enabling them to start strengthening their wings. Flocks of birds began forming and flights to find feeding areas were made. Because of the lack of precipitation during the summer months, however, many of the marsh areas were dry and feeding was impossible. The birds soon lo-

cated the 450 acres of newly combined grain fields on the Goose Management Area. Regular flights each morning and evening were made by large flocks of geese and ducks to this area. After the stubble fields were cleaned of the grain lost in harvest, the geese began using the newly planted wheat and rye fields for pasture. And as the fall planting of more than 400 acres of grain progressed, the birds moved to these fields and also fed on the sweet corn that was left after the marketable ears had been harvested.

We noticed the first additions to the local flock of geese on September 17. Approximately 700 birds had moved in from the northern breeding grounds. From that time on there was a gradual increase in the size of the flock. By October 1 the population had increased to 6,500; by October 6 the number was 10,000; and the peak of 12,000 birds was reached by October 10. This peak number was maintained until about October 16 when the number began decreasing after the first few days of shooting. By this time there were also about 9,000 mallards, 3,000 blacks, 2,000 wood ducks and some 1,500 pintails feeding on the fields of the Management Area. Several thousand more ducks were feeding in the Pymatuning Refuge, the Conneaut Marsh and the other nearby marshes that had some water. Evening flights of wood ducks to the wooded swamp areas were normal. Although the number of baldpates and blue-winged teal in the marsh areas was down from other years, the overall population of waterfowl in the Pymatuning area at the opening of the hunting season compared favorably with other years in recent history.

On October 4 a public drawing was held to select those applicants who were to receive a reservation to hunt on the controlled portion of the Goose Management Area. A total of 8,140 legal applications were placed in a large revolving wheel. Actual drawings of the reservations were made

by the president of the Northwest Division of Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs and by the president of the Crawford County Sportsmen's Club. Also some drawings were made by various persons in attendance at the public affair. No one connected in any way with the Game Commission was permitted to take part in the drawing. Successful applicants were notified by mail that same day of the dates of their reservation.

The first day of shooting on the controlled area was very successful this year. Although the weather was clear and quite warm, the geese cooperated. All 40 blinds were filled to the four-man capacity prior to the opening moment. It was not necessary to move any hunters from one blind to another to reach a satisfactory kill. When the shooting ended at 12 noon, the 160 hunters had bagged 145 geese and 36 ducks. The second day of shooting produced 134 geese and on the third day an even 100 geese were harvested.

After the third day of shooting, due to the extreme fire hazard, all hunting ceased at Pymatuning and throughout the state by Proclamation of the Governor. During the next two weeks the geese were not disturbed in any way

THE FIRST DAY of shooting on the controlled area was very successful this year. The 160 hunters there bagged 145 geese and 36 ducks.

Photo by Photo-Graphic Arts



by gunning. Plenty of feed was available on the area and the weather was unseasonably warm and dry. In spite of these favorable factors which should have held the population from migration, the number of geese in the area dropped to 10,000 by October 20; to 7,000 by October 30; and to 6,000 by November 4. This is a strong indication that Canada geese will migrate on schedule regardless of weather and food factors. Further proof of this fact was provided by the arrival of 80,000 geese at Mattamaskett; 40,000 at Carrituck and perhaps 70,000 or more in Maryland by October 30. Although James Bay and Hudson Bay areas were enjoying summerlike weather that induced ducks to continue feeding there, the wild geese pulled out on schedule.

Tremendous Task

When the hunting season was reopened in Pennsylvania on November 4, we had the tremendous task of re-scheduling all of the 300 reservations lost during the hunting ban. Of course, all the reservation holders who had drawn a date from November 4 to November 30 continued to keep their dates. By adding Tuesdays and Thursdays (normally nonshooting days) to the shooting schedule and by adding an additional 10 reservations to Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays we were able to offer another opportunity to all those who were prevented to hunt the area because of the hunting ban. Shooting six days a week did have some effect on making the birds more wary of the blinds, and "wised them up" to the fact that they could feed in the afternoons and not be molested. Nevertheless, when the controlled area hunting ended on November 30, a total of 1,383 geese had been bagged by 3,002 hunters. This was 109 more hunters and 86 more geese killed over last year. In addition, 93 more ducks were killed during this season on the Controlled Area. It was estimated that 740 geese



PGC Photo by Harrison

THESE TWO BEAUTIES were pulled out of the same flock and dropped within four inches of each other. They were killed by two hunters occupying Blind No. 7 on November 9.

were killed on the open portion of the Management Area and on private lands. This made a total kill of 2,122 geese for Pymatuning for the season.

All birds killed on the area were sexed and aged. The sex ratio was 1 female to 1.4 males. The age ratio was 1 adult to 1.04 juveniles. All the birds were wearing leg bands and were examined and recorded. Of these, a total of 162 were Game Commission bands placed on pen-raised birds; 84 were Federal Fish and Wildlife Service bands (mostly birds trapped and banded at Pymatuning); and six were tagged with Jack Miner bands. The fact that the majority of the banded birds originated at Pymatuning, points out strongly the value of the captive flock to produce some birds for gunning recreation and at the same time produce others to be free-flying breeders for the Pymatuning Area.

On December 1 we began to have extended freezing weather and Pyma-

tuning Lake soon froze over. Hunting outside the Management Area continued until January 4, but the cold weather and deep snow were not conducive to good goose hunting. For the most part, feeding by the geese was confined to the fields of the controlled area, where standing corn strips had been left for that purpose. Snow drifted over some of the ears on the standing stalks, but the geese made daily flights to feed on the grain that was accessible. Approximately 3,500 Canada geese, 1,500 mallards and 500

blacks are keeping a small water area free from ice in the Ford Island section of the Refuge. Pymatuning is "home" to these birds, and they have an important role in the waterfowl program of the area. Their welfare and success can determine the future for waterfowl hunting at Pymatuning. So when the warm spring breezes arrive in Crawford County and the lake begins to melt, the birds will move northward and we will begin to wonder what the 1964 hunting season will bring forth.

Day of Gore

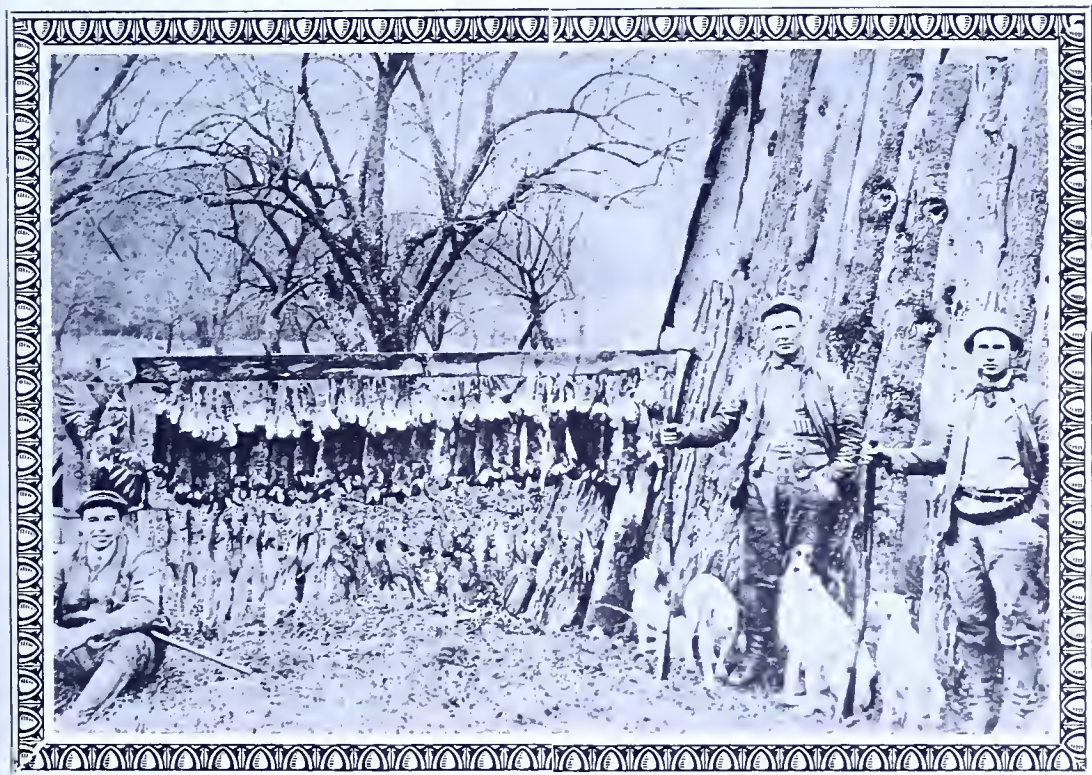


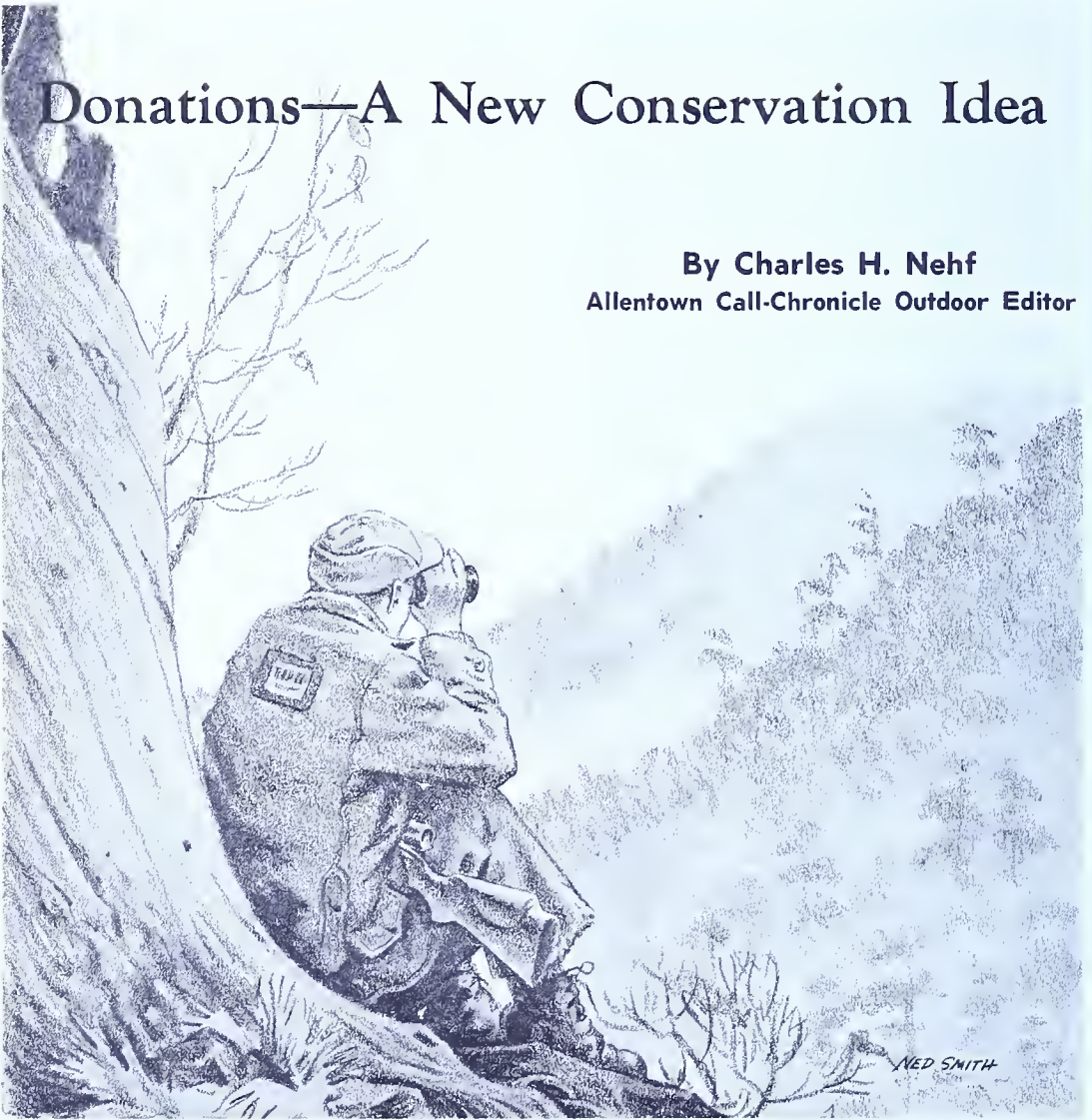
Photo Courtesy Donald Laver, Harrisburg

A FIVE-DAY HUNT in 1913 in Snyder County bagged this lineup of game. Left to right are Samuel H. Miller, John E. Schroll and Harvey D. Sheaffer. They totaled a kill of 98 rabbits, 39 quail, 16 pheasants, 17 gray squirrels, 2 snapping turtles and a hawk.

Donations—A New Conservation Idea

By Charles H. Nehf

Allentown Call-Chronicle Outdoor Editor



THE PURCHASING OF HUNTING and fishing licenses is necessary since they provide the funds, as long as the money lasts, for state conservation programs.

Planned Programs Have Brought Action . . .

CONSERVATION of wildlife is at an interesting crossroad and sheer talking will not perpetuate this great outdoor sport. Definite plans of action, supported by financial means, are essential if we are to move forward and keep our urbanization from swallowing up our remaining open spaces.

Purchasing hunting and fishing licenses are necessary since they provide the basic funds, as long as the money lasts, for state conservation programs. Pennsylvania, over the

years, has had an enviable record in wildlife conservation.

Planned programs of action have: (a) fully restored the deer from the low at the turn of the century when less than one thousand were shot annually; (b) completely restored the beaver which had been next to extinct by uncontrolled trapping; (c) stabilized the bear population by protecting cubs and limiting the hunting so that we have an annual harvest of from 250 to 400 legal animals in our

highly industrialized state; (d) rehabilitated the wild turkey, which, like the deer, was almost extinct in Pennsylvania; (e) introduced the ring-necked pheasant, a completely foreign game bird, to become the top prize in small game hunting on agricultural lands; and (f) initiated a program for the purchase and development of public game lands to lead the nation in areas purchased by sportsmen to assure hunting in the future.

Club Programs

In addition to the long-range planning of the Game Commission we also have the vast work of many sportsmen's clubs which, with their own funds, raise day-old pheasant chicks to release on open grounds; either live trap or purchase cottontail rabbits for local release; plant countless numbers of trees and shrubs as a benefit to wildlife; as well as assist Fish and Game Protectors in furthering the state's program.

Without the continuing support of local sportsmen's clubs the hunting and fishing would be even poorer than it is today. It's this extra effort by local clubs that makes the difference.

The great secondary benefit of a sportsmen's club is that it provides the basic contact between the state and the local program. At times this, because of poor local club leadership and/or lack of cooperation from the local wardens, breaks down and little constructive work is accomplished.

When you have full cooperation between state and local groups you see real accomplishments. Slow rehabilitation of the Lehigh River and canal are prime examples of what can be done by steady plugging on the part of local groups in their untiring efforts to get the state interested.

That Extra Effort

Neither the state nor local clubs can do it alone. We are now gradually moving into the third stage where

generous contributions from individuals to authorized agencies are absolutely essential if we are to continue moving forward.

To many sportsmen this may be an entirely new concept, but recent trends have seen this growing at an amazing pace. There is a double-barreled appeal to this program. It not only goes to a worthy cause, but it is also a recognized tax deduction by the Internal Revenue folks.

For the uninitiated, you don't have to wait until you can write checks with three or four digits. In fact, the one and two figures are more than welcome since they bring you into direct contact with a state or national conservation movement which is working directly in your behalf.

As your confidence and means increase you can gradually raise those needed donations to help preserve the American wildlife heritage. Bequests through wills, are also bringing more and more money into permanent conservation movements.

Much of the money needed in the construction of the new headquarters of the National Wildlife Federation in Washington, D. C., was made possible through generous donations, at requests in wills, by men and women of vision.

Recommended Agencies

For your serious consideration we would personally like to recommend six agencies which are conscientiously working in behalf of full wildlife conservation. Each, in its own way, thoroughly believes in the value of its work and deserves your extra support:

1. Public game lands in Pennsylvania with checks made payable to: Pennsylvania Department of Revenue, c/o Public Game Lands, and mailed directly to Merton J. Golden, Executive Director, Pennsylvania Game Commission, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pa.

Since 1920 the State Game Commission, with funds supplied by sports-



SINCE 1920 the State Game Commission, with funds supplied by sportsmen when they purchase hunting licenses, has been buying marginal lands to be set aside as wilderness areas. Here is where valuable donations can be made.

men when they purchase hunting licenses, has been buying marginal lands to be set aside as wilderness areas. This not only puts such lands to its best use, but also assures public hunting in the years to come.

There is no doubt that future generations of Pennsylvanians will thank the leadership of the Game Commission and sportsmen for this great vision. As of January 1, 1964, the Commonwealth—in the name of the Game Commission — has 987,353 acres in this program.

At the moment the only limiting factor to more rapid expansion of the game land purchase program is funds. As of last year the U. S. Internal Revenue Department approved money donated to this fund as a deductible item for income tax purposes.

2. Preservation of wetlands within the United States, checks made pay-

able to: U. S. Treasury, c/o Wetlands Program and mailed directly to: Frank P. Briggs, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Washington 25, D. C.

Normally the program for the preservation of the nation's remaining wetlands is slowly coming to the front with money provided in the sale of the Federal migratory bird stamps (duck stamps). This is required of all persons over the age of 16 years who hunt waterfowl.

Congress, in its previous session, passed a law in which all funds collected in the sale of duck stamps be used to acquire remaining marshes in the interest of conserving water and to the lasting benefit of waterfowl. The program is now coming into its own and needs all the funds it can command.

Even the prices of wetlands has increased in our inflationary spiral of living. This coupled with the fact that more and more marshes are being drained makes it imperative that all conservationists move as fast as possible to preserve as much of this type of land as possible.

3. Ducks Unlimited, checks made payable to the same name and mailed to: Lawrence J. Durkin, Executive Director of DU, 165 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

What the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service is doing to preserve and improve wetlands here in the United States, Ducks Unlimited is duplicating on the prairie provinces of Canada. Work in this area is vital since: (a) Canadians have no duck stamp money for such work; and (b) from 75 to 80 per cent of all migratory waterfowl in the Mississippi flyway are naturally propagated in Canada.

While the Mississippi flyway is directly affected by the work in Canada, much of the waterfowl also spills over into the Atlantic migrational pattern. This is especially true of mallards, pintails, redhead, canvasback, ruddy duck, lesser scaup and teal.

NATIONAL WILDLIFE REFUGE



U.S. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
FISH AND WILDLIFE SERVICE
BUREAU OF
SPORT FISHERIES AND WILDLIFE

UNAUTHORIZED ENTRY PROHIBITED

Photo by Fish and Wildlife Service

IF YOU WANT TO HELP SAVE our wetlands, contribute to the Wetlands Program administered by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

4. National Wildlife Federation, c/o Conservation fund and mailed to: Thomas L. Kimball, Executive Director of NWF, 1412 16th Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

For many of us it is needless to review the fine work of the National Wildlife Federation. The financial assistance it has given to hundreds of undergraduate and graduate students of conservation can only be measured in the years to come.

The very fact that we have a national organization of such merit, embracing more than two million members, is also assuring at a time when conservation needs all the strength it can muster.

5. National Audubon Society, check in the same name and mailed to: Carl Bucheister, Audubon House, 1130 Fifth Avenue, New York 28, N. Y.

At times there have been segments in the sportsmen's ranks who have disagreed with the National Audubon Society, but basically this great organization is interested in the total conservation program.

Had it not been for the leadership of the Audubon Society, much of our neglected nongame species of birds and animals would have been extinct a long time ago. The continuing educational program of the Society, coupled with refuges they own or

control, has been the lifesaver of essential water birds (other than ducks and geese) on the North American continent.

The bold statement issued this past summer with reference to the Society's stand on the mourning dove indicates that they are extremely fair-minded and certainly not against hunting as long as it does not cut into the basic population.

6. Hawk Mountain Sanctuary, checks also in the same name and mailed to: Hawk Mountain Sanctuary, R. F. D., Kempton, Pa.

A great many sportsmen have been and are still being enlightened about the fact that not all hawks are wanton killers. Great credit for this changing outlook goes to Dr. Francis J. Trembley, of Lehigh University, and the Hawk Mountain Sanctuary folks.

As we look back over the years, there was no logic in the slaughter of thousands of hawks as they drifted over the air pockets of the Blue Mountain. The vast majority of these were of the broad wing type and highly beneficial in the ecology of wildlife conservation.

A visit to Hawk Mountain Sanctuary during the height of fall bird migrations will convince you that here is a natural spot which must be preserved for posterity.



Vannucci Foto-Services Photo

ORIENTAL BOMBSHELLS at the Game Commission's Loyalsock Game Farm in Lycoming County are waiting in this shipping pen to be crated. Many of these birds contain the new wild blood recently introduced into the farm stock.

They Are Getting Harder to Hit . . .

WILDER PHEASANTS

By Ralph E. Britt
Chief, Division of Propagation

PERHAPS you may have noticed that the ringnecks you flushed last season seemed even wilder than usual. You weren't imagining it, fellow, they were wilder!

In an attempt to provide better ring-necked pheasant hunting in our state, the Pennsylvania Game Commission is introducing wild pheasant blood into the farm-raised stock. What better way is there to improve these game birds than by making them wilder!

The method being used to put wilder blood into our farm-raised birds is to

acquire breeders from the wild state. This is being accomplished in two ways; by collecting eggs from wild nests and by trapping mature wild stock. Birds raised from the collected eggs and trapped adults have become the nucleus for the Commission's pheasant production program for the past couple of years.

The idea of raising farm birds of wild parentage is not new in Pennsylvania. The success of our present wild turkey population has, in part, been attributed to the mating of game farm hens with toms in the wild state.

This was accomplished by placing small groups of hens in open top enclosures located in remote areas of the turkey range. Wild toms were able to fly over the fence and mate with the wing-clipped hens.

Although the same end results are desirable by introducing wild blood into our farm pheasants, it was found that this can be achieved by a less expensive method. Wild cock pheasants will breed successfully under captive conditions, while wild tom turkeys will not. Therefore, the expense of constructing enclosures containing clipped hen pheasants is unnecessary. It is easier and less expensive to bring both wild male and female pheasants into captivity and accomplish the same results as are enjoyed in our turkey program.

First Attempts in 1961

First attempts to bring the wild blood into the farm stock were made in 1961 by requesting eggs from wild nests which had been mowed over in northwestern Pennsylvania.

Although only a small number were secured that spring, it was a beginning. The birds hatched from these eggs were kept separate and used as breeders. The following year more wild eggs were obtained in the northwest, southwest and at the Lewisburg Penitentiary where pheasants were causing damage to crops and where no hunting is permitted.

Last winter, 80 hens and 20 cocks were trapped at the Graterford Penitentiary in Montgomery County. This succeeded in reducing crop damage on the penitentiary grounds and also in providing additional wild stock for the Game Commission.

From the trapped birds and from those raised from wild eggs, the production at the four pheasant farms resulted in over 1,000 pure wild birds. In addition to the pure wild stock, there are thousands more being raised which contain from one-half to three-fourths wild blood.

In recent years, it was thought that brooding instincts were being bred out of our game farm stock due to the fact that all eggs for the past 30 years have been hatched artificially. By the introduction of the new wild blood, this brooding instinct should again be as strong as ever in our farm-raised birds.

Some Released

A sufficient number of birds containing wild blood were produced prior to last hunting season to allow the release of many cock birds containing some wild blood.

Future plans call for the continuation of the wild trapping and egg collecting program. This winter more than 200 wild pheasants were trapped at the Graterford Penitentiary. These additions will mean that some 2,000 more pure wild chicks can be raised this coming summer at the game farms. There will be thousands of additional pheasants of part wild stock raised, too.

If all goes well, it is believed that it will take a total of five years to completely convert the present farm pheasant blood line to the wild strain. That means that by 1966, pheasant hunters should see a marked difference in the nature of that oriental bombshell that explodes in cornfields across Pennsylvania.

THE NEW WILD BLOOD was evident as these farm-raised birds were herded into the shipping pen for transfer from the Loyalsock Game Farm to counties where they were released last fall.

Vannucci Foto-Services Photo



Juniors Get a Vote

By Thad Bukowski

Photos by the Author

“WHAT’S a motion?” a youngster asked as Lawrence County Council of Conservation Clubs held a meeting one night last August near the lake at Coachman Club near Harlansburg, Pa.

A shocked adult, advising 27 high school-aged junior conservationists almost flipped. He scratched his head. He wasn’t prepared for a query like this one.

“Well, when a member at a meeting wants to keep it going after a lot of hot air has stalled everything by argument, he makes a motion,” the advisor finally blurted.

The old-timers roared, but many of the young fry just looked around with questioning gazes.

These juniors were invited to this meeting as a part of a week’s outdoors camping and conservation instruction at the expense of Lawrence County

Council of Conservation Clubs. Others like them had experienced this same week for the past eight years and each year were permitted attendance at a council meeting held at camp. The kids still had a trip on the following day scheduled to the Pymatuning wild waterfowl area and to the Western Game Farm at Cambridge Springs to round out their studies before awards were to be given at camp breakup.

Roger Latham, *Pittsburgh Press* Outdoors Editor and President of the Outdoor Writers Association of America, had already spent a day with the young campers, saturated them with an illustrative talk on animal life, shown skulls and antlers in a morning session and had taken them on a field trip. He explained survival foods and gave a firsthand survey of various weeds, mushrooms, birds, grasses and small mammals while on the country-

WELCOME TO THE Lawrence County Council of Conservation Clubs, Ron Anthony, advisor, tells his newly formed Junior Conservation Club. Club officers are Jack Triplett, president; Nick Genova, vice-president; Steve Dmetruk, secretary; and Dave Booher, treasurer.





LAWRENCE COUNTY conservation campers are taught about survival plants by Dr. Roger Latham, outdoor editor, Pittsburgh Press, during their week-long camp on the Coachman Club grounds.

side jaunt. Dr. Latham had cautioned them against the poisonous death angel mushroom which was found and identified along with the mandrake and other toxic or noxious plants.

The gnawing problem that seemed to be aroused by the question, "What's a motion?" kept the advisors wondering even after camp was over. Just how could a group such as this be taught conservation and the outdoors and the best methods of running a sportsman's club? Advisor Ron Anthony was especially concerned. After these young people had been given a week of top instruction from the State Police on safety; the Pennsylvania Fish Commission on water and fishing; Game Protector Cal Hooper of the Pennsylvania Game Commission on wildlife, marsh development and predator control; Art Douitt, rifle instruction; Fred Acker, forestry; and Mr. and Mrs. Bob Turner in archery, was it going to end there?

Already Had Leaders

These young groups already had leaders in the form of special camp counselors drawn from those already attending the State College conservation camp. They included Jack Trip-

lett, Pete Janis, Billy Nicholson, Kenny Moore, Steve Dmetruk, John Kleim, Dave Booher and Dan Book. Here was a nucleus that could help a lot in stimulating local conservation interest for younger groups.

A novel solution was finally arrived at.

The group was organized into the first Junior Conservation Club of Lawrence County with meetings set for every other Monday night at the Lawrence County Sportsman Club headquarters. Senior advisors were added. They were Anthony, Robert Moorhouse, Douitt, Lester Triplett and County Council President Al Cartwright.

The club designated various local conservation projects, including edge cutting, winter feeding of game and pheasant raising as their program of work.

The senior club's pheasant raising facilities were turned over to the junior group for the coming year to house nearly 500 chicks.

A Member of Council

More significantly, however, the junior organization was taken into the council's 15 club membership with voting rights equal to the adult organizations.

"What better way to teach them than with the adults?" Anthony defended.

Perhaps the questions of "What's a motion?" is also what stirred council into approving the junior group as a part of its total membership. They must have felt that it would quicken their knowledge of parliamentary procedure and have them come face to face with conservation and outdoors problems, how they are met and resolved.

It seems that this kind of action might also get other county sportsman groups to do the same. It certainly might make some clubs more live-wire and give them an even greater reason for existence.



River Crossing

By Bob Latimer

Retired Waterfowl Management Agent

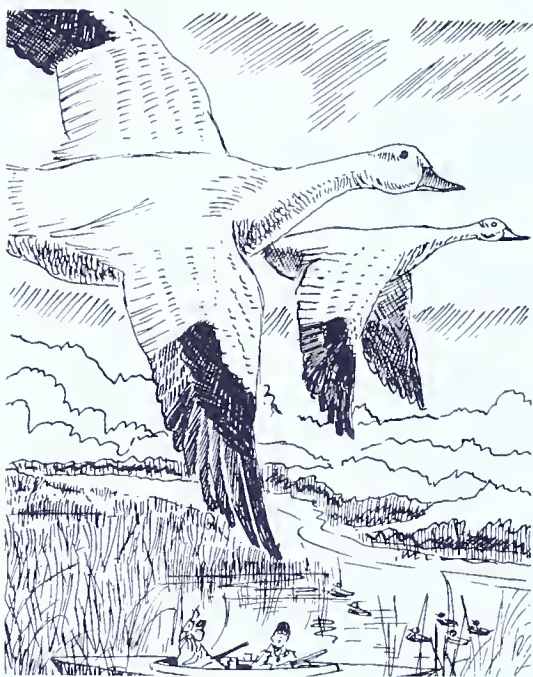
WATERFOWL hunting from a sneak boat on the Susquehanna River has afforded me a world of pleasure over a period of years and I have been fortunate enough to have been situated so that I could do a lot of it. Here's hoping I am lucky enough to be able to do it for a long time in the future. It's true of course, that one's main objective in getting up long before daylight, hustling around to get to the river, get the boat rigged and the decoys in, etc., is: To get some duck shooting and the odd chance at a bunch of geese. Many other things happen, however, not at all connected with waterfowl or shooting, that make it worth the effort and afford a lot of pleasure to anyone interested in the outdoors. I have many pleasant memories of odd, strange and curious things I have seen while lying along the shore in a sneak boat watching the decoys, or in jumpshooting when the water is high. I have kept a log of river hunting since 1949 and marked down a lot of these things that I enjoy looking over.

Though not much interested in deer hunting, I am always thrilled to see a deer cautiously and silently step into the river and swim across. Unless pushed by dogs or scared by something else, it is usually done very quietly and with little fuss—almost ghostly. If scared and in a hurry, all caution is cast aside and he hits the water with quite a splash. Over a period of years, I have seen maybe 30 to 40 cross under almost every circumstance. One morning in 1949, Ray Morningstar, now supervisor of the Game Commission's Northcentral Di-

vision, and I had a set of decoys in below Fisher's Island and were lying in the boat along shore on the Allenwood side. It was just after daylight and there was a bit of fog on the water, when a white buck tiptoed cautiously out on a small sand bar at the foot of the island. He acted somewhat spooky, but finally lowered his head and drank, then turned carefully and walked back on the island the way he came out and disappeared into the cover. As I remember it, he wasn't too big and had maybe six points. He must not have found things to his liking on the island, for about an hour later we saw him cross the riffle at the head of the island to our side. He then went up over the railroad and toward the Ordinance grounds.

During the 1951 season, I saw five single deer swim the river—all bucks. All of these crossed the Muncy Dam Pool. One of them swam directly across toward me to where I was sitting on the bank alongside the boat on the east side. When he was within about 50 yards, he either winded me, or sensed something was wrong. He stopped and held his position for a few seconds, apparently treading water, then turned slowly and swam down river for a full half mile, then came ashore near Hull's Cabin, shook himself and disappeared into the brush.

That same season I was lying in the boat one day in the early part of small game season, just below Ben-nage's Cottage, when what sounded like a beagle dog came within hearing range—and a very scared buck almost



DURING MID-NOVEMBER, 1958, hundreds of the greater snow geese were blown off course and were seen on the Susquehanna. Some even stayed for several days.

jumped in the boat. He wasn't apparently interested in anything but in putting distance between him and the dog—and acted as if he wanted to do that right now! He hit the water with a splash not over 20 feet ahead of the boat, swam fast and high to the other shore and didn't even stop to shake when he landed. I don't actually think the dog was running him, at least it didn't follow the track to the water. If not scared, deer normally swim low, evenly and not too fast, with just their head showing. When in a hurry, they seem to swim quite high and surge at times.

Another time, which according to my log was October 27, 1952, I was decoying just below Brushy Island and above the Butler Riffle. There was a large cornfield on Hall's Island and three does had evidently been feeding there and just after daylight wanted to bed down in the thick cover of Fred Davis' place. The river was low and where these deer crossed the water wasn't over maybe 15 inches deep at any place and about 250 to

300 yards across. They made this crossing very slowly, acting as if they wanted to do it without attracting any attention, if possible. They would take a few steps, then stop, look all around, then a few more steps and stand again. I didn't time them, but they were a long time making the crossing and in plain sight, though they did blend quite well with the background. In moving so cautiously, they could easily have been overlooked from where I was, about 150 yards away. They eventually made the brush on shore and I suppose they bedded down for the day.

On Our Way In

On Thanksgiving Day, November 22, 1956, Leon Keiser, Superintendent of the Commission's Wild Turkey Farm, and I were decoying in the Muncy Dam Pool. We saw only two bunches of ducks fly, and they acted as if they knew where they were going and didn't decoy. The wind came up hard and the water where we had our set became too rough to expect birds to set in and we decided to quit about 10 o'clock. In coming to our boat landing I saw what looked like a pair of geese going ashore near Dr. Theiss' Cottage. It was quite a distance away and whatever it was disappeared in the gloom along the bank before I could get the glasses on them. I was in front and we had the wind at our backs, so Ki suggested he run me there to see. When we came up along the shore line close enough to see, it turned out to be two big does under the steep bank — with their heads in the rough water. The bad light made them appear like geese to me. They evidently had intended to go up over the road to the Muncy Hills, but someone moving around at one of the cottages had changed their minds and they were skulking under the bank, just below the road. When we came up in the boat just offshore to within about 30 yards, they decided it was their move and that they had been too long in making up their

minds what it would be. They elected to go back across the direction they had come from—and they hit the water like a couple of Field Trial Champion Retrievers. One of us suggested seeing how fast they could swim and if we could catch up with them. We dug in and paddled as hard as we could and they were doing the same. About three-quarters of the way across we did catch up close enough for me to slap one of them on the rump with my paddle, then let them go—we were winded and so were they! They both had their mouths wide open, which proved to us that they will tire quickly in the water when really pushed hard. Had they had 15 to 20 yards more start on us, I don't think we would have been able to catch up with them before they made it to the other bank.

Naturally you seldom get a chance to see a bear from the boat on the section of the river we normally hunt, but I did see one. Harry Kolb and I were jumpshooting one day on high

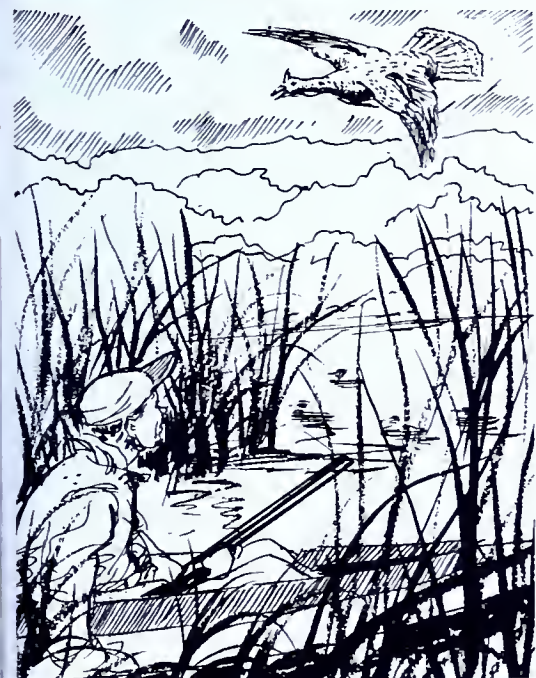
water and were coming through a gut along the side of Heller's Island. A bunch of mallards jumped where there was some brush between us. They flew toward the open water and didn't give us much chance, but Harry knocked down a mallard hen. She fell in what we thought was the open water. We paddled to the mouth of the gut as fast as we could into the open water and turned the boat into the current in order to retrieve the bird as she drifted down to us. This stretch of water was quite fast and we were paddling hard to hold our place. A dog opened up not far back from the river bank in a cornfield and a small black bear weighing 100 to 125 pounds came from the direction of the dog's barking. He ran up along the river bank past us, being about 20 yards from us as he passed. I don't think he ever saw us, at least he didn't nod. I don't know if he knew where he was going or not, but it's a cinch he wasn't going to be late. Never did see the mallard again.

Seldom See Them

With the lesser snow geese migrating almost nonstop from James Bay to the Gulf and the greater snows going down the Atlantic coast line to their wintering grounds, we seldom get a chance to see these birds, even though they are protected on the Atlantic flyway. About the only time we do get a chance to see any of them is when some of the greater are blown off course inland. This did happen in 1958 during mid-November and we saw hundreds of these birds go through. Many were tired and dropped off for several days. Though they are not legal game for us, it is a nice sight to see them come through and to have some decoy to our set.

I have only witnessed two migrational flights of loons, one of them a northern movement in the spring, the other a southern movement I happened to see on November 27, 1953. We were decoying near Allen-

WHEN THE TURKEYS did cross the river, I was not present. George Deiffenderfer, District Game Protector in Montfour County, bagged a nice 18-pounder.



wood. It was spitting snow and loons moved through for several hours that morning. They did not fly in groups or formation, but singly, with some being in sight about all the time. I judge that there were between 750 and 1,000 of them going down the river. It was a good duck day, most all kinds moved and enough stopped to decoy for us to fill our limits. By the time we were quitting the swans started through and many of them lit in and stayed that night. We saw at least 1,000 of them. Several hundred had settled on the water above the Montgomery Bridge when we crossed it coming home that afternoon.

Turkeys Crossed

It hasn't been my luck to see any turkeys cross the river while hunting, but three big gobblers did cross one day near my decoys—I was elsewhere. George Deiffenderfer, District Game Protector in Montour County, had driven down to where our decoys were tied out. Not seeing my boat in, he looked the river over with his glasses. While doing this, he saw three big birds take off from the farming side, flying towards the Muncy Hills—the side he was on. Realizing they were turkeys, he secured his gun and moved down the road to where they lit at the water's edge. When they came up over the bank to cross the road, he picked out the closest one and shellacked him—just as easy as that! He said they were all gobblers and alike in size. The one he shot went an even 18 pounds and a beautiful bird. This all goes to prove I should have been there attending to my business!

Ring-necked pheasants show up quite often flying from one side to the other. There used to be good cover on the Montgomery side of the Muncy Dam Pool. On the first day of small game season in 1951, Andy Long, a retired Game Commissioner, and I put my boat in to watch the decoys after we had killed a couple

of pheasants. Lots of small game hunters were out moving around and in several hours we saw 16 different cockbirds that had been jumped from the fields cross to the steep hill above the dam—where they were safe for the day. That hill is just too steep to get over. It is almost straight up and with plenty of low evergreen cover; almost a perfect refuge for them. Many of them would squawk defiantly after reaching there.

In the sneak boat, lying along the shore at the foot of this steep hill one afternoon in mid-November, 1952, Ki and I heard a cock pheasant squawk as he flushed high on the hill above us. He flew straight across the river holding his elevation. I judge he was about 300 yards high. When he reached the other side he nosed over and dived straight down, going faster and faster, till he disappeared behind the trees on the bank. It was the most incredible flight of any bird I have ever witnessed. If I hadn't had a witness to it, I don't think I would have ever mentioned it to anyone. I have no doubt that he pulled out of it in time, but it must have taken some doing. We didn't go over to see—if he didn't, he wouldn't have been fit to use anyhow! That same afternoon a pair of cockbirds came from the other side to us, flying low and as fast as I have ever seen any move. They were almost on us when we first saw them. By sheer good luck and some scrambling around, we were able to come to and gave them a ride on the bow of the boat going home.

A Swimming Woodchuck

I was watching a set of goose decoys at the head of this Muncy Dam Pool on October 15 this past season when something started to swim across to our side. The wake at first looked like it was made by a rat or a beaver. It didn't look like either when I put the glasses on it. My partner pronounced it to be a woodchuck after he glassed it—and that's what it was. I had a camera along and as it ap-



THE BEAR RAN UP ALONG THE RIVERBANK past us, about 20 yards at the closest point. Apparently a dog had routed him from a nearby cornfield. He looked to weigh about 100 to 125 pounds.

proached our side we paddled up close and took a couple of pictures. It crawled ashore and rested awhile. It turned out to be an old female. After her rest she went up over the bank and the road, and disappeared.

A couple of years ago I was paddling Hank Pratt, Superintendent of the Commission's Waterfowl Farm, down French Creek between Meadville and Cochranton in Crawford County. This creek runs quite smooth and crooked. There was no wind and I was trying to run the boat as quietly and smoothly as possible, hoping to surprise any fat lazy mallards that might be around the next bend. Some-

thing dropped into the water just ahead of the boat. We looked up in time for Hank to knock a big fat fox squirrel off a limb hanging over the water. It was a cutting he had dropped—he still had the hickory nut in his mouth when Hank laid him in the boat. I have had some good gray squirrel shoots from the boat, but this was the first time I had anyone bag a fox squirrel, having very few, if any, on the Susquehanna.

I think you will agree with me that there is a lot more to sneak boat hunting than just killing ducks—and as I said before, **HOPE I HAVE A LOT MORE OF IT AHEAD OF ME!**

Outdoor Recreation Action Booklet Available

Persons interested in learning what they can do to promote outdoor recreation can obtain a list of suggestions and case histories of successful state and community programs in "Action for Outdoor Recreation in America," a helpful and attractive booklet now available from the Citizens Committee for the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission Report.

Copies of "Action for Outdoor Recreation in America" are free on individual request from the citizens committee, tagged CORC, at 1001 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C. 20036. Quantities of 10 or more can be supplied at 10 cents each, including postage costs. Groups and agencies contemplating large orders of the booklet should contact the CORC promptly.

The Food Is There

By **Arnold H. Hayden**
Game Biologist

AS TURKEY hunters invade Pennsylvania woodlands searching for the king of birds, they often take note of prevailing food conditions.

Concerned sportsmen ask themselves: "Is there going to be enough food to get the turkeys through the winter?" "Will we have to carry corn back here in January and February?"

All too often, these same concerned sportsmen judge the food conditions throughout the state by what they have seen on one ridge. In addition, many sincere sportsmen think that the lack of one or two kinds of food means that the whole food situation is unfavorable.

Seed crops vary from year to year, species to species, ridge to ridge, mountain side to mountain side, from hollow to hollow. It is a rare year indeed that there is a complete mast failure. It might be a year when only grapevines produce fruit, or the oaks, the beech, the ash, or the hornbeam. Only when we are really lucky do we have a heavy seed crop such as the one produced in 1962, when almost every tree species produced a good crop of mast.

The wild turkey is a very versatile creature. It is capable of consuming a great variety of food types including seeds, grass blades, apples, insects, salamanders, buds, and tubers found in the forest humus.

Just what part does the yearly mast crop play in wintering wild turkeys? Let's look at a few examples. Many species of trees and vines retain fruit or seeds for long periods of time. Viable beechnuts and sugar maple seeds were still falling in quantity onto a snow cover of 12-18 inches on January 14, 1963, in Tioga County. Turkeys were observed feeding on



PGC Photo by Harrison

THE WILD TURKEY is a very versatile creature. It is capable of consuming a great variety of food types including seeds, grass blades, apples, insects, salamanders, buds, and tubers found in the forest humus.

these late falling seeds from the first week of deer season until mid-January.

Grapes were an important food to the wild turkey during the winter of 1960-61 in Cameron County when a snow cover exceeded 11 inches and laid on the ground for more than a month. When turkeys fed there that winter, some of them flew into the grapevines at the tops of trees. The birds feeding on the clusters of grapes knocked off many which fell to the ground. The turkeys below would immediately gobble up the fallen grapes. Nary a grape was wasted.

During the winter of 1962-63 apple trees which retained fruits were an important source of food in some of the northern tier counties. The turkeys consumed both the pulp and seeds of the apples.

In other instances turkeys often feed in areas where deer have pawed their way to the ground in an attempt to reach food. In some cases turkeys have been found to feed on the buds of hop hornbeam and American beech.

One of the most important sources of winter food in our northern tier

counties is the spring seep. Mast as a wintering food is often covered up by deep snow and becomes less available as winter progresses and competition for food between animals increases. A critical period for turkeys occurs when the snow cover exceeds eight inches in depth and scratching for food becomes difficult. In other words, the energy expended by a turkey to reach ground is greater than the nourishment it will receive from food it gets there. But the turkey has an ace-in-the-hole—the spring run or seep. Turkeys do not hesitate to walk in water in their search for food and have even been observed submerging their heads in an attempt to consume aquatic insects or vegetation from a spring run. The temperature of the water in the springs is sufficiently warm to melt ice and snow which would accumulate there. As a result of this natural phenomenon, turkeys are able to feed regardless of snow depth. Biologists in West Virginia report that springs and rivulets of water are often the only source of food available to the turkey during the winter months. Fortunately, most areas of the primary turkey range in northern Pennsylvania are blessed with an abundance of springs. A combination of nearby hemlock groves and unfrozen seeps is almost sure to winter a flock of turkeys.

Seep Areas Thaw

Seepy areas on south-facing hill-sides often thaw during bright sunny days and allow the turkeys to find additional food. During late February as the sun becomes more intense, many of the previously frozen seeps thaw thereby often increasing the food supply. At this same time of year, grass shoots begin appearing in the seeps and along the edges of spring runs providing yet another excellent source of food.

In some parts of Pennsylvania watercress thrives in spring runs and is heavily utilized by both turkeys and



PGC Photo by Harrison

THE SPRING SEEP is one of the most important sources of food during the winter months. This seep in McKean County has been used extensively by turkeys searching for both plant and animal life.

deer. If there is a need for grit a turkey can readily find it in the spring seeps.

Some food items commonly found in the seeps are aquatic insects, salamanders, snails, algae, and vegetation such as watercress and grasses.

Winter places a rigorous stress on the wild turkey. The weak fail to endure; the strong persist to furnish Pennsylvania with hardy, durable breeding stock of wild turkeys. Nature's scheme ultimately creates a better world for both man and beast.

Beaver



TRAPPER-FARMER Stanley Shortz pauses to view a beaver house on an isolated pond in Sullivan County. Snow melted on top tells him that there is life inside.



PEELED ASPEN and birch twigs and logs are piled on top of the house and in the mud along the shore.

MUDDY TRACKS emerge from an open, spring fed section of the beaver dam.

THE 1964 beaver season is a miles with extinction, and finally protect sary of beavers as legal game. The 1

This is a remarkable story of the be ivory bill woodpecker, appeared in numbers throughout the state, but neared extinction. In 1850 the beaver fully by law, and restocked in suitab until 84 years later, their increased marked the reopening, with some 6, over 70,000 pelts have been taken d

The beaver has captured the ima America. Part of this romance reach most industry in frontier days. Trap the continent in quest of beavers. C land on the heels of the trapper.

For a look-see at this oldest of outo ing in early March on his beaver trap other outdoorsmen, pursued this spo trails in the wilds of Pennsylvania.

This is what I found. The pictures rewarding adventure steeped in tradi pages as he builds a trap line, then n him. This story is a tribute to the 196 able outdoor activity in Pennsylvania

NO. 4 JUMP TRAP, with a six-inch jaw spread, is wired to a rock anchor, then set and pan adjusted.



apping

nr
hor

als of Pennsylvania. Once threatened
century, this marks the 30th anniver-
from February 15-March 15.

nd, like that of the passenger pigeon,
builders were once found in generous
sued for their fashionable furs, they
on the protected game list. Protected
beaver gradually staged a comeback
ated a limited season. The year 1934
sted during that memorable year. Well
ng 30 years.

oppers for generations throughout North
o history when trapping was a fore-
advance scouts, blazing trails deep into
west and northward across this vast

ecompanied a trapper one wintry morn-
oper is Stanley Shortz, who, like many
ood, accompanying his elders on trap

tory of a lonely, but compelling and
most legendary. Follow Stanley on these
several gorgeous beaver pelts awaiting
n, the 30th anniversary of this remark-

TRAP IS PLACED a few inches under water.
Several freshly cut aspen limbs can be stacked
on the bank to serve as bait.



THAT NIGHT a beaver slips out of the house
and ventures into the open spring water for
fresh bark food. It smells the bait and pro-
ceeds toward the trap.



NEXT MORNING the trapper finds his reward.
A 30-pound beaver in beautiful shape. The
animal had quickly drowned after being
caught.

BACK HOME, Stanley displays two prime
pelts. A fitting symbol of Pennsylvania's 30th
anniversary.





FIELD NOTES



Skate Hunting

DELAWARE COUNTY—On December 28, 1963, at approximately 3:30 p.m. Deputy Bartholomew was patrolling near Boothwyn, on Naaman's Creek Road when he observed a young man ice skating. When Deputy Bartholomew took a second look, he saw the fellow was wearing a hunting license and carrying a shotgun. Deputy Bartholomew checked the hunting license and asked what he was doing. The fellow told him he was ice skating and hunting squirrels at the same time. Deputy Bartholomew told him that skating and hunting might prove dangerous if he was to fall. The young man said that he had considered that and the gun was unloaded. He was carrying the shotgun in one hand and a shell in the other.—District Game Protector R. C. Feaster, Chester.

Oldster Bags 8-Point

CAMBRIA COUNTY—The oldest hunter in this area to bag a deer during the past season was Leo B. Drager, 39 Wyoming Street, Johnstown. Mr. Drager, aged 84 years, killed an 8-point buck.—District Game Protector Louis D. Mostoller, Johnstown.

Poor Road Hunting

CRAWFORD COUNTY—One often sees pheasants out on the roads getting grit or drying off after a rain; one also sees ground hogs along the berm of the roads getting the salt or other minerals. But I can't figure out why the deer hunters believe all of the deer will be walking up and down the roads. I checked a car during the season at 9:30 a.m. parked along the road. It had two deer hunters, using the term loosely, in it. At three o'clock the same day I checked the same car and the same hunters. When I asked them that afternoon how they were doing, they stated, "We haven't seen a thing. No one is pushing the deer out."—District Game Protector John R. Miller, Meadville.

Lost Weight

ERIE AND CRAWFORD COUNTIES—During this past deer season I had the opportunity of assisting with the deer aging station. The cooperation of the sportsmen was a wonder to behold; and also it gave me a good opportunity to get a great many points of view from the sportsmen—some good, some bad, some humorous. For example, I noticed two successful hunters dragging a buck between them and placing it on the scales. It weighed 85 pounds. After this operation, one of the hunters picked the deer up by himself and started toward the car with it. When his companion wanted to help, the first hunter said, rather dejectedly, "Heck, this thing ain't heavy now."—Land Management Officer Russell W. Meyer, Waterford.

What Next?

CUMBERLAND COUNTY — During the last several months three Shippensburg residents have had unusual, perhaps once in a lifetime experiences with wildlife. First a young trapper accidentally caught an otter in a trap which he had set for coon, then on the first day of buck season a lucky hunter killed a fine six-point buck, with antlers almost fully developed, but still in the velvet, then on the first day of antlerless season another lucky hunter found his kill to have the top six inches of a gallon syrup can around its neck like a collar. What next???? — District Game Protector Dorsey Smith, Shippensburg.

Lost Hunter Could Be Rarity

CARBON COUNTY — Once again this season, I have spent many cold evening hours searching for deer hunters who have strayed from their companions in the course of the hunt. This constitutes a needless waste of time for all concerned, and sometimes a cruel and unnecessary anxiety for loved ones. If a party of hunters would decide among themselves before the hunt, even when hunting in a familiar area, how, when and where they should get together again and further decide what to do if one didn't show up, I am certain that the "lost" hunter would become rare rather than commonplace. — District Game Protector Mervin L. Warfield, Weatherly.

A Losing Game

FOREST COUNTY — We had 23 lost hunters during deer season. — District Game Protector Duane W. Gross, Marienville.

Ice Claims Buck

SOMERSET COUNTY — Several hunters in the Bakersville area were quite disappointed when a buck they were pursuing decided to cross over a dam on the ice; when part way across the ice broke and the deer disappeared. — District Game Protector Edward W. Cox, Washington.

Deer Excess

VENANGO COUNTY — The deer kill was light in Venango County, so there's plenty of deer left. With the snow fairly deep in the mountains, they are feeding closer to civilization. One woman reports about 30 coming to her back door and she's afraid they want in the house to eat. In my own back yard, they are pawing up the snow and eating the grass. — District Game Protector Lorraine E. Yocum, Oil City.

Where Are the Lions?

COLUMBIA COUNTY — Recently I was asked by the Christmas Party Committee, Mifflin Township, Lions Club, to show an educational film at their annual Christmas Party for children. With the assistance of CIA Steve Kish, it was decided that the new "Mallard Duck" film would be most appropriate. At the showing of the film on December 18, 1963, approximately 150 children were on hand to welcome Santa Claus and the Yuletide Season. Directly in the middle of the film showing, one of the younger element, being approximately 4 years of age, stood up and stated, "My daddy said this is a Lions Club, so how come this picture is about ducks not lions?" — District Game Protector Edward Sherlinski, Mifflinville.



Hunted Hunter Found

VENANGO COUNTY — On December 14, we had a young hunter lost on State Game Lands No. 39. He was last seen by his father at 3 p.m. who called us about 9 p.m. after failing to find him. It turned out to be a big all-night hunt in near zero weather. After conferring with the father, I had a deputy come to the area along the highway. We set up some strong lights and did some shooting. We called the State Police, and they made several trips around the area, looking for him on the roads and stopping at most all homes and asking them to keep watch. Later, Land Manager Borger went on a Game Lands road of about six miles with a four-wheel drive truck. He had the lost hunter's father and brothers with him. They had come from New Castle to help hunt. Later Mr. Borger took a fire department truck to the area and they set up a strong light. We were in contact with several fire departments through the central control office in Franklin. They set up searchlights at other areas. They called out an airplane at about 3:30 a.m. and it flew over the area looking for a fire. Deputy Neil Borger was there all night with a Commission portable radio and a citizen band radio. There were some men helping with this type of radio. We had about 150 men from six fire departments to start searching at daylight. They found the hunter about 8 a.m. He was O.K., but cold and hungry. — District Game Protector Clyde Decker, Franklin.

Turkey Feeding Underway

CLEARFIELD COUNTY — With winter upon us, the sportsmen in my district put their winter feeding programs into effect. In two weeks I had given them about 300 bushels of corn. The one feeder on the Game Lands had about 40 turkeys working on it.—District Game Protector Donald E. Benner, DuBois.

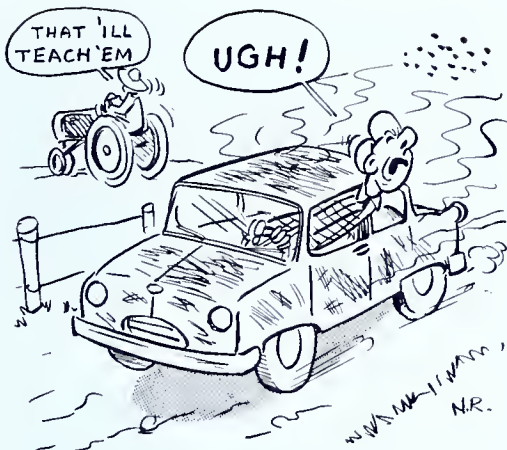
A Chilly Reward

CRAWFORD AND MERCER COUNTIES—Very few hunters were found in the extended small game season hunting for rabbits, grouse, or squirrel. But the dyed-in-the-wool goose hunters braved the cold and stood their ground along the edge of the Pymatuning Goose area, hoping and waiting for a flock or a single to stray over. Cold—yes, but also a few happy hunters.—District Game Protector Arden D. Fichtner, Greenville.

Turned White

CARBON COUNTY—While checking hunting camps during deer season, I had the following related to me by one of the men at the Spring Side Camp near Meckesville. Seems he was hunting and came upon a mound of dirt and leaves covered with snow. There was a hole going into the mound and he got down on his knees and pecked in, only to have a large black bear stare him right in the eye. He jumped back a few feet and stood there petrified. The bear crawled out of the hole, walked around the mound and took off helter-skelter in the other direction. The hunter said the bear probably didn't see him, for he thinks he was well camouflaged. He thinks he turned "white as the snow."—District Game Protector David L. Moyer, Jim Thorpe.





Piled It High

ERIE COUNTY—I didn't observe the following personally, but heard the report from the irate farmer involved. A deer hunter blocked a farm lane in Greenfield Township with his auto. The farmer, who was in the process of spreading manure, backed up his spreader to the offending auto and covered the roof and driver's side with his entire load. I certainly would have liked to be present to observe the hunter's expression when he returned.—District Game Protector David Kirkland, Wesleyville.

Nice Bucks

CLARION COUNTY—This was a good year for the buck hunters here in Clarion County. Most of them seemed pretty well satisfied. Those who didn't connect at least saw bucks and had some good shooting. There were quite a few comments on the fine condition of the deer and the exceptionally nice antlers. There were quite a few "big bucks" taken too. Among these was a 204-pound, nine-point and a 196-pound, seven-point (both of these deer were weighed hog-dressed). There was also a fine 7-point, 138 pound albino buck taken here in the county.—District Game Protector Jack M. Lavery, Clarion.

Field Note Starts Friendship

GREENE COUNTY—There are many various things that happen in the life of a Game Protector, but one of the nicer ones came my way in December. Along with the many Christmas cards was a letter from S. C. Haines, New Bedford. I had never heard of Mr. Haines before, and in his letter he said that he had noticed the Field Note I had in the *GAME NEWS* about the oddities of birds and wondered if we were any relation. To this day we don't know, but will probably find out next summer as Mr. Haines has a cabin on Medix Run and I intend to visit him when on vacation.—District Game Protector Leslie V. Haines, Waynesburg.

Black Plague

BERKS COUNTY—The annual bird count during Christmas Week by the Baird Bird Club of Reading indicated that there was a minimum of 75,000 crows using the Ontelaunee Watershed Propagation Area each night for a roosting site. The club report stated that a count of 80,000 had been made but 5,000 reduction had been made to account for possible double counts. It is interesting to note that just two years ago some of the area residents were fearful that the crow shoots at the Ontelaunee would make the crow as extinct as the passenger pigeon.—Conservation Information Assistant Paul Glenny, Wet Lawn.

A Touch of Spring?

PIKE COUNTY—On December 29 while assisting the Sussex Bird Club in their annual Christmas bird count and with the temperature well down in the teens I was quite surprised to observe a lone robin feeding on the red berries of a barberry bush. The ground was covered with from 10 to 12 inches of snow.—District Game Protector Daniel S. McPeck, Jr., Matamoras.

Snowy Owl Report

WASHINGTON COUNTY—I have noticed an increased number of snowy owls in my district this year. Food must be pretty scarce up north to move these owls south this early. The first owl I saw was on 11-16-63. Four small game hunters also viewed this bird, and upon talking to them later on I was told of the “eagle, chicken hawk, or fish hawk” that these hunters had just seen. One hunter exclaimed, “I never saw a bird so large in my life, so it has to be a bald eagle.”—District Game Protector Donald C. Madl, McDonald.

Spooky Trophy

GREENE COUNTY—This story came to me from a local miner, who heard it from a sportsman that met one of the strangest deer hunters in Fayette County mountains. This sportsman was standing along the road when out of the woods came a “Jungle Beaten” hunter, wearing only a light shirt and carrying what was the only remains of a double barrel shotgun. The excited hunter asked for help, claiming he had shot his two bullets into a buck, then broke his shotgun over the trophy. They went back to a sawdust pile and the helping hunter leaped back from the pile, not sure of what he saw staring at him. Then “Old Jungle Jim” explained that he was tired of dragging that

deer over his back, so he hid it under the sawdust pile, and he was playing it safe in dragging it, so he took his red-hooded sweatshirt, put the buck's legs into the arms and slipped the hood over the antlers. Finding that hidden under a sawdust pile would spook most hunters.—District Game Protector Theodore Vesloski, Carmichaels.

12-Point in Moonlight

CUMBERLAND COUNTY — On the evening of December 29 I received a phone call from one of the Carlisle area residents to inform me that not all the bucks had been killed in this area. He stated that he had a spike feeder with corn in his back yard and due to the beautiful moonlight night was just looking out the window when a 12-point buck wandered into the area and proceeded to stand on his hind legs and eat the corn placed there for the squirrels. Before leaving the buck ate all the corn and then knocked down the 2 x 2 holding the spikes. That's gratitude for you.—District Game Protector Eugene Utech, Carlisle.

Extended Season a Bonus

LUZERNE COUNTY—Apparently the extended waterfowl season that was set by the Game Commission with the approval of the Federal Fish and Wildlife Service was a real bonus to the dyed-in-the-wool duck hunter. Field reports indicate that while most sportsmen were busy hunting big game, a certain number of waterfowl hunters stayed with their favorite sport and realized undreamed of success. Hunting the Susquehanna River, they found flight ducks migrating by the hundreds and enjoyed many fruitful hours afield.—District Game Protector Howard Bower, Jr., Wilkes-Barre.



Hunters Help Justice

JUNIATA COUNTY — Proof that cooperation between interested sportsmen and our game program really works is quite evident especially when a particular specie of game is low in number and attempts are made to rebuild it. Turkeys in Juniata County are not plentiful and all attempts at rebuilding the supply are met with real interest from all our sportsmen. So it was no great surprise when in deer season during the afternoon, I received a call from a hunter that he had seen signs of a turkey being shot along the foot of Shade Mountain. Deputy Banks Smith and I went immediately to the area. About 9:30 p.m., when we were about frozen to the spots we had chosen to conceal ourselves, we were warmed with the sight of a flashlight beam coming up along the mountain and shortly thereafter warmed up more so inside the Justice of the Peace's Office where we had a successful case on one charge of killing and one of assisting in killing a wild turkey in closed season. This was a beautiful 16-pound gobbler that had been shot with a deer rifle. There is nothing really unusual about the case but it is a good example of the results that can come from interested sportsmen. The game belongs to everyone and it is everyone's job to help in its protection.—District Game Protector Robert Shaffer, Mifflintown.

Pound for Pound

FRANKLIN COUNTY—On December 14, 1963, approximately 800 hunters took 648 antlerless deer from the ammunition area of Letterkenny Ordnance Depot. Hunters were restricted to shotguns and pumpkin balls. Quite a few hunters stated they had used over a box (25) of pumpkin balls before they got a deer. That might average out to about a pound of lead for every 100 pounds of venison taken.—District Game Protector Kermit Dale, Chambersburg.

Wintering Doves

UNION COUNTY—I observed hundreds of doves in my district all during the month of December.—District Game Protector John Shuler, Lewisburg.

73 Years of Stamina

SNYDER COUNTY—Ed Shirk, a 73-year-old hunter, assisted on a search for a missing hunter on Shade Mountain on the eve of December 2 accompanied by Deputies Tyler, Arbogast and Bickhart. Showing his stamina and not his age he would pause from time to time while going up the mountain, hold up his lantern and say, "you guys coming," wait for the deputies and proceed at his blistering pace leaving the deputies huffing and puffing. — District Game Protector Ivan Dodd, Middleburg.

Cool Rattler

CLEARFIELD COUNTY—William Wilson, of Utahville, reports that he killed a 42-inch rattlesnake last year on a mountain near the town of Blandburg on the Clearfield-Cambria County line. The rattler was yellow in color and lay coiled at Wilson's feet when he killed it. Nothing too unusual about that—except it was on the third day of buck season (December 4) and several inches of snow blanketed the ground.—District Game Protector Lawrence A. Kuznar, Ramey.





CONSERVATION NEWS



PGC Photo by Steve Kish

FOOD AND COVER CORPSMEN fell gray birch in northeastern Pennsylvania as a part of the winter browse feeding program there.

Game Commission Carries On Annual Winter Feed Program; No Food Shortage Expected

FOR the third straight year, more than 200 Pennsylvania Game Commission workers have devoted full time to cutting deer browse and improving food and cover conditions for wildlife this winter.

Under the direction of the Commission's six field division supervisors and 27 land management officers, these per diem members of the Food and Cover Corps use axe, chain saw, bulldozer and human muscle to provide deer with additional supplies of natural food—the tender twigs and

buds of forest trees like red maple, ash, cherry, sassafras and basswood. This "Operation Deer Browse," initially organized on the current expanded basis in the fall of 1959, is carried on every winter, five days a week, starting in late fall and continuing through March and April.

During the past three years, more than 27,000 acres of Pennsylvania forests have been worked over with three objectives in mind. First, the cutting brings tops and branches within reach of deer to provide immediate food in

the form of natural browse (and it takes about six pounds of twigs and buds per day to keep a deer healthy in winter). Second, the tops and limbs of felled trees make ideal cover for rabbits, grouse, and other forest wildlife. Finally, the cutting operation opens up the forest canopy for the penetration of sunlight to stimulate seedling and sprout growth for future deer browse during and after the next growing season. Eventually, the forest becomes uneven-aged and provides improved conditions for wildlife.

M. J. Golden, Commission Executive Director, points out that all revenue from the sale of antlerless deer licenses is earmarked by law for cutting or other practices for the removal of overshadowing growth to promote deer food. For the past four years, he said, more money has actually been spent for this purpose than required by law, with a total expenditure during this period of over \$1,474,000. In 1962, the sale of antlerless deer licenses yielded \$201,431 to the Game Fund. Actual expenditures for cutting deer browse last year totaled \$316,411.47.

In addition to this extensive winter program of browse cutting by Commission work crews, more than 150 areas throughout the state have been selected and marked for use by sportsmen and other interested groups in trying their skill and endurance at browse cutting. Anyone interested in spending a day or a weekend in this type of outdoor activity is asked to get in touch with any Commission field officer. Game Protectors and land managers will be glad to direct sportsmen to these areas and to offer advice on how a browse cutting operation should be organized and conducted.

Commission spokesmen pointed out, however, that there are some basic requirements for any successful deer browse cutting program. These include:

- All personnel must be properly clothed, to include boots, gloves,

jackets and caps that will keep them warm and dry.

- Cutting crews must have proper equipment—sharp axes or hatchets, brush hooks or chain saws — and they should be aware of the dangers involved in trying to chop or cut trees which are frozen at this time of year.
- All groups, especially Scout or other youth groups, should carry some type of accident and liability insurance. First-aid kits should be carried with them at all times.
- No cutting of any trees or shrubs should be done without prior approval of the landowner. This includes advance permission from state agencies. On State Game Lands, all cutting must be supervised by a Game Commission representative.
- Crew members should be able to identify or recognize the various trees and shrubs so that desirable game-food producing species are not destroyed.
- Persons involved in browse cutting must be physically able to perform hard labor for the greater part of the day, usually under adverse weather conditions.

Game Commission field officers emphasized that in January no immediate emergency due to food shortage existed anywhere in the state. In late summer it became evident that earlier reports indicating possible state-wide food shortages were premature. Game managers do not, in fact, consider this a critical year for supplies of natural feed in most areas of Pennsylvania. Although a late spring frost did hit and delayed fruiting on some nut and fruit producing trees and shrubs, especially at higher elevations in northern counties, Commission field officers report the freeze did less damage than at first expected. They reported this fall that crops of acorns, cherry, beech-nut, grape and other important wildlife foods were at least average, and in some areas, better than last year.

Game Commission Sets Tentative Opening Dates for '64 Hunting Seasons

The Pennsylvania Game Commission, meeting in Harrisburg on January 10, set tentative opening dates for the 1964 hunting seasons, named officers for the coming year, and acted on other routine items of business, including the continuation of bounties on foxes and great horned owls.

According to H. L. Buchanan, Franklin, Commission president, the 8-member board tentatively set Saturday, October 3, 1964, as the opening day for the archery season on deer; Saturday, October 31 as the opening date for the 1964 small game season; Monday, November 23, was selected for the opening day of the 1964 bear season; and Monday, November 30, the opening date for the 1964 antlered deer season. Buchanan said official opening dates, length of hunting seasons and bag limits will not be set until the regular quarterly meeting of the Commission next June.

Buchanan was re-elected to his second one-year term as president of the

nonsalaried board. He was first appointed a member of the Commission in 1953 and served as vice-president in 1957 and 1960. Carroll F. Hockersmith, Shippensburg, was elected vice-president of the Commission, succeeding Brig. General Nicholas Biddle, Bethayres. General Biddle was first appointed to the Commission in 1935 and has served two terms, respectively, as president and vice-president. Hockersmith was appointed to the Commission in 1958 and will serve his first term as an officer. James A. Thompson, Pittsburgh, was re-elected secretary. He has been a Commission member since 1957 and served as president in 1960, '61 and '62.

By resolution, the Commission also continued the payment of bounties on great horned owls and foxes during 1964, except that bounties will be discontinued from the opening of small game hunting season. Bounty payments will be made at the rate of \$5 for each great horned owl, \$4 for each fox.

THE 1964 GAME COMMISSION. Seated left to right are James A. Thompson, secretary, Pittsburgh; H. L. Buchanan, president, Franklin; Carroll F. Hockersmith, vice-president, Shippensburg. Standing are: Russell M. Lucas, Philipsburg; Loring H. Cramer, East Stroudsburg; Brig. Gen. Nicholas Biddle, Bethayres; R. G. Smith, Berwick; M. J. Golden, executive director; Frederick M. Simpson, Huntingdon; and Glenn L. Bowers, deputy executive director.

PGC Photo by Ken Gardner



1963 Deer Kill Being Compiled; Buck Harvest May Set All-time Pa. Record

Compiling official figures on Pennsylvania's 1963 deer kill is a long sort of a job.

With a total of over 82,000 report cards received by January 17, R. S. Lichtenberger, chief of the Commission's division of administration in Harrisburg, said it would take at least another six weeks before a final report can be made. "We get a reliable figure of the total deer kill," Lichtenberger said, "because the post office department bills us each day for each card received in Harrisburg. Since the end of the deer season, this total figure has increased by leaps and bounds as more cards are received. The big influx of cards from successful hunters is now over, of course, but each day a few more arrive. We are also getting cards from successful archers who bagged a deer in the late archery season which ended January 11. On Friday, January 17, for example, 213 cards were received, bringing the grand total reported deer kill by that date to 82,164 animals."

Lichtenberger pointed out that each card must be checked to determine the sex of the animal, the county and season in which it was killed. Each card is also examined for reports on bear kills, the other big game animal which successful hunters are required by law to report. Quite often, hunters who were successful in bagging both a deer and a bear report both animals on the same postage-prepaid card issued with their license.

Estimates of the deer harvest made by Game Commission field officers following the archery and firearms hunting seasons indicate 1963 may have been a record year for Keystone State deer hunters.

M. J. Golden, Executive Director of the Commission, announced recently that the post-season estimates submitted by 130 District Game Protectors throughout the state place the



PGC Photo by D. L. Batcheler

BREAKING DOWN AND COUNTING big game report cards is a big job, especially when there are more than 82,000 with which to work. Here Game Commission employee Mrs. Marjorie Slack places a card into the proper county pigeonhole.

total antlered deer kill at over 47,500 animals. "If these estimated kill figures are confirmed by the actual count of big game report cards now taking place in Harrisburg," Golden said, "the 1963 antlered deer kill may set an all-time record."

Golden emphasized that the 47,500 figure for the buck kill is only a preliminary estimate. He said the final, official deer kill figures are based entirely on an actual count of report cards from successful hunters.

Pennsylvania's record kill of buck deer was scored in 1957 when hunters reported a harvest of 49,254 antlered animals. The second highest kill on record was registered in 1939 when hunters reported a harvest of 49,106 bucks. Other record years were 1958 (47,738 bucks), 1949 (46,602 bucks) and 1955 (45,044 bucks). During the 1962 deer season hunters reported a harvest of 42,266 legal bucks—highest since 1956.

Potter Deer Trophy Contest Best Ever



Photos by The Potter Enterprise

THIS 20-POINT rack took top honors in the points division. George H. Walter, Mills, proudly poses with his buck shot in Potter County. The buck weighed 154 pounds dressed.

THE WEIGHT of this 159-pound buck won for Edward Berry, Emporium, first place in the weight division. The deer was shot on Crandall Hill in Potter County.



The Sixth Annual Potter County Big Buck Contest was termed the "most successful in history" by the Coudersport Chamber of Commerce who sponsored it.

Ninety gunners entered their Potter County trophies for the 1963 competition. The animals ranged from spikes to a magnificent 20-pointer. The contest ran for the entire two-week buck season.

Top winner in the weight division was 17-year-old Edward Berry, Emporium, who shot a 159-pound, 10-pointer. The buck was bagged with a 270 rifle on Crandall Hill in Potter County. Berry received a \$50 cash prize.

The same amount of \$50 went to George H. Walter, Mills, a native Potter Countian, who dropped the 20-point trophy which won acclaim throughout the state and won in the points division. The 61-year-old Walter fired just one shot from his .300 Savage to down the buck which weighed in at 154 pounds, hog-dressed. It was the largest deer, for total points, ever entered in the contest.

Second prizes of \$25 each went to Bruce Werner, Myerstown, who entered a 156-pound, nine-pointer killed near Hebron Center as runner-up in the weight division, and Dick Neeffe, Coudersport, whose 14-point, 143 pounder was expected to take top money in the point classification until Mr. Walter drove into Coudersport with his trophy.

Cleo Harris, Shinglehouse, got \$10 for the third heaviest buck, a 155-pound, eight-point killed in Sharon Township. A 13-point, 148-pound animal was worth \$10 to William Ostrander, Monongahela, winner of third place in the most points category.

Various merchandise awards were presented to the following fourth,

fifth and sixth place winners in each division.

Points — Carl Eichelberger, Lancaster, and Willis Rice, Millersville, each dropped an 11-pointer to tie for fourth. Only the two heaviest of the five 10-pointers were considered for prizes, these going to John Ackerman, Spencerville, Ohio, a 150-pounder, and Larry Ferris, Coudersport, whose 10-pointer weighed 149 pounds.

Weight — Regis Wortman, Austin, six-pointer, 152 pounds; John Szabo, Brunswick, Ohio, and Zigmund Ciarinski, Pittsburgh, identical eight-pointers weighing 151 pounds each.

The last buck entered in the contest, not a prize winner, was a six-point, 115-pound animal dropped by Clinton Forrester, Atglen, who bagged the animal with a .58 caliber muzzle-loader.



PGC Photo by Ken Gardner

GAME COMMISSION FARM SHOW exhibit this year featured "Future Wildlife Recreation Depends upon Landowner-Sportsman Cooperation." Some 350,000 Farm Show visitors passed the display during the week-long event.

RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, After giving due consideration to the question of bounty payments for the destruction of certain predators;

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, That the Pennsylvania Game Commission, acting under the power and authority vested in it by the provisions of Article XI, Section 1101 of the Game Law, by resolution adopted this 10th day of January, 1964, hereby directs that beginning July 1, 1964, the bounty payments authorized for the birds and animals enumerated below, if killed in a wild state in any county of the Commonwealth during the period specified and presented in the manner and under the conditions stipulated in the Act aforesaid, shall be as follows:

Gray Fox — \$4 for each gray fox killed, except that such bounty on gray foxes be discontinued with the opening date of small game season, whatever it may be, and remain so through December 31, 1964.

Red Fox — \$4 for each red fox

killed, except that such bounty on red foxes be discontinued with the opening date of small game season, whatever it may be, and remain so through December 31, 1964.

Great Horned Owl — \$5 for each great horned owl, adult or fledgling, killed, except that such bounty on great horned owls be discontinued with the opening date of small game season, whatever it may be, and remain so through December 31, 1964.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That the foregoing Resolution shall be published in the Pennsylvania GAME NEWS, also to be brought to the attention of the public by news release and other sources of public information; and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That the Executive Director is hereby authorized and directed to certify the foregoing as an act of the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

M. J. GOLDEN

Executive Director

Pennsylvania Game Commission

SAYS THE COURT

No Private Rights In Game Control

LEGISLATION for conservation of Pennsylvania's deer herd is an exercise of the police power involving no private rights, since the state owns and controls the herd in its sovereign capacity, and may include broader delegation of power to administrative agencies than legislation involving private rights.

This is the essence of one of the most important game cases ever tried in Pennsylvania: *Lehman v. Pennsylvania Game Commission*, 34 D&C 662, decided by President Judge Niles, specially presiding in Dauphin County Court, November 19, 1938.

Both the Game Commission and the Attorney General were defendants in the proceedings, filed to block a doe season in the South Mountain area of York, Adams, Cumberland and Franklin Counties. The Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs, which had recommended the doe season to the Commission, also intervened as a friend of the Court.

The constitutional right of the Game Commission to fix any doe season was challenged directly in this proceeding, but the Court found that there was no unconstitutional delegation of legislative functions. On the contrary, it ruled that the Commission's actions could not be attacked without showing of "some material disregard" of the limits set by the Legislature on the Commission's authority.

"This legislation for the conservation of public property is an exercise of the police power inherent in the sovereign," said the Court. "No private rights are involved. The Commission makes no new law. It determines the conditions outlined within the limits of the law, and pursuant to such determination promulgates its orders.

"Such orders are not analogous to that class of laws, and the decisions under them dealing with commerce, public utilities, et cetera, where private interests are involved and hearings of those whose property or personal rights are involved are required. Such authorized administrative orders, auxiliary to such purely police regulations of public property, are no more open to trial than the legislation authorizing them."—*John Sullivan*

SNOWSHOE HARE HUNTING was good this year, just ask these fellows. Left picture taken after a hunt at Tresckow Water Falls in Carbon County. Left to right are Richard Garzio, George Martonick, Frank Kocbush and Mike Moisey. Right picture shows a take in Clearfield County. Pictured are Eugene Eyer, Kenneth Eyer, Jim Campbell and Delbert Eyer. A young Eyer boy is holding the beagles.

Photos by Sarno and Igou



Game Commission Information Officer Joins National Wildlife Federation

Willard T. Johns, Hershey, has been appointed an assistant chief of the National Wildlife Federation's conservation education division, according to a joint announcement by the Federation and the Pennsylvania Game Commission. He began work in Washington, D. C., on January 27.

Before leaving, Johns, 41, served for the previous 18 months as an information specialist on the State Game Commission's headquarters staff in Harrisburg. He joined the Commission in 1947 as an editorial assistant, was promoted two years later to editor of Pennsylvania GAME NEWS, the Commission's monthly magazine, and in 1961 was promoted to the position of wildlife education specialist. He was named information officer in August, 1962.

According to Thomas L. Kimball, Executive Director of the National Wildlife Federation, Johns will help edit CONSERVATION NEWS and other Federation publications, prepare press releases and educational bulletins, and work in other phases of the Federation's national education program. He replaces M. Rupert Cutler who left the Federation January 1 to become managing editor of NATIONAL WILDLIFE, the Federation's new monthly magazine with offices in Milwaukee, Wis.

A native of Maplewood, N. J., and a 1947 graduate in wildlife conserva-



NWF's Will Johns

tion from the University of Maine, Johns is a charter member and past president of the Pennsylvania Outdoor Writer's Association, a member of the Outdoor Writer's Association of America, and is a past board member and editor of the American Association for Conservation Information. He is a veteran of World War II and the Korean conflict, serving overseas as a staff officer with the 3rd and 7th Infantry Divisions. He is married to the former Vivian G. Halsey, Westhampton Beach, N. Y., and the couple has three children—Patricia, a student at Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa.; Thomas and Joanne, both students in the Hershey public school system.

Largest Archery Event in World

Pennsylvania plays host to the largest archery event in the world each September. The Sullivan County Bow Hunters Festival at Forksville attracts more shooters than any other shoot. More than 1,300 archers registered to shoot at the running deer and various other field targets this year.



Game Protector William Denton

Veteran Game Protector Retires from Commission

William D. Denton, R. D. 1, Susquehanna, a veteran of 30 years of service with the Pennsylvania Game Commission, retired January 10 from his post as District Game Protector in Susquehanna County. Denton joined the Commission as a Deputy Game Protector on July 1, 1931, became Assistant Game Protector in Clearfield County on October 15, 1935, and later served in Pike and Susquehanna Counties. From 1948-59 he was a District Game Protector in Clarion County. Area sportsmen and Commission employees held a dinner in Denton's honor on January 25.

Commission Representatives Attend Northeast Conference

Several Harrisburg staff officers of the Pennsylvania Game Commission attended the Northeast Wildlife Conference in Hartford, Conn., January 19-22. Led by Executive Director

M. J. Golden, the group included Glenn L. Bowers, deputy executive director; R. S. Lichtenberger, chief, division of administration; Harvey A. Roberts, chief, division of research; Steve Liscinsky, game biologist; T. F. Bell, chief of law enforcement; Raymond Shaver, civil engineer; and Willard T. Johns, information specialist. Liscinsky, Roberts, Bowers and Johns were program participants while the others were involved in committee meetings and technical discussion. The 1965 Northeast Wildlife Conference will be held in Harrisburg, with both Game and Fish personnel involved in planning and arrangements for an estimated attendance of 500 officials of fish, game and conservation agencies throughout the northeastern United States.

TIPS FOR HUNTERS



Smoking while hunting in the woods can be a dead give away to your presence there.—Owen Penfield Fox

More Highlights of the 1963 Season



Potter ENTERPRISE Photo

THIS 10-POINT, 23½-inch spread buck was killed near Westfield in Tioga County by Mark Graydon, a 58-year-old Cleveland, Ohio, hunter.



PGC Photo by Steve Kish

NICE 14-POINT, 157-POUNDER was killed by George Kuback, Jr., in Wyoming County on December 2. Shown are Philip Sloan, district game protector, and Clifford Kuback, the successful hunter's brother.



12-YEAR-OLD GIRL DOWNS BUCK. Coleen Rissmiller, daughter of Northampton County Deputy Game Protector Sterling D. Rissmiller, Nazareth, bagged this nine-point at 7:10 on the opening day near her home. She was hunting with her 14-year-old brother, John, and her father.



Photo by Phil Sarno

ANTLERED DOE shot in Luzerne County on December 7 by Ronald Hartranft (left). District Game Protector Robert Nolf examines the 143-pound freak sporting her five-point rack.

PGC Photo by Steve Kish

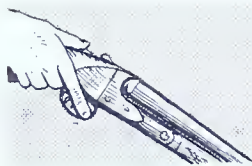
WILDCAT KILLED in the Freytown section of Lackawanna County on the opening day of bear season. Larry Grim, who claimed the trophy, and Marvin Reinert show the rare animal to Deputy Game Protector Edward Ptasiński.



Photo by Thad Bukowski

A BLACK FOX, the first one ever taken in Lawrence County, was shot by Robert Colbert of New Castle when the animal came into his electronic caller accompanied by a gray fox. This animal is either a throwback from a red fox or an escaped silver fox.





HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



A PHOTO FINISH. The 204 students completing the Game Commission Hunter Safety Course at Mahanoy Joint High School in Northumberland County had their picture taken when District Game Protector Clyde E. Laubach presented them with certification cards.

204 in Northumberland County Pass Safety Course

A total of 204 Mahanoy Joint High School students recently completed a course covering all phases of safety while hunting and handling firearms.

Presentation of the hunter safety cards was made by District Game Protector Clyde E. Laubach of Elysburg.

Warren Hassinger, principal of Mahanoy Joint High School, decided some time ago that the course would be mandatory for all boys in the seventh, eighth and ninth grades. When plans were announced, many girls expressed a desire to take the course as did some senior high school boys. As a result, these too were enrolled.

The course was presented by Harry Ernest and Paul Bahner, who completed the instructor's course several years ago. The student course at Mahanoy included five classroom

hours of study, one hour to view a motion picture on safe hunting and another hour for examination. Students studied the handling of guns and ammunition. They learned the different gun parts, types of guns and sights, the proper handling of guns through demonstrations, how to transport guns properly and how to store firearms in safe places.

Safe hunting was further emphasized by showing the students the meaning of the "safe zone of fire" and "identification of their target." The class was also trained in sighting and trigger squeeze.

Finally, the course ended with comment on the danger involved in the use of old guns, including those with Damascus steel barrels.

"I have only the highest praise for the administration of Mahanoy Joint School," Mr. Laubach said. "They have the foresight to make this course compulsory for all seventh grade students. This school is certainly hunter safety-minded in that more than half of the student body of 604 has qualified since the course was started three years ago."

Pa. Game Commission
Hunter Safety Certified
To Date:
Instructors—4,805
Students—58,258

Danny's First Crow Hunt

By Don Shiner

Photos by the Author

DANNY shoveled the last bit of snow from the driveway, then glanced westward to view the sun disappearing amidst great sweeps of red and lavender drenched clouds on the horizon. His young mind marveled at the sea of color that frequently surrounded the ending of day. It reminded him of a campfire that glowed its warmest and brightest in the final moments before fading into mere embers. The lad stood silently, shovel in hand, entranced with the sheer beauty of the heavens. Suddenly a wild, shrill call—Caw, Caw, Caw—whirled him about. Looking up and toward a heavy stand of pines not more than two hundred yards from his home, he saw a great profusion of black birds settling among the trees.

Wave after wave of birds floated down through the enflamed sky to alight on the trees, until the lad wondered how the branches could possibly hold another single one. Still crows sailed in, arriving in a seemingly endless procession and from several points on the compass. This nine-year-old boy watched this procession, then dropping the snow shovel, dashed into the house shouting excitedly, "Dad! Dad! There are thousands of crows out there!"



THE TWO HUNTERS set up their owl and crow decoys and then climbed under their white linen.

His father was seated comfortably at the kitchen table tying trout flies to update his collection of trout lures. "Dad, there're landing all over the pines! Come see quick!"

The two boys pushed aside the drapes to peer through the window. Long lines of crows had dwindled now. Only a few stragglers maneuvered at treetop level, searching for an available opening on the branches.

"That's a rookery, Danny," his father replied. "Each winter crows band together in giant flocks and at night select some safe site to roost. I've been waiting for their appearance. Now we can stage a crow hunt without much effort on our part."

"Do these same birds come here every year?" Danny asked in bewilderment at his father's casual comments.

"Yes they do, so long as I can recall. Crows migrate southward during the winter. Those from Canada and upper New York State winter here in Pennsylvania and congregate into great



DRESSED LIKE GHOSTS, to blend with the snow, they sounded crow talk. It wasn't long before they got results.

flocks. During the day the birds break up into smaller flocks flying as much as 40 to 50 miles in search of freshly killed game on highways or kernels of corn in farm fields. Late in the afternoon the birds on the outer perimeter fly along established routes toward the center of the wheel, picking up more and more crows as they reach the hub or rookery. They usually return night after night, year after year to the same roost for their nightly nap, providing they are not molested. If a big owl happens to float in under the cover of darkness and cuts down a few helpless crows, or molested by man, one of the older crows will scout the region for a new roosting location. These pines at the edge of town have served as a rookery for several weeks every winter.

"Want to spend a few hours tomorrow gunning crows?" his father asked.

"Sure!" Danny shot back.

"We'll erect an owl decoy, build a blind and sound some crow talk along the flyway beside the river. Unless I misguess, we should have some excit-

ing shooting, Danny."

"Why an owl decoy?" Danny questioned.

"Crows and owls are always at odds with one another. Big owls harass the crows at night. Then during the day, the crows search out the culprit and drive it from the region. A hunter's decoy owl is treated in the same fashion. The crows come barreling in ready for combat," the senior hunter explained.

"Teach me to blow your crow call," Danny pleaded.

"Sure, son. Let's practice now so we're in tune for tomorrow's crow session."

Two crow calls were retrieved from the gun chest. The first few notes blown were more to remove dust from the instruments than for serious talk. Then together, the father and son practiced the deadly chorus.

"First call to learn," the veteran hunter explained to the lad, "is the 'greeting call.' This is crow talk when an owl, hawk or a wounded crow is discovered. It is an exciting call best described by 'C-aaaa-w, C-aaaa-w,

C-aaa-w!' This chorus is sounded until the crows sail in to investigate the disturbance. Then the sound is changed to the 'fighting call.' This is a snarling, raspy cry made by humming into the caller. It sounds similar to 'Cer-aaAaaw, Cer-aaAaaw, Cer-aaAaaw.' A crow rarely sounds more than three calls before pausing to take breath. By mixing in the greeting call and the fighting call, crows will pitch in to drive the 'make believe' owl from the countryside.

"There is, of course, other crow talk. An expert crow gunner needs to learn the roost call, the fledgling cry, love call and the dying crow squawk, to meet the varied conditions afield," his father continued.

Mid-afternoon the following day, all was in readiness for Danny's first crow hunt. Because snow blanketed the ground, the two hunters draped white bed linen over their wool garments as they made their way toward the river bank.

"Why this bed sheet, Dad? I feel like Casper the friendly ghost!"

"Since there is little or no foliage on trees, crows can quickly spot red-coated hunters kneeling in the snow. Our white sheets will camouflage us and we'll become part of the snow drifts.

"This white dress is also suitable when fox hunting during the winter. Whenever the hunter becomes a part of the background he has a better chance of coaxing game into range," the senior hunter added.

Indeed, their sheets did blend with the snowy landscape. Danny gasped in amazement as his father adjusted the white cloth over his coat and seemingly melted into the nearby snow bank. He positioned the papier-mache owl on a tall sumac and instructed Danny to scatter their crow decoys on limbs of other nearby trees.

With the decoys in position, the two knelt in the snow beside a cluster of young pines. A sharp wind cut their faces and brought tears to the lad's



AT THE BARK of his dad's gun, a crow spun around in the air, then slowly dropped like a spinning leaf to earth.

eyes. "Here, son, keep this hand warmer in your pocket. It will help ward off the cold," his father advised.

The veteran hunter produced the crow call from his pocket and sounded a series of c-aaa-w, c-aaa-w, c-aaa-w, calls. Several crows appeared across the river, and at the first sound of the pleading calls, swerved in flight and headed directly for their position.

"Quiet, son. Here come three straight for us."

The trio sailed quietly overhead, surveying the terrain below. The older hunter muffled his calls so as not to give their position away. When the birds spotted the owl, they cut loose with a series of loud war whoops! Danny's father mixed in a series of fighting calls and deliberately permitted the first birds to escape gun fire.

"Why didn't you shoot?" Danny questioned as the three crows departed upstream.

"They went for help. They'll be back with a dozen more," his father replied.

And back they came, accompanied by more than a dozen other crows.



THIS FIRST CROW HUNT convinced Danny that this is one of the greatest gun games on earth.

As the black marauders sailed in to harass the paper owl, a frenzy of cawing ensued. Quickly handing the call to Danny, his father instructed him to sound a series of calls. "A few off-tune notes now won't matter."

With that said, he shouldered the shotgun and rained pellets upon the flock milling overhead. Boom-boom-boom! Two crows spun in the air, then dropped like leaves spinning slowly to the ground. After a quick reload, another series of shots rang across the river. A third and fourth crow fell amidst explosions of feathers.

The remaining crows quickly retreated to the river's edge for refuge in tall oaks bordering the stream. The birds kept up a steady clamoring of caws, as though they were talking the situation over and planning their next move.

"Maybe I can coax them back," the veteran hunter whispered. Adjusting his ghost apparel, he sounded a series of come-back calls, pleading tones that sounded similar to "Cer-aaAaaw, Cer-aaAaaw, cer-aaAaaw!" Shortly a crow, which appeared in command of the group, gave a signal and back the birds came for another pass at the owl. As they swooped in, the gun barked twice, scoring again. Then the crows sped in a disorganized flight downstream in the direction of their rookery.

"There's a good chance that more birds will be coming along the flyway

soon. Have patience, Danny, and we'll get more shooting before sundown."

Twenty minutes later another flock came in to shoo the owl from the area. Two more birds fell. Then all action ceased. The white landscape grew still, with only a chirping junco breaking the unearthly silence.

"That's it, Danny. Let's gather up our decoys. How many crows did we hit?"

"Seven," the boy said, beaming proudly.

"After dark we could steal into those pines and grab a few more crows in their rookery. However, if we do," the veteran hunter explained, "we'll push them elsewhere. They'll not return for several weeks and by then the crows will have migrated northward. Perhaps we had best leave them alone and grab more crow shooting along the river in a day or two."

They gathered their decoys, folded the bed linen and buried the bagged crows under the snow. The number of empty shells scattered in the snow bank surprised both.

"Not very good shooting, eh, son? One gets rusty between trips afield. That's why it is good to get in some crow or blue-rock shooting between gun seasons," his father advised.

Several days later, as the sun slid quietly behind the western horizon, Danny stood at the window and watched the crows sail into their pine roost. No longer were these birds mere lonely voices sounded against the winter sky. He understood the pattern of bunching crows during the wintry months. There was meaning to this rookery. His breath coated the windowpane with frost and the outdoors gradually shrank from view. There he remained for some time, dreaming one day of setting out his own owl, taking cover under a white sheet and shotgunning black birds from the winter sky. His first encounter assured the boy that crow hunting is one of the greatest gun games on earth.

Championship Profiles

By Keith C. Schuyler

Photos by the Author

PENNSYLVANIA can be especially proud of its archery champions. In a state which has more than twice as many bow hunters than any two states in the nation, competition is exceeding tough. Consequently, it is appropriate to give special recognition to Judy Jastremski and George Slinzer who carry the crowns, respectively, as Women's and Men's State Champions.

What does it take to make a champion?

The most obvious requirement is the score. However, a true champion is a composite of many things. We have all known leaders in the various sports who claim the distinction merely by virtue of their scores or accomplishments within the sport itself. However, we prefer to think of a champion as a person who possesses a certain degree of humility, personality, friendliness, respect, and determination.

Those acquainted with Judy and George know they need not search for these qualities in either. They carry themselves well as the top talent in the sport of archery in Pennsylvania.

Not many in archery can claim a long acquaintance with Judy Jastremski within the sport. She didn't start shooting the bow until the fall of 1961. Consequently, it took her but a little over a year to gain the proficiency which took her to the top in 1963.

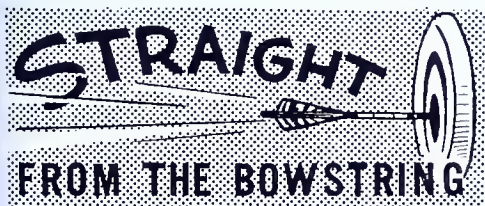


1963 STATE ARCHERY CHAMPIONS
George A. Slinzer and Mrs. Judy Jastremski pictured at the Northeast Archery Conference Tournament held at the Berwick Archery Club grounds.

April 3 is always a big day for Judy. She was born on April 3, 1942. Nineteen years later she was married on the same day in 1961. It was a triple occasion for a celebration that year, since the date fell on Easter Monday.

After her marriage, Judy continued her duties as cashier-switchboard operator at the Wyoming Valley Motor Club (AAA), where she has now been employed for over three years.

Judy came into archery for the same reason that many wives have entered the sport. Her husband, Dick, bought his first bow in the early fall of 1961. Dick developed a real case of bow fever, and Judy decided that he was going too many places without her. When she bought her first bow, she was two months behind her husband. Dick Jastremski, incident-





CONGRATULATION IS EXTENDED to George (right) by Lars Edburgh, two-time State Champ, after the former took honors in the winter shoot in Berwick.

tally, is an excellent archer in his own right. He was third man in the Northeast Regional Shoot this year, with a respectable 949 combined free style score. He was also seventh among amateurs in the combined state shoots for 1963.

When Judy first took up the bow, in her own words, "The first couple of tries were really pathetic."

However, this little lady didn't take long to catch up. Actually, the first time she ever shot her bow was in a Chicago round held indoors at Berwick. She took first place in "Novice Instinctive." "Of course, there wasn't anyone else shooting in Women's Novice Instinctive. I got my prize just the same."

Although Judy didn't tell us her score in this first competition, which she won by default, her "first place" portended of things to come. She placed first a number of times in the regular tournament circuit in the northeast. But, her first big win came in the Northeast Conference Shoot held in Berwick on August 25. She had a combined score of 877 with a

457 in the field round. This was 137 points over her nearest competition, and she won the total event with 199 points to spare.

The thing that impresses anyone who watches Judy shoot is her complete poise on the firing line. She shoots a 20-pound Bear Tamerlane with a 25" arrow. This slender sliver of laminated wood and fiberglass is 63" in length to provide a case in point for long bows and lightweight in target shooting.

Her choice of equipment, which she can handle well, made her a natural for free style shooting where the ability to hold a sight on target is most important.

However, no one could anticipate that this young girl would set a new record at the State Tournament which stands as an all-time high for field shooting. Her aggregate field score of 1,495 is the top ever recorded for either amateur or professional female archers in the United States. Although she placed but fourth in the women's division for target shooting, her accumulative score for both events was an astronomical 4,160. This was sufficient to make her a strong winner to replace Celia Walter, of Selinsgrove, as over-all Pennsylvania State Women's Champion.

Past the Hazards

Her fast rise to fame took Judy rapidly past the mental hurdles and tournament fever that are recognized hazards. But, no matter what the future holds, this young champion has made an impressive mark upon archery in Pennsylvania. Her position in the Jastremski household at 72 Abbot Street, Plains, is somewhat tempered by the fact that husband Dick is still in control on the firing line.

I asked Judy if she used the bow for deer hunting. I will let her tell it. "I went hunting in 1962, but I really wasn't a very accurate shot or very skilled in hunting. I saw about 25

deer but not one stood still for me. I soon realized there was more skill to hunting with the bow than there appeared to be. This year, I had no vacation left for hunting, and my spare time is taken up with housework and practice (with the bow)."

George A. Slinzer, of 144 Academy Street, Luzerne, came up the hard way to find the top spot among bowmen in Pennsylvania. He has been shooting the bow for 14 of his nearly 36 years, but he became serious about it only six years ago relative to tournament shooting.

Potential of Being No. 1

It has been my pleasure to know George for most of the years that he has bent the bow, and he has always had the potential of being No. 1 man. It is not coincidence that George comes from the northeast where Lars Edburg held the State Men's Crown for two years in succession. These fellows have shot directly in competition against each other for a long time. However, whereas Lars set out from the first target with the state championship as his ultimate goal, George's continued interest in archery inexorably moved him more slowly but surely to the top spot.

George, who is "single and expects to stay that way," is a TV and radio repairman by trade. He also operates his own "Ham" outfit. His climb to the top is even more remarkable when it is considered that George has a weakened right leg which resulted from polio when he was an infant. He is unable to place his right foot firmly on the ground and must take an unorthodox stance by distributing his weight on the ball of that foot.

George also leans to the long bow for top accuracy and is currently shooting a 36-pound Hoyt Medalist of 66" in length. He shoots a 28" arrow with three white feathers, 3½" long, for field, and uses the plastic vanes for target shooting. He makes his own strings. In addition, he has designed a bow level which is mounted



THE VIEW that George Slinzer has had on his way to the championship. His finger points to the peep sight mounted on a card calibrated for the various distances. The liquid level above the sight is his own invention.

on the upper bow limb. This level is of his own design. He also designed his own peep sight, and he uses a hand sling. His arrow rest is the "disappearing" type.

Over the years, George has always been among the better shooters in the northeast. However, before taking the big event his best was a second at the State Target Shoot in 1961, fourth in 1962, and tops in the clout in 1962. His average for the six shoots in the Northeastern Conference for 1963 was 509. His high for the year was 532 at Shade Mountain.

George has a Six Gold Pin for 40 yards and a State 20 Pin for 45 yards. He has been able to earn a 20 Pin in the Northeast Conference, for 1963, in every eligible yardage except the 65-yard shot. He is hoping to claim that one this winter.

George mixes hunting with his target shooting, and he was after his third deer this winter. His previous scores in the big game department include a four-point buck in 1959 and

another four-pointer in 1961. He has also killed several ground hogs and rabbits with the bow. When hunting, he uses a 42-pound bow and will not go out without a camouflage suit.

George Slinzer is a fine example of determination and grit. His record has been one of continuing improvement, and his future plans are to keep shooting and to try to improve on his scores each time he shoots. Whether he is on the firing line with the best there is, or matching arrows on a field face just for fun, George makes each shot his best.

His best is terrific. His aggregate total for the State Shoot was 4,223. He cleaned the course in the field shoot with an aggregate of 1,553. This is an average for the regular field, hunters and big game rounds of 518. He also swept the field in the target shooting with a 759 in the First American, 750 in the Second American, and 936 in the York round. His total was 2,445. Not only was his aggregate total the highest, he was first in each of the three events. In the Field Division, he was out in front by 17 points on the field faces, dropped one point on the hunters round, and was 22 points shy of the top in the big game event. However, his aggregate

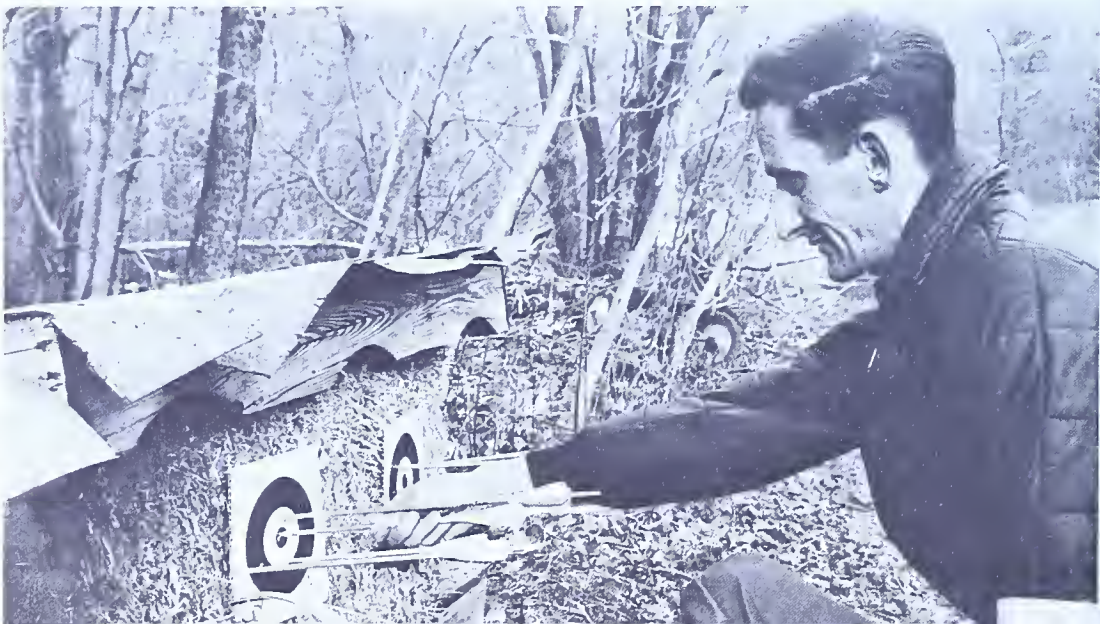
was on the safe side to claim the total event by 14 points.

Although there is plenty of room at the top, and there is yet a fair spread in points to perfection, these two archers from the northeast present a real challenge to the best shooters available. And, although each is among the first to admit that he or she can be beaten, it will be tough to find two nicer people to carry the crowns for the Men's and Women's Championship for the State of Pennsylvania.

What happens to archery champions?

It is interesting to note that the personable shooters who held top honors in 1962 have not fallen by the wayside. Celia Walter, Selinsgrove sharpshooter, was No. 2 in the aggregate state championship events in 1963. Lars Edburgh, who carried the men's crown for Pennsylvania in both 1961 and 1962, had the third highest aggregate among amateurs last year. Lars' shooting suffered in '63 when his schooling and work kept him from the practice range. Although he is out to regain his crown, he has a healthy respect and affection for George Slinzer and admits it will take some real doing.

THE CHAMP PULLS his 30-foot shot from the "pimple" at the Berwick shoot. The white arm band prevents his insulated jacket sleeve from getting in the way of his bowstring.





WHITE ASH Land Association club headquarters in Bernice.

Dream Club

By Fred Perozzi

Photos by the Author

THE thought has been expressed by some members that the White Ash Land Association of Sullivan County is a "dream club" because this hunting and fishing organization has some activity to interest every one of its 400 members.

In many ways the club is a Texas-sized sportsmen's organization that probably owns as much land as any sportsmen's group in the state. Since the club was organized in 1949 its members have purchased 5,400 acres of hunting land in Cherry Township, constructed a shooting range where trap shoots are held for fun and profit, and it even pays two men to trap foxes in order to help preserve the small game on club lands.

In addition, the club recently purchased Connell Dam, a 19½-acre site located one mile east of Mildred, which is undergoing development at the present time to make it suitable for hunting and fishing.

Club headquarters are located in Bernice where the annual membership meeting is held. It is at these often stormy sessions that all major policy decisions are made. A total of 15 men serves as directors and oversees the completion of various projects approved at the annual meeting.

The club was formed in 1949 by a group of Sullivan County residents, all devout deer hunters, who were getting worried because the Sullivan County hunting lands were being pur-

chased by various individuals and groups and promptly posted with no hunting signs.

After the club received its charter it leased 5,400 acres of land from the late William Monahan of Mildred, a coal mine operator. In 1955 the club purchased the land it had been leasing and then began to move.

In the past eight years club members have constructed a corncrib holding 10 tons of corn that is dumped each year into 35 game feeders to help small game survive the often severe winters. Some 40 wood duck nesting boxes were constructed and set out and over 5,000 trees of various species have been planted. One club project was a failure. In 1961 the club raised and released 167 pheasants in the nearby farm lands but not many survived. The project was abandoned.

Other projects include the planting of buckwheat, clover, oats, and bird's-foot trefoil in six food plots to provide food for the small game and deer. Two power saws are made available to members to be used in the cutting of browse. Last winter a group of Dushore Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts from Levittown, cut browse and constructed three turkey feeders as a club project. The temperature at the time was 35 below zero.

A firearms safety course was sponsored by the club recently with Pennsylvania Game Protectors serving as instructors. The course, given free by



CONNELL DAM, a 19½-acre site east of Mildred which is being made suitable for fishing and swimming.

the Pennsylvania Game Commission, was in cooperation with the National Rifle Association.

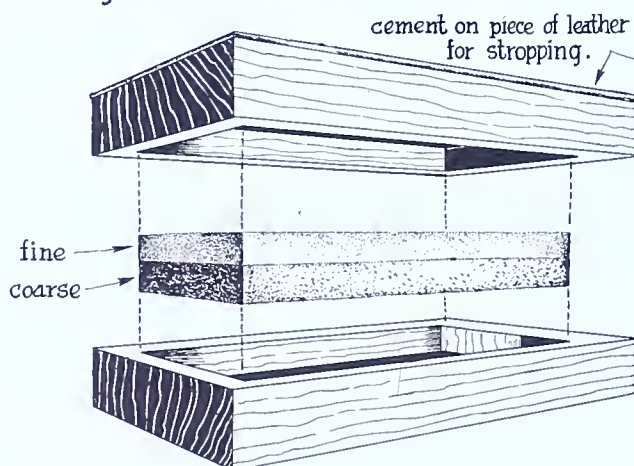
Club President George Hatton, of Bernice, said the primary purpose of the club is to promote sportsmanship, participate in approved conservation programs, and to provide a recreation

area for its members.

Hatton said that future club projects include the expansion of the feeding program by providing more food plots and feeders, stepping up its fire-arm safety course program, and exploring new ways to promote the propagation of game in Sullivan County.

SHARPENING STONES..

..if you take care of them ... they'll take care of your knives & axes.



The box helps prevent breakage & chipping ... You can do the same thing with a round stone ... like so:



For toting.. make a canvas or leather pouch.. Cut belt loops if you like ..or carry in pack.



Make a double lidded box like this out of a single piece of walnut. Rip the piece in half lengthwise.. measure the position of the stone on each half..then gouge out with a chisel..Make it a loose fit. Finish with sandpaper.

John F. Clark—©

Strictly for the Amateur

Part I

By Larry J. Kopp

Photos by the Author

IT'S a pretty good bet that if you're an amateur muskrat trapper you will be making one or more of the mistakes illustrated on these pages.

At any rate, each situation pictured was especially arranged and photographed for the express purpose of showing what some of the most frequent muskrat trapping errors look like.

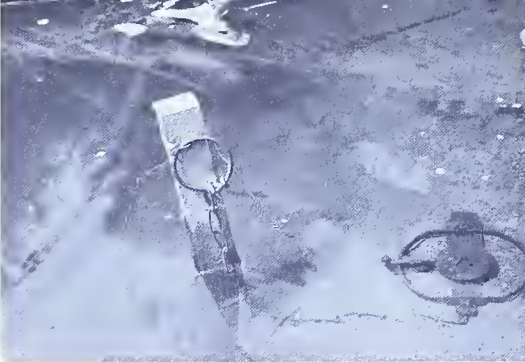
TRAPS SET AT PLACES where muskrats have been digging for roots should never be arranged so that the trap spring points into the stream or toward the bank. To allow a muskrat to step properly between the trap jaws, the trap spring must be pointing upstream.

I am assuming that it is easier for some to learn how to do it right by taking a look at the wrong way!

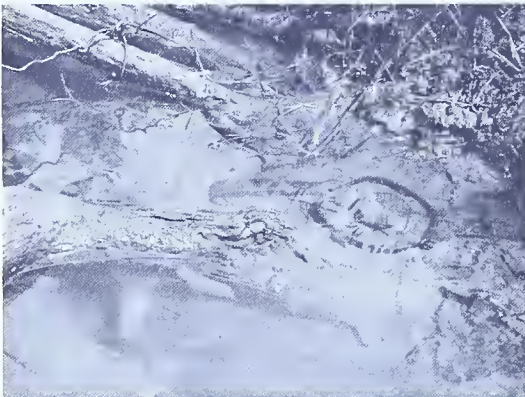


IT IS ENTIRELY UNNECESSARY to use bait of any kind at muskrat sets—particularly when traps are set along stream banks where muskrats normally travel. Bait, such as apples and corn, is more likely to attract rabbits, pheasants, and squirrels.





MUSKRAT TRAPS SHOULD not be anchored with stakes of any kind. Use rocks to anchor traps. Stakes, like signs along a highway, often attract uninterested spectators. And, besides being inconvenient, it is also impractical to use stakes where stream bottoms are sandy, muddy, or rocky. Also, wooden stakes are always in danger of being broken off or being dislodged by floating logs. Then, too, stakes have the tendency to catch and hold a variety of weeds, leaves, and other unnecessary debris.



NEVER FASTEN MUSKRAT traps to roots, saplings, or any other immovable object regardless of how convenient it might be. When such anchors are situated in the stream, as is the case in the photo, high water would make it impossible to retrieve the trap. When muskrat traps are anchored to objects on dry land, a trapped animal could not be expected to drown and would most likely escape.

UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES should muskrat traps be set on dry land or elsewhere out of the water. The most ideal muskrat set is one where the trap is set in water that is approximately two inches deep but not more than three inches. Muskrats usually avoid traps that are not completely under water, partly because they suspect danger, but mostly because an exposed trap is an obstacle which is easier to avoid than to crawl or jump over.



WITH THE EXCEPTION of so-called stop-loss type, muskrat traps should never be set at places where the water is less than six inches deep in the vicinity of the trap anchor. It is always better to select a trap site where the water is deep enough to insure a drowned catch. In this picture, the partly exposed rocks, including the one used as an anchor, are certain signs that the water isn't nearly deep enough.

AT SLIDES OR OTHER PLACES where tracks indicate that muskrats leave the water, never try to guide the animal into your trap by placing rocks or twigs on the upstream or downstream side of the trap. When rocks are placed as shown, a muskrat will most likely swim around them or leave the water before it gets to the rocks.



Letters...

Bathing Cook Bags Buck

The following incident may be of interest to the Pennsylvania GAME NEWS. I know it will give encouragement to all camp cooks. It occurred on the afternoon of Wednesday, December 4.

Our camp is located on top overlooking the Seven Mile area. Our camp cook (and a good one) decided that a bath was in order after five days in camp. The rest of the group was deep in the woods after the elusive bucks.

Jake Young, the cook, was sponging himself and enjoying it, when he happened to look out the window facing a small draw. He saw a buck deer coming up the draw on the run, as if being driven. He only had time to jump into a pair of slippers and go for his rifle which was loaded on the outside rack. He got his one shot off while the buck was passing at about 60 yards. The deer went down, but Jake had to stand outside to make sure it was down to stay. He stayed there about 30 seconds and then dashed inside for coat and trousers. He retrieved the buck and had it hanging when the first of the group returned to camp. Incidentally it was a nice 7" spike deer.

Dan Humphrey
Upper Darby, Pa.

Paid Up to 1993

Please extend my subscription to the GAME NEWS for thirty (30) years.

That is correct, I do not want to miss a single issue. I enjoy the NEWS very much. How about more on archery in the NEWS. Thank you.

Walter C. Bigham
Gettysburg, R. 4, Pa.

Ben's Best Friend Is Gone

I am writing to you in reference to Heap Alexander's article in the July, 1963, issue of GAME NEWS entitled "Coon Hunting in the Dark." Everyone here was amazed at the story of Ben and his coon hound Joe. I was especially proud of this story for you see Ben is my uncle by marriage and is a wonderful guy. I was up to see Ben last fall and found him very sad and broken up, so much so that he broke down and cried.



BEN COPE



JOE

Here is the story. Ben and a couple of his friends were out coon hunting on October 11. They pulled off the road and got out of the car and let the two dogs out; his young pup Cappy and his amazing old dog Joe.

Cappy went into the cornfield and Joe crossed the road and was standing off the berm on the other side waiting for a car to pass. In the oncoming car were two people, spotting deer. They did not see the dog and struck him with the car and killed him! This is a very big loss for Ben, for you see Ben lives and breathes the sport of coon hunting and Joe was his eyes and as far as the sport goes possibly his best and only friend.

Why can't people watch where they are going even on a back woods road at night, for one never knows when he might find a man and his best friend. Well, Ben now has a job to train Cappy to take Joe's place, but I do not believe there will ever be another Joe. For as you probably know Ben is blind and the question is can Cappy be his eyes and protector like Joe was?

Bill B. Pugh
Dixonville, Pa.



A Great Day

I am sending you a negative of me and my two brothers and the rabbits we got the Opening day of the Season of 1963.

I feel that it was a real great day for us because never did all 3 of us get are limit the first day, or I should say that we never before saw as many rabbits in one day before.

We got are limit and also missed 8 other rabbits, we were back at the house by 11 o'clock.

Clifford Belsar
Uniontown, Pa.

Picture Gets Response

I understand my picture appeared in the recent issue of Pennsylvania GAME NEWS (January, 1964, Page 42). I am writing this letter to congratulate you on your circulation and interest among teen-agers. Although my picture has appeared in many archery magazines in the last three years, I have never received any letters or comments. Since the last issue of GAME NEWS, I have received numerous letters from teen-aged boys, including one from Ohio and one from New York. These are very interesting because all these boys are interested in archery, hunting, and so forth. I have been in archery for about three years. Here is a resume of my titles. All of these are in the Junior Girls' Instinctive Division.

State Field Archery Champion—1961, '62, '63.

State Target Archery Champion—1961, '62, '63—State College.

National Champion—1962, '63—Hot Springs, Ark., and Lake Arrowhead, Calif.

West Virginia Champion—1963.

Middle-Atlantic States Champion—1963—Watkins Glen, N. Y.

Andrea Maikut
E. Vandergrift, Pa.

Bag in Ten Minutes

My father and I went hunting on Monday, the 11th of November, 1963, and in ten minutes we each had two ringnecks.

Howard Mellott, Jr.
Baden, Pa.

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APRIL, 1964

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PENNSYLVANIA GAME NEWS

Volume 35 • Number 4

APRIL, 1964

Published Monthly by the
PENNSYLVANIA GAME
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COMMONWEALTH OF
PENNSYLVANIA

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GAME NEWS

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Cover Painting

By Ned Smith

COVER: The smell of the rich, wet earth fills the morning air. April has arrived in all its quiet glory as if with a sigh of relief after a harsh winter wind has spent its last frigid breath on the land. The wild creatures feel it too. Life is to begin anew. As a gentle rain engulfs this cornfield warrior he is again king of the land. Adorned in all the colors of nature's pallet, he tolerates this brief intermission from strutting and crowing. He is the cock of the walk—the ring-necked pheasant.

Published MONTHLY by the Pennsylvania Game Commission, South Office Building, Capitol, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** \$1 per year; \$2.50 for three years. **TO SUBSCRIBE:** Send check or money order payable to "Pennsylvania Game Commission." Do not send stamps; cash forwarded is done so at sender's risk. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Send both new and old addresses at least 45 days in advance of the issue with which it is to be effective. **PERMISSION TO REPRINT** any signed article may be granted provided advance permission is obtained from the author. No information contained in the magazine may be used for advertising or commercial purposes.

Printed by Times and News Publishing Co., Gettysburg, Pa.
Second Class Postage Paid at Gettysburg, Pa.

EDITORIAL... *Card Carrying Conservationists*

IT IS rather ironic, you must admit, that the citizens who make the greatest contribution to conservation are those who give their time and money because they enjoy harvesting the creatures in whose welfare they act.

Say what you will about the lust of the hunter, he is the man to whom we owe a great debt for saving many of the wild creatures which might otherwise have long since vanished.

Each year, in Pennsylvania alone, hunters pay millions of dollars for the right to harvest the game crops. These dollars are used in many ways for the management of our wildlife species. The money is used for protection of game against wanton and illegal destruction, for research programs to find better management practices, for planting, cutting and other wildlife food and cover manipulations to encourage greater production of wildlife crops, and for educational programs to create better public understanding of game management problems and practices and to achieve greater appreciation of our wildlife resources.

The two examples which come to mind most readily are the success of restoring both deer and turkey populations in this state.

At the turn of the century, deer were scarce in Pennsylvania. Who was it that did something about it? Who provided the funds to give necessary protection to deer and to restore this resource in Pennsylvania? **THE HUNTER.**

How about the wild turkey which was also scarce and was confined to a small remnant of its original range in Pennsylvania? Where did the funds come from for a sound turkey management program? **THE HUNTER.**

Yes, the hunting fraternity is the real conservation group which has done more for preserving the outdoors than any other.

Hunting is never based on an intent to destroy a population of any wildlife species. Today, hunting regulations are flexible and hunting is allowed only if the species to be hunted offers a harvestable crop.

The mourning dove, a game bird which annually produces a large harvestable crop, is a good example. This bird is classified as a game species by international treaty and is hunted in 31 of the 50 states. Annually, population surveys are conducted and harvest regulations are based on the population trends determined from these surveys. Many people do not realize that most small game cannot be stockpiled and that a large portion of the population will be lost whether hunted or not. Recent studies have shown that of all the doves hatched in a given year, 70 per cent will not reach the age of one. They will be lost to a variety of causes—storms, disease, predators, etc. Birds harvested by hunters are simply a segment of those which would be lost anyway.

Under modern wildlife management concepts, no game population will ever be destroyed by the hunter. The disappearance of any species will have to occur as the result of a natural disaster over which humans have no control.

Some try to point out that game management is a selfish tool of the hunting public and helps only game species. A casual look at game management practices will reveal that efforts in behalf of turkey, deer, pheasants, grouse or any species, can't help but have a lasting effect on songbirds, birds of prey, rodents, fur bearers and just about all forms of wildlife.

With these thoughts in mind, it should not be difficult to see that hunting and conservation go hand in hand. The licensed hunter himself has made a great contribution to the conservation cause through his desire for the challenge and excitement, health and pleasure of the act of hunting in the outdoors.—*G.H.H.*



A Temperamental Frenchman

By
WILBUR M.
CRAMER



Diary of a Game Protector—Episode No. 7

SOMETIME in early 1927, Dr. A. J. Debon, of French descent, a practicing physician from New York City, purchased an old farm with its buildings, in Upper Mount Bethel Township, Northampton County. He made quite a few repairs to the house and it became an ideal place for him to get away from the big city hustle and bustle to a quiet country home for relaxation and, later, a hunting retreat. There was a lane leading from the main highway to this home. The doctor would come to Pennsylvania late Friday evening, remain over the weekend, and leave Monday morning for his New York office. He did this often, but not every weekend.

Sportsman friends told Henry R. Ramsey, Game Protector of Northampton County, that Dr. Debon hunted on a resident license and that he would be here over the first weekend of the 1927 deer season. Mr. Ramsey contacted me and asked for assistance.

We went to the Debon property early on the first Saturday of the deer season. There was a light tracking snow. We crossed one of the fields and soon picked up the tracks of a man who was following the tracks of a deer. Beside the deer tracks there was a spot of blood on the snow every few feet. The human tracks finally led to Dr. Debon's house. We knocked at the door and told him we were Game Protectors and there were some things we wanted to talk with him about. He invited us in and we noticed that his hunting boots matched the tracks we had seen in the snow. We also noted his high-powered rifle in the kitchen. When we asked him to see his hunting license, he showed us the resident tag on his coat and the license certificate which gave his name and description, but the address was that of the Pennsylvania farm address.

We told him that he was not a resident of Pennsylvania but a resident of New York State; that he had been

hunting deer, and furthermore that he could not take any Pennsylvania killed game out of this state on a resident license. He said he was a property owner in Pennsylvania, paid taxes here, and was entitled to hunt on a resident license. We told him that these things did not make him a resident of Pennsylvania as he was living in New York and regardless of owning property in this state, he came here only occasionally and was not entitled to hunt here on a resident license. We told him he could not be a resident of two states at the same time.

Like a Wild Man

Well, this was just like lighting a match. He started to pace back and forth across the living room floor, running his hands through his long, thick, black hair. He shouted at us, and acted like a wild man. We told him what the fine would be and that he might straighten out the case with us on a field acknowledgment and field receipt or, if he wished, we would take him to the Justice of the Peace in Portland and hold a hearing. Finally, he quieted down and we were able to talk with him more sensibly. He produced a check book and wrote a check to me for the amount of the fine. The check was written on the bank in Portland and while I knew it really was wrong to accept an uncertified personal check, I figured we would get the check cashed at the Portland bank on Monday and I would secure a money order payable to the Game Commission for this amount. He signed the papers for us, we confiscated his illegal resident license and tag, and left believing that the case was closed and that he would purchase a nonresident license as we had told him.

Mr. Ramsey and I worked together in deer territory along the Blue Mountains the remainder of the day and I stayed in Easton over Sunday, checking on possible Sunday hunting part of the day. On Monday morning Ram-

sey and I went to the Portland bank as soon as it opened expecting to get this check cashed, but soon learned that Dr. Debon had already stopped payment on the check. He was a fast worker and must have thought that he had us and the Pennsylvania Game Commission outwitted.

It was like playing a game of checkers—the next move was up to us. I asked Ramsey to get his friends to tell us the next time Dr. Debon came to his mountain home for a weekend. A week or two later he was reported to be back again. Ramsey and I went to the office of James Fry, Justice of the Peace at Nazareth, at the western end of the county, to secure a warrant for Dr. Debon's arrest. (The Game Law has since been changed to require officers to go to the nearest available Justice.) We went to Upper Mount Bethel Township early on the following Monday morning and stationed ourselves in the lane until the doctor came out for the return trip back to his New York office. We stopped and arrested him and then took him over to Squire Fry's office for a hearing. Shortly after the hearing started it dawned upon the doctor the time of day it was and he started another one of his temper tantrums. He said he had to be back in New York for office hours beginning early in the afternoon and that he would now be late and would miss some of his appointments. We told him that he should have thought about these things before he stopped payment on his check and caused us to make a special trip for this arrest and hearing. Squire Fry soon told him that he didn't want any more of that "carrying on" in his court and that the hearing would proceed in an orderly manner and would take no more time than necessary for the business at hand.

Paid the Price

Needless to say that Dr. Debon paid the fine for his violation and in addi-

tion paid the court costs for the special legal work involved. We, of course, never learned what time he reached his office and how many appointments he missed. I had learned a good lesson about not accepting personal checks and Dr. Debon had learned that a calm, sensible attitude would have been better than one of those emotional outbursts of anger. He also learned that Pennsylvania ex-

pected all of its hunters to observe its Game Laws.

Relying on Memory

My records are not as complete as I wish they were about some of these facts and I am relying on my memory for many of the smaller details of the Dr. Debon case. Nevertheless, that is the story of one violator who had to pay the price to see justice served.

Game Commission Receives \$708,181 Allocation of Federal Aid Funds

Secretary of the Interior, Stewart L. Udall, has notified the Pennsylvania Game Commission that Pennsylvania's share of the Federal Aid in Wildlife Restoration Fund for the 1964 fiscal year will amount to \$708,181.50.

Pennsylvania received \$540,100.86 in 1963 under the terms of the Pittman-Robertson Act which levies an excise tax on sporting arms and ammunition. Monies collected under the terms of the Pittman-Robertson Act are allocated to the states on the basis of the land area of each state and the number of hunting licenses sold by each state.

The U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service administers this program. It approves and coordinates land management, research and acquisition projects initiated by the states. Conservation agencies are reimbursed 75 per cent of the cost of approved projects under the Pittman-Robertson Act.

Current Game Commission programs approved for use of Pittman-Robertson funds include: maintenance and expansion of the Game Commission's Cooperative Farm-Game program; planting of trees and shrubs to improve wildlife habitat; development and maintenance of herbaceous food and cover plantings; waterfowl habitat improvements; research studies on the white-tailed deer, wild turkey, ring-necked pheasant, snowshoe rabbit (varying hare), and studies on an evaluation of habitat developments for wildlife.

Pennsylvania's apportionment was the fourth largest in the nation. Alaska and Texas each received \$781,394.32 and California was allotted \$774,822.87.

BOOK NOTES . . .

The World of the White-Tailed Deer

If you want to learn more about white-tailed deer and also see an amazing collection of beautiful photographs of this animal, read "The World of the White-tailed Deer" by Leonard Lee Rue, III. Rue, one of the nation's foremost wildlife photographers, has created this picture-text study of the deer in its natural surroundings. Following the four seasons, the book takes the reader through twelve months of a deer's life and gives a great deal of information about the whitetail which is not generally known. The book is, indeed, one of the most outstanding of its kind ever published. 132 pages, black and white illustrations, \$4.95, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.



WALKIN' SHOES

By NED SMITH

Just a Sparrow

1. How many species of sparrows are found in Pennsylvania?
2. What sparrow with a reddish brown cap commonly nests in rose bushes and evergreens near our houses?
3. Which is our largest sparrow?
4. Can you name the sparrow that nests in our spouting?
5. What material does the chipping sparrow use to line its nest?
6. When were the first English sparrows brought to America?
7. Which sparrow has a dark "stick-pin in the middle of its plain breast?
8. Where does the vesper sparrow get its name?

NEVER tell a dedicated bird watcher that a certain bird was "probably just a sparrow." Not only will he be appalled by such an off-hand generalization, but the implication that sparrows are an inferior breed will really get him where it hurts.

He's right, of course—sparrows deserve a better break. Unfortunately, the common English sparrow is the only one most folks know, and he's the worst of the lot. An unrelenting bully, he makes life miserable for many of our more desirable native birds and has given the whole family an unsavory reputation.

Actually, the fifteen or more native species that nest in or migrate through Pennsylvania are completely desirable. None have the English sparrow's quarrelsome disposition, most can sing rings around him, and some are outstandingly handsome. Their feeding habits are beneficial, they don't compete with other birds for nest boxes, and they don't build their confounded nests in eaves gutters.

Typically, they are small, brown birds, somewhat nondescript at a distance, and for this reason are overlooked by the casual observer. Even the more beautiful native sparrows must be seen at close range to be appreciated. They are primarily seed eaters, having short, stout, crushing type bills, but of course, they eat greens, insects, berries and other foods as well. They range in size from the little-known Henslow's sparrow, which often measures less than five inches in length, to the 7-7½-inch fox sparrow.

April is a good month in which to cultivate the acquaintance of the sparrows in your neighborhood. Some won't be hard to find. The friendly little chipping sparrow can be seen exploring almost any greening lawn, and the song sparrow's song will quickly lead you to his fence post podium. In the woods migrating fox sparrows scratch among the leaves with noisy enthusiasm.

But other species are more secretive. Because of their retiring nature such uncommon birds as the Lincoln's and Henslow's sparrows may seem much rarer than they really are. Surely it is nothing more than a combination of inconspicuous coloration, timidity, and weak song that keeps the common little grasshopper sparrow unknown to all but the most probing bird watchers.

To the beginner, many sparrows are difficult to tell apart, but each has its own peculiarities of plumage and mannerism. These characteristics described and illustrated in this article should make the identification of Pennsylvania sparrows less painful for all.

English Sparrow

First brought to America in 1850 the English sparrow, or house sparrow, has since spread to nearly every corner of the United States. Hardy and aggressive, it has displaced many more popular native birds in city parks and streets as well as on farms.

The adult male has a gray crown, black bib, and a reddish brown patch on each side of the nape. The back and wings are chiefly reddish brown marked with black and buff. Wide white tips on the middle coverts form a distinct wing bar. The rump and tail are olive gray. Except for the black throat patch the underparts are plain grayish white.

The female is dull, streaked, grayish brown above and pale ashy beneath.

The nest of the English sparrow is a bulky mass of grasses, feathers, and other available material stuffed into any suitable crevice, including bird houses and spouting. The eggs are usually white, finely flecked with olive.

Chipping Sparrow

The trusting little "chippy" is everyone's favorite. He can be recognized by his black bill, bright reddish brown

cap, black line through the eye, white line over the eye, and unmarked underparts. The rump is gray. The wing bars are narrow and whitish. Immature birds have streaked crowns and underparts, but their small size and moderately long, notched tails are chippy characteristics.

The chippy's song is a thin, rapid thrill as often delivered from the front lawn as from a higher perch on tree or clothesline. The nest is a tiny cup constructed mainly of grass and rootlets and lined with horsehair. Rose bushes and dense evergreens are favorite nesting sites. The eggs are greenish blue with a halo of dark speckles around the larger end.

Swamp Sparrow

Because the swamp sparrow nests in only a few spots in Pennsylvania, it is usually seen as a migrant, although a few do winter in our state. It superficially resembles the smaller chipping sparrow, having a blackish bill, rusty cap, and plain underparts. However, there is no white streak over the eye, the head, neck, and chest are a darker gray than the chippy's, and the wing bars are obscure.

The swamp sparrow is fond of cattail marshes and grassy, woodland swamps.

Tree Sparrow

Nesting in the far north, the tree sparrow visits Pennsylvania only in wintertime. It has a rather long tail for a sparrow, and a bright rusty cap similar to the chippy's. Its wings and back are distinctly streaked with reddish brown, black, and buff. There is a reddish brown line behind the eye and the wing bars are white. The underparts are plain grayish white marked only with a small dark spot in the center of the breast and a pale rusty smudge at each "shoulder." The bill's lower mandible is yellow, the upper one dusky.

Tree sparrows travel in flocks, feed-

ENGLISH SPARROW

MALE

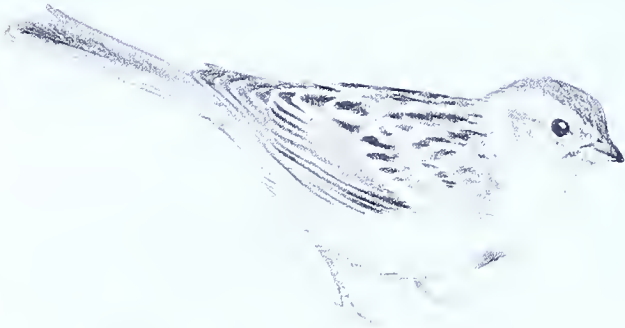
FEMALE



CHIPPING SPARROW



SWAMP SPARROW



TREE SPARROW



FIELD SPARROW

GRASSHOPPER SPARROW



11-2
Smit

ing on weed seeds in old fields and fence rows. Individually, their notes are simple and birdlike, but the combined voices of a nearby flock sound like the tinkling of tiny bells.

Field Sparrow

Another sparrow with a rusty-red crown is the field sparrow. It also has white wing bars and much reddish brown on the wings and back. The line behind the eye is reddish brown, as is the mark in front of each shoulder. A white eye-ring gives the field sparrow a permanently surprised expression. The bill is flesh-colored. The underparts are unmarked, warm in tone.

Field sparrows nest in Pennsylvania, building their grassy cups in clumps of grasses or weeds in fields or suitable fence rows. The eggs are bluish white flecked with dark brown, most heavily marked at the larger end.

The field sparrow's song is simple, but for purity of tone is unsurpassed. It consists of a single slurred note repeated in accelerating cadence until it becomes a trill.

Grasshopper Sparrow

Although quite common in upland meadows and fields, the drab little grasshopper sparrow seldom appears above the grass tops except to sing its song, a dry, insectlike buzz. It is a small bird with short, pointed tail feathers. Its crown is striped, and the back is streaked with white-margined blackish feathers. There are two pale wing bars. The underparts are unmarked white, the face, neck, and chest strongly tinged with buff.

As might be expected, the nest is built on the ground. It is composed chiefly of grasses, arched over for additional concealment. The eggs are white, flecked with reddish brown.

Savannah Sparrow

Although known chiefly as migrants, a number of savannah spar-

rows also remain in Pennsylvania to nest in grassy fields. The male sing their weak little songs from weed tops or fences—curious clicking notes followed by a buzzy trill. The bluish white eggs, heavily speckled or washed with reddish brown, are laid in nests on the ground.

The savannah sparrow has a short, notched tail. The crown is streaked with blackish with a white center line, and there is a yellowish line over the eye. The upperparts are grayish brown streaked and mottled with black and dull buffy. The underparts are white streaked with blackish.

Song Sparrow

One of early springtime's happiest sounds is the effervescent ditty of the song sparrow breathing life into the brown landscape. A common songbird, the song sparrow is found wherever weeds and grass meet brush and briars. It hides its nest beneath grasses or weed stems on the ground. The eggs are whitish, thickly flecked with reddish brown.

The song sparrow has a moderately long, unnotched tail. Its upperparts are chiefly brown, streaked with buffy and black. The underparts are white, streaked with black, the streaks meeting in the center of the breast to form a spot.

Vesper Sparrow

Another sparrow with streaked underparts is the vesper sparrow. It possesses two unmistakable field marks—bright reddish brown lesser wing coverts and white outer tail feathers that flash conspicuously in flight. The upperparts are brown, much mottled and streaked. A pale, partial eye-ring gives it a wide-eyed look.

The vesper sparrow is one of our common summer residents of the fields and roadsides. Its song begins with two low notes followed by two higher notes that lead into a melody similar to that of the song sparrow's. It is most often heard near sundown.

SAVANNAH
SPARROW



SONG SPARROW

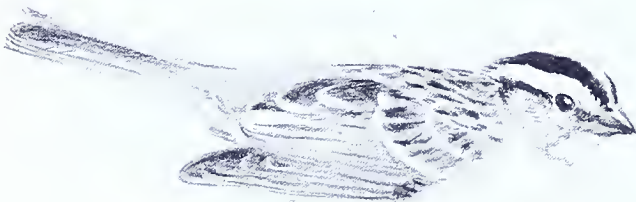


VESPER SPARROW

FOX SPARROW



BELOW -
WHITE-THROATED SPARROW



NEW SMITH



RIGHT-
WHITE-CROWNED SPARROW

Fox Sparrow

This big sparrow is easily recognized by its bright rusty coloring, especially on the rump and tail. Even the white breast is heavily streaked with reddish brown. The sides of the head are gray, but the cheek patch is reddish brown, also.

Fox sparrows begin migrating in flocks through Pennsylvania in March, their presence announced by their industrious scratching in the leaves, interspersed with an occasional chirp or a sharp note similar to the "kissing" note of the brown thrasher. The song, sometimes heard late in the migration, is like a rich, lazy, simplified version of the song sparrow's song, with some of the white-throated sparrow's slurred quality thrown in for good measure.

White-throated Sparrow

Considered by many to be our most beautiful sparrow, the white-throat is certainly one of our most distinctive. Its upperparts are mostly a streaked mixture of reddish brown, black, and buffy, with two white wing bars. The underparts, including the sides of the head, are gray. A black line passes through the eye, and a white line passes over the eye. The forward end of this white line is bright yellow. The center of the crown is white, bordered on each side by a broad, black streak. A sharply defined white throat patch gives the bird its name.

Wintering adults and immature birds have the white head markings strongly tinged with brown, but the white throat is still conspicuous.

These birds winter in Pennsylvania, but before moving north we are often treated to their song, an incredibly sweet and plaintive "Sweet Canada, Canada, Canada." Appropriately, most of them move on to nest in the forests of our neighbor to the north.

White-crowned Sparrow

Sometimes confused with the white-throated sparrow, this handsome fellow can be distinguished by the lack of a white throat patch, lack of yellow before the eye, and by the large amount of gray on the back.

The white-crown is usually seen as a migrant in Pennsylvania, but a few winter here. Its song is similar to the white-throat's lay.

Several other sparrows occur rarely, but regularly, in Pennsylvania in addition to those just described. The *Henslow's Sparrow* breeds locally in old fields. It has short, pointed tail feathers, is streaked beneath, has a tinge of green on the head and neck, and has reddish brown wings. Its song is a feeble "tislick." The *Bachman's Pine-woods Sparrow* is a rare summer resident in southern Pennsylvania. Its back is streaked with brown rather than black, and its breast is buffy. The *Lincoln's Sparrow* resembles the song sparrow but has fine black streaks on a buffy breast. It is a little known migrant. The *Nelson's Sharp-tailed Sparrow* is a rare migrant favoring marshy places. It has pointed tail feathers. The back is streaked with whitish, the sides of the head, the throat, breasts, and sides are yellowish buff. Sometimes the breast and sides are obscurely streaked.

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS

1. Fifteen or so, plus a few accidents.
2. The chipping sparrow.
3. The fox sparrow.
4. The English, or house, sparrow.
5. Horsehair, when available.
6. In 1850.
7. The tree sparrow.
8. From its habit of singing in early evening.

Decades of Deer Damage

By Harvey A. Roberts
Chief, Division of Research

DEER damage to agricultural crops is not a new problem in Pennsylvania. The original "Buck Law" of 1907, which afforded complete protection to antlerless deer, set the stage for a phenomenal increase in the size of the Commonwealth's deer herd. By the mid-1920's farmers and fruit growers were beginning to feel the full impact of a rapidly expanding deer population. The foraging of a hungry herd created a shortage of natural food in the forested areas and forced deer to invade cultivated land in growing numbers.

Within the comparatively short span of 20 years, the Pennsylvania Game Commission's problem changed from one of saving the deer herd to one of adequately controlling it.

From the early 1920's to the late 1950's, the problem of controlling the size of the deer herd was a difficult uphill struggle of paramount importance. The thorny road to a balanced deer herd unfolded in the following sequence:

In 1923 the Commission launched a campaign to cope with the problem of deer damage. The three-pronged attack in areas where depredations were being committed included deer-proof fencing, killing of deer for crop damage, and the removal of protection from antlerless deer during the hunting season.

The Deer Proof Fence Law authorized the Game Commission to supply eight-foot wire fencing provided that the farmers suffering damage would meet half the cost of construction. Because of the cost involved, not many landowners could afford this type of

protection. Two years later this law was modified to permit farmers to furnish posts and erect the fence; the Game Commission furnished the wire fencing and staples.

Killing of offending deer was first legalized in 1923. The Game Law gave the landowner the right to kill deer destroying property providing he met certain requirements. In 1925 the landowner was also permitted to retain the venison for food.

The removal of protection from antlerless deer during the hunting season in certain sections of the state met with little favor among members of the deer hunting fraternity. The antlerless deer seasons of 1923-1926, which were restricted to certain townships in a few counties, produced a total kill of only 2,492 animals.

Sportsman participation during these four antlerless seasons was so insignificant that the Commission announced a plan whereby qualified Game Protectors would be assigned the task of harvesting surplus animals. This announcement immediately brought storms of protest from many quarters. Strange as it may seem, many of the hunters who refused to kill antlerless deer objected to Commission personnel doing the job on the grounds that it would deprive sportsmen of the meat and recreation.

Trapping and transfer of deer were also attempted as a relief measure in 1924. This program was short-lived, as the technique proved ineffective and extremely expensive.

The problem was further compounded in 1925 when protection was given to spike bucks. In order to be

legal game a buck had to have two or more points to one antler. This action resulted in the protection of even a larger segment of the deer population.

Due to the fact that little was known at the time concerning deer biology, the game agency was understandably reluctant to adopt hunting regulations that could conceivably destroy the resource. Legislation introduced in the 1927 General Assembly asking that \$100,000 be set aside from the Game Fund to pay deer damage claims hastened the Commission into action. Realizing the utter impracticability of such procedure, the Commission prevented passage of the Bill by promising to hold an antlerless season in 1928. (Today only 9 states in the country attempt to pay reparations for deer damage. All state wildlife agencies are unanimous in their

agreement that this approach constitutes financial strangulation and does not solve damage problems.) No sooner had the season been announced than the Commission was again deluged by protests from sportsmen and a surprisingly large number of landowners. Despite this fact, a reported 25,097 antlerless deer were killed during the 1928 season.

During the next ten years the Commission held four antlerless seasons that resulted in the harvest of approximately 300,000 animals. However, with lapses of up to three years between antlerless deer harvests, relief from crop depredations was at best temporary.

Just as the Commission was gaining confidence in this form of herd control, the program received a series of setbacks. The first of these occurred

VILLAINS IN THE VINEYARDS. Wintering whitetails in the grape vineyards can cause extensive damage here.

Photo by Craig Scott, Erie Times



in 1937 when the scheduled antlerless season in certain counties was cancelled by Court injunction. Two years later another backward step was taken when the General Assembly passed legislation permitting counties to abrogate antlerless seasons. To cancel a scheduled antlerless deer season, 50 per cent of the county residents who purchased a hunting license the previous year merely signed a petition opposing the Commission's action.

In spite of all the knowledge available at the time concerning the tremendous reproductive potential of the whitetail, it is now hard to believe that sportsmen in many counties continued to exercise their legal right to cancel scheduled antlerless seasons during 1940, 1943, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1949 and 1950 seasons. This blocking action on the part of many well-meaning but misguided individuals and organizations partially hamstrung the Commission's attempts to relieve damage by removing surplus deer. Seven antlerless seasons during an eleven-year period (1940-1950) produced a total reported harvest of slightly more than 345,000 animals.

Fortunately for all concerned, the right of abrogation was repealed in the 1951 legislative session. The removal of this obstacle heralded a new era in deer management. By adopting a special license for antlerless deer hunting the Game Commission was in a position to harvest a predetermined number of antlerless deer and, as conditions warranted, increase or decrease gunning pressure on a county basis. Additional impetus was given the program in 1953 when protection was removed from bucks with spike-antlers 3 inches or longer.

As noted previously the basic cause of deer damage to agricultural crops is an imbalance between herd size and natural food supplies. Therefore, the annual removal of surplus animals constitutes the foundation of an effective and lasting damage control program. In general this management



Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III

UNTIL SUCH TIME as apathy, ignorance, misunderstanding and self-interest are conquered the difficult battle against deer damage will continue.

technique has worked to the benefit of both the landowner and sportsman. There are local exceptions, however, especially in areas that do not lend themselves to big game hunting. In such situations the landowner is afforded a degree of relief under the Game Law.

Killing for Crop Damage

Currently, persons who own or lease farms and cultivate same as a means of making a living are permitted by law to kill deer for crop damage provided they (1) reside on the land, (2) produce evidence to a Game Protector that material damage has been or is about to be done, and (3) do not post their land against public hunting. After killing a deer the owner must remove the entrails from the animal and notify the nearest Game Protector or the Commission's Harrisburg Office within 12 hours. The carcass may be retained as food or be turned over to the Game Commission representative. In cases where a num-

ber of deer are killed, only one animal at a time may be retained as food. Providing the foregoing requirements are met, the farmer may also kill deer for crop damage on detached lands.

Results of Antlerless Seasons

The inauguration six years ago of sustained annual antlerless deer seasons has resulted in an appreciable drop in the number of deer reported killed for crop damage. In 1958 the reported crop damage kill involved 2,201 deer; the average crop damage kill for the last three years has been 1,300 animals.

In terms of crop protection over large areas, deer-proof fencing cannot do the job. When equated on the basis of money spent for protection received, the shortcoming of such a program becomes obvious. If money were no obstacle, the mere mechanics of erecting fences to protect thousands of acres would be overwhelming.

With an annual allocation of \$10,000 from the Game Fund the Game Commission attempts to meet individual demands for this type of protection. Since the inception of the fencing program in 1923 the Commission has spent a total of \$191,425 and provided 376 miles of fencing. This constitutes enough material to enclose 19.4 square miles of cropland.

Providing that requests have not exhausted the annual allocation of funds, the Game Commission may assist in the erection of deer-proof fencing. In order to qualify for this assistance the landowner must show that (1) his property has been open to public hunting and (2) material damage or destruction to crops or orchards has occurred. If these requirements are met, the Game Commission may provide woven wire fencing and staples; the landowner, in turn, agrees to supply posts and erect the fence to Commission specifications within six months of receipt of material.

In retrospect, the early part of this century was characterized by an over-



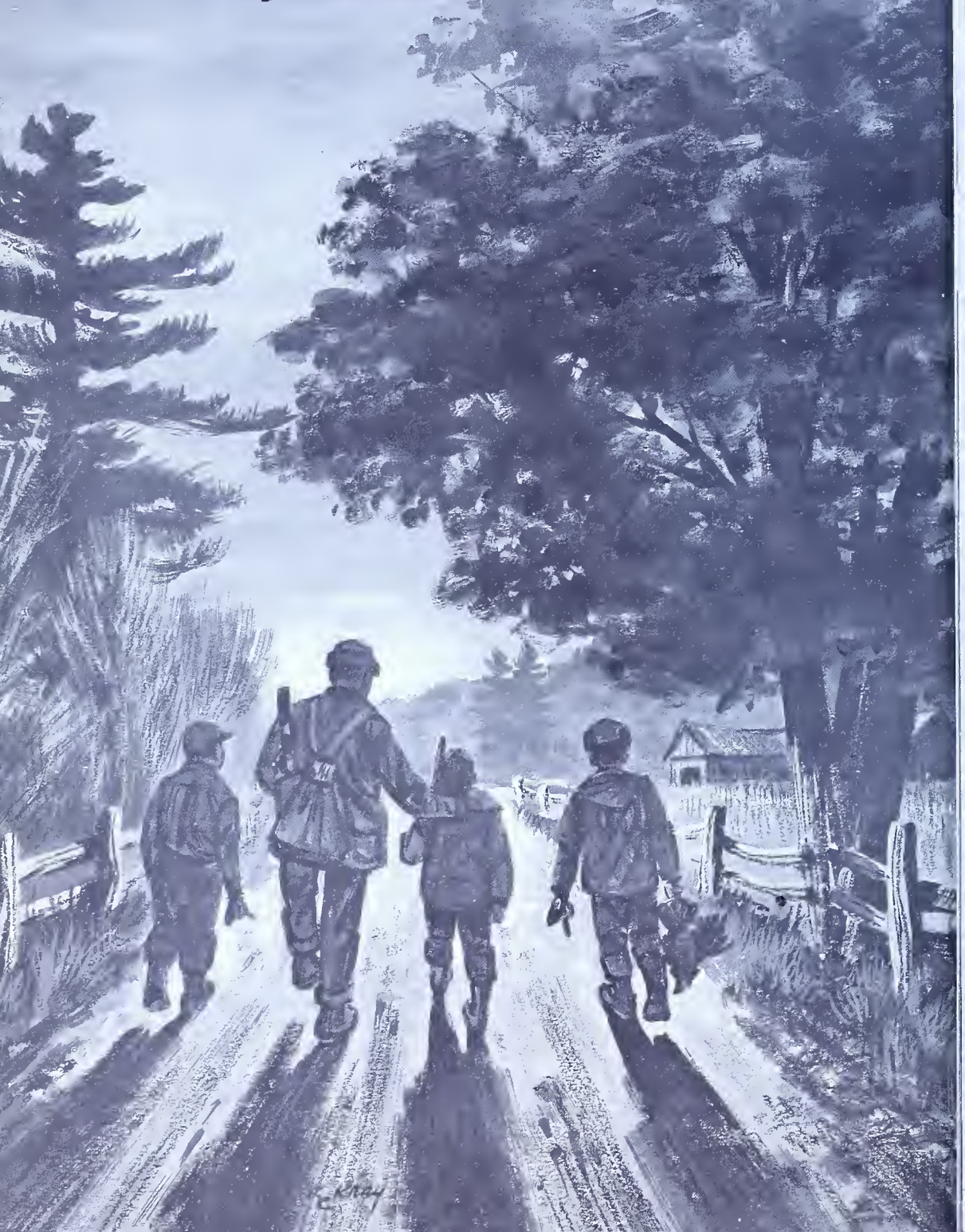
Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III

THE SOURCE OF THE PROBLEM is this animal's appetite. Our herd must be kept in balance with the available food.

protected deer herd. By the time the Game Commission realized that the herd had outgrown its food supply, it could not convince the sportsmen that a drastic reduction of the herd by killing antlerless deer was imperative to save the range and the deer themselves. Individuals and organizations fought these antlerless deer seasons by Court injunction, abrogation and other legislative action. Despite these obstacles, slow but encouraging progress has been made in the field of deer damage control and herd management. Full application of our newly acquired knowledge, however, awaits public acceptance and confidence. Until such time as apathy, ignorance, misunderstanding and self-interest are conquered the difficult battle against deer damage will continue. If the Game Commission is to apply the ultimate corrective measure—the maintenance of a herd consistent with its environment—it must have the full support of both sportsmen and landowners.

WHY I TAUGHT MY BOYS TO BE HUNTERS

by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE



To Be a Sportsman

Is a Long Step to Being a Man . . .

I HAVE said that my hunting has often been solitary; but that was chiefly in the early days. During the last 25 years I have rarely taken to the woods and fields in the shooting season without having one or more of my own sons with me. Few human relationships are closer than those established by a mutual contact with nature; and it has always seemed to me that if more fathers were woodsmen, and would teach their sons to be likewise, most of the so-called father-and-son problems would vanish.

Providence gave me three sons, only about a year and a half apart; and since it was not possible for me to give them what we usually call the advantages of wealth, I made up my mind to do my best by them. I decided primarily to make them sportsmen, for I have a conviction that to be a sportsman is a mighty long step in the direction of being a man. I thought also that if a man brings up his sons to be hunters, they will never grow away from him. Rather the passing years will only bring them closer, with a thousand happy memories of the woods and fields. Again, a hunter never sits around home forlornly, not knowing what in the world to do with his leisure. His interest in nature will be such that he can delight in every season, and he has resources within himself that will make life always seem worth while.

Hunters should be started early. As each one of my boys reached the age of six I gave him a single-shot .22 rifle, and I began to let him go afield with me. For a year or so I never let him load the gun, even with dust shot; but I just tried to give him some notions of how to handle it, of how to cross a ditch or a fence with it, and in what direction to keep the muzzle pointed.

It was a great day for each young-

ster when he shot his first English sparrow with a .22 shot shell.

From the time when the first one was six years old, I could never get into my hunting clothes without hearing, "Dad, take me along!" Sometimes an argument was added: "I will shoot straight. I will put it on him!" To these winning pleas I have always tried to give an affirmative answer, even when I had to alternate carrying a played-out boy and a played-out puppy. But I knew that I was on the right track when I was trying to impress on the younger generation the importance of shooting straight. I directly applied to my own children that old copybook maxim, "Teach the young idea how to shoot." I think the rod and gun better for boys than the saxophone and the fudge sundae. In the first place, there is something inherently manly and home-bred and truly American in that expression, "shooting straight." The hunter learns that reward comes from hard work; he learns from dealing with nature that a man must have a deep respect for the great natural laws. He learns also, I think, in a far higher degree that any form of standardized amateur athletics can give him, to play the game fairly.

Most of our harmless and genuine joys in this life are those which find their source in primitive instincts. A man who follows his natural inclinations, with due deference to common sense and moderation, is usually on the right track. Now the sport of hunting is one of the most honorable of the primeval instincts of man. What human thrill is there in lounging into a grimy butcher shop and sorrowfully surrendering a hard-earned simoleon for a dubious slab of inert beef? Certainly any true man would far rather trudge fifteen miles in inclement weather just for a chance at a grouse.



I WAS GUIDE for my oldest son, Arch, as he stalked and killed his first buck in the sea-marsh of Bull's Island.

Even if he gets nothing, he will be a younger and a better man when he gets home, and with memories that will lighten the burden of the days when he cannot go afield.

A lot of good people, seeing me rearing my sons to be woodsmen, have offered me advice. "How can you love nature and yet shoot a deer?" "How can you bear to teach those children to kill things?"

These parlor naturalists and lollipop sentimentalists, whose knowledge of nature is such that they would probably take a flying buttress for a lovely game bird, are incapable of understanding that it is far less cruel to kill a wild deer than it is to poleax a defenseless ox in a stall. The ox has no chance; but the deer has about four chances out of five against even the good hunter. Besides, I have a philosophy which teaches me that certain game birds and animals are apparently made to be hunted, because of their peculiar food value and because their character lends zest to the pursuit of them. It has never seemed

to me to be too far-fetched to suppose that Providence placed game here for a special purpose.

Hunting is not incompatible with the deepest and most genuine love of nature. Audubon was something of a hunter; so was the famous Bachman; so were both John Muir and John Burroughs. It has always seemed to me that any man is a better man for being a hunter. This sport confers a certain constant alertness, and develops a certain ruggedness of character that, in these days of too much civilization, is refreshing; moreover, it allies us to the pioneer past. In a deep sense, this great land of ours was won for us by hunters.

Again, there is a comradeship among hunters that has always seemed to me one of the finest human relationships. When fellow sportsmen meet in the woods or fields or the lonely marshes, they meet as friends who understand each other. There is a fine democracy about all this that is a mighty wholesome thing for young people to know. As much as I do anything else in life I treasure my comradeship with old, grizzled woodsmen. Hunting alone could have made us friends. And I want my boys to go through life making these humble contacts and learning from fellow human beings, many of them very unpretentious and simple-hearted, some of the ancient lore of nature that is one of the very finest heritages of our race. Nature always solves her own problems; and we can go far toward solving our own if we listen to her teachings and consort with those who love her.

Was Guide for Arch

In the case of my own boys, from the .22 rifle they graduated to the .410 shotgun, then to a 20-gauge; then a 16; then a 12. I was guide for my oldest son, Arch, when he shot his first stag. We stalked him at sundown on Bull's Island, in the great sea-marsh of that magnificent preserve, creeping through the bulrushes

and the myrtle bushes until we got in a position for a shot. And that night at the clubhouse, when I went to bed late, I found my young hunter still wide awake, no doubt going over our whole campaign of that memorable afternoon.

Saw Five Fall

I was near my second son, Middleton, when he shot his first five bucks. I saw all of them fall—and these deeds were done before he was eighteen.

I followed the blood-trail of the first buck my youngest son, Irvine, shot. He had let drive one barrel of his 16-gauge at this great stag in a dense pine thicket. The buck made a right-about face and headed for the river, a mile away. He was running with a doe, and she went on across the water. The buck must have known that he could not make it, for he turned up the plantation avenue, actually jumped the gate, splashing it with blood, and fell dead under a giant live oak only eighty yards from the house!

It's one thing to kill a deer, and it's another to kill one and then have him accommodate you by running out of the wilds right up to your front steps. That kind of performance saves a lot of toting. This stag was an old swamp buck with massive antlers. Last Christmas one of my sons had only three days vacation; but he got two bucks.

Yes, I have brought up my three boys to be hunters; and I know full well that when the wild creatures need no longer have any apprehension about me, my grandchildren will be hard on their trail, pursuing with keen enjoyment and wholesome passion the sport of kings. While other boys are whirling in the latest jazz or telling dubious stories on street corners, I'd like to think that mine are deep in the lonely woods, far in the silent hills, listening to another kind of music, learning a different kind of lore.

This privilege of hunting is about as fine a heritage as we have, and it



THE BUCK must have known he couldn't make it. He fell dead under the giant live oak only 80 yards from the house.

needs to be passed on unsullied from father to son. There is still hope for the race when some members of it are not wholly dependent upon effete and urbane artificialities for their recreation. A true hunter will never feel at home in a night club. The whole thing would seem to him rather pathetic and comical—somehow not in the same world with solitary fragrant woods, rushing rivers and the elegant high-born creatures of nature with which he is familiar. Hunting gives a man a sense of balance, a sanity, a comprehension of the true values of life that make vicious and crazily stimulated joy a repellent thing.

I well remember the morning when I took all three of my boys on a hunt for the first time. I had told them the night before that we were going for grouse and had to make an early start for Path Valley. There must have been a romantic appeal in the phrase "early start," for I could hardly get them to sleep that night. And such a time as we had getting all the guns and shells and hunting clothes ready, and a lunch

packed, and the alarm clock set! And now, many years after that memorable day, we still delight in making early starts together.

That day, before we had been in the dewy fringes of the mountain a half hour, as we were walking abreast about fifty yards apart, we had the good fortune to flush a covey of five ruffed grouse. It was the first time that any of my boys had had a shot at this grand bird, which to my way of thinking outpoints every other game bird in the whole world, bar none. An old cock with a heavy ruff fell to Middleton's gun. A young cock tried to get back over Irvine's head. It was a gallant gesture, but the little huntsman's aim was true, and down came the prince of the woodland.

Arch and I were a little out of range for a shot on the rise, but ere long we flushed other birds, and I had the satisfaction of seeing him roll his first *Bonasa umbellus*. We were walking through some second growth, which was fairly thick. I had just been telling him that in such cover a grouse is mighty likely to go up pretty fast and steep to clear the treetops, where, for the tiniest fraction of a split second, it will seem to pause as it checks its rise and the direction of its flight, which is to take it like a sacred projectile above the forest. I had been telling Arch that the best chance under such circumstances was usually offered just as the grouse got above the sprouts and seemed to hesitate.

Regal Grouse Roared

I had just taken up my position in line when out of a tangle of fallen grapevines that had been draping a clump of sumac bushes a regal grouse roared up in front of Arch. I could see the splendid bird streaking in for the sky and safety. At first I was afraid that Arch would shoot too soon, then that he would shoot too late; either one would be like not shooting at all. But just as the cock topped the trees and tilted himself downward the gun spoke, and the tilt continued, only



THREE MINUTES LATER he was down on the slope of the gorge retrieving a 19-pound gobbler.

steeper and without control. With a heavy thud the noble bird dropped within my sight on the tinted leaves of the autumnal forest floor.

Fellow sportsmen will appreciate what I mean when I say that was a great day for me. When a father can see his boy follow and fairly kill our most wary and splendid game bird, I think the Old Man has a right to feel that his son's education is one to be proud of. I'd far rather have a son of mine able to climb a mountain and outwit the wary creatures of the wilderness than be able to dance the twist or be able to decide whether a lavender tie will match mauve socks. These little lisping men, these modern ruins, these lazy effeminate who could not tell you the difference between a bull and a bullet—it is not in these that the hope of America, that the hope of humanity, lies.

When Arch was 13, I had him up at daybreak with me one morning in the wilds of the Tuscarora Mountains. From the crest of the wooded ridge on which we were standing, we could

see over an immense gorge on either side and beyond them, far away over the rolling ridges, northward and southward. It was dawn of the first day, and there were many hunters in the mountains. The best chance at a turkey in that country at such a time is to take just such a stand and wait for one to fly over or perhaps to come walking warily up the slope of one of the leaf-strewn gullies. We had been standing together for about fifteen minutes and had heard some shooting to the northward of us, three ridges away, when I saw a great black shape coming toward us over the treetops.

"Here he comes, son!" I told my youthful huntsman. "Hold for his head when he gets almost over you."

Three minutes later my boy was down on the slope of the gorge, retrieving a 19-pound gobbler, as proud as a lad could be, and entitled to be proud. It was all he could do to toil up the hill with his prize.

A Tom Came Running

Irvine shot his first turkey on our plantation in Carolina. He was on a deerstand when this old tom came running to him through the huckleberries. The great bird stood almost as tall as he did.

Middleton killed his first under peculiar circumstances. We walked into a flock together, at daybreak, and they scattered in all directions, but were too drowsy to fly far. He wounded a splendid bird, and it alighted in a tall yellow pine about a hundred yards from us. There was not enough cover to enable him to creep up to it, and

the morning was so very still that I was afraid his first step would scare the gobbler from his lofty perch.

"I know what to do," he whispered to me as I stood at a loss to know what to advise. "Don't you hear that old woodpecker hammering on that dead pine? Every time he begins to rap I'm going to take an easy, soft step forward. Perhaps I can get close enough."

"Go ahead," I told him, and stood watching this interesting stalk.

The woodpecker proved very accommodating, and every other minute hammered loudly on the sounding tree. Step by cautious step Middleton got nearer. At last he raised his gun, and at its report the gobbler reeled earthward. I thought the little piece of woodcraft very neatly executed.

If the sentimentalist were right, hunting would develop in men a cruelty of character. But I have found that it inculcates patience, demands discipline and iron nerve, and develops a serenity of spirit that makes for long life and long love of life. And it is my fixed conviction that if a parent can give his children a passionate and wholesome devotion to the outdoors, the fact that he cannot leave each of them a fortune does not really matter so much. They will always enjoy life in its nobler aspects without money and without price. They will worship the Creator in His mighty works. And because they know and love the natural world, they will always feel at home in the wide, sweet habitations of the Ancient Mother.

Increase Noted in 'Trumpeters'

The trumpeter swan, largest waterfowl on the North American continent and once threatened with extinction, appears to have staged a substantial recovery, according to the U. S. Department of the Interior.

The Department's Fish and Wildlife Service reported recently that 300 young trumpeters were reared in the United States in 1963—the largest number counted since the Service began recording the population in 1932.

As recently as 1945, there were only 235 young and adult trumpeters in the country. The hatch of 300 young last year has raised that figure to 800, not counting those in Alaska.

Susquehanna Survey

By William Voigt, Jr.

Executive Director, Interstate Advisory Committee
On the Susquehanna River Basin



PFC Photo

THIS IS THE WATER that the river collects from ten thousand springs and rivulets as it flows south past the Water Gap Tower in Dauphin County.

A Comprehensive Study Has Begun Of the Susquehanna River Basin . . .

TO LOOK at the Susquehanna Basin a chunk at a time, you might think there were more things pulling it apart than holding it together. For instance, the social, economic and geographic differences between:

- ° The agricultural-industrial New York sections that center on Elmira and Binghamton;

- ° The scenic recreational reaches of the North Branch between Towanda and Falls;

- ° The struggling hard coal mining regions;

- ° The bituminous, timbered and farming country of the West Branch and Juniata subbasins — which are more nearly alike than any other two parts;

- ° The lower main stem triangle embracing Harrisburg, Lancaster and York, a complex of activities and attitudes that in some respects seems like a little world of its own; and

- ° Finally, the head-of-the-Bay territory in Maryland.

However, one fluid tie binds the Susquehanna watershed into a single entity and makes its varied bits and pieces parts of an eternally combined and interdependent whole.

This is the water that the river collects from ten thousand springs and

rivulets as it flows from its official source in Lake Otsego at Coopers-town to the Chesapeake Bay at Havre de Grace.

In recent years this nation has seen river basins studied and surveyed by the dozens, yet only now has the Susquehanna come in for comprehensive attention, and maybe it is well that this is so. For the delay of the river planners in getting around to the Susquehanna makes it possible to take advantage of experience gained in more than a quarter of a century across the span of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Scope, techniques—and human vision—have changed through the years. Perhaps because it has come late in the day, the Susquehanna survey can become the best of the lot, can have more beneficial meaning, can be more truly reflective of local, regional and national needs in the conservation and utilization of water and related land resources.

This certainly is the hope of thinking people throughout the basin as the survey moves from early planning stages down the long road to acceptance and implementation.

Nearly all of the resource-oriented agencies of Federal and state government have been pulled into the study in one degree or another.

Engineers Are Coordinators

Congress gave a primary directive to the Corps of Engineers, which is coordinating the survey. Of the more than a dozen other Federal agencies concerned, there are four from the Department of Interior, three each from Agriculture and Commerce, and one from Health, Education and Welfare. The Federal Power Commission and the Housing and Home Finance Administration also have a part. Beyond that, nearly three dozen state agencies in New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland are playing a more or less active role; some are working at field and office tasks related to the survey, and all are watching the prog-

ress of the Federal agencies closely to judge what the ultimate report may mean regarding the activities for which they are responsible.

The survey is to go on until 1968, when a final report is due to be completed and presented to Congress.

With so many official agencies engaged in so complicated an undertaking, some sort of mechanism is called for to pull things together, to help each of the many hands know what the others are doing, and one has been formed. It is called the Susquehanna Basin Survey Coordinating Committee. Its chairman is the District Engineer, and its members represent the Federal agencies and each of the three states.

Readers of the *GAME NEWS* will be interested in one important way in which this coordinating committee operates differently from those that have functioned in connection with other river basins that affect Pennsylvania. The formal meetings of the Susquehanna Coordinating Committee are open to the public. Those attending have the privilege of asking questions, and of getting answers on the record.

Another new departure from previous custom finds the U. S. Public Health Service and the Department of Agriculture agencies carrying out their survey functions on direct congressional appropriations and instructions. USPHS is doing a broad scale water quality study of the basin. Under the leadership of the Soil Conservation Service, the USDA field team is carrying out an area by area survey of 53 subwatersheds throughout the valley.

The IAC

While it is not a direct part of the comprehensive survey, another official agency has been formed by the basin states, with duties that are related to the survey.

This is the Interstate Advisory Committee on the Susquehanna River Basin. It has two members from the

executive branch and two from the legislative branch of each of the three state governments, and has an office and staff in Harrisburg. Its present chairman is Dr. Maurice K. Goddard, Secretary of Forests and Waters. Its other Pennsylvania members are Secretary John Tabor of the Department of Commerce, Senator Z. H. Confair of Williamsport, and Representative Orville E. Snare of Huntingdon. Mr. Snare also is Secretary-Treasurer of the IAC.

The functions of the IAC are varied. It is to produce a draft of an interstate-Federal compact to be considered by the legislatures of the basin states and by the Federal Congress. It is to serve in a liaison capacity, keeping in close touch with all aspects of the comprehensive survey as it proceeds to help safeguard and maximize the interests of the states. It also is to conduct studies on its own account, in the event it considers specific subjects of significance are outside the scope of work being done by other agencies.

What It Means to Outdoorsmen

What does a "comprehensive survey" mean, and how may its outcome be important to hunters and other outdoorsmen? The orders given at the Federal level were that the survey should cover the water and related land resources of the basin—which is

just about all-inclusive. In addition to the water, it affects the creatures that live in and on the water. It affects the soil, the trees and other vegetation that grow in the soil, and these, in turn, have an important bearing on the well-being of the living creatures that, directly or indirectly, live on the vegetation.

The survey will result in proposals for a program of action that will affect all these resources in one way or another, both their conservation and their utilization. Water will be stored and released for many purposes, such as flood control, increased summer and early fall flows when they normally are low (as they were last year), dilution of coal mine acid and other pollution, and for all water-based kinds of outdoor recreation. The water proposals and programs will inevitably have an effect on the land, its many uses and its productivity, including its ability to sustain animal and bird life.

The hunters of Pennsylvania and of the other two states of the basin have a very real stake in the outcome of the comprehensive survey. Those who are thinking ahead will want to keep themselves well informed, so they can discuss it intelligently and, when there is need or opportunity, can act wisely as to what the ultimate report proposes.

THE HUNTERS of Pennsylvania and the other states along the basin have a real stake in the outcome of the Susquehanna Survey. Those who are thinking ahead will want to keep themselves well informed.

PFC Photo



Your New Gun Dog

George Bird Evans

Old Hemlock Farm

April 3, 1964

Part One

DEAR TED:

I was pleased to learn from your letter that you have bought a setter puppy. You did rather well walking up birds your first two seasons but I suspected symptoms the afternoon you shot with me over Shadows. Once you've known the pleasure, you're never content to shoot without a good dog. This, especially since you've shown a preference for grouse.

You ask: "How do I train him?" Some excellent shooting dogs have been developed by men who had never owned one. They learned together as a man/dog team—*man* before dog because with less hunting instinct he has more to learn than the puppy. I don't have all the answers but here is how I train my dogs.

You will have a better shooting companion if you housebreak him and let him live inside with you. It's a fallacy that living indoors spoils a dog's nose. There'll be some dog hairs and paw prints but I've got so I'm uncomfortable without them, and your dog's life is too short to have him spend any avoidable part of it away from you.

GUN-SHYNESS:

At ten weeks your puppy is at the bravado stage and fears nothing. Keep him that way. Each new experience, if associated with fun, is taken in stride. Gun-shy dogs are man-made. When he is sailing into his food see that your puppy hears loud noises—clapping your hands, slapping a newspaper on a box. Graduate to .22 blanks, then .32's, fired first at a distance, later close by but always when he is gobbling his meal. If he shows alarm, ignore him (comforting him at gun-sound or thunder only convinces him there is reason for fear) but start over with the milder noises he is used to and build up gradually.

After he has had contact with bird scent in the field, fire a blank at a distance when he is excited over game and pay no attention when he looks up, not even if he comes in to you. Keep on walking, concealing the gun. Finally, on his first shooting trip be sure to take him alone. This is important. Shooting directly over his head or too close to him at first could ruin him and your companions might not use judgment in this respect.

I am not enthusiastic about introducing the puppy to the shotgun by shooting live pigeons. It sounds fine but I have known it to make a fine young dog gun-shy—perhaps because pigeons lack red-hot game scent, perhaps because the procedure lacks the excitement of an actual hunt. And don't take the puppy to a trapshoot "to get used to" two or three hundred rounds of shotgun reports. I have never had a gun-shy dog but have



Photos by Jack Gates

LIE DOWN. Hold switch upright with index finger along the switch. Later this position of the finger alone carries the message.

seen puppies spoiled by thoughtless treatment—children discharging cap pistols or firecrackers, or striking puppies with toy guns.

SIGHT POINTING:

Young dogs will often sight point butterflies or sparrows. While this delights the owner, it is not necessarily the sign of future brilliance for we are concerned with game scent. It does no harm to encourage it at this stage. Introduce an element of scent by using a pheasant or grouse wing or tail fan on the end of a string. Toss it in front of the puppy and jerk it beyond reach when he tries to catch it. This is mere play and should not be overdone to the extent of encouraging pointing all moving objects.

RETRIEVING:

Up to twelve weeks there is little to do but foster close understanding. Have your puppy with you as much as possible, using his name and talking gently. Avoid romping. A calm manner, like an hysterical one, is a direct reflection of the owner's attitude.

Begin retrieving lessons, starting as play. Natural retrievers should require no force methods. Tie a rag into a compact bundle—floppy objects en-

courage shaking and a small ball may be swallowed—and toss it out with the command "Go fetch." When he picks it up, clap your hands and call him to you. His impulse may be to run the other way so do this in a hallway where he has no choice but to carry the "bird" back toward you, fixing a pattern in his mind. Do this only a few times but repeat daily. Don't lose patience if he doesn't respond for he is still a baby and this is kindergarten work.

When he is 4 months old do more serious retrieving lessons. Take him to a spot with no distractions, no other people or dogs, and toss out the "bird," restraining him until it has landed. Letting him run after it while still in the air encourages breaking at flush later on. Command, "Go fetch," and release your hold on him. When he picks it up command, "Fetch it here," and slap the side of your leg. Always use exactly the same command for each step. If he picks it up but won't bring it to you, work him on a long cord, pulling him in firmly but gently and always with a pleasant tone of voice. Never punish for failure in a retrieving lesson. He has you at a disadvantage, for you can end with a nonretriever.

I like to use a grouse dummy for the "bird," constructed to discourage chewing. Wrap a cob-size piece of wood with fleece or cloth, studding it overall with finishing nails left extended $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. Over this, wire on a pair of grouse wings and a tail, leaving some wire exposed. When the pupil bites down he finds it uncomfortable but still exciting and learns to handle it with a gentle touch. By associating game bird feathers with searching, when your dog hits scent afield he is already familiar with what he is hunting for.

Toss this "grouse" into weeds where the puppy must use his nose to locate it. Finally, hide it instead of tossing it and send your retriever to find it. At this stage extend the command to

"Dead bird, go fetch." Our dogs love this game indoors in bad weather, waiting in one room while I hide the bird in another. The ultimate is to have your star sit to deliver the bird to hand. You will have taught him to sit by this stage and you simply give the command before accepting the retrieve. Encourage this in actual retrieving afield. Follow each lesson with a dog biscuit reward *after* school is over. If your pupil goes stale, change locale for he will associate the place with the experience. (I have had a dog do poor work in a particular field, remembering that I had corrected her there the previous season.)

The best of retrievers may refuse a woodcock—something about the scent—while others retrieve them regularly. This does not affect their interest in pointing them.

OBEDIENCE LESSONS (YARD TRAINING):

I am glad you are going to train

DON'T TUG ON LEASH to teach walking at heel. Simply rustle a leafy switch in the pupil's face each time he strains forward and command, "Heel."



your puppy yourself; it is so much better if at all possible. He thinks you are God. He would find most professional trainers less than that but, if sent to one, would be forced to hunt for that man (often under rough treatment) and would come back having attached his loyalty to him and finding you a stranger; in extreme cases, in bad physical condition and with faults such as bird-shyness, fear of gun or man. You will learn along with your pupil, the pair of you will be attuned and you will have a sense of pride in shooting over a dog you have trained yourself. I like to get the pre-hunting course finished during the summer, going into serious field work after we have a language for communication. With judgment, obedience lessons in no way curb the puppy's spirit.

NO:

"No" is your way of explaining that you don't want your puppy to do certain things, not necessarily a reprimand.

WORK THE PUPIL up to a planted quail and when you see him get the body scent, hold with "Stay."



mand. Tone of voice and attitude carry weight. When the offense is serious, a convincing slap on his little bottom is in order though it needn't be any rougher than he is used to feeling in play. Often "No" accompanied by an accusing finger shaken at him will suffice. Don't ask too much but do not tolerate disobedience. Don't lose your temper if you can possibly control yourself. Whipping a dog is degrading and is almost never to be resorted to. Distinguish between a *mistake* and a *sin*—the latter is when the dog knows it is wrong and does it anyway. Let any doubt be in the dog's favor. Ideally, he obeys you because he wants to and it is a matter of making your wishes clear.

LIE DOWN, COME HERE:

These commands are learned together. With your pupil on a leash and a light switch in your hand, give the command "Lie down" in a firm but pleasant tone and accompany it with a light but decisive stroke of the switch across his rump. You will remind me about whipping, and while this is not "beating" I still dislike it. But please tell me how to teach a dog to drop promptly to a word he does not yet understand. If you push down on his back your pupil will resist

HANDLING ON POINT. Repeating, "Stay," stroke soothingly from head to tip of tail. Finally lift by tail and set back down.



rather than respond (you will use this to your advantage in later work on point). You will only need the switch at first and your puppy will accept it in the spirit of the lesson.

As your pupil drops, stroke him gently and repeat the word "Down," also stroking him with the switch to show him there is no ill will. The moment you straighten up he will bounce to his feet but you must anticipate this, keeping him down by threat of the switch. When you get him holding in the down position, move a few feet away with the switch held upright and with your index finger vertically along the switch (later this position of the finger alone carries the meaning). Go back to him and stroke him, showing you are pleased, and again back away, keeping him down as you repeat the word. Only when you have him staying to your will do you relax and, slapping your leg, give the command "Come here." This is exactly what he wants to do and he will come promptly. Congratulate him.

Repeat the "Lie down" and "Come here" drill until he understands both, then stop for the day. If all went well, do the drill in the same place each day in 5 to 10 minute sessions. Use a firm convincing tone, don't shout. A whisper will carry more impact than shouting, once he understands what you want. Use these commands in your daily contacts and always the same words. It confuses the dog to use "Come here" and "Come on" for the same command.

STAY:

After a dozen lessons and he is remaining in position for "Lie down," give the command "Stay" after you have put him down. In addition to the switch in the upright position raise your left hand, palm toward the dog as though pushing him back. Continuing to face him, take a few steps backward. Keep him in position as before but use the word "Stay" and

hold him under control for an extended period, moving closer to him again before bringing him to you with "Come here." Increase the distance you back away and finally, instead of going to him, bring him to you where you stand. After he has learned "Stay," hold him in position while you go out of his sight behind a building. Peek around and if he begins to break, surprise him with your "Stay" from outer space, convincing him you know his every nasty little thought. Eventually hold him in lying down position while you make a complete circle around the building, appearing in a new place to his great surprise before you say, "Come here." Teaching "Stay" with the "Lie down" drill is best, for he has already learned to remain in that position. Later, have him "Stay" while sitting or standing wherever you want him to wait, even in your car. Put dramatic emphasis in the act, for he obeys if he thinks you are serious. Finally, convince him that you have complete control by turning your back on him while he stays, then walk off and don't look around until you are some distance away. Only then, turn and bring him to you.

GO ON:

The "Stay" command is a valuable one and used not only with "Come here" but "Go on." Inside a doorway where you can block his passage give the command "Stay," raising your hand as usual. After he has held properly, command "Go on" and step aside, waving him ahead. For some reason I find "All right, go on" more effective—perhaps more relaxing.

When he has mastered this, make a ritual of holding him at "Stay" each time his food is placed before him and don't let him break until you say "Go on." In all his 15 years Ruff never had a meal without this rite and he would have missed it. I used to poise four setters over their separate pans, drooling and quivering (each watching to see that the other fellow didn't



TO TEACH BACKPOINTING, work your pupil with a dog who is stanch.

cheat) and prolong the agony with a long conversation ending with "All right, go on" and not a dog would break until then. The greater the temptation to break, the greater the value of the drill. I make my dogs "Stay" when I put them down in the field before sending them out with "Go on." The purpose of this control is to make them stanch on point but it is useful in daily life.

SIT:

Easily taught. Offer a dog biscuit and hold it back over his head to make him back up to get it. Refuse to give it until he settles on his haunches at the word "Sit." Crowding him back with the biscuit and pushing him on his rear quarters helps. Associate the response with your upraised finger. Later, use this in accepting a retrieve.

BACK:

No dog should be permitted to jump up on you or your guests. It is no kindness to let him become a nuisance and it can be dangerous—his nails can rake your face with no intention of roughness on his part. Use the command "Back" and slap his paws or, if he persists, his nose. Don't confuse him by saying "Down" which means "Lie down" to him. There are

theories about stepping on feet as he jumps but you can end with a dog with crushed metatarsals. You can combine "Back" with "No" to show displeasure and when he goes back to earth repeat it sternly, shaking your finger at him. Be unyielding about this.

HEEL:

Don't try to teach "Heel" by tugging on the leash. Again, force impels the dog to resist. You can have him heeling by the end of a half-hour walk. Take a long-stemmed weed or switch with leaves, walk the dog on leash (to prevent his lagging behind or moving to one side) and as you command "Heel" rustle the foliage in his face. Repeat the command each time he surges ahead and shake the leaves in his face. He dislikes this and soon obeys. Later, repeat without the leash. Do not permit him to move

ahead of you until you command "All right, go on."

Teach only one new thing at a time, but continue all commands already learned. Converse intelligently with your dog, sprinkling your sentences with words he knows. He'll develop a more intelligent attitude and feel closer to you. He will learn more words than you imagine and they need not be one syllable. You can use French, German or Swahili and he will learn if you are consistent. But while he is concerned with the serious business of learning to hunt don't complicate his education.

Excuse this lengthy letter but I couldn't help volunteering some advice. Good luck with your pupil. I think you selected a delightful name for him.

Best regards,
George

Pheasants Announce Their Intentions . . .

The Cock Crows at Sunrise

By Fred E. Hartman and Dale E. Sheffer
Game Biologists

PRIOR to the raising of young, many wild animals have regular pre-mating ceremonies to attract the opposite sex. These rituals are most outstanding in the ring-necked pheasant. The cock ringneck in his flashy plumage announces to members of his own species, as well as outsiders, that the time for mating is at hand. This is the beginning of a biological phenomenon to ensure the continuation of the species.

The cockbird's ceremonies commence with sporadic crowing in late February or the first part of March; this depends somewhat upon weather conditions and temperature. This sporadic crowing occurs any time during

the day as the male pheasant wanders throughout his range. At this same time, the concentrated wintering flocks of pheasants scatter over much of the land from their small wintering areas and become widely dispersed. As spring becomes a reality, the cock settles on a particular area which is defined as his "territory." In primary pheasant range where land is farmed intensively the territory of an individual male may average about 100 acres. Also, the territories appear to be somewhat evenly spaced so that there is no crowding of males into one spot.

During April and the first half of May, cock pheasants are at their peak



PGC Photo

THE COCKBIRD'S ceremonies commence with sporadic crowing in late February or early March.

of crowing, predominantly in the early morning (one-half hour before sunrise to about one hour after sunrise). The crowing activity serves two purposes: (1) informs the hens that a cock ringneck is present to assist in the production of young by mating and (2) to announce to other males that the hens in a particular area are being serviced. This latter arrangement may tend to distribute the males more evenly over an area, thus ensuring the mating of the largest possible part of the hen population.

Along with crowing, the male ringneck struts around, displaying his feathers and stretching his wings. During the male's crowing ceremonies, he often remains near the center of his territory. The hens will most often go to the cockbird to be mated rather than being chased by him all over the countryside as some might suspect.

Although crowing activity declines in late May, June, and July, some cocks continue to crow sporadically during the day. Perhaps this is to

assure hens that have lost their nests early in the season that they will be able to mate again and renest.

Harem size in Pennsylvania's primary range is usually one male for 6 to 12 females. There are records of pheasants in captivity where one cock has mated with 50 hens. However, this fact has not been recorded in the wild and the chances seem slight that it would happen. Often the cockbird and part or all of his harem will be seen together feeding and resting before nesting begins (and sometimes during the early stages of nesting). The mating act may occur any time during the day. During the mating activity little crowing occurs, but considerable strutting and displaying occur. Later, each hen in a harem will select her nest site, often within the cock's crowing territory.

The Crowing Count

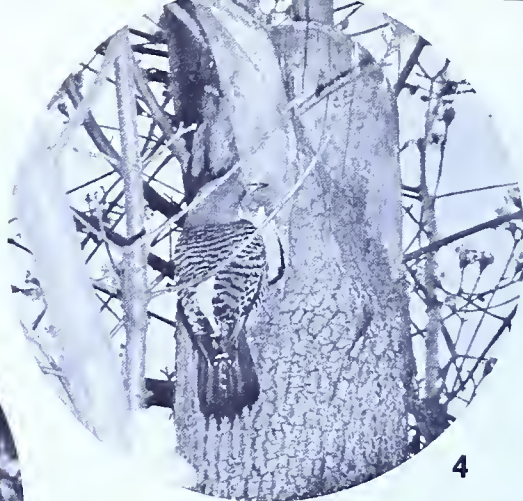
One phase of pheasant management is based on the crowing of cockbirds. This aspect is known as the "crowing count." During the early hours of dawn, a predetermined route is driven. Timed stops are made at specific intervals. At these stops the number of pheasants crowing and the number of times they crow are recorded. Additional data recorded include pheasants (male and female) seen and size of harems. The crowing index is an indicator of several important things: (1) what effect the hunting season and the winter may or may not have had on the spring pheasant population as compared to the fall population and (2) the population increases, or decreases, as compared to the populations of previous springs. This latter fact, depending on the reproductive success of the hens, can give an early indication of the pre-hunting season population.

Remember, the next time a cockbird awakens you with his crowing in the early morning, be glad, it may mean birds in your gamebag next fall.

(Pittman-Robertson Project W-64-R)



3



4



5



2



1

Sudden

THE certainties of nature never fa
begins to stir. Only tiny nudgings
sun. Snowdrifts melt, silvery catkins
of birds ride jet streams on northern
Familiar sights, smells and sounds mar
warms and life stirs where there app

March 20 ushers in the spring season
nature, with her mysteries of creatio
Warm days and cold nights bring (1
storage roots; (2) geese returning to
coiling as ferns peek through the wa
new nest cavities; (5) seeds, spawn
softening earth as miniature duplicat
ing from burrows to blink in dismay a
paticas blooming in a pageant of col

Nature is not alone in this rebirth
toward (9) fashioning fishing flies fro
ing early suckers from bank high strea
yard trees. All these are signs that te
ing is here. Suddenly we know, it's sp



8



9



7

Spring

er
or

ch has been wrapped in sleep, now
but pace quickens with each passing
banks green and a steady procession
in time to witness a world born anew.
andscape. Daylight lengthens, weather
ne.

I need no calendar to reassure us that
across the Pennsylvania countryside.
flowing upward in trunks from vast
open lakes; (3) greening fronds un-
(4) familiar sounds of flickers chiseling
last autumn, pushing through the
(6) last year's woodchuck crop emerg-
tinate flowers and (8) dainty he-

the sportsman's life takes a swing, too,
ur gathered last autumn; (10) catch-
ing and erecting birdhouses in back-
y, that season we have all been await-



10



11



Saved Oiled Swan

BERKS COUNTY — Eleven boys from Monocacy Station found a mute swan that was almost dead. Examination showed that it had been caught in heavy grease or oil deposits. When I reached their home late in the evening its condition had improved somewhat as they had fed and watered it. We kept it at our headquarters for several days until streets were cleared and took it to the Reading Museum. Employees of the museum cleaned some of the oil and grease off the bird and it was released on Mirror Lake at the museum. The bird seemed more at home with the other waterfowl on the lake and was still around the following week. It was the first time we had a chance to examine one of these birds so close and I am sure that we would have had our hands full trying to clean it if it had been in good health.—District Game Protector J. A. Leien-decker, Reading.

Doesn't Like Rabbit

CLEARFIELD COUNTY — One day while releasing trapped rabbits I saw three full-grown barn owls circling a field in search of food. I released six rabbits in the area and observed the results from a good vantage point with my binoculars. I watched the owls for about three hours. At no time was there an attempt made for one of the rabbits, which points out that the barn owl is truly the farmer's and the sportsman's friend. In the three hours that I observed the owls the only thing they killed was a field mouse. — District Game Protector Donald E. Benner, DuBois.

Long Teeth—Hungry Chuck

BRADFORD COUNTY — The following incident, which occurred during the first week of January, 1964, was related to me by Howard Elliott, who works for the Pennsylvania Department of Highways. Mr. Elliott was plowing snow with a large grader in Asylum Township, Bradford County, when he noticed a woodchuck come down a bank and stop in the road directly in front of the grader. Taking a closer look at this animal revealed that its teeth were quite long and exposed. After pausing in the road long enough to stop the grader, the woodchuck crossed the road and down over the bank on the other side. Being a member of the rodent family a woodchuck's teeth continue to grow through life and if they are not properly matched, they grow quite long, making it very difficult for the animal to eat. This animal's teeth were evidently deformed and as a result it was unable to eat enough food last summer to carry it through the winter hibernation period. This is probably the reason it was out of its den in midwinter, wading through a foot of snow, trying to find something to eat.—District Game Protector Donald Watson, Towanda.



They Read GAME NEWS

LUZERNE COUNTY—During the extended season for small game, Deputies Avilla and Soltis and I noticed a car parked adjacent to one of our gates on State Game Lands No. 187, with the doors unlocked and a pump shotgun lying in the back. On our return from checking the turkey feeders on the Game Lands, we checked the group of hunters owning this car and another one nearby. We found that the men were all from the Boyertown area of Lebanon County. They had killed one snowshoe rabbit and had missed another. I inquired how they had gotten acquainted with this area and one of the fellows replied, "We read in the *GAME NEWS* that there was good snowshoe hunting up here so we thought we would take a trip up." They also had topographic maps of Luzerne and Carbon Counties. Before we left, we showed them different places in both counties where they might have good snowshoe hunting. It was cold and very hard walking in the woods that day, but after a lunch of hoagies, they returned to the hunt on State Game Lands No. 187.—District Game Protector Robert W. Nolf, Conyngham.

Trapped in Muck

WAYNE COUNTY — During the first week of deer season the bodies of three deer were found frozen in the ice of Perkins Lake by George Box, a member of the Perkins Lake Hunting Club. The upper end of this lake is shallow and the bottom is characterized by a sticky ooze, akin to quicksand. It is theorized that the deer attempted to cross this shallow upper part of the lake on new ice and broke through into the treacherous muck and were imprisoned there until they drowned. — District Game Protector Thomas W. Meehan, Honesdale.



Won't Stay Put

BERKS COUNTY—While on patrol with Land Management Assistant Shank during the small game season we stopped to check three hunters who were sitting on a bank by the roadside eating their lunch. When asked if they had any luck the answer was in the negative. One of the individuals stated that they had not killed a single piece of game. Being in an excellent pheasant area I was quite surprised to receive this answer: "Oh sure, we saw a lot of cockbirds in the grass but every time I tried to take a bead on one it would fly away!"—Conservation Information Assistant Paul Glenny, West Lawn.

A Hardy Bird

CARBON COUNTY—I would have considered the recent heavy snowfall (20 inches on the ground and drifted) a serious deterrent to game movement. However, I watched a medium size hen turkey walking a distance of some 200 yards through open drifted fields, in snow up to her breast feathers, without hesitation or resorting to flight. The bird was about a mile from the nearest feeder, and headed away from it. Our wild creatures are perhaps more hardy and self-sufficient than we sometimes realize.—District Game Protector Mervin Warfield, Weatherly.

Seed Deer

BUTLER COUNTY — Considering we had a combined antlered and antlerless deer kill in excess of 84,000 this year, some sportsmen are wondering if we have any animals left for seed. On January 11 (the last day of the extended archery season) at roughly one-half hour past closing time of five o'clock, Deputy Game Protector Ken Thompson, of Boyers, sportsman Harry Gifford, of Bruin, and I had the real thrill of observing a herd of none less than 34 deer contentedly grazing in a field near Portersville, a heavily hunted area. In adjacent fields six other deer were in view. To top it all, one of the 34 deer in the first field was a pure albino, as white as the snow patches where the snow had drifted. Since the closing of the season, I have seen many more good-sized deer herds in other sections of my district.—District Game Protector W. Ned Weston, West Sunbury.

Out Dogged

NORTHAMPTON COUNTY—During the small game season, Deputy Game Protectors Edgar Schweitzer, Sterling Rissmiller and Rissmiller's son John were rabbit hunting in Bushkill Township. The two beagle hounds which were being used at the time started a rabbit in a pine woods. The rabbit crossed a small creek and was intercepted by a large red-shoulder hawk. The hawk swooped down on the rabbit but, although it tried, was unable to get off the ground with the prey. The younger of the two hounds, at this point, reached the injured rabbit but found the "bunny" had already been spoken for. The hawk stood its ground and flatly refused to give up its hard worked for dinner. It was when the second beagle appeared on the scene that Mr. Hawk decided that perhaps another rabbit could be found in a safer place.—District Game Protector R. W. Anderson, Easton.



The Mighty Axe

SOMERSET COUNTY — On January 25, 1964, Boy Scout Troop 91 of Elizabeth, Pa., traveled into Somerset County on a cold, damp and rainy night to spend the night and cut browse for deer the next day on State Game Lands No. 111. The next morning, after each had cooked his own breakfast, I briefed them on what was to be done, and the objectives of the Game Commission. Shortly thereafter they all took to the brush with their little axes. It reminded me of an ant trying to move a mountain. To my amazement, after four hours of hacking, quite a bit of browse was lying on the ground. Due to their efforts, the deer in that area will not go hungry for the next couple of years. They are to be commended.—District Game Protector Robert H. Muir, Meyersdale.

Ignored Corn

WESTMORELAND COUNTY — It was rather surprising to note an instance on State Game Lands No. 174, Indiana County, where deer had practically ignored a turkey feeder filled with ear corn to heavily browse nearby border and released cuttings newly made by our Food and Cover Corps.—Land Management Assistant Gilbert L. Bowman, Ligonier.

Close Shave

GREENE COUNTY—On the evening of January 31, in the area of Ruff Creek, a stopped motorist was signaling me with a rapid blinking of his headlights. I stopped alongside of him and asked, "What's wrong, are you having trouble?" A man remarked, "No, I wanted to warn you, not to hit those deer standing on the road." I then said, "They must have left, you're a good man. Thanks double, you see I'm the Game Protector." His answer sounded like he didn't believe me, or that I was pulling his leg or he mine, for as I started to drive on he said, "Is that so? I'm the BARBER." Well Mr. Barber, if you read this I thank you again, for you saved the deer and me from a Close Shave.—District Game Protector Theodore Vesloski, Carmichaels.

Artist with a Bill

UNION COUNTY—During the past month I received a complaint that a "large bird" was practically demolishing their barn. Being a little skeptical I investigated. What the complainant had said was very nearly correct. I found that a pileated woodpecker was boring a design on the one side of their barn that would have done an artist proud. Wherever the boards were nailed to studs it made a perpendicular line of holes about 10" apart. The chips laid on the snow in large piles. No definite reason for the activity could be found. District Game Protector John S. Shuler, Lewisburg.



Man Above

BUTLER COUNTY—The following story was related to me by a fellow sportsman, and for obvious reasons we will not use names.

On the first day of antlered deer season the uncle of the person who related the story to me was hunting in Warren County. There was a heavy wet snow with the trees hanging full making the visibility very poor. It seems like the would-be buck hunter was on the stand at the foot of a tree for a couple hours watching for his buck. He heard shooting not knowing exactly where it came from until another deer hunter slipped out of the tree which he was standing under, excused himself, and proceeded to tag a nice buck which he had just shot. The hunter at the foot of the tree had neither seen the hunter up the tree nor the deer which he shot.—District Game Protector Jay D. Swigart, Butler.

War on Predators

SOMERSET COUNTY—In the annual predator control program sponsored by the Somerset County Sportsmen's League, the following predators were killed during the year 1963: 1,056 crows, 2 great horned owls, 11 unprotected hawks, 166 foxes, 10 weasels, 184 opossums, 107 skunks, 453 raccoons, 4 rattlesnakes and 19 water snakes.—District Game Protector Edward Cox, Somerset.



Couldn't See the Food

CENTRE COUNTY—A very large tom turkey that was almost dead was found near one of the feeders on Game Lands No. 33 by Harry Bratton, Food and Cover Corps Foreman. The turkey was examined by Dr. Stephen Gordeuk, Jr., of the Penn State University and the results of the examination were, starvation due to blindness and enteritis. — District Game Protector Michael Grabany, Philipsburg.

Fooled by a Toy

POTTER COUNTY — During the early part of January the snow had become quite deep in most localities within the county and, of course, this made traveling for any species of bird or animal somewhat difficult. Hubert Rossman, a native Potter Countian and quite a humanitarian, was driving along Route 244 west of Oswayo when all of a sudden he (all 260 pounds of him) suddenly stomped on the brakes of the automobile upsetting everyone else within. Hubert excitedly said, "There's a deer stuck in the snow-drift back there, let's help the poor little thing." Echoes of "Rock-a-bye, Baby" could be heard as big Hubo attempted to pet the little deer, a child's hobbyhorse.—District Game Protector H. Richard Curfman, Coudersport.

Fatal Crash

INDIANA COUNTY—On January 18 about 4:20 p.m. an adult male grouse flew into and broke the storm window and window of Frank Hilliard's home at 363 Walnut Street, Indiana. The bird was found lying dead 15 feet inside the house, and fragments of glass were scattered up to 20 feet inside the house. Glass cuts were also made in a table and table cover in the dining room.—District Game Protector Anthony Zaycosky, Indiana.

Lawlessness Hurts

FOREST COUNTY — During the 1963 hunting season I had two hunting accidents in my district that involved game law violations. The first was a young man loading a shotgun in a vehicle. His partner had just opened the door of the car, stepped out, and walked around to the back when the shotgun sent a slug through the now empty seat and out through the car door. The shotgun fired before the bolt was locked, breaking the bolt handle which cut a large laceration in the victim's hand as it was blown from the receiver.

The other accident happened to a boy who was hunting with his father. Both the father and the boy were hunting in Forest County with Warren County antlerless deer licenses the first day of antlerless season, when the boy was mistaken for a deer by his uncle and was shot through the calf of his left leg.

Both of these accidents are a good example of what can happen just through minor infractions of the Game Law. In both of these accidents there could easily have been a fatal accident just because someone was a little careless or a little negligent and a little disrespectful of the Pennsylvania Game Law.—District Game Protector Cecil E. Toombs, Jr., Tionesta.





CONSERVATION NEWS



THIS MASSIVE nine-point was bagged by 16-year-old Stanley Sunski, of Scranton. He downed the 171-pound (dressed) buck on State Game Lands No. 135 in Lackawanna County on the opening day of the season.



AFTER THREE days of tracking, Samuel A. Kachanowski, of Aliquippa, shot this beautiful 15-pointer in Raccoon Creek State Park in Beaver County on the last day of the season. It weighed 150 pounds.

1963 Pennsylvania Deer Harvest Tops 84,000; Buck Kill Over 48,000—Near All-Time High

Official figures released by the Pennsylvania Game Commission show that big game hunters reported the harvest of 84,416 deer in last year's hunting season, including 48,204 legal bucks and 36,212 antlerless deer. Only two previous Pennsylvania buck kills exceeded the 1963 figures, in 1939 with 49,106 and in 1957 with 49,254 bucks reported killed. The deer harvest figures are based entirely upon the Big Game Report Cards submitted by successful hunters.

A repeated Game Commission study revealed that only 70 per cent of the successful hunters reported their kill as required by law. Using these figures, Pennsylvania's actual legal deer kill was near 120,000 whitetails in 1963.

M. J. Golden, Executive Director of the State Game Commission, said that

the harvest of the 48,204 bucks during the two-week season last December was even better than expected. Deep snow in the northwestern part of the state hampered hunting activities during most of the deer season. However, the remainder of the state more than made up for the northwest to total a kill of nearly 6,000 more bucks than during the 1962 season. Game Commission officials also expressed satisfaction with the reported harvest of 36,212 antlerless deer during the two-day season, December 16-17.

"The continued high yield buck harvest of the last seven seasons," Golden said, "demonstrates conclusively that this state must annually harvest antlerless deer in order to encourage a healthy, productive deer herd and deer range."

For the third consecutive year, Pot-

ter County has led the state buck kill with a reported harvest in 1963 of 3,005 animals. It marks the fifth time in the last six years that this big woods county has led the state buck kill. Other counties in the top ten were Lycoming (2,185), Tioga (1,928), Centre (1,898), Clearfield (1,842), Bradford (1,536), Clinton (1,524), Huntingdon (1,428), Elk (1,338) and Luzerne (1,267).

Bow hunters in Pennsylvania had a good year, too, with a harvest of 1,388 deer, an increase of 78 over 1962 totals. Deer of either sex were legal game during the first two weeks of October and the extended bow seasons in December and January due to the hunting ban. Final bow season



EXTENDED ARCHERY KILL made by 14-year-old Joe Conaway, of Tryonville. Joe bagged this, his first deer, with an arrow through the neck at 30 feet on December 21 in Forest County.

harvest figures of 413 antlered and 975 antlerless deer are included in county and state-wide totals. The all-time record kill of whitetails in a Pennsylvania bow season was 1,517 in 1961.

OFFICIAL 1963 GAME KILL

<i>Species</i>	<i>Season of 1963*</i> <i>Number</i>	<i>Season of 1962*</i> <i>Number</i>
Deer, Legal Antlered	48,204	42,266
Deer, Legal Antlerless	36,212	30,647
Total Deer	84,416 (1)	72,913 (2)
Bears	280	554
Rabbits	975,259 (3)	939,405 (4)
Hares (Snowshoes)	1,021	550
Hungarian Partridges	(Closed)	(Closed)
Squirrels	371,523 (5)	288,807 (6)
Raccoons	140,898	129,203
Wild Turkeys	13,608	15,775
Ruffed Grouse	63,472 (7)	56,143 (8)
Ring-necked Pheasants	448,025	449,090
Quail	13,307	19,766
Woodcocks	22,806	17,089
Rails, Gallinules and Coots	6,693	3,893
Grackles (Blackbirds)	— (9)	— (9)
Wild Waterfowl	58,508	44,533
Woodchucks	343,710	317,600
Doves	117,087	97,215
Total Number	2,660,613	2,452,536

* Small Game, based on Field Officers' estimates.

Big Game, based on individual reports filed by hunters.

- (1) Includes 1,388 Deer killed during the 1963 Archery Season.
- (2) Includes 1,310 Deer killed during the 1962 Archery Season.
- (3) Includes 22,074 Rabbits killed during the 1963 extended season.
- (4) Includes 18,358 Rabbits killed during the 1962 extended season.
- (5) Includes 10,332 Squirrels killed during the 1963 extended season.
- (6) Includes 6,687 Squirrels killed during the 1962 extended season.
- (7) Includes 6,775 Grouse killed during the 1963 extended season.
- (8) Includes 4,498 Grouse killed during the 1962 extended season.
- (9) Unprotected—No data.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME COMMISSION

LEGAL DEER KILL

1962-1963

(Based on Tabulation of Game-Kill Reports)

County	Deer—Legal Antlered		Deer—Legal Antlerless	
	1962	1963	1962	1963
Adams	290	306	256	268
Allegheny	74	73	88	66
Armstrong	519	519	199	259
Beaver	95	112	82	83
Bedford	818	891	527	575
Berks	526	507	514	731
Blair	644	704	425	352
Bradford	1,343	1,536	892	1,140
Bucks	282	308	174	327
Butler	512	497	295	427
Cambria	560	638	337	363
Cameron	485	847	407	665
Carbon	727	675	662	702
Centre	1,457	1,898	1,046	1,010
Chester	122	103	90	85
Clarion	701	774	599	624
Clearfield	1,455	1,842	740	897
Clinton	924	1,524	571	865
Columbia	464	584	462	506
Crawford	338	491	298	371
Cumberland	314	342	216	212
Dauphin	441	612	312	311
Delaware	9	6	5	1
Elk	1,140	1,338	1,129	1,226
Eric	159	233	84	97
Fayette	437	401	272	237
Forest	885	884	638	695
Franklin	685	704	612	654
Fulton	440	469	360	284
Greene	243	201	210	206
Huntingdon	1,448	1,428	1,142	1,048
Indiana	773	846	631	697
Jefferson	820	902	676	635
Juniata	535	589	531	450
Lackawanna	447	438	229	272
Lancaster	131	128	228	160
Lawrence	80	64	42	53
Lebanon	206	270	190	229
Lehigh	105	130	48	115
Luzerne	1,217	1,267	707	779
Lycoming	1,494	2,185	913	1,270
McKean	1,093	1,178	600	928
Mercer	224	250	112	151
Mifflin	460	541	260	232
Monroe	1,098	1,072	703	725
Montgomery	93	86	134	146
Montour	43	55	45	53
Northampton	190	138	86	124
Northumberland	246	263	232	225
Perry	1,035	1,098	732	716
Philadelphia		1	1	
Pike	927	1,108	803	1,013
Potter	2,023	3,005	1,273	2,448
Schuylkill	1,049	1,163	1,193	1,281
Snyder	262	281	190	179
Somerset	1,063	1,206	698	782
Sullivan	878	914	688	951
Susquehanna	672	663	472	627
Tioga	1,428	1,928	813	1,414
Union	265	346	227	266
Venango	889	894	586	752
Warren	961	968	750	792
Washington	151	131	95	72
Wayne	1,078	999	945	1,100
Westmoreland	867	817	528	525
Wyoming	409	387	227	318
York	339	273	271	281
County Unknown	178	173	144	164
TOTALS	42,266*	48,204*	30,647*	36,212*

* Includes deer killed during the archery season as follows: 1962, 1,310; 1963, 1,388.



AN 80-POUND DEER, an ice-covered river and a lot of ingenuity were among the ingredients in December for an action-packed drama on the Allegheny River in Armstrong County. The deer, a doe, was evidently trying to cross the river from west to east, tracks indicated, when its weight broke the ice. Swimming helplessly, its forepaws on the ice around the hole, the deer appeared doomed until it was rescued by Richard (Dick) Leonard, District Game Protector; his deputy, Robert Hunter; and Joel DeGrand, "Kittanning Daily Leader-Times" photographer. Leonard in harness (upper left) crawled on a ladder toward the deer, distributing his weight on the length of the ladder. After going as far as he could without a serious break, Leonard lassoed the deer (upper right) and pulled it to safety, supported by Hunter and DeGrand. Hunter (wearing cap) and Leonard removed ice from the frightened animal (left) before releasing it. Only a handful of persons watched the rescue, in which the men had three alternatives: (1) break the ice ahead of the deer; (2) use a boat; (3) have Leonard perform the rescue in the manner in which it was accomplished. Guy Brasser, Linde Company Safety Director, had gone for an aluminum boat when these photos were taken. Deer was sighted about 2 p.m. and was taken to shore two hours later. Ice could be heard cracking.



For the Very, Very Hardy Outdoorsman

Crow: Fried—The crow is skinned, cut into the desired number of pieces and washed thoroughly. Parboil until tender, in water having a small amount of salt added. Brown some onion in butter and then put the parts in for frying. Though we can't personally vouch for the appeal of such a dish, for anyone who finds himself faced with the need, it is probably as good a way as any, to eat crow.



CONSERVATION AWARD—Presenting Game Commission Waterfowl Management Agent Ray Sickles with his "Conservationist of the Year" award are, left to right, Mark F. Passaro, President, Pennsylvania Outdoor Writers Association; Bill Walsh, Conservation Director, and John A. Friday, Jr., President of the Duquesne Brewing Company. In foreground are Governor William W. Scranton and Frank J. Shean of the Allegheny County Sportsmen's League.

TOP SPORTSMEN HONORED—Receiving "Conservationist of the Year" awards from John A. Friday, Jr., President of the Duquesne Brewing Company, are: William E. Guckert, Executive Secretary, Allegheny County Sportsmen's League, and John F. Laudadio, Legislative Chairman of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs. In foreground are Governor Scranton and Frank J. Shean.

Sportsmen Honor Scranton, Fellow Sportsmen for Conservation Efforts

Governor William W. Scranton and a host of other dignitaries from both the state political scene and the conservation movement were honored on February 20 in Pittsburgh for their efforts in the newly enacted strip mine control legislation and other conservation achievements.

The Conservation Awards Banquet, held at the Penn-Sheraton Hotel, was sponsored by the Allegheny County Sportsmen's League and was attended by some 700 sportsmen, conservationists and leading state government personalities.

Receiving conservation awards from the Allegheny County Sportsmen's League for their efforts in the strip mining legislation were: Governor William W. Scranton; Lieutenant Governor Raymond P. Shafer; Dr. H. Beecher Charnbury; Mrs. Mazie B. Cutshall; Leo Koberlein, Fred Jones and *The Pittsburgh Press*.



"HE GAVE HIS WORD and kept it" was part of the inscription on the plaque given to Governor William W. Scranton (center) for his efforts in behalf of strip mining control legislation last year. Presenting the award are Game Commissioner James A. Thompson and William E. Guckert, both men representing the sportsmen.

Also James M. Cunningham; James F. Hillman; Gene Shaw; Michael R. Watts; and State Senators John H. Devlin, Robert D. Fleming, Jack E. McGregor, Leonard C. Staisey and Richard C. Frame. Also State Representatives James F. Clarke, Lee A. Donaldson, Michael R. Flynn, Maurice

H. Goldstein, Harry S. Gramlich, H. Francis Kennedy, John F. Laudadio, Albert L. McCandless, Charles J. Mills, Henry P. Otto, William F. Renwick, Joseph P. Rigby, Thomas F. Sullivan and Raymond E. Wilt.

Conservation Awards

The "Conservationist of the Year" awards were sponsored by the Duquesne Brewing Company of Pittsburgh, in cooperation with the Pennsylvania Outdoor Writers Association.

John A. Friday, Jr., President of Duquesne Brewing Company, and Mark F. Passaro, President of the Pennsylvania Outdoor Writers Association, presented these awards following the Allegheny County Sportsmen's League's presentations.

The award to a professional conservationist was presented to Ray Sickles, Waterfowl Management Agent at the Pennsylvania Game Commission's Pymatuning Waterfowl Refuge near Linesville. He was honored for his 25 years of activities and contributions to waterfowl management in Pennsylvania.

Recipients of awards to laymen were William E. Guckert, Executive Secretary of the Allegheny County Sportsmen's League, and John F. Laudadio, Legislative Chairman of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs. They were cited for leadership in the fight for conservation legislation and their crusade against stream pollution.

Fred Jones, staff writer for *The Pittsburgh Press*, received the award to a newsman or broadcaster for his news coverage of pollution cases and conservation legislation issues.

The "Conservationist of the Year" award to a sportsmen's or conservation club went to the Butler City Hunting and Fishing Club of Butler, Pa.

Special awards were presented to Governor William W. Scranton and to Gene Shaw, publisher of OUTDOOR PEOPLE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Governor Scranton was honored for giving leadership and impetus to the conservation movement in Pennsylvania.

Road Killed Deer Set Record

Pennsylvania motorists annually kill more deer on the highway than are harvested by hunters in many other states. In 1963 a record 12,153 deer were killed on Pennsylvania highways. This exceeded the 1962 figure by 2,609 animals.

In making this announcement, M. J. Golden, Game Commission Executive Director, said that Monroe County led the list with 740 road killed deer followed by Lycoming with 524, Luzerne 444, Westmoreland 426 and Potter 423.

Golden also reported that other nonhunting season deer kills were 1,339 for crop damage, 2,744 illegally killed and 1,318 met death by miscellaneous causes including 677 by dogs. This brought the total reported mortality due to causes other than legal hunting to 17,554 compared to last year's total of 14,510.

Golden emphasized that these mortality figures are based upon monthly reports received from Game Commission field officers. The officers report only those deer which they have seen personally, or which have been authenticated by Deputy Game Protectors and other reliable individuals. The actual kill is undoubtedly much higher than those figures indicate.



FITTING THE PIECES TOGETHER.
 "Sam" the dachshund owned by Steve Ninkovich sniffs the dead buck whose broken antler the dog brought home from the woods some six weeks before.

Antler Found by Dog Matches Spike Missing from Dead Buck

Steve Ninkovich, of Bethel, in Berks County, offers the following strange coincidence which occurred during the 1963 deer season.

On October 23, Steve related, his little dachshund, Sam, found the antler of a deer in the woods and brought it home in his mouth. Steve kept the antler as a curio, but never expected to see its mate.

However, on Saturday morning, the last day of the buck season, when he was driving over Fredericksburg Mountain to his home, he met Robert Eisenhower, of Lebanon, on top of the mountain with a one-antlered buck he had shot about a mile and a half from Steve's home.

Steve examined the break where Mr. Eisenhower's buck had lost his missing antler, and felt convinced this was the antler Sam had dragged home. Once his curiosity was aroused, he had to find out — so he turned around and drove back to his service station in Tremont to get the antler.

When he got back to the top of the mountain, he and Mr. Eisenhower agreed there could be no mistake— Sam's trophy was a perfect mate to the remaining antler on the dead buck. Even the broken ends matched perfectly.

WOODCOCK WANDERINGS

When the hunter bags a woodcock with a band on its leg it is something to talk about, especially if the bird was captured and banded outside of the state. One such band did show up in the 1963 season. A woodcock banded in Louisiana in January, 1963, was shot by Ed Dunmore, on his farm near Julian, Pa. (Centre County), on November 12, 1963.

Just to illustrate the scarcity of such "returns" the following is a complete record of woodcock banded elsewhere and recovered in Pennsylvania.

Year and Place Banded

1941 Maine
 1941 Louisiana
 1952 Louisiana
 1954 Louisiana
 1953 Louisiana
 1963 Louisiana

Year and Place Recovered (in Pa.)

1941 Clarion County
 1941 McKean County
 1952 McKean County
 1954 Warren County
 1959 Schuylkill County
 1963 Centre County

Woodcock banded in Pennsylvania and recovered outside the state:

1939 Centre County
 1940 Centre County
 1953 Centre County

1940 Mississippi
 1940 Connecticut
 1954 South Carolina

Boone and Crockett to Hold Ceremonies April 30

The Boone and Crockett Club, whose members are leading sportsmen and conservationists of North America, will have the 1964 awards ceremony on April 30 at Carnegie Museum, 4400 Forbes Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. The awards ceremony is for members of the Boone and Crockett Club and invited guests only. This is the first time the awards ceremony will be held outside the city of New York.

Big game heads and horns to be judged are submitted by sportsmen throughout North America who have hunted them in fair chase. All heads and horns had to be submitted before the end of February. Scoring and judging took place at the Carnegie Museum March 2-7. The big game heads and horns will be on display in the Carnegie Museum building May 1-31. The exhibit is free and the public is invited.

The Boone and Crockett Club was founded in 1887 by Theodore Roosevelt; the club was organized primarily to promote big game hunting in North America and for the preservation of game and forests. In 1949 the club appointed a committee to develop an Official Scoring System for North American Big Game Trophies, and in 1950 the system was established and is the accepted standard for rating North American Big Game Trophies.

The Boone and Crockett Club advocates selective hunting by sportsmen. It feels that a sportsman who will pass by a number of mediocre heads in his search for a trophy of outstanding dimensions is doing more for conservation than one who shoots the first animal that he encounters.

A permanent file on records of North American big game is kept by the Boone and Crockett Club, and there are 50 sportsman associations in the United States, Canada, and Mexico that use the Boone and Crockett

Club charts as part of their hunting program.

The Boone and Crockett Club also promotes study of the habits and natural history of the various wild animals and encourages making results of the sport available for scientific study in museums.

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TIPS FOR HUNTERS



The rubber on the leather topped boot pac should never be oiled because oil is injurious to rubber. To keep the rubber in good condition see that it is clean and dry.—Owen Penfield Fox

Winter Feeding in Full Swing...



SCOUTS CUTTING BROWSE in the northern tier counties during January. An estimated 2,000 Scouts from southwestern Pennsylvania participated in two weekend-long browse cutting programs sponsored by the Duquesne Brewing Company and the A. Michaud Company. Cooperating agencies included the Pennsylvania Game Commission, Department of Forests and Waters, the Governor's Office, and dozens of sportsmen's clubs.



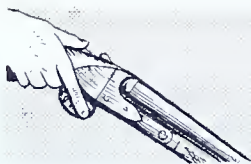
PGC Photos by Joe Chick

THE BRUSH MOUNTAIN SPORTSMEN'S CLUB working in cooperation with the Game Commission held an extensive browse cutting event on their property in Blair County recently. Browse cutters (left) used chain saws and poles to accomplish the work. Game Commission representatives and club officers are pictured right.

MEMBERS OF THE CHAMBERSBURG Rod and Gun Club are shown as they prepare to distribute 100 bushels of apples, given by the Knouse Food Company for winter feeding of wildlife.

Photo by Kenneth Peiffer





HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



PGC Photo by D. L. Batcheler

NRA HUNTER SAFETY award is presented to Game Commission Executive Director M. J. Golden by Governor William W. Scranton for the Commission's nationally recognized safe hunting program. Center is A. C. Labrie, NRA Conservation Director, from Washington, D. C.

Game Commission Receives NRA National Award

The National Rifle Association has recognized the Pennsylvania Game Commission's Hunter Safety Program by awarding a certificate for "outstanding achievement" in ceremonies in the Governor's Office on February 20.

Governor William W. Scranton presented the award to Game Commission Executive Director M. J. Golden at the request of the NRA.

Also attending the affair was A. C. Labrie, NRA Conservation Director from Washington, D. C., John C. Behel, Game Commission Hunter Safety Coordinator, Dr. Franklin Wells, an NRA Director from Harrisburg, and Lt. Edward Crouthers, an NRA Director with the Pennsylvania State Police.

The Game Commission received this national award for the second consecutive year for its state-wide hunter safety program which has certified 59,551 students and has qualified 4,831 hunter safety instructors since 1958.

To date, the Game Commission's Hunter Safety Program has been strictly voluntary and has enlisted the free time of sportsmen's groups throughout the state.

Pa. Game Commission
Hunter Safety Certified
To Date:
Instructors—4,831
Students—59,551



THE LITTLE BEAGLE'S long ears, sad eyes and patches of color quickly won approval from the other members of Danny's family.

*One of the Great Moments of
Danny's Life . . .*

The Day Patches Arrived

By Don Shiner

Photos by the Author

THE day Patches arrived marked a change in Danny's life. Now the boy enjoyed a new bundle of affection as a playmate to frolic with in the

yard and neighboring wood lot. He dallied no longer, as was his custom, on the way home from school. Patches put new meaning in his life, instilling a sense of responsibility and enabling Danny to realize one of his life's greatest ambitions — that of owning and training a merry little beagle into a hunter.

Patches' arrival was quite by chance this April day. Fate moved its huge hand when Danny's father was en route home from an early spring fishing trip. For an undetermined reason





WOW! A PUPPY! Danny exclaimed as he scooped the puppy from the seat of the car.

that was not clear to him at the moment, the veteran angler turned off the main highway near Fishing Creek onto a secondary road that led past the Decker farm. He rarely returned from the stream by this route because of the difficulty in driving over the high Lee Mountain range. But a change of scenery would prove stimulating. The car sped past one farm after another, until at the Decker farm he caught sight of puppies climbing in a blur of motion over a mother beagle in the greening grass beside the barn. Perhaps it was due to the warmth of this spring day, or the mere joyous sight of a new litter of puppies, or perhaps a premonition caused him to apply the brakes on the wagon. Stopping at the side of the road, he walked back toward the yard, smiling to himself as he watched the energetic puppies frolicking in the grass. As he neared the barn, one of the puppies came almost immediately, though timidly, toward his outstretched hand. Its entire body shook with friendliness. This puppy was covered with large brown and black

spots over a background of white with an arrow's fletching imprinted on its forehead. This little beagle muzzled his hand affectionately. Several more puppies came scampering to him just as Mrs. Decker, the farm lady, stepped from the barn.

"Cute puppies, aren't they?" Mrs. Decker asked in tones that spoke of a deep affection for animals.

Danny's father agreed that they were cute puppies. After a few minutes of conversation, Mrs. Decker chanced to ask a rather startling question. "Would you like one?"

Several thoughts flashed instantly to his mind. One reminded him how dearly Danny desired a puppy. Whenever they spied puppies in a pet shop window, or in someone's yard, Danny asked the inevitable question, when could he have one. A puppy, especially a little golden voice beagle, would be good for the lad. With another school year about to recess, the boy would have a devoted playmate with which to spend the summer vacation. He would have ample time to care for the dog, perhaps teaching it a variety of tricks and later, train it into a good hunter.

Wanted a Pet

Other thoughts also flashed to mind. Danny wanted a puppy as a house pet. This would mean nights of howling and whimpering far into the wee hours of the morning to disrupt the household until the pup became acclimated to its new home. There would be the housebreaking ritual to add to the already heavy load of household duties.

While these thoughts ran through his mind, the little patch colored beagle placed its cool nose against his hand. Its tail wagged continually like a thistle in a strong gale.

"Well, I do have two boys," Danny's father replied. "The older boy, Danny, has been asking for a puppy."

"We can't keep all six puppies," the farm lady continued. "Mr. Decker and

I decided to give them away to people who will provide good homes. They are not pure beagle. There is some terrier in the blood lines, but the mother, and father, too, are good hunters. They're eating solid food now."

Beagle Made Decision

The little beagle was instrumental in the older sportsman's decision. Or, maybe the little beagle made the decision for them. At any rate, minutes later, after an expression of his warm thanks, he carried the little puppy to the waiting car. It muzzled his hand, then nestled close to him as they drove the last remaining miles toward home.

Suddenly, several miles away from the farm, it dawned upon Danny's father just what he had done! He realized as though for the first time, that a little pup was sitting next to him! Would Danny want this particular beagle? He had no misgivings about puppies of mixed breeds. Many times mongrels or off-beat dogs turn out to be excellent hunting dogs, working a variety of game including rabbits, squirrels, and even pheasants. At that moment he recalled a small terrier type dog that played a prominent role in his own boyhood. That particular off-beat pup would hunt about everything that walked, crawled or swam. Point the terrier toward trees and it would hunt squirrels throughout the day. Nose it toward a creek bank and it sensed that it was to hunt water snakes and would refuse to look at other game except the long, slender shoestrings that sun bathe on warm rocks. This puppy could well be cut over the same pattern for Danny.

One thing was certain. Danny would find new enjoyment and meaning this summer. The lad could teach this likable puppy all sorts of tricks and come autumn, maybe interest it in a few cottontail trails.

When they crested the tall Lee Mountains, with car nosing heaven-



THE BEAGLE gave new meaning to Danny's life. Now he had a new bundle of affection to share his hours of play.

ward, a flock of Canada geese passed northward, flying in a huge V formation against a saturated horizon of rich red color painted by the setting sun. He noticed, too, that the maples were bursting with blossom, a bit unusual for this elevation at this time of spring. For a fleeting moment, his eyes glanced at the pup that lay beside him. It had dozed off into contented sleep.

The pup continued to sleep when, minutes later, they drove into the driveway. It was almost dusk now. Danny was nowhere in sight. But the sound of the closing car door brought the boy bouncing from the house. Almost immediately he shouted, "Hi, Dad. Catch any trout?"

"A few, son," his father replied. "I also caught something else! It's on the front seat," he added, stepping aside to allow the eager youngster to pull on the door handle and push his face close to the window all in the same motion.



THOROUGHLY EXHAUSTED from their jaunts outdoors, the two fell asleep, sharing the floor as a bed.

"Wow! It's a puppy!" Danny exclaimed, excitement ringing in his voice. "Is it ours?"

"Sure is," his father replied.

Danny swung the car door wide open and scooped the small fur package in his arms. "Ah . . . isn't he nice!" he cooed affectionately as he carried the quivering bundle of energy inside the house to show his mother and younger brother. "Hey! Mom!" Danny yelled. "Come see what Dad brought home!"

The little puppy was placed on the kitchen floor for all to admire. The tiny beagle looked from one person to another, not knowing what to expect from this strange turn in events. Its long ears, sad eyes and colorful patches of brown and black quickly won approval from every member of the family.

"What's its name?" Danny quipped.

"Doesn't have one, son," his father replied. "It's up to you to think of a good name for her."

Danny remained quiet for several minutes, obviously in deep thought. Then he said, "Could we call her 'Spotty'?" No . . . maybe 'Patches' would be better."

Everyone agreed that "Patches" was a good name. His father commented that it was the unusual patchwork of color that first attracted him to this particular pup over the others in the litter.

Danny picked up the puppy in his arms, then bolted from the house to display it to the neighbors. During the interlude, the boy's parents engaged in a discussion of the likable canine. They decided to permit Danny to keep the beagle indoors until warmer weather arrived. In the meantime, their former dog's basket was stashed

somewhere in the basement. This required finding and perhaps fixing.

During the ensuing days, the two youngsters grew fondly attached to each other. The puppy's faint whimperings, during the hours that Danny was in school, indicated that pictures of its former family flashed to mind. But the moment Danny arrived home and stepped inside the door, Patches bolted toward him as though separated for days rather than hours. It was customary for the two to bound from the house toward the neighboring creek bank for an hour of nature exploration before dinner. The two discovered many wonders of spring unfolding day by day along the brook.

Bushes of pussy willows had unfolded their furry catkins in a blaze of silvery color. Danny enjoyed breaking off branches and teasing the puppy by stroking the fuzzy blossoms across her moist nose.

One day they stumbled upon a red terrapin which obviously crawled from hibernation a bit too early this spring. Patches showed a great deal of interest in this armor-covered reptile. Later, as the boy paused to study long, fingerlike blooms dangling from birch stems, he spied a woodchuck's burrow beneath a rotted log which had several shovelfuls of freshly dug earth piled on the doorstep. Patches sniffed at the tantalizing scent in the burrow.

That evening Danny discussed the incident with his father. "She undoubtedly has a good nose," his father remarked. "Late in the summer, when the dog training season is ushered in, we can show Patches some rabbit trails. But it will be a year or more until we can decide her hunting possibilities."

Every night, for nearly two weeks, the puppy wailed. She was overwhelmed with loneliness when the house grew quiet after the family had retired. But a puppy asks little in life. Food and a chance to be near the ones it loves is a beagle's sole ambition. A stuffed sock and a ticking alarm clock helped in this period of adjustment, however, a rolled newspaper did more to convey the message.

Through all her adjustment problems, the beagle's personality never wavered. She became devoted to Danny, helping him to relax after difficult days at school. Occasionally her natural instinct to follow scent sometimes led to mischief. With each warming day, they spent more and more time outdoors witnessing the birth of a new spring.

The puppy opened a wide new window on Danny's horizon. There were times when he was able to glimpse, if only for a fleeting moment, the happiness that was in store for them as both he and the beagle unraveled the trail that ultimately leads to maturity.

Scarce or Smart?

Too many hunters are inclined to place the blame for their failure to find sufficient game on the conclusion that their coverts have been "shot out." If game seems scarce, it is not always an accurate indication that a given area is barren. Most game, blessed with highly acute senses of smell and hearing, can easily avoid detection by an inexperienced hunter whose approach is careless or over noisy. Nor is game elusive only to the less-than-expert stalker. In Michigan, 39 white-tailed deer were fenced into a mile-square area comprised of hardwoods, pine swamps and open pine barrens. Despite clear weather and ideal snow tracking conditions, six experienced hunters required almost four days to sight a buck.

Back-Yard Bowmanship

By Keith C. Schuyler

Photos by the Author

ALTHOUGH this writer is a strong proponent of archery clubs, it is not always possible for everyone to participate in that kind of organized activity. However, there is one way in which the field course, or for that matter, a regular target range can be simulated in your own back yard.

Whether this provides a substitute, or a supplement to organized activity within a club, there is a lot of pleasure to be gained from providing your own back-yard archery range. This gives the entire family an opportunity to participate. Whether each member of the family is expert enough to keep up on a regular field course is no problem.

The primary consideration in establishing such a range is that of safety. This is particularly true if you are breaking in tyro shooters who may have trouble even hitting the hay bales in the initial stages.

Arrows are dangerous.

This is true whether you are using a target point or the more vicious broadheads. Consequently, when setting up a target it is essential that it is placed in a position where stray arrows pose no threat to life or serious damage to property.

Distances to be shot will be governed primarily by the relative skills of those who will shoot the range. Also to be considered is the proximity

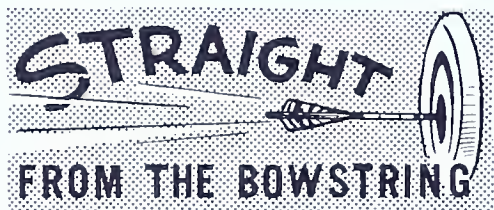


A LINE-UP at the first two stakes is made by son Brian and friend Greg Smethers on the back-yard range.

of occupied buildings, roads or walkways. We are fortunate in the setup shown in accompanying photos, since there is an open area of some 100 yards beyond the target. It was safe, therefore, to extend shooting distances to the available space since arrows will not ricochet beyond a safe distance.

Once you have located a safe position for your target, the next consideration is the target stand. We use an all-weather target copied from those used at the local archery club range. Although it is a rather gruesome arrangement, it serves the purpose well. However, there are excellent commercial targets available which will stop any target arrow.

If you are in a densely populated area, you should use a building for a backstop even at the risk of some



splintered weatherboards. It is better to mutilate the garage than some neighbor's automobile. One caution in such an arrangement, where open space is at a minimum, is to insure that there is no possibility of children running into the line of fire.



THIS IS ABOUT the average shot that a man gets at a deer. Brian lets one fly at the target.

Once your target is located, you then have the task of making measurements to provide as many angles at distances from, or to the target, as your available space will permit.

In the accompanying photos, there are five stations providing shots from 10 to 40 yards. Nevertheless, you can have just as much fun on a range with distances from 10 to 40 feet. Everything is relative and, of course, the shorter the distance the smaller the target should be.

There are actually two main purposes in setting up a range such as the one described here.

First, you can accommodate as many shooters at once as the number of shooting stations available.

The second purpose in a back-yard

range is that of convenience. Even though you belong to a club with excellent shooting facilities, it may not be convenient to shoot as often as you like. The very nature and official requirements of a regular range necessitate that there be a large acreage available. Consequently, club ranges are usually far removed from home.

But, the "course" suggested here may be closer to your back door than your lawn mower.

The longer your shooting distances the more practical it is to have additional shooting positions. In a confined area with small targets, there will be considerable breakage of arrows if too many shoot at once. Each shooter is sending his shafts from a different angle, and the results can be murderous at the target if you attempt to pound too many arrows into too small a space.

Large Target Best

On the larger ranges, as illustrated here, a larger target is more practical and, because of the distances involved, there is less chance that the arrows will bunch up on the bull's-eye.

Shooting stations can, of course, be predetermined by the distances you wish to shoot. Stakes can then be cut and painted with the exact yardage. This will help the average archer in learning to determine distances for more serious competition.

Stakes can be changed to suit the wishes of the shooter. By mixing it up a little, it gives you a better variety of shots and eliminates the possibility of any one shooter becoming so used to the distances that he is shooting mechanically. Too, by moving the stakes you help to eliminate worn spots in your lawn if this is where you have your range set up.

Targets can be made of almost anything. The primary requisite is that they are of sufficient quality that they will not permit arrows to go through. The one shown here is a standard field range target made of straw bales compressed with wire. This one is



THIS IS A TYPICAL field range target made of compressed straw bales backed with a sheet of wallboard and topped with a weatherproof roof stripped with tar paper.

sitting on old automobile tires so that low shots will not get past the target but the arrows will not be broken.

Of course, a wood frame is necessary to provide an all-weather cover. This is the one bad spot on your target, and arrows, will break if they hit the wood at the wrong angle. A tar paper cover will keep the weather off your bales, and the target should last you a year or two without replacement. By keeping the target off the ground through use of the automobile tires, you'll eliminate the rotting caused by dampness soaked up from the ground.

A sheet of wallboard fastened to the back of the target will prevent arrows from going through. Occasionally, an arrow will find the weakest spot where the straw bales are joined together, or where the center of the target gets punched out by repeated shooting.

Shoot From a Bush

For variety, you might place your shooting stations behind a bush or hedgerow to simulate field conditions. On our little range, the forty-yard shot is taken behind a heavy thicket of raspberries and assorted weeds.

There are any variety of games that can be dreamed up to make your

shooting more interesting. You can continue to go from stake to stake shooting four arrows at a time until you have equaled the 112 arrows shot in a normal field course round. You can vary your shots from standing, to kneeling, to sitting. This will provide more laughs than bull's-eyes, but it will help to develop ability in shooting from unnatural positions.

Whether you use a standard target face or animal targets is purely a matter of choice. Here, we were using a deer target since this sequence was taken in early fall before the 1963 deer season.

If the stakes are wiggled back and forth a bit in the holes, they can be easily withdrawn so that the grass can be mowed without any difficulty. If you do this, however, it is well to spread a bit of dehydrated lime, or a splash of white paint, at the spot so that the holes can be easily located after the lawn is mowed.

If practical, lights can be strung around the area to permit shooting after daylight hours. This works out particularly well for the fellow who does not get home for dinner until late in the day. Such a setup permits practice at any hour in the spring and fall when daylight hours are shorter.

Space for Safety

Space is usually the most important consideration in establishing a safe shooting range close to the dinner table. Nevertheless, there are areas in and around every community where a range, such as described here, can be set up at a minimum of cost. You can even go one better by setting up several such targets. This will give you a much greater variety of shots and permit more shooters at any one time.

This can be a cooperative venture, both to keep down individual costs and to encourage the type of fellowship that goes with shooting the bow. This is particularly true if you want to light up your range for night shoot-



GREG AND BRIAN SHOOT the 40-yarder from behind a thick hedge which helps to simulate field conditions.

ing. Again, safety is the first factor of importance. Targets should be so placed that there is absolutely no danger to the shooters or to adjacent people and properties. Where conditions are minimal, extra bales of hay or straw can be used to surround the target itself and avoid stray arrows from getting you into trouble.

Once again, it is emphasized that the suggestions here should in no way be taken as a substitute for supporting your local archery club. Organized archery will be taken up in a future column as the backbone of bow hunting and further recognition of bow hunting as a wonderful participating sport.

A Great Help

For those who take their archery seriously, a back-yard shooting range is a great help. The common answer among champions, when asked the secret to their success, is, "Practice."

Consequently, whether you must confine your shots to 20 feet or 50 yards, the availability of a range in the back yard gives you an edge that will show up when the chips are down. The cost is minimal but the pay-off is pleasure, improved skill and better scores on the big range.

BOUND TO WORK

ASIDE from the fact that full recurve bows are difficult to string because of the very nature of their construction, there is another irritating little problem which is easily solved. When attempting to place the string loop on the top end, the opposite loop will frequently become unhooked. This usually happens after you have exerted full energy to place the loop over the top end, and you must start all over again.

To keep the bottom loop firmly in place while stringing the bow, simply wrap, or bind, a rubber band over the bottom loop as illustrated in the accompanying photo. Not only will this keep the loop from coming loose, it will also hold the string in the shallow groove provided for it in each end of the recurve bow. This eliminates having the string pulling off center and avoid contributing to the warp which sometimes afflicts such bows.





PERCUSSION UNDER HAMMER BOOT PISTOL is the top arm shown. Underneath are G. R. Alsop percussion, Allen & Thurber Pepperbox, one unknown, another Allen Pepperbox, freak Walch ten-shot, 31-cal. revolver (upper right) and a 17th century flintlock derringer with solid ivory stock.

*A Look at the Little
Freak Sneak Guns . . .*

Concealable Firearms

By Jim Varner

Photos by the Author

INVITE a group of outdoorsmen to join you in your den where there is a display of firearms and soon there will be a "bull session" going, that would make the United Nations' sessions seem just ordinary by comparison! A few of your audience may not be even remotely interested in your gun collection to start with but when they hear the others discussing the importance of firearms in our national historical past, immediately they become interested spectators anxious to learn facts never thought of before. After all, what is more vitally interesting to all Americans?

Recently the writer had the pleasure of entertaining a group of men that fall into the above category. They were not all riflemen, gun collectors, or even owners of more than one form of firearm. However, all of them vigorously joined in the firearms conversation and its importance in our history. While my collection represents only some 160 pieces, and is small when compared to some collections, there are bound to be some that are rare and important enough in the lot to have played a part in our nation's development.

As the discussion proceeded from modern high velocity arms back through the big bore revolvers and rifles of the post-Civil War, I could not help but note more interest displayed when I brought out several of the little freak sneak guns or "suicide specials." These arms were produced



in huge numbers and varieties dating from the invention of the percussion cap around 1836 down to the early cartridge revolvers of the Civil War. At this stage of our "powwow" questions began to fly which taxed my rather forgetful knowledge and made it necessary to refer frequently to carefully filed research records. Being able to stay abreast of such a subject is a task in itself.

To simplify a rather ponderous subject we will skip the development of the earlier and more crude forms of arms including the flintlock which did not lend itself to the easily concealable forms due to its unwieldy ignition system. Do not get me wrong, the flintlock was made in many forms of effective large military and duelling pistols—some double barrel or more.

While easily concealable firearms were developed after the percussion cap was invented by a Scotch clergyman by the name of Forsyth, it was 28 or 29 years before Sam Colt utilized it in an efficient form of repeat-revolver. It was later copied by practically every other manufacturer in their frantic effort to furnish martial revolvers for both armies in the Civil War. In this article we will briefly discuss with our fine audience the search by early inventors for efficient

concealable firearms. We believe these arms could be classified in four separate categories. The first one of these will deal with the single-shot and double-barreled derringers. The second will take in the multiple-barreled pepperboxes. The third will be on small percussion type revolvers and the fourth will include the early forms of cartridge revolvers. Let us discuss them in order.

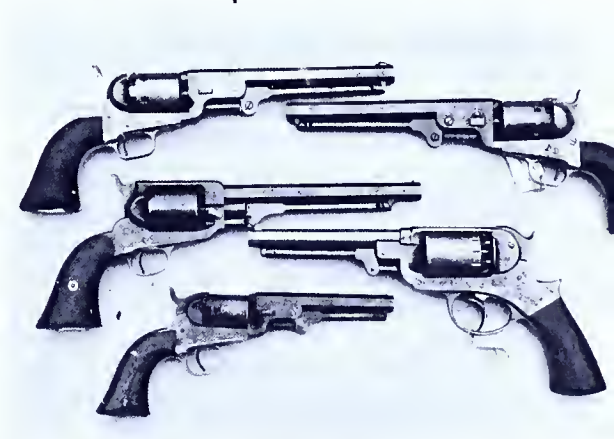
Percussion and Cartridge Firing Derringers

Collectors consider the derringer one of the most interesting they can obtain. Its originator was Henry Derringer, Jr., and his name symbolizes these typically American small hand-guns which are as American as the Pennsylvania Rifles. They were as much a part of the Forty-Niner's kit as his gold washing pan or short-handled spade. Derringer's famous little sneak gun was widely copied to the extent the antique collector finds it difficult to separate the authentic arm from those of little or no value. It may interest our readers to know Henry Derringer, Jr., was born in Easton, Pa., in 1786. After serving his apprenticeship with a gunsmith in Richmond, Va., he moved to Philadelphia and opened his own shop. From then on he was highly successful in

EARLY PERCUSSION REVOLVERS. Colt .28-cal. side hammer boot model (left) and a Walch ten-shot, .31-cal. double hammer, double trigger unusual pattern.



TOP FOUR are large frame percussion military revolvers of the Civil War era. Bottom is a Colt .31-cal. percussion pocket revolver which was about the most efficient small arm of the period.

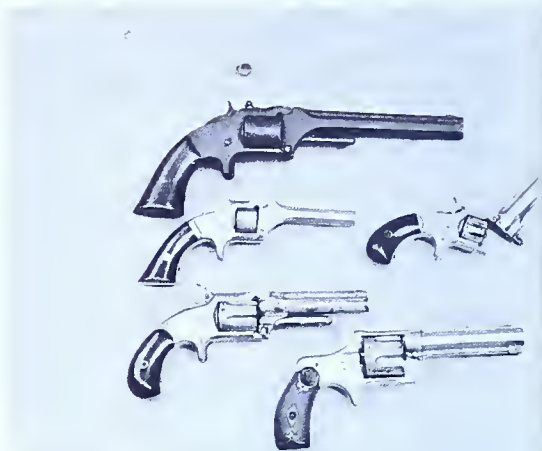


the firearm industry. He was one of the first in America to use the percussion cap method of ignition but stubbornly refused to switch from muzzle-loader to breechloader. As far as we are able to learn he made only single-shot pistols mostly in .41 caliber. Through 1861 to 1868 he made some in cartridge type. All were of vest pocket size, easily hidden short arms ranging from six to twelve ounces, with 1½- to 6-inch barrels—usually around 2 to 3 inches.

Derringer died around 1868 but Colt, National, Starr and Remington continued to make arms similar to his and call them derringers. In fact, Remington's double barrel .41 caliber is still considered one of the best ever made. It was first introduced in 1865 but became infamous later when the assassins of both Garfield and McKinley used it. Today's close personal protection of high ranking officials would render the assassin's chance with a derringer almost nil due to the extreme short range of such an arm. The 80- to 100-yard range shot that took our good President's life was one of great surprise. The success accomplished with that telescopic rifle certainly has taught all real Americans a sad lesson, and one to ponder over. Cartridge type derringers are still flooding the market in .22 to .38 special calibers. Some of them imported from Europe are strictly of questionable manufacture. Perhaps their presence at this time creates a problem to the ones striving to hold the line against crank gun legislation.

Multiple-Barreled Percussion and Cartridge Pepperboxes

Pepperboxes comprise a unique system of three or more barrels rotating around a central axis. This is probably the oldest as well as the most varied category of handgun. They were made in both single and double actions for match, wheel, flint, percussion and self-contained cartridge. However, this form of pistol never



FOUR EARLY MODEL Smith and Wesson cartridge revolvers in .22 and .32 cal. are shown on top. The bottom one is a single action .32-cal. rim fire.

reached its popularity as a concealable arm until the percussion cap simplified its ignition system to the point it was possible to manufacture an effective miniature "sneak weapon" that fired more than one or two shots.

The first American patent for pepperbox pistols was granted to Barton and Benjamin Darling—brothers and gunsmiths—from Bellingham, Mass., in April of 1836. At that time no distinction was made between a pepperbox and a revolver and some say they were forced to cease labeling their arms "Patent Rotary Pistol" as the result of a conflict with the earlier Colt. The question was who invented what first, something which never was settled. A true Darling pepperbox pistol is extremely rare. Only six are known to exist. This form of arm did not adapt itself to rotary rifle or shotgun barrels which would have made such a gun excessively clumsy and unwieldy as well as mechanically incorrect. It was even clumsy with over three-inch pistol barrels.

Ethan Allen turned out his first pepperboxes in 1837. His firearms were considered the best of all and were closely copied by numerous other firms. You will find them labeled Allen and Thurber; Allen and Wheelock; Tryon and other firms whose

names he branded on the product he sold. Pepperboxes were made mostly in .31 or .32 caliber, had no front or rear sights and required instinctive timing at very close range like the derringers. Early models required turning the barrels by hand. Later models were single action with a few being hammerless double action. Most of the four-barreled models which came after the percussion era used cartridges. Replicas of these are still manufactured.

Percussion Concealable Revolvers

The third category of our small handgun episode started immediately with a firearm that practically revolutionized the whole firearm industry. When Samuel Colt applied the percussion cap principle to his early revolving small arms in 1836 and started making reliable revolvers from the "Baby Patterson" pocket model of 1839 to the formidable "Walker Model" of 1847 he set a standard for all others to try to equal. Unlike most of the other freak patents and ideas he seemed to have hit the "jack pot" with his first attempt. One could write many articles about the interesting but short career of Samuel Colt and

A PAGE OUT OF THE PAST. Center shows two "new model" Colt .30-cal. miniatures as listed in the 1875 catalogue. Left three are early S. & W.'s and right is an early Remington. Note derringer type grips on all of these. The .30-cal. Winchester cartridges are over 75 years old.



his product but we will have to briefly cover some of the numerous little known patents which failed.

Remington's Beals Model pocket revolver weighing 11 ounces in .31 caliber, patented in 1856, and their Remington Rider Model double action revolver patented 1859 were probably the most serious competitors and best made percussion small arms Colt had to contend with. Allen and Thurber's .30-caliber double action five-shot percussion miniature revolver closely copied his pepperbox design and never proved popular. Others too numerous to mention are practically unknowns even in the better collections. One is at a loss to understand why any sane man would attempt to obtain patents on such impractical freaks.

The Walch Revolver

Probably the most amazing freak firearm that was attempted using the percussion system was the oddity invented by John Walch, of New York City, which was patented in 1859. John believed a man could not have too many shots at his command so he developed a .31-caliber, ten-shot, double length cylinder with five chambers. It has ten percussion nipples and double hammers adapted to fire two charges from each chamber. This model and a .36-caliber twelve-shot used combustible cartridges. The right hammer fired front cartridge while the left hammer fired the remaining charge in each chamber. This system of attempting to use two or more charges in the same barrel with successive nipples or powder pans has never proven successful and the rarity of existing specimens of this unusual firearm indicates it was not a success. You will note the twin sheath triggers alone are too close together to be practical, especially if the trigger pull is heavy.

Early Cartridge Revolvers

No doubt the first forerunner of the metallic self-contained cartridge was

the 1845 VanDreyse six-shot single action rifled barrel needle revolver in small caliber. The needle type of firing never became popular in the U. S. A., so we will discuss the ones that made history—the ones that came to stay. The well-made revolver from the better percussion models to the masterpieces of Colt, Smith and Wesson and Ruger are as American as baseball. In the metallic fixed ammunition field Smith and Wesson was the leader when they brought out their first model in .22 short caliber with its seven-shot round cylinder and tipup barrel around 1857. This first model is definitely a standout collector's model and difficult to obtain.

Metallic Cartridge

Just as Colt was leader in the percussion revolver field we find Smith and Wesson in control of the metallic cartridge field until their patents expired in 1869. Others had tried to beat their patents as they felt, despite the imperfections of the early metallics, that they were still far ahead of anything else on the market. With the advent of early cartridges came rapid

improvements ranging from the teat and pin fire to the rim fire on to the present day center fire. Unheard of firms sprang up and brand names like Whitney, Forehand and Wadsworth, Merwin and Hulbert, Hopkins and Allen and dozens of others attempted to cash in on what was considered a lucrative business. Most of them obtained only a brief hold and faded from the picture. Cheap junk arms, now called "suicide specials," flooded the market at prices around \$2.

Even Remington gave up the ghost, leaving only Colt and Smith and Wesson whose products now seem to be better than ever. They, too, have competition from new, aggressive designers, but one feels their name and product will live on. We will not discuss the reliable, tiny, easily concealable revolvers of today. Our readers who follow the "firearm trail" understand their deadly potential, but all of us will have to admit the deringers, pepperboxes, percussions, and early cartridge "sneak firearms" played an interesting, but not always, essential part in our HISTORY.

Strictly for the Amateur

Part II

By Larry J. Kopp

Photos by the Author

ASSUMING that you are confused after looking at all the wrong ways of setting muskrat traps, I am devoting this column to the proper way of doing it.

With some imagination on your



part I don't think it's necessary to illustrate the right way in all instances. For example, in the case of what a set looks like when you use bait—learn to do it right by simply not using any bait at all!

And, needless to say, when the water is so shallow at trap sites that it does not even cover your trap anchor, don't set a trap. Set your trap somewhere else or take it along home again.



TO MAKE A SUITABLE ROCK ANCHOR for muskrat traps, select a hard specimen that is approximately 15 inches long and 10 inches in circumference. Your rock can be longer, shorter; even more or less in circumference so long as it is heavier than the weight of a large muskrat. Take a small hammer and cut notches in the middle of the rock as can be seen in the illustration. These notches need not be deep as they are merely intended to prevent a tightened wire from slipping in either direction. Always use wire to attach trap chains to rock anchors and tighten with a pliers.

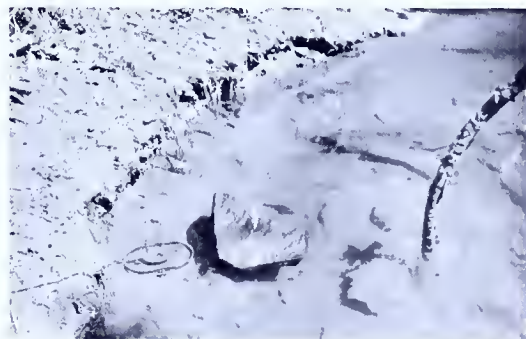
IF POSSIBLE, USE LONG CHAINS on muskrat traps. Wire can be substituted for chain. The point is to use either extra lengths of chain or wire so that you can place your anchor in deep water. If your anchor is not situated in deep water, it is less likely that a trapped muskrat can reach deep water and drown. Also when your rock anchor is located in deep water there is not so much chance that it will freeze into the ice.



MUSKRATS LIKE TO REST on logs that are located in the stream. But never set traps on logs or elsewhere out of the water. If and when the water is too deep—that is, over three inches deep at the trap site, build a trap site with rocks.



THIS SHOULD CORRECT TWO MISTAKES pictured in my last column. The trap is then placed between the rock and the bank—always with the trap spring pointing upstream.



Letters...

.30-Cal. 12-Gauge

I am a married woman writing to you concerning one of the tidbits in February's Field Notes entitled "Strange Gun."

It reads: While investigating an alleged report of a car having been fired upon. Trooper Wheeler and I asked the lady if her husband owned a gun. She answered, "Yes, a .30-cal. 12-gauge."

Well, I don't feel that this is so strange a gun after all.

If you check Stoeger Arms Corporation *Shooter's Bible* (1963 ed.), page 32 you'll find a Stoeger-Krlach custom .30-cal. 12-gauge.

I just thought you woodsmen might like to have this information.

Mrs. Arthur Hess
Parkesburg, Pa.

Called Dad's Bluff

During the past turkey season, a humorous thing happened to me.

I was turkey hunting in Potter County and my nine-year-old son, Gary, was with me. This was his first trip up into the big woods and I was pointing out deer scratchings, turkey scratchings and buck rubs, etc.

Sometime later in the day he called me over and said what kind of scratching is this? I looked it over and said, "that is a deer scratching."

He said, "No it isn't, that's a Gary scratching. I just wanted to see if you knew what you were talking about."

I really felt like disappearing into thin air at that point. I will look scratchings over much closer from now on.

Raymond J. Kraft
Mohnton, Pa.

Appreciative

I have just gotten back from camp and I want to take this time to tell the Pennsylvania Game Commission just one word: "THANKS" from the members of the Big "A" Hunting Club.

REASON: There are nine members in our club and we shot six bucks this first week of the deer season. We all know now how hard you people in the Game Commission work to make this possible. The deer management in this state I think is the best in the country. I know it's not nice to write letters to you people, complaining about different things. Especially the way the antlerless deer licenses are given out by the counties but as you said you have nothing to do with this. So when a camp gets six bucks—you know the Game Commission is doing a wonderful job on deer management.

For myself and the members of our club, I wish to say *thanks* again.

William James Tate, Jr.
President
Big "A" Hunting Club
Newtown Square, Pa.

Pennsylvanian Named to Migratory Bird Commission

Congressman George A. Goodling (Pa.) has been appointed to the Migratory Bird Conservation Commission to succeed Leon H. Gavin, also of Pennsylvania, who died late last year. Goodling's sincere interest in wildlife conservation, and his efforts in this regard in Washington and in his home state are well known.

The Commission passes on all additions to the national waterfowl refuge system. Other members are Stewart L. Udall, Secretary of the Interior; Orville L. Freeman, Secretary of Agriculture; Luther H. Hodges, Secretary of Commerce; Senators Roman L. Hruska (Neb.) and Lee Metcalf (Mont.); and Congressman Frank M. Karsten (Mo.).

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IT'S THE LAW



NOT ALL GAME LAW VIOLATIONS ARE INTENTIONAL. AS A SERVICE TO COMMONWEALTH SPORTSMEN, GAME NEWS, IN COOPERATION WITH THE DIVISION OF LAW ENFORCEMENT, TAKES THIS MEANS TO BRIEFLY CLARIFY SOME OF THE MOST FREQUENTLY MISUNDERSTOOD OR LEAST KNOWN GAME LAWS.



QUESTION:

MUST I HAVE A GAME PROPAGATOR'S PERMIT TO RAISE PHEASANTS I PLAN TO RELEASE MYSELF?

ANSWER:

NOT IF THEY OR THE EGGS WERE ACQUIRED FROM A LEGAL SOURCE.

QUESTION:

MAY I GATHER MOUNTAIN STONE ON NEARBY STATE GAME LANDS FOR LAYING UP A WALL?

ANSWER:

NO, REMOVING STONE, SAND, CLAY, ETC., FROM STATE GAME LANDS IS PROHIBITED.



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Pennsylvania **GAME NEWS**

MAY, 1964

TEN CENTS



UMENTS SECTION

PENNSYLVANIA GAME NEWS

Volume 35 • Number 5

MAY, 1964

Published Monthly by the
PENNSYLVANIA GAME
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Cover Painting
By G. Don Ray

COVER: Nest robber robs nest robber's nest. Both the red squirrel and blue jay are known to steal eggs from birds' nests. Their appetites for bird eggs often place them both in the predator class. Our cover depicts a paradox when one nest thief, the red squirrel, is caught preying on another nest thief's nest. Inhabitants of the evergreen forest, both are known for their loud and boisterous antics.

Published MONTHLY by the Pennsylvania Game Commission, South Office Building, Capitol, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** \$1 per year; \$2.50 for three years. **TO SUBSCRIBE:** Send check or money order payable to "Pennsylvania Game Commission." Do not send stamps; cash forwarded is done so at sender's risk. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Send both new and old addresses at least 45 days in advance of the issue with which it is to be effective. **PERMISSION TO REPRINT** any signed article may be granted provided advance permission is obtained from the author. No information contained in the magazine may be used for advertising or commercial purposes.

Printed by Times and News Publishing Co., Gettysburg, Pa.
Second Class Postage Paid at Gettysburg, Pa.

Litterbugs Beware

LIKE the weather, everyone used to complain about litterbugging, but no one did anything about it. This has changed.

The 1963 Pennsylvania State Legislature did something about stopping persons who litter lands open to public hunting. They gave the Game Commission authority to enforce an all-inclusive litterbug law.

This act, now Section 802 of the Pennsylvania Game Law, was just one of the hundreds of bills in the hopper last year. It passed with very little attention, but the magnitude of this act is tremendous. Here is a law that will help the landowner protect the property that he is good enough to open to public hunting. Here, also, is a law which will curb wanton disrespect of all lands by inconsiderate hunters who litter our landscape with garbage and trash while hunting or trapping. The fine is \$25.

The act reads: "It shall be unlawful for any person while hunting or trapping, or while on lands open to hunting or trapping, to deposit and leave any garbage, bottles, cartons, containers, glass, paper or other rubbish or debris except in places or receptacles maintained for that purpose."

A close look at this law reveals that a person can be arrested, regardless of whether or not he is hunting or trapping, for littering lands open to public hunting. Furthermore, he may be arrested for littering any lands while hunting or trapping. This means all lands whether private or public lands open or closed to the hunter. In other words, the Game Protector has full authority to stamp out the litterbug—and he will do it!

In these times when private land is becoming increasingly more difficult to keep open to the hunter, sportsmen must guard against further posting. Litterbugging is one of the leading reasons for shutting out the hunter. We can no longer afford to infuriate landowners by leaving papers and bottles for them to pick up.

The Commission hereby places the litterbug on notice to be respectful of other persons' property. The litterbug will be stopped.—G.H.H.





THE USE OF A CALL turns the tables on the fox; you don't hunt him, he hunts you. This gray fox was called, photographed and killed by Robert Ent, Brookville.

*When You Sound the
Call, You Become the Hunted . . .*

THEY HUNT YOU

By Paul L. Failor
Supervisor, Predator Control Section

The most serious enemy of the gray fox is disease (not man) and the most dreaded of these is rabies. Rabies epidemics occur when the population is high. When the species is stricken with this infectious disease a large percentage of the animals are "killed-off" and the build-up starts all over again. If the fox were accepted by the hunter as a sporting animal and hunted each year just as we hunt small game, deer, bear, etc., both fox and man would benefit.

FOR many years the crow has provided the hunter with a great amount of off-season shooting pleasure; however, this species is now enjoying, at least, a temporary reprieve in many sections of the state, not because their numbers have been seriously depleted, but simply because a

new and more fascinating sport is fast taking over. Hundreds and perhaps a thousand Pennsylvanians have already turned their attention and their guns to foxes and you will too, if you ever give them a try.

There's an old adage about there being "more than one way to skin a

cat," and the same is true about fox hunting. The modern version of hunting these elusive animals differs completely from all other methods. In fact, you don't actually hunt foxes,—you make them hunt you. When you sound your call you immediately become the hunted, instead of the hunter. Sounds fantastic, but it's true.

Recall the First Time

Well do I remember my first call and the results that I experienced on my very first trip afield. The call was a little black plastic gadget packed with accompanying instructions that told me in brief to take it out where the "varmints" are and make it squeal. Fox calling at that time (1952) was almost unheard-of in Pennsylvania and I must admit that I for one did not believe that foxes could be called. This call, even though it was a gift, was tossed into the glove compartment of my car, without a try, and soon forgotten. Crow hunting was my favorite sport and I was satisfied to stay with it.

One morning in late May, my buddy and I were calling crows on the Allegheny National Forest in Forest County. After a few "blasts" on the crow call a gray fox came bustin' in and was shot at but missed by my hunting companion. This was not an extremely unusual incident as we had killed foxes before that had mistakenly accepted our crow squalling for that of a young crow that had toppled from the nest. Food supplies are limited in most forested areas in the spring of the year and foxes just don't pass up the opportunity to dine on the "black squab" whenever and wherever they come within their reach.

The following day I was hunting alone. The crows "worked" fairly well during the early hours but as the temperature and the humidity rose to an unseasonable high, the aggressiveness of the crows tapered off to a policy of peaceful coexistence. They

just weren't mad at anybody. By noon, those that did come in were high and out of range. I'd seen crows behave like that before and knew full well there was little or nothing that could be done about it. I was disgusted and ready for a change. I thought about "trying my luck" with the trout in nearby Tionesta Creek and then the fox incident of yesterday came to my mind. Why not try fox calling? It certainly couldn't be any worse than this and it wouldn't take but half the effort. Momentarily, I pondered the whereabouts of my fox call but soon uncovered it in the glove compartment of my car where it had then lain for several months.

Immediately I moved behind the wheel of my car and headed south to the area where my friend had missed the fox on the previous morning. I thought this would be as good a place as any to try the call. At least I knew one fox was there and perhaps there would be others. Reaching my destination, I parked the car and walked quietly down the forest road. This time I noticed the many small "catlike" tracks of the gray fox in the sand-filled gutters and a fresh pile of manure so carefully placed on a rock in the middle of the roadway. There was absolutely no question about foxes living and traveling through this area; the only doubt in my mind was about them answering the call.

Found a Spot

I soon found a likely looking spot and sat down. I read the instructions and within a minute or two I was all set to give it a try. I looked up and down the roadway to make certain that no one was coming or watching and then hurriedly blew the nine note sequence as illustrated on the enclosure. The whole thing sounded ridiculous, I had to chuckle to myself. How could anyone be such a fool to believe that foxes would come to sounds like that? I also started to wonder why the Federal Government

hadn't stepped in and stopped this kind of fraudulent advertising through the mail, but the minute of silence between calls soon passed and I was ready to blow the call again. This would probably be my last try. I was fearful that someone might be watching and to get "caught" doing such a silly thing would not only be embarrassing but might be beyond my ability to convince them that I wasn't "nuts" or at least well on my way. My thoughts now were to get it over with quickly. I raised my hand and as the call touched my lips a bursting, startling "scoff" from behind almost sent me into orbit. Never have I been so completely "shook." After a second or two to regain my composure, I turned my head slightly to the left and looked over my shoulder but the

THE EARLY 1950's brought about a new concept in game and predator calling. A portable, compact record player, powered by batteries, appeared on the market.

PGC Photo by D. L. Batcheler



yard-high goldenrod revealed nothing. I then whimpered lightly on the call and immediately I saw movement in the heavy vegetation. Again I whimpered and the "movement" proceeded through the dense cover towards a small clearing. A second later a gray fox walked into the opening and stood there like a statue, just twenty yards away. I slowly raised my shotgun and one "released" load of number 6's did the rest. I had just accomplished what I had always regarded as the "impossible," and I did it in less than five minutes of trying.

Took Another Stand

After handling the fox and noting it was a female, I hid it in the brush and walked about three hundred yards down the road. Here I took a comfortable seat along the edge of a pine plantation just off the road and prepared to try again. I called, . . . waited, . . . called, . . . and waited again. For fifteen minutes I continued calling according to the manufacturer's instructions. No foxes this time, I thought, but as I rose to leave; my eye caught a movement coming down the mountain side along the edge of the pines. I took a second look and sure enough, it was a fox, but this one was as big as a coyote. I eased back into my seat and let him come the full distance. At fifteen yards away, he sat down, his nose skyward and it was obvious that he was picking up scent from my first kill. I watched this over-size gray for about a minute and then "claimed him" as number two. Two foxes within a half-hour was two more than I had ever hoped to kill with a fox call. Needless to say I was pleased and elated with this new sport, and I hurried back to town to tell my buddy. He was at the supper table when I arrived but after giving him a quick and brief resume of my accomplishments, he was on his feet and ready to go.

We made several stands with no appreciable results unless you count the



SOUNDING THE CALL rings the dinner bell for the fox. He thinks that a hawk, owl, weasel, raccoon or even another fox has caught a rabbit or other prey and he hopes to get a share of the take.

deer that came in to snort and stomp. This little gadget sure brings them in, especially during the fawning season. Our fourth try that evening was made in a clearing along the edge of a rhododendron swamp. Before I had completed the full sequence of calls, my friend raised his scoped rifle and fired. We walked to the far edge of the clearing, a distance of about sixty yards, and there lay a female gray. All he could say was, "I can't believe it!" And frankly, neither could I.

Through the succeeding months and years, I learned that gray foxes were much easier called than reds. I learned too that gray foxes generally occupied a much denser type of cover and in so many ways are an entirely different species. Learning to know the gray fox, his habits and characteristics, is without question the most important requisite to successful calling. Without this knowledge, success is more or less accidental.

Manual fox calls are now made by more than a dozen manufacturers and sell for two and three dollars. Most of the calls work but none are infallible.

They are all believed to imitate the distress cry of the rabbit and undoubtedly some of them do; however, distress cries of any of the smaller animals (squirrels, woodchucks, rats, chipmunks, muskrats, and even foxes) are just as effective in putting a hungry gray fox on the move. When any prey species is caught, mauled and being torn apart by a predator they cry out with fright and pain and it is this pitiful sound that "rings the dinner bell for foxes." The fox, believing a hawk, great horned owl, weasel, raccoon or even one of his own kind has caught a rabbit or other defenseless prey species, rushes to the scene hoping to scare off the original captor and take the victim for himself. If your call is good and of natural sounding quality, the fox comes in like he's answering a dog food advertisement on TV, but as a general rule the caller has not yet perfected his new found sport to such a degree and the fox approaches cautiously, moving from cover to cover, raising his head only occasionally to assure himself that it is the "real thing." He is suspi-

cious, ever on the alert and if he catches a movement of the caller he just slinks away unseen into the heavy underbrush and makes his way back to places known only to himself.

Fox calling with the hand call never did "catch-on" with the average hunter. Many of those that tried it gave up after making one or two stands, just as I might have done had I not been successful on my very first try. Some of the unsuccessful hunters that I have since talked with felt they did not have a good call or believed they could not produce the proper sounds. The truth of the matter is that most of the hunters that failed did so because they didn't give the call a fair try or because they lacked sufficient knowledge of the animal they were hunting.

New Concept in Calling

The early 1950's brought about a new concept in the game and predator calling. A portable, compact record player, powered by transistors and batteries and later known as the "electronic caller," appeared on the market. Crow, duck and goose records were among the first plates sold for use on these machines. The actual voice recordings of crows, played back to them, brought almost every bird in the countryside within gun range of the caller. Anyone who could afford the high prices asked for these units became an "expert" caller over night. The real expert could not match the effectiveness of the machine. No longer was it necessary to "blow your lungs out" to kill a few crows. Throughout the southern and eastern section of Pennsylvania any two hunters could kill a hundred or more crows in a half day if they could afford the ammunition cost. This was the answer in normalizing the tremendous crow population that each year looted, plundered, and destroyed thousands and thousands of nests of the more desirable wildlife.



PGC Photo by D. L. Batcheler

A FEW OF THE MANY kinds of manual fox calls which are on the market today.

The electronic unit proved equally effective in luring ducks and geese to the hunter's blind, in fact, it was so effective that in 1957 the Federal Government outlawed the use of all recording devices to take migratory waterfowl. Similar action was to be taken later by the 1963 session of the Pennsylvania State Legislature when they prohibited its use to take wild turkeys.

"Squeal" Hit the Market

Several years after the introduction of the electronic caller, rabbit squealing records "hit" the market. You could buy tame rabbit squeals, cotton-tail distress cries or the grunts and groans of the lower voiced jackrabbit. These records were all intended to call foxes and did, but for many of those that had experienced the fast moving tempo of crow hunting, this was entirely too slow. Others that tried fox calling occasionally realized some success but only to a limited degree. Many believed the fox was too smart to be deceived by the

electronically produced sounds as was the crow, duck, goose and wild turkey.

James L. Smith, of Summerville, and his hunting companion, Robert Ent, of nearby Brookville, are two "dyed in the wool" members of the calling fraternity that refused to accept the mediocre success of the rabbit squealing record. Determined to find the answer, Jim purchased a fine quality portable tape recorder, capable of recording and transmitting high frequency sounds. With this unit and help from his friend Bob, they proceeded to record the squeals and distress cries of just about every animal known to be taken by foxes. The voice recordings of the prey species were then "played back" and the reaction of the foxes was noted and tabulated. Some worked, some didn't; none were really impressive.

Same as Crow Calling

Jim and Bob then worked on the same theory involved in crow calling. That being that some wildlife species were more concerned about the cries of their mate, their young, or other members of their clan, than they were about food. This they knew was true with crows, why not foxes? Fox traps were set and the barks, snarls, and "scoffs" of the adult animals were

THE AUTHOR on a typical fox stand plays the record and waits for the fox to find him.

PGC Photo by D. L. Batcheler



recorded. Finally a young gray fox was dug from a den and held in captivity at Jim's home. He was an extremely sensitive and noisy individual that would "let out" freely with the slightest provocation, and Jim taped it all. Unknowingly, he was a most cooperative little fellow.

The entire tape of the adult foxes and the young gray fox was then taken to the field and transmitted through the recorder for the "approval" of the other foxes. This proved to be the best approach to editing the "fox talk," for it was immediately noticeable that some sections of the tape were more effective than others. The several hundred feet of tape, through the "process of elimination," were soon reduced to an eight-minute "run," with only the most urgent and pleading cries used. This was believed to be long enough for any fox to respond, if he was so minded. With the abbreviated tape, Jim and Bob continued their sport with unbelievable success.

Several months passed and Jim decided to have the tape transcribed to a seven inch, 45 RPM plate, so he and his friends could use it on their electronic callers. Within a few weeks after the records arrived, the news of their success had traveled throughout Jefferson and to all adjoining counties. Jim was beseeched with requests and was soon to realize that his only way "out" was to put the record on the commercial market. (During the two and a half years of development and using the record, Jim Smith and Bob Ent killed 232 gray foxes, 8 red foxes, and several great horned owls. Indeed, an enviable record.)

I visited Jim Smith and Bob Ent last June and as I had hoped, they invited me to go fox hunting. It was a damp, misty morning and I thought to myself that no respectable fox would "lay-out" on a day like this. Jim's only comment was that it was not a good day. We tried two locations without success but on the third,

a gray came running in, almost to the machine, and Bob promptly "took care" of him. During the afternoon, between rain showers, we made several more stops and I killed my first "electronically called" fox. I was extremely impressed with the success we had had under such adverse conditions and needless to say when I bid them goodbye late that evening, I had a gray fox squealing record in my pocket.

I returned to my home in Cumberland County and for the next few months, I spent much of my spare time calling foxes, electronically. When the "no hunting ban" was imposed last fall, due to the extreme drought conditions, I had called 51 grays, 1 red and two great horned owls. The most memorable day was September 18, when I called 11 gray foxes and killed 7. (I can miss too.) My success with the electronic caller was not spectacular or exceptional for I know of at least ten other hunters that experienced similar results. One "electronic fox caller" in Crawford County killed 84 grays and 8 reds.

Some Suggestions

While the following suggestions are prepared primarily for using the electronic caller and the squealing gray fox record, they may be generally applied to using other records or even hand calling.

1. Call only from locations that gray foxes are known to inhabit. These areas are generally of the heavier cover types such as old "slashings," brier thickets, large grapevine entanglements, swamp lands, scrub brush, heavy laurel or huckleberry covered hillsides, rock ledges, sink-holes, and above all other locations, never pass up the opportunity to call to an old slab pile. Do not call in open pole stage timber unless it is immediately adjacent to heavy cover. Look for the small round track of the gray fox in areas where you propose

to call. The red fox track is larger and more oval in shape.

2. Although foxes may be called at any time of the day, the most effective hours are from daybreak to mid-morning and from late afternoon to dark. Calling is best when the winds are calm. The best time of the year is from June to October. During the fall, winter and early spring, "work the sunny side of the hill," on days and hours when the temperature is moderating and above normal. Gray foxes just don't like cold weather.

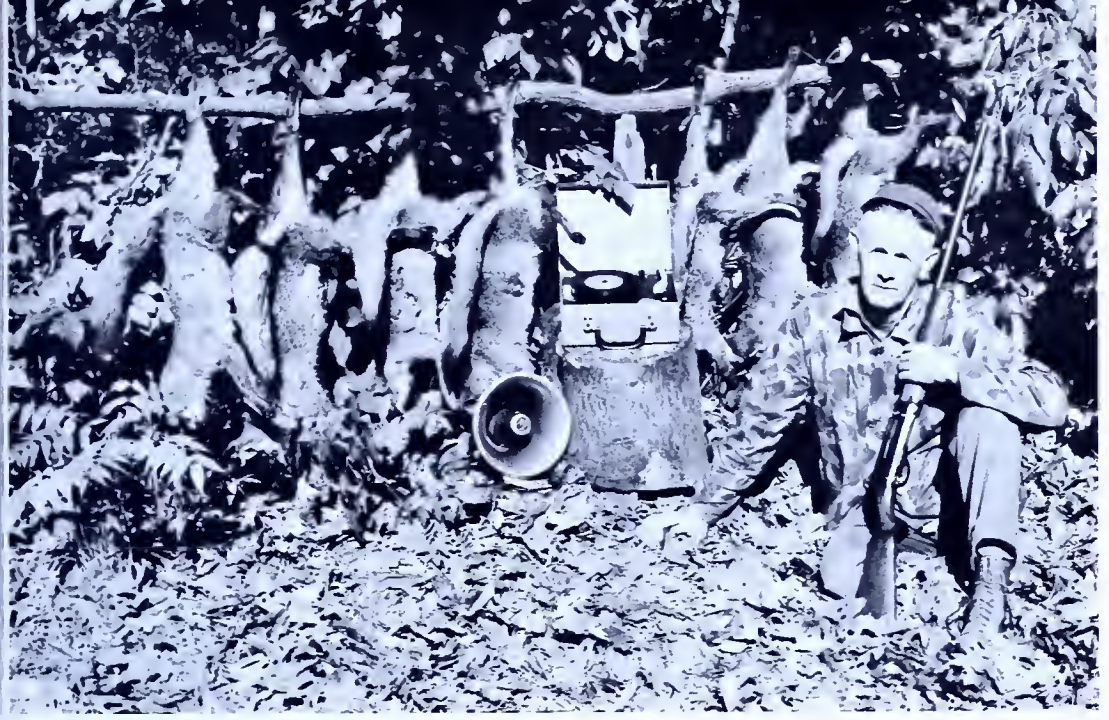
3. It is extremely important that you be quiet as you approach a calling location. Leave your automobile two or three hundred yards away; don't slam the car doors; avoid loud talk and don't smoke. Any of these may spook a fox that you might have called. Call in the more remote areas, away from highway noises, people and barking dogs.

4. Wear clothing that blends with the surroundings. Camouflage clothing is best. On stand restrict your movements to a minimum.

5. At least partial concealment is desirable and will usually increase the hunter's success. If a natural blind is not available at a desired location, then kneel, sit or stand behind a tree.

6. Be sure your record and needle are free of dust. Set your needle on the plate and then "throw" the switch to a known position that will provide a natural tone of medium volume. High volume will not increase your calling range but will, instead, cause your fox to stop out of gun range. Use medium to low volume. If you are concealed, hold the speaker on one hand and move it slowly in a semi-circle. Your fox will approach from the direction facing the speaker.

7. Most foxes "show" within a few minutes after the switch has been "thrown" (hand calling takes longer), if they are going to "come in" at all; however, a second "run" of the record will occasionally produce an additional fox and is therefore recom-



PGC Photo by John Behel

ONE DAY'S KILL. This was the memorable day, last September 18, when the author called 11 gray foxes and killed 7.

mended. Both sides of the gray fox record are equally effective.

8. If you kill a fox remain on stand and look for another. These animals (both red and gray) are a monogamous species and the mate is generally nearby. If you are unable to call the second fox, return to the same location a few hours or a day later. In late August and through September the young foxes are moving from the home area to adjacent areas and beyond. At this time of the year almost any ten-acre piece of good cover may provide a kill.

9. When calling has been completed at one location move to another. Call all likely areas even though they may be only a half-mile apart. While foxes travel several miles from their home at night they are reluctant to travel more than a quarter mile from their den during daylight hours. It is therefore necessary to call all sizable cover patches in areas where the gray fox population is known to be high.

10. Don't be too easily discouraged, you just don't kill a fox on every stand. In fact, you don't even "stand a chance" of making a kill unless he

is "laying out" and even then your "mechanical fox chatter" (or hand calling) may be completely ignored. He is a most unpredictable critter, sometimes so smart he could apply for membership in the "Untouchables" and on other occasions you might regard him as downright stupid. But however you judge him today is no guarantee you will find him that way tomorrow.

While it is generally conceded that hand calling cannot match the effectiveness of the electronic caller there is, nevertheless, a lot of fun and surprises in store for those who own one of these little three-dollar gadgets. If you have tried and failed, "hunt up" your call and try again. This time be sure you are in "gray fox country." Call continuously for a minute or more at a time and try to imitate the squalling gray fox instead of the high pitched squeals of the cottontail rabbit. Use less volume and pressure with each succeeding call. If a fox is seen "moving in" tone down your call immediately.

Try fox calling, it's the greatest shotgun sport you've ever known.

*The First Conservation Center
Of Its Kind in the Nation . . .*

The New Pinchot Institute

By Gene Coleman

"The American people are not by nature wasteful; they are not unappreciative of their inheritance. But unless we as a country, with the support and sometimes the direction of government, working with state leaders, working with the community, working with all our citizens—we are going to leave an entirely different inheritance in the next 25 years than the one we found."

—President John F. Kennedy at Milford, Pa.

"A nation deprived of its liberty may win it; a nation divided may reunite, but a nation whose natural resources are destroyed must inevitably pay the penalty of poverty, degradation and decay."

—Gifford Pinchot

PENNSYLVANIA will have the first conservation center of its kind in the nation when it opens its doors this summer in Milford, Pike County.

GREY TOWERS, the ancestral home of Gifford Pinchot, dedicated a national center for natural resource education on September 25. *U. S. Forest Service Photo*



It will be known as the Pinchot Institute for Conservation Studies, named for the man who gave new meaning to the word "conservation" and located at the ancestral home of Gifford Pinchot. It is called Grey Towers and is located just outside the small northeastern Pennsylvania community of Milford, near the Delaware River.

Here last September 24—just a few days less than two months before his assassination in Dallas, Texas—President John F. Kennedy formally dedicated the new center. The colorful pageant drew more than 10,000 persons to a natural amphitheater ablaze with early fall flaming foliage.

The late President was joined by Gov. William W. Scranton, U. S. Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman and other Federal and state leaders in paying tribute to the memory of the "Tall Forester," the tag so fondly attributed to the late Gifford Pinchot.

The first chief of the United States Forest Service, twice governor of Pennsylvania and America's most famed conservationist, the revered forester may best be remembered by old-timers as the governor who "got

the farmers out of the mud" with his paved Pinchot roads.

But on that brilliant early fall day last September, dedication of the new Pinchot Institute for Conservation Studies marked the beginning of the third memorial to him and one of the most unique centers of its kind in the nation.

The first memorial came on June 15, 1949, when the Columbia National Forest near Vancouver, Wash., was renamed Gifford Pinchot National Forest.

Then, on May 28, 1961, Pennsylvania dedicated Gifford Pinchot State Park in York County at Rossville.

Just what will the new institute do? It hopes to develop the following:

- A national conservation center.
- A national center for curriculum studies in conservation.
- A national center for the development of instructional materials in conservation for all subject areas and all levels of education.
- Publications in the different areas of conservation.
- Institutes and workshops for the training of teachers in the methods and materials of conservation, in cooperation with a major university.
- A system of demonstration areas to illustrate to students and visitors different types of habitats and different methods of resource use and management.

The 83-year-old Norman-type chateau rests imposingly in a Pocono Mountains woodland setting just outside of the town of Milford. Situated on the western edge of the small community, it has a pine-sheltered terrace that provides a sweeping panorama of the Delaware Valley and New Jersey Kittatinny Mountains for miles.

Grey Towers and its more than 100 acres of deep woodlands and open ground was purchased from Pinchot heirs for some \$250,000 by the Conservation Foundation of New York City, one of the nation's leading pri-



PGC Photo by Steve Kish

THE HIGHLIGHT of the September 25 dedication ceremony was when President John F. Kennedy spoke.

vate organizations devoted to conservation research and education.

The Foundation then presented the property to the Forest Service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. It was deeded to the Federal Government by the families of Dr. and Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, Baltimore, Md., son and daughter-in-law of the late conservationist, and Mrs. Ruth Pickering Pinchot, New York City, widow of Amos Pichot, brother of Gifford.

The Conservation Foundation of New York City, a nonprofit organization, was chartered in 1948 under the laws of New York State.

Much of its work is carried out through supporting grants to universities and individuals. It maintains a resident staff at 30 East 40th Street, New York City; an Alaskan Research Center and an International Desk in England. It was established to provide "an unbiased, independent agency capable of assaying existing resource knowledge and of providing or finding the means by which the facts of resource use can be distributed effectively to the areas of greatest need."

The Conservation Foundation seeks to encourage greater emphasis on resource understanding in the nation's schools.

U. S. Secretary of Agriculture Freeman explains that the Forest Service in his department has entered into an agreement with the Foundation to provide facilities at the new center where conservation groups may meet, where writing teams may work and where scholars may study. The Foundation will finance the Institute program, including conferences, seminars and workshops for teachers.

It will also serve as a hub for the development, testing and publication of conservation materials, including teachers' manuals for all areas and levels of the school curriculum.

The Institute will be directed by Dr. Paul F. Brandwein of the Conservation Foundation and Dr. Matthew J. Brennan of the U. S. Forest Service.

Samuel H. Ordway, Jr., head of the Conservation Foundation, has this to say of the new center:

"This cooperative enterprise between the government and our private organization is unique. It holds great promise for the future of America."

In addition to serving as a conservation center, a part of Grey Towers

is being renovated and preserved as a museum to the memory of Gifford Pinchot. His office and bedroom will remain as he left them and many of the 41 rooms of the fortress-like building will be preserved as testimony to elegant 19th century living. The library and office will be preserved just as the "Tall Forester" used and left them.

He died at the age of 81 on October 4, 1946.

In short, the Pinchot Institute for Conservation Studies will develop a working memorial dedicated to the future of the nation around the name and philosophy of Gifford Pinchot.

The gathering of national and state leaders together with America's top conservationists attracted the glare of the national spotlight on the tiny Pike County community that day in last September.

The President Arrived

As the 10,000 persons jammed the sprawling grounds of Grey Towers in the early fall crispness, President Kennedy touched down by helicopter in a nearby wood-ringed field from Stewart Air Force Base at Newburgh, N. Y., where he flew by jet from Washington.

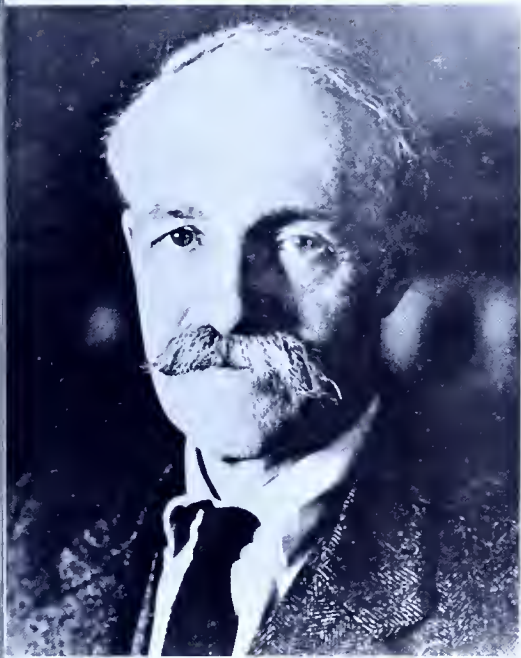
Grey Towers was the first stop of his historic 10,000-mile, 12-state tour of conservation facilities across the nation. Observers later commented that the most eloquent of the late President's talks, so far as conservation content was concerned, was delivered at the new center in Pennsylvania.

Tanned and lean—and despite the nippy weather—hatless and attired in a business suit, President Kennedy set a fast pace for his cordon of Secret Service escorts as he legged down a woodland trail leading from the landing field to the speaker's stand in the natural amphitheater in front of Grey Towers. He was accompanied by Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall and other national leaders.

It was beyond comprehension that

WHERE CONSERVATION IDEAS were shaped. This is Gifford Pinchot's circular office in Grey Towers just as he left it at his death in 1946. U. S. Forest Service Photo





GIFFORD PINCHOT

this young chief executive less than two months from this day would be cut down by an assassin's bullets.

In fact, as was one of his trademarks, the President left the predestined route so carefully mapped out by SS men days before to rush into sections of the roped-off throngs to shake hands and ruffle a tousled head or two among some youngsters. He paid little heed to his constantly worried guards.

The President was greeted by Gov. William W. Scranton and his wife, Mary, as he approached the stand after a tour of the grounds.

Off to the side in the evergreens, the Delaware Valley Joint High School Band struck up ruffles and flourishes and broke into the stirring strains of "Hail to the Chief."

Governor Scranton, after a warm personal greeting, said in part during the official welcoming:

"We welcome the President to Pennsylvania and we are proud that Pennsylvania is the only Eastern state on his current tour which has as its theme conservation of our natural resources.

"We feel that the President's participation here today points up Pennsylvania's pre-eminent position as a state of great natural resources and of a people determined to protect them," Governor Scranton added.

The Commonwealth's chief executive then called special attention to Project 70 which was to appear on the ballots the following November and called for its support. Project 70 was accepted by the electorate in the General Elections.

Tumultuous applause greeted President Kennedy when he stood to speak and formally dedicate the new center. He deviated from his prepared text and launched his talk with words of appreciation to the Pinchot family and his interest in "preparing America for the generations to come" through conservation of natural resources.

"There is no more fitting place to begin a journey of five days across the United States to see what can be done to mobilize the attention of this country so that we in the 1960's can do our task in preparing America for all the generations which are still yet to come . . . there is no more impressive place to begin that journey than here, in this town, in this house, in this State of Pennsylvania," he said.

INTERIOR MAIN HALLWAY at Grey Towers, the ancestral home of Gifford Pinchot. His work and renown as the nation's first conservation leader will be preserved here.

U. S. Forest Service Photo





Photo by Gene Coleman

PRESIDENT KENNEDY said that he hoped the years to come and the years we live in now will be regarded as years of accomplishment in conservation.

The late President also noted, "The American people are not by nature wasteful; they are not unappreciative of their inheritance. But unless we as a country, with the support and sometimes the direction of government, working with state leaders, working with the community, working with all our citizens—we are going to leave an entirely different inheritance in the next 25 years than the one we found."

In another part of his talk, Mr. Kennedy observed that much can be done by people today.

"I think there is evidence that this nation, however, can take action for which those who come after us will be grateful, which will convert killers and spoilers into allies, by building dams for many purposes, by state and local and national parks, by developing the productivity of our farms, reclaiming land, preventing soil from washing away.

"These and other activities," he said, "demonstrate beyond doubt that what Gifford Pinchot pioneered is now accepted, and no one maintains that this can be left merely to chance in the future. Conservation in the real sense is the job of us all.

"It is not the other person who pollutes the stream or litters the highway or throws away a match in a forest or wipes out game or wipes out our fishing preserves. Private and commercial establishments occasionally leave this land to be scarred and move out, through strip mining and the waste of our resources," he added.

President Kennedy also took the opportunity to predict that Congress would "move ahead" toward authorization of the Tocks Island National Recreation Area along the Delaware River in northeastern Pennsylvania.

Describing this vast recreation area as "needed," the late President noted that it will be the largest Federal recreation area in the East and will be closest to the largest number of people in the nation.

He closed his remarks with this wish:

"I hope in the years to come that these years in which we live and now hold responsibility will also be regarded as years of accomplishment in maintaining and expanding the resources of our country which belong to all of our people, not merely those who are now alive but all those who

are coming later and what Gifford Pinchot and Theodore Roosevelt and Franklin Roosevelt and Amos Pinchot and others did in the first 50 years of this century will serve as a stimulus to all of us in the last 50 years to make this country we love more beautiful."

A final note on the new Pinchot Institute for Conservation Studies recalls that the idea for it was conceived almost on the spot back on September 14, 1961, at a meeting of Pinchot Chapter of the Society of American Foresters. Fittingly, the meeting took place at the Tom Quick Inn at Milford, home community of the Pinchot family.

For many years people in the forestry profession felt that Grey Towers should never be broken up and sold to private interests. It was at this Milford meeting that M. M. (Manny) Gordon, Lackawanna District forester

for the Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters, made a motion that the chapter press for eventual development of Grey Towers as a conservation center since, under Pinchot, it was "the cradle of American forestry."

With that, the seed of an idea was planted and germinated when it was brought to the attention of Henry Clepper, who served as Lackawanna District forester in Scranton from 1921 to 1925 and who, for the past 25 years, has been executive director for the Society of American Foresters.

By June, 1962, Grey Towers was under survey in preparation for development as an institute.

This, then, is Grey Towers—Pinchot Institute for Conservation Studies.

A realistic recognition of the importance of conservation to the future of the nation.

New Study Shows Hunters Contribute \$1 Billion to National Economy

For every dollar the United States hunter spends on his sporting equipment, he spends another \$5 or more on so-called "side" expenses, according to a study recently conducted by the National Shooting Sports Foundation. In compiling the statistics, the Foundation found the nation's sportsmen annually contribute more than \$1 billion into the nation's economy and, in addition, spend another \$200 million for the purchase of sporting firearms and ammunition.

Three industries (automobile, textile apparel and boating) gross more dollars from the sportsman hunter annually than do all the firearms and ammunition companies combined. A breakdown of hunter expenditures showed \$142 million spent on automobiles (\$103 million on gas and oil), \$268 million on wearing apparel, and \$225 million on boating.

In making the survey, the Foundation concerned itself only with those expenditures, products and services used strictly in pursuit of the hunting sport.

Pennsylvania Has Just One Bear

Pennsylvania has only one kind of bear—the American black bear. There are 10 forms of black bears in North America, however, ranging from Mexico to Alaska. Black is the typical color although an occasional cinnamon colored bruin is found here. In other sections of the country the black bear even comes in gray-black, blue-gray, even white. The glacier black bear of Alaska, a rare but highly prized member of the family, has a coat ranging from pale gray to blue.

CABIN

Conveniences

By
MARIAN
N. BAKER



A Few Devices Go a Long Way to Happier Cabin Life . . .

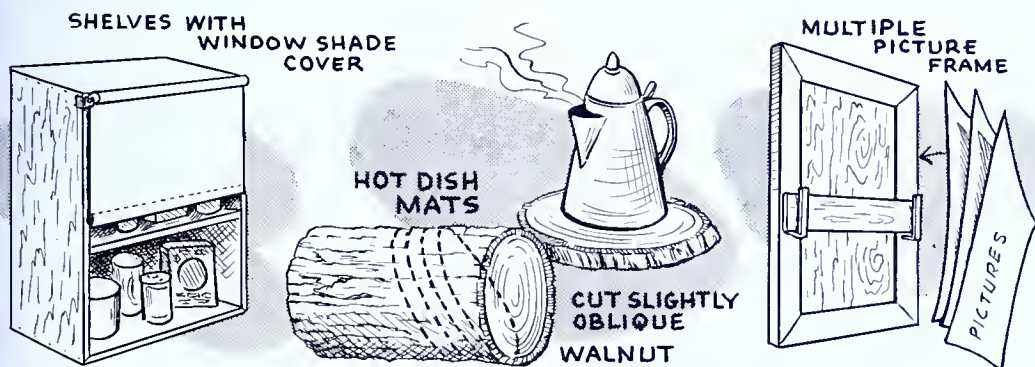
WHETHER you live in the woods for long periods at a time or are there for only short vacations and weekends you will soon experience the pioneer urge to invent little devices which will make your living quarters more convenient and attractive.

Our cabin, the "Hollow Tree," consists of one room and a large porch. In addition to this there are two other buildings, the "Wood Shed" which doubles as a work shop and guest house and of course the "Greenhouse" (outside toilet) which derives its name from the obvious fact that it is painted green.

Although a trout stream flows a short distance from the door it did not solve the problem of no water in the cabin unless you wanted to devote a considerable portion of each day to carrying water. We solved this by having a well drilled as close to the cabin as possible and then extending the porch over it, which accounts for the extra long porch. Now with the pump on the porch we have water almost in the cabin. The deep-well pump eliminates the possibility of freezing and the roof is so constructed that in case anything goes wrong with the pump the whole apparatus can be raised through the porch roof. This we hope will never need to be done.

The "Greenhouse," some distance from the cabin, could not benefit from the well, so in order to have a wash basin there, we hit upon the idea of collecting water from the roof, in a barrel attached to the side of the building, and conducting it by gravity flow to a small sink in the corner of the "Greenhouse." Although the building is small ($4\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ feet, inside measurement) and we put spouting on only one side (an area of 24 square feet) sufficient water was collected to keep the sink in operation throughout the summer. Of course the barrel must be emptied before freezing weather.

For this project we used a fifty-gallon barrel which had contained denatured alcohol. This we supported in a horizontal position under the eaves of the building. Two sturdy locust posts supplemented by blocks on the side of the building and cross pieces shaped to the contours of the barrel provided the supports. A hole was cut near the upper edge, in what was originally the bottom of the barrel, to insert a short elbow leading from the spouting. At the other end of the barrel, which had originally been the top, we attached a short pipe connection, with two threaded openings, to the original outlet from the barrel. To the one opening we connected a length of copper tubing



which led through the wall of the "Greenhouse" to the faucet within, the other was plugged to be used as a drain.

The sink, a small trailer variety, is recessed in a shelf in the corner of the "Greenhouse." Beside it is a set of open-faced shelves like a cupboard without a door. To conceal the contents of the shelves we attached a window shade which can be raised and lowered, thus eliminating the need to open a cupboard door in a small space or to bother with a flimsy curtain.

This same idea of the barrel can be used on a larger roof with the barrels placed in the loft where arrangements can be made for overflow from one barrel to the other. Although this water system does not solve the problem of drinking water it does take care of the quantities used in cabin care.

Hot Dish Mats

Then there was the idea of the hot dish mats. Anyone knows that you need some place to set a sizzling hot skillet or coffee pot and that if you want to save dishes and steps the table is the logical place for this. We found that a two-inch thick cross-section from a walnut log approximately sixteen inches in diameter made an ideal mat for hot skillets. Nothing can mar it, the thickness of the section precludes checking and the pattern produced by the growth rings of the tree provides an interesting conversation piece. Of course all mats do not need to be the plank variety. The idea lends itself to moderate sized ones from other types of wood.

Pictures Add Charm

Pictures on a cabin wall are not exactly a necessity, but they do add to the charm and interest of a place. Since wall space is at a premium in our small cabin, pictures are reduced to a minimum. We have space for

only two frames on our walls, but this does not mean that we look at the same two pictures year in and year out. Both frames are so constructed that each one holds a stack of three or four pictures concealed back of the one that is on display. Most frames need a little filler, such as cardboard, back of the picture to make it fit tightly. The extra pictures serve this purpose in our multiple-picture frame. By removing the bar on the back of the frame and taking out the plywood back you gain access to the other pictures which can then be arranged to suit your fancy. Our one frame contains large Audubon prints (from an Audubon calendar)—the one in the place of honor now is the picture of the yellow-breasted chats nesting in the wild rose bush. The wild turkey may grace the scenc for Thanksgiving. The other frame has water-color paintings of wild flowers native to our own woodland painted by Miss Sue Phillips of Alexandria, Pa. I rearrange these pictures to match their season in the woods. This same idea can be used for pictures in a child's room or for emphasis on natural objects in camp.

THE GREENHOUSE was equipped with a way to collect water for the sink inside.





WALKIN' SHOES

By NED SMITH



Our Flowering Shrubs

1. What is Pennsylvania's State flower.
2. Are the fruits of the purple-flowering raspberry edible?
3. What shrub that grows in damp places produces round balls of creamy white flowers?
4. The hobblebush has flowers of two sizes, small ones in the center of the cluster and large ones on the margin. Which are the perfect ones?
5. What native shrub bears small white flowers in flat clusters four to eight inches across?
6. How does the wild rose's flower differ in structure from most cultivated roses?
7. The wild azalea blooms in mid-summer. True or false?
8. What are the fruits of roses called?

THE month of May in Pennsylvania is almost too good to be true. The weather alone can be intoxicating, to say nothing of the chartreuse haze of new leaves, the delicate beauty of wild flowers, and a thousand joyous bird songs. Add to this the massed pastels of our native shrubs—the laurel, azalea, rhododendron, and Juneberry, fairly spilling over with blossoms—and it's enough to make you want to stop the calendar.

The flowering shrubs are perhaps the most striking feature of the spring landscape. Mountain laurel covers whole mountainsides with its masses of pink and white blossoms, and deep, shadowy mountain ravines are fairly illuminated by the rhododendron's clustered blooms. Wild azaleas brighten the brown woods before the tree leaves are half grown, and still earlier the Juneberry's lacy whiteness can be seen.

Not all shrubs are showy, but many are interesting for other reasons. No one who has tasted the fruit of wild blueberries, blackberries, raspberries, or wild fox grapes can deny they are worth knowing. The hazelnuts produce sweet, edible nuts; a delicious brew is made from the leaves of the sweet-fern and the Labrador tea. Many, such as the greenbriers, dogwoods, and poison ivy provide welcome food and cover for wildlife. Some have leaves that remain green throughout the winter, and the witch hazel's strange little yellow blossoms are often going strong in mid-November.

The Keystone State is blessed with a tremendous variety of plants that are usually classed as shrubs, more than two hundred species if the viny and semi-woody types are included. Selecting a mere nine species for dis-

PINK AZALEA



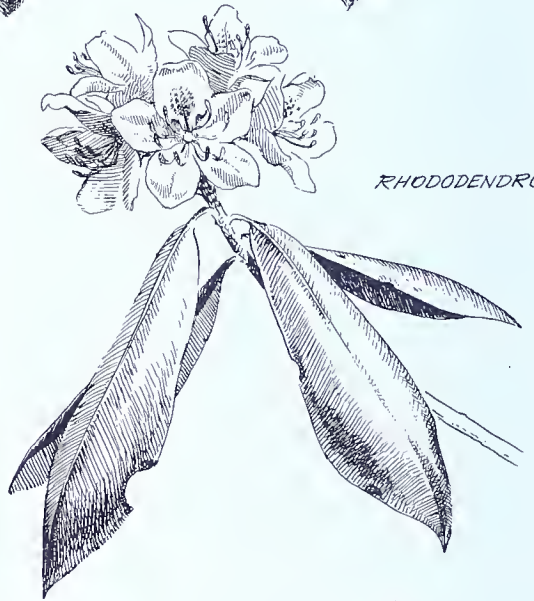
HOBBLEBUSH



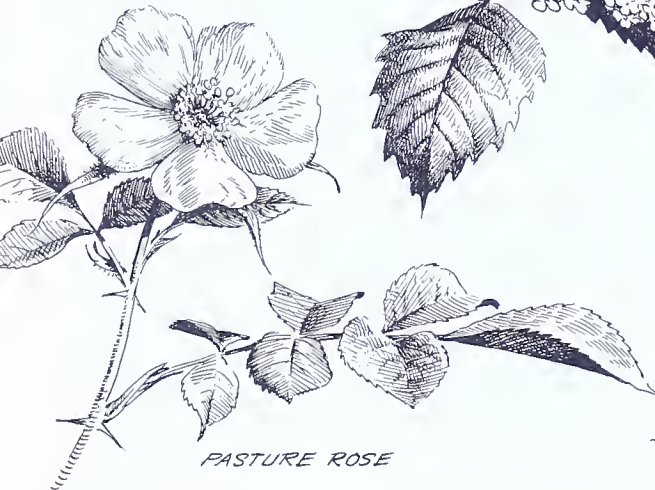
MOUNTAIN
LAUREL



RHODODENDRON



ARROW-WOOD



PASTURE ROSE



PURPLE-FLOWERING
RASPBERRY

cussion here was a somewhat baffling task, so I've decided to put the emphasis on those that flower conspicuously. Even so, a number of handsome shrubs must be omitted.

Pink Azalea

THE wild pink azalea, erroneously called "honeysuckle" in many sections, is found in woods and swamps throughout most of Pennsylvania. It blooms in late April and early May in the southeast, and as much as a month later in the high northern mountains.

The pink or white flowers are favorites everywhere. Shaped like long, slender trumpets they radiate in clusters from the tips of the twigs, their tubelike "tails" together like a sleeping covey of quail. The conspicuously long pistil and stamens are gracefully curved.

Several similar species of azalea occur in Pennsylvania, some producing pink or white flowers, others only white. The flame azalea, barely entering our state from the south, bears gorgeous yellow, orange, or scarlet flowers.

Hobblebush

A NORTHERN shrub, the hobblebush, or witch hobble, prefers cool, moist forests and is rare in the southern half of the state. Its name alludes to the way its drooping branches frequently root at their tips, forming arches that can trip the unwary passer-by.

The broad, rounded or heart-shaped leaves occur in pairs. The flowers are of two types. Numerous small, but perfect, white flowers are arranged in a circular, flat-topped cluster, around which is a halo of large, showy white flowers that have neither stamens nor pistils.

Like many of the other viburnums, the hobblebush bears fruit that is sweet and edible when ripe.

Mountain Laurel

IN 1933 Pennsylvania's General Assembly adopted the mountain lau-

rel as our State flower. It was a popular choice, for no other native shrub covers vast areas of our forests with such a profusion of blooms, nor are any wild flowers lovelier. Each year, from late May until mid-June tourists from all over Pennsylvania and surrounding states journey to our mountains to see the laurel's breath-taking display.

The individual flowers are beautifully wrought pink or white cups. The stamens, recurved and imbedded in strange little pockets in the petals, spring out at the touch of visiting bees, dusting the visitors with pollen.

The leaves are two to four inches long, a dark, lustrous green the year 'round. The bark is reddish brown and somewhat shaggy. Mountain laurel is found in wooded areas throughout most of the state. A relative, the sheep laurel, has small, deep pink to deep rose flowers. It is almost entirely confined to the northeastern part of the state.

Rhododendron

THE rugged rhododendron, or great laurel, likes shade. In cool, forested ravines and on the banks of tumbling mountain streams it forms almost impenetrable thickets, its woody stems often reaching a height of 10 or 12 feet. The shining, leathery leaves attain a length of ten inches, and are green all year. In extremely cold weather they droop and the edges roll inwardly on the underside.

The flowers themselves are large and exquisite, from white to pink in color. The uppermost petal is marked with a curious group of yellow-green flecks.

Blooming chiefly during the month of July, few native shrubs are as impressive as the rhododendron. Its flower clusters and lustrous green foliage reflected in a dark woodland pool are an unforgettable sight.

Arrowwood

ACTUALLY, there are three species of arrowwood native to

Pennsylvania, but two species, the southern arrowwood and the smooth arrowwood, are similar in appearance and choice of habitat. Both grow along swamp edges, in damp swales, and along lowland streams. The southern species is common in southeastern Pennsylvania; the other is confined to the northeastern part of the state.

Arrowwood can be distinguished from other viburnums (of which hobblebush is one) by its unlobed leaves, ovate or roundish, coarsely toothed leaves. In early June in the southern part of the state the somewhat flat-topped clusters of small white flowers appear. The stamens terminate in small, but conspicuous, ball shaped anthers.

Arrowwood derives its name from its straight shoots, from which the Indians were reputed to have made arrow shafts.

Pasture Rose

THIS is the familiar and beloved "wild rose" of country roadsides. It is found throughout Pennsylvania, except in the northwest, where it is replaced by the taller, larger flowered swamp rose.

The pasture rose is a small shrub averaging about two feet in height and armed with numerous sharp thorns. The leaves are composed of five or seven leaflets.

Of course, the wild rose's chief claim to fame is its flower, a two-inch creation of thin, shell-pink petals with a crown of yellow stamens in the center. It is pleasantly fragrant.

The red fruits, called "hips," are edible but dry. Deer like them, and mice are fond of their seeds.

Purple-Flowering Raspberry

IT'S a shame the purple-flowering raspberry, or thimbleberry, isn't better known, for it is one of our most beautiful native shrubs. It is found in suitable locations throughout Pennsylvania, preferring cool, shaded mountainsides and damp ravines.

Its bristly stems ascend to a height of three to five feet, terminating in reddish or purplish hairy branchlets. The leaves are usually five-lobed, maple-shaped, with a "pebble-grain" texture. From early June to early July or later these shrubs are decorated with crepy-petaled or rose-purple flowers that resemble wild roses, but are deeper in color. The red fruits that follow are usually dry and tasteless, but choice specimens are quite tasty.

Elderberry

I SEEM to detect among botanists a trend away from the stuffy appellation, "common elder," in favor of the more down-to-earth "elderberry." Good for them. None of the housewives I know who have mastered the art of making elderberry pies would know the plant by any other name, and they're the ones we should bow to.

Elderberry bushes can be impressive things, reaching eight or ten feet into the air. They grow along fence rows and form thickets in rich bottomlands and swamp borders in practically every part of Pennsylvania. The twigs are mere tubes of wood encasing a large, pithy core. The inner bark is bright green; the thin outer bark is pale grayish brown dotted with raised lenticels. The leaves are compound,

ELDERBERRY





generous dimensions, large specimens attaining a height of ten feet or more. The simple leaves are paired or arranged in whorls of three. The twigs are clothed in shiny pale reddish brown bark, with scattered warty lenticels.

A late bloomer, the buttonbush's odd, but attractive flowers appear from early July to mid-August, small, yellowish-white tubular structures packed into a spherical head. Sweet scented and nectar filled, they are visited by a steady procession of bees and butterflies. Look for the buttonbush in suitable habitat all over Pennsylvania except in the northeastern and northcentral portions.

consisting of five- or seven-pointed leaflets.

From mid-June to mid-July elder bushes display saucer-sized flat-topped clusters of tiny white flowers. The effect is pleasing, but too common in most places to be noticed. The purple-black berries that follow are used in making pies, jelly, and wine.

Buttonbush

THIS distinctive shrub likes moisture and is seldom found far from swamps, streams, or lakes. It often-times grows right at the water's edge.

Buttonbush is a branching shrub of

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS

1. The mountain laurel.
2. Yes, although most of them are dry and insipid.
3. The buttonbush.
4. The small ones.
5. The elderberry, or common elder.
6. It is single, having only five petals.
7. False. It blooms in the spring before most leaves have attained their full size.
8. Hips.

Land Management Program Reviewed During In-Service Training

Field division supervisors, land management assistants and land managers attended an in-service training program at the Pennsylvania Game Commission's Ross Leffler School of Conservation located near Brockway, February 17-27.

C. C. Freeburn, Chief of the Commission's Division of Land Management, assisted by other Harrisburg headquarters personnel, conducted the training sessions. According to Freeburn, the training sessions were designed to review the land management programs and activities of the Game Commission and to approve plans for 1964. Topics discussed included a review of Game Commission policy as it related to land management, land acquisitions, timber inventory and marking for wildlife habitat improvement, cutting practices, care and handling of equipment and preparation of work plans and reports. In addition the Commission's participation in the Federal Government's Accelerated Public Works Program was discussed.

The Pennsylvania Woodcock Study

(Fifth in a Series)

By **Steve Liscinsky**
Game Biologist

Habitat Management

GAME management is the art of making land produce sustained annual crops of wild game for recreational use." So said Aldo Leopold, the often heralded father of modern game management, in 1932. This definition is certainly applicable today, and promises to be even more fitting in years to come.

Management, in itself, implies some degree of control. In game management recent emphasis has been placed on the control of environment and hunting. The central thesis of this particular study was to investigate these factors in relation to one species; namely, the woodcock.

The foregoing chapter (May 1963 issue of *GAME NEWS*) dealt with the habitat requirements of woodcock. This article deals with methods of controlling or manipulating that habitat. A subsequent edition will cover the hunting aspects of woodcock management.

Basic Procedures

The basic methods of manipulating woodcock habitat are planting, cutting, spraying and grazing. The method a manager chooses will depend on the nature of the specific area



Photo by Karl Maslowski

THE OBJECT OF THE STUDY, the woodcock and the management of its habitat have been investigated by the author over a 10-year period. This series of reports reveals some of his findings.

he is working with and on the results desired. The following is a discussion of the manner in which these techniques can be used to advantage in manipulating woodcock coverts.

Planting. Many areas having little, or no suitable woodcock cover can be improved by judicious planting. This is especially true in bottomlands near streams, and in areas adjacent to ponds and marshes. Quite often these locations are suitable from the standpoint of soil fertility and earthworm production but lack adequate cover. Planting of shrubs or small trees would do much to make the site more attractive to woodcock.

Numerous shrubs, such as alder, gray and silky dogwood, black haw and dentate viburnum, and hawthorns can be used for this purpose. However, alder was found to be, by far, the most easily propagated and the most beneficial. Techniques for planting alder and other species are described later.

It is not necessary to plant extensive areas or to follow a set pattern of arrangement. Row and group plant-

ings of several hundred plants, separated by about fifty yards, will serve as a nucleus from which the thickets will spread.

Cutting. Cutting is certainly one of the best methods of rejuvenating and maintaining woodcock habitat. Three types of cutting; namely, clearcutting, release cutting and thinning were found to be useful.

On one of the study areas, clear-cutting, or the complete severance of all woody stems, was used to create mating fields, and to regenerate alder and aspen. Release cuttings were generally employed where coverts were being overtaken by large trees. Removal of these large trees (over 4 inches in diameter) allowed the remnant stock of shrubs and small tree species to re-dominate the site, thus making it more desirable for woodcock. Elm, red maple, white ash, and black cherry are the most common invading large tree species. Thinning was used in dense coverts to allow more sunlight to reach the soil surface, and thus promote the growth of herbaceous vegetation and earthworms. Although this practice may have limited use it was found helpful in dense stands of crab apple and hawthorn.

Spraying. The use of chemical agents in controlling vegetation has received much attention in recent years. Their usefulness in manipulating woodcock coverts was investigated during this particular study.

Of the three methods of applying herbicides; i.e., on the foliage, on the basal portion of the stem, and on the stump, only one was found to be of real practical value. The technique of spraying freshly cut stumps with a solution of 2,4,5-T and fuel oil was very effective in retarding sprouting. This practice was especially useful in establishing clearings and controlling regrowth of felled trees in release cuttings. Thinning of dense stands and killing undesirable woody stems by basal application of the same ma-

terial showed some possibilities for special cases.

Grazing. Cattle grazing can have a beneficial or detrimental effect on woodcock habitat. It depends on the degree of grazing. These statements are based on limited observations and controlled studies.

The data collected suggests that in order to improve and not destroy dense bottomland woodcock coverts a grazing intensity of not more than 30 days per acre be followed. A grazing day here meaning one head for one day. This would mean, for example, that a 12-acre patch could be grazed by 12 head for one month, or 6 head for 2 months, or 3 head for 3 months, etc., without hurting the area for woodcock, and in many instances improve it. In addition, it is suggested that the sites be left completely ungrazed one season out of every five.

Management of Specific Cover Types

Alder. Alder, as previously stated, was found to be by far the most important woodcock cover type in Pennsylvania. Techniques for creating and maintaining it were therefore given prime consideration.

Alder coverts can be established by

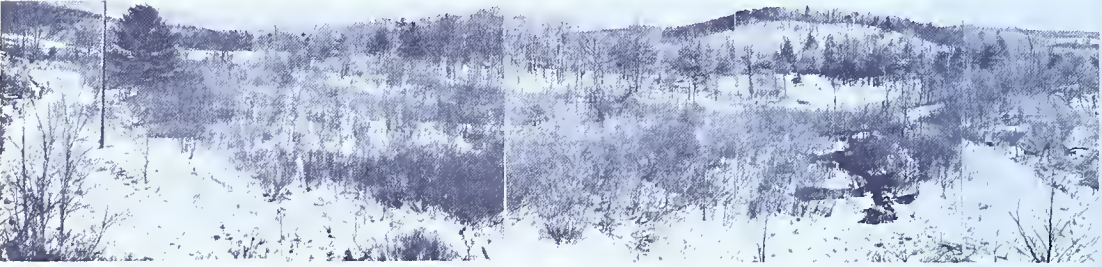
A CHEMICALLY TREATED area where tree stumps were killed allowed the growth of alder and gray dogwood for better woodcock habitat.
PGC Photo by the Author





PGC Photos by the Author

WOODCOCK MANAGEMENT AREA two years after cutting.



SAME AREA four years after the managed cutting.



PRIME WOODCOCK habitat, eight years after treatment.

planting seedlings and by direct sowing of seed. Two- and three-year-old seedling stock was found to be the best size for planting. Scalping of the sod prior to planting was helpful, but not absolutely essential. Greatest success in direct seeding was found when fall-collected seed was sown the following February and March. Disking of the sites prior to planting produced better results, but good catches were realized even when the seed was sown directly into the sod. Whether planting seedlings or sowing seed directly—cool moist sites were found most suitable.

Mature and over-mature alder stands can best be rejuvenated by clearcutting during the dormant season. Treating the stumps of invading tall tree species with herbicide proved

beneficial. One part 2,4,5-T, having an acid equivalent of 4 pounds per gallon, to 25 parts of fuel oil was one of several formulations which controlled sprouting. Care was taken not to spray the alder as it is rather easily killed by these herbicides.

Another good reason for managing alder which is often overlooked or misunderstood is the fact that alder has the ability to fix nitrogen, a very important element in plant growth. This feature should be of considerable interest to landowners who wish to maintain the fertility of idle acres and at the same time practice game food management.

Aspen. Aspen represents another very important type of woodcock habitat in Pennsylvania. It is also gaining importance as a source of pulp-

wood. Management of the species can, therefore, serve many uses.

Aspen is relatively intolerant to shade and must have practically full sunlight to reproduce and grow. It was found necessary, therefore, to clearcut aspen stands to achieve the best regeneration. If only a portion of the stand was removed and other species left uncut resprouting of aspen was less vigorous.

Another practice which proved helpful in reviving partially decadent stands was that of disking the soil prior to cutting. Of course this practice is feasible only where the stands are open enough and the terrain is suitable for the passage of mechanized equipment. Stump and basal spraying of undesirable species in the stands appears to be practical in some situations.

Hawthorn. The value of our native hawthorns as game habitat has been recognized by many observers. In numerous areas of the state they are an important component of woodcock cover. Considering the value of this species it is unfortunate that so little is known about its propagation and management.

The limited studies of hawthorn undertaken during this investigation leave much to be desired. Generally speaking, however, the findings indicated that some hawthorn stands could be improved by thinning, by selective cutting of inferior hawthorn species or by removing competing tall trees. Hawthorns are rather intolerant to shade, and do not survive in forests where the canopy is closed.

Gray Dogwood. Gray dogwood, like hawthorn, is one of our most valuable native shrubs. Its ability to grow on a wide variety of sites and to produce a good crop of highly preferred fruit is exceeded by few shrubs. Its intermediate tolerance to shade is an additional good feature.

Fair success has been realized from planting of seedling stock and some progress is being made in propaga-



AFTER LARGE TREES are removed, the stumps are chemically treated to eliminate resprouting. This allows desirable habitat to flourish.

tion by direct seeding. Removal of the sod prior to planting has proven beneficial, and better success was realized on the more fertile soils.

Gray dogwood thickets respond well to release cutting. Removal of overhead cover rejuvenated thickets while no removal resulted in continued loss of dogwood sprouts.

Other Types. There are a number of other important, but less frequently occurring plant species which are found in good woodcock habitat. Some of these are silky dogwood, willow, blue beech and gray birch. Often appearing as small pure groups within a covert they contribute much to the overall value of the natural environment of woodcock. It is suggested that these species can be maintained by cutting at about 20-year intervals.

There are some coverts which appear, outwardly, to be prime woodcock habitat but are seldom if ever used. It has been stated previously that floristic composition alone does not insure woodcock usage. Usually the problem here is one of improper soil conditions—too wet, too acid, too sandy or too anything—which seriously limits the production of woodcock food. These conditions are difficult to correct. Perhaps draining,

clearcutting or bulldozing followed by planting would help in certain areas. All of these rehabilitation methods, however, appear to be impractical at present, but with growing demands on the use of lands they may become practical. The point to be made here is that it is much easier to maintain the good habitat already in existence than to let it degenerate while work is being done on problem areas. In many instances these problem areas are more suitable for other purposes in the first place.

Habit Management Planning

Recommended Procedure — In preparing a woodcock habitat management plan for a specific area, it is important to have a certain amount of background information.

First, the history of the area's habitat and woodcock population changes should be known. This information can often be obtained from hunters and conservation agency personnel who frequented the area in past years. Occasionally reports on a particular area can be found in the literature.

The next step is to determine the

present status of the area. The current woodcock population and the amount of good habitat should be ascertained. A comparison of past and present conditions is of value in developing the full potential of the area.

Once it is decided that habitat changes are the major reasons for the decline in woodcock steps can be taken to rectify matters. It must then be decided how much can and should be done. To select the approximate location of the various treatments a cover type map should be prepared.

With this background information a plan of action can be formulated. The vegetational characteristics of each type and the potential of various sites can be taken into consideration. Distribution of the necessary elements of woodcock habitat can thus be planned on a more intelligent basis. Approximate work areas and techniques of manipulating the various types can then be outlined in map and schedule form. Armed with this information the land manager should have little difficulty in carrying the plan to a successful conclusion.

(Pittman-Robertson Project W-50-R)

New Detergent "Clean" of Previous Complaints

Washington, D. C.—Under constantly mounting pressure, soapmakers have come up with a new detergent they believe will satisfy housewives and sanitary engineers, according to a report in the Washington "Post." The product was field tested last summer at Elm Farm Mobile Homes, a community of about 400 residents in 100 homes near Woodbridge, Va. The home-use trials marked the first major field test in the industrial race to produce a satisfactory substitute for today's detergents. In late January officials of the Colgate-Palmolive Company announced satisfactory results of the tests and unveiled their new detergent base at a special conference in late January. Company officials claim it does every cleaning chore the present detergents do, but readily breaks down to harmless, nonfoaming ingredients after it passes down the drain. The new chemical formula is a petroleum breakdown product called LAS (linear alkylate sulphonate).

Bow Legalized in 1929

The bow and arrow was legalized for hunting in Pennsylvania in 1929, a few months after New York became the first state in the nation to permit bow hunting.

***A Look at the
White Pine in Pennsylvania . . .***

WHITE GIANTS

By Laurence E. Stotz

THE roar of a shotgun blast broke the stillness in the virgin timber at Heart's Content on the Allegheny National Forest as a hunter aimed at a squirrel pasted high up on the bole of a white pine. Safely out of reach, the saucy little rodent scolded the small figure of a man who looked up in disbelief at his target ten stories above him. Accustomed to hunting under the low crowns of a second-growth oak forest, he was out of his element among these giants of the tree world.

But he was only one of a long line of hunters that had brushed past this ancient tree. Indian warriors, panthers, bobcats, and timber wolves had all stalked silently past it during its lifetime.

Now three centuries had taken their toll. Glaze storms had coated the limbs with the oppressive weight of ice until the outermost branches and twigs had snapped under the load. Heart rot at the base had burrowed termitelike to weaken this superb structure. The massive roots that had for centuries knit the tree firmly to the soil were old and tired. The great pine could no longer withstand the buffeting of the gales.

Before it had crashed to earth with the voice of thunder, the song of the wind in its branches had been forever stilled. Now within the virgin stand of white pine at Heart's Content there are no young pine to shoulder their way upward to fill the great hole in the sky left by the death of the parent tree. And yet there had seemed no end to the fertile seed that it had scattered in its lifetime. Thousands



U. S. Forest Service Photo

THE LIVING and the dead among eastern white pines at Heart's Content on the Allegheny National Forest.

of them had been caten by generations of red squirrels climbing to dizzying heights in the pagoda-shaped crown of the giant white pine. Other thousands had germinated in the cool loam beneath its cast-off needles. Many of the young seedlings had been caten by hungry deer when more palatable food had been unavailable.

Contained in each swelling seed had been a miniature tree. Its wants had been simple. All that it had needed to have become a forest giant had been sandy loam for its roots to grip, an opening in the sky large enough to have bathed the crown in sunlight, and two centuries of growth. Without a window open to the heavens, it had been doomed. The slow-growing hemlock might revel in the

Stygian gloom of the virgin forest but eastern white pine is a sun worshipper. It is also an opportunist that follows close on the heels of catastrophe, whether it be fire, hurricane, or man-made clearing.

To see some of its offspring one must turn one's back upon the virgin forest and step out into the sunlight of an adjoining abandoned pasture that was once a part of the Wilkin's farm. From here one may look back at the tattered crowns of the remaining virgin white pine that stand aloof head and shoulders above the hardwoods and hemlock. Scattered among them are the tall spires of the dead and dying which herald the approaching death of those yet living.

From wind-blown seed the open field is slowly being invaded by second-growth white pine. But where are the erect proud trunks worthy of the parent trees? Sunlight that is so necessary to keep the crowns alive and thrifty reaches the young trees from all sides. The lower limbs instead of dying and sloughing off continue to persist. Covered with dense five-needled foliage, they nearly reach the ground.

The globelike shape of the young pine in the open field results from too much living space and from the depredations of the white pine weevil—the most serious forest insect pest of the Northeast.

The larvae of this winged insect feed under the bark of the terminal shoot, upon which normal height growth depends. Death of this leader causes one or more side branches to take its place and assume dominance. Repeated attacks by the weevil result in a tree that is as crooked as a Scotchman's cane.

While a field full of weeviled white pine has no future as a source of lumber it should be of interest to the sportsman because it does provide valuable year-long escape cover for wildlife.

Eastern white pine has had a noble

history. For three centuries it has been unrivalled as a timber-producing tree, and is the wood upon which the lumber industry was founded. It is truly the king of the woods.

To decry as a shameless waste of a valuable resource the passing of the vast stands of virgin white pine that were once so much a part of Pennsylvania is to forget that much of the wood from these magnificent trees is preserved in the homes of the people of the Commonwealth. Many towns and hamlets today contain show places of fine colonial architecture in which the interiors are paneled with clear white pine. This creamy straight-grained wood was easily worked into furniture and window sash. The great clear boards made fine doors and flooring.

A Few Left

There still remain in the interior of Pennsylvania a few of the covered bridges over which the early pikes crossed the streams. The lightness of white pine in proportion to its strength permitted long spans of this material, and its lasting qualities made it the chosen wood for early bridge construction.

It was the lumberman who set the stage for our present game abundance in Pennsylvania, and it was the fine stands of virgin white pine that first launched the lumber industry so long ago.

The habitat of the white-tailed deer is forest and forest edge. In the virgin timber of prehistoric Pennsylvania a forest edge was almost nonexistent except where the twin catastrophes of fire and wind broke up the endless expanse of woodland.

Following hard on the heels of the exploiters of the white pine forests were the hemlock bark peelers for the tanning industry. Then the better hardwoods and hemlock were cut for sawlogs. The chemical-wood cutter made the final cleanup of the remnant of Penn's Woods in many parts of

Pennsylvania by virtually clear-cutting what remained of the hardwood stands.

Today with the second-growth forests of Pennsylvania yielding increasing quantities of wood products under modern forest management as practiced on state, Federal, and many private holdings, all manner of wildlife is benefiting. Under the dynamics of sustained yield harvesting a perpetual supply of timber is assured while maximum benefits accrue to the wildlife on the land. The cycle of exploitation that began with the harvesting of the virgin white pine is ended for both timber and wildlife. Good management of each is dependent upon the other.

Because of modern timber harvesting, the forests of Pennsylvania can support several times as many deer as they could when the Indian stone ax was the only felling tool in the woodlands. But the extensive stands of white pine that once covered so many sections of the state have been replaced largely by second-growth hardwoods. Today less than five per cent of the nearly twenty-three billion board feet of standing sawtimber is eastern white pine.

The affection that many sportsmen have for the native white pine is reflected in their choice of sites upon which to build their hunting camps. They know that nothing sets off a camp quite so well as a sturdy white pine with its bright green needles. Many hunting camps are named after the white pine trees that shelter them, and lumber from this species often goes into the building of these camps.

The charred stubs of massive white pine still stand among the mountain laurel and oak to monument the great forest fires that have swept through so many parts of Pennsylvania in the past.

The pitchy knots, almost impervious to rot, and the bleached wood seasoned on the stump by sun and wind are ideal for starting campfires. Many



U. S. Forest Service Photo

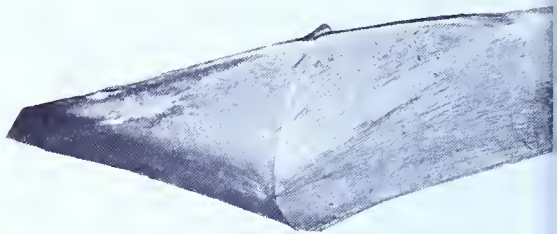
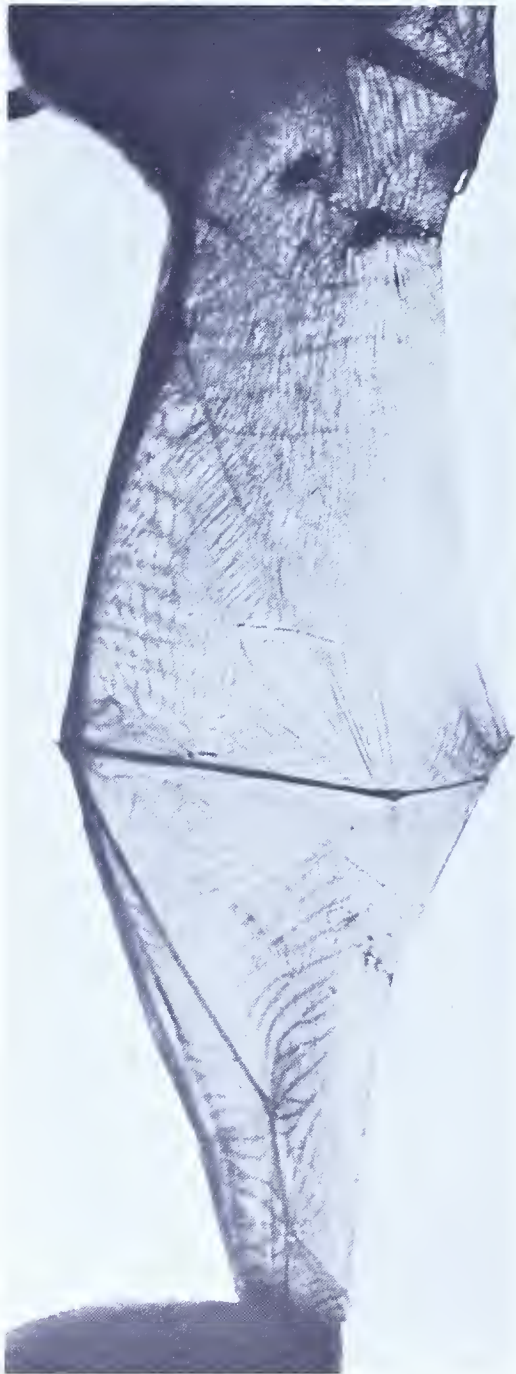
THE EASTERN WHITE PINE is the only five-needle pine native to Pennsylvania.

a woods-wise hunter has relied upon them for a quick hot fire when the north winds howled about his neck, and the snow drifted menacingly.

To see a stand of virgin white pine before time and death have left only a scattered remnant of its former glory, visit Heart's Content now. Time has already run out for some of its noblest specimens.

Walk a silent path to the spring that gushes out of a moss-covered rock and drink your fill of this cool pure water. Rest on a white pine log bench with only big trees for company. On even the quietest day if you listen carefully you can hear the restless wind in the crowns of the pines a hundred feet overhead. It is a pleasant sound and one that in pioneer days reached the length and breadth of Pennsylvania like the mighty tones of a great pipe organ. Now only faint snatches of this song may be heard in the woods of the Commonwealth. But wherever a group of these noble white giants of the tree world are gathered together on a plateau rim, along the wall of a river gorge, or beside a flowing stream the ancient song of the wind in the pines may still be heard by those who will but stop to listen.

WHEN THE WING of this little brown bat is held toward light, it becomes translucent revealing a network of veins and bone structure which amounts to a greatly enlarged hand.



THE BAT: MO

Photos by au

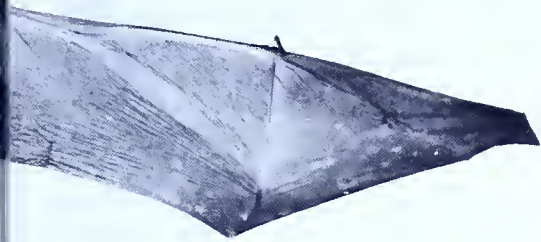
CLIMBING from a belfry or tree cavity, bats are the least understood animals, wings and flight like flying insects. It is nature's most efficient insect bug. Actually it is a mammal, rather than an insect, capable of true flight. Oddly, it belongs to the same group as bats feed their young milk!

Though the wing span is great compared to most mammals, to fly, and when, for some reason, it is clumsy about on the ground until it flaps its wings, it leaps off, flapping its wings.

The bat skims over rivers and fields, flying fully past obstacles by a system that it withers foliage, and the insect cycle of life, sleeping soundly through the winter's cold, nature for the summer, eating millions of insects toward a more tolerable existence in the

LONG TOENAILS on hind feet of the little brown bat assist the bat in clinging to ledges, bark, boards and vines when asleep in an upside down position.





WITH WINGS

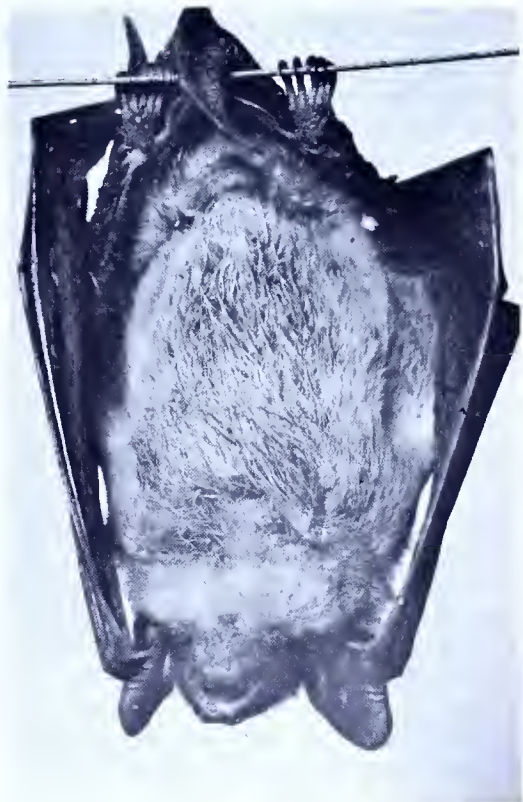
J. Shockley

the bat, one of nature's strangest and through the air in search of night-er in clearing the air of unwanted is the only mammal on earth that is family as cows and elephants for

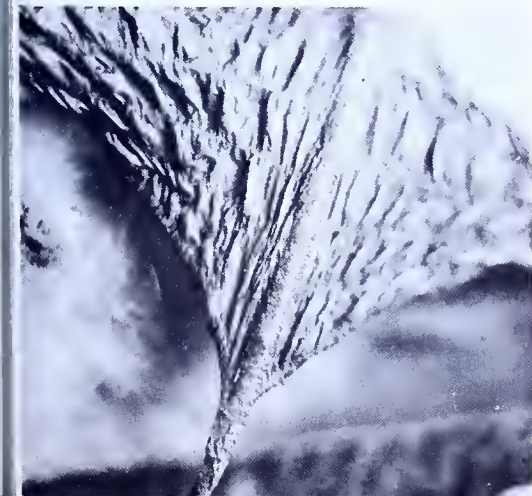
uselike body, the bat finds it difficult pound, it is in serious trouble. It shuffles on a tree or post. Then ascending back-become airborne again.

h, locating insects and gliding care-ur modern radar. By the time frost either migrate or go into hibernation, has climaxed the work outlined by d thus helping wildlife and man to-outdoors.

THE BAT SPENDS the daylight hours hanging by its hind feet in an upside down position in old caves, tree hollows, barns and deserted houses.



BAT'S TAIL is also fitted with a membrane to aid in flying. This little brown bat is one of some 10 species of bats in Pennsylvania.



OVERSIZED EARS aid the bat in flying, for they amount to radar antennae, catching the echoes of sounds shrieked by the bat and reflected by various obstacles.





FIELD NOTES



Scared In

CRAWFORD COUNTY — A local farmer was having trouble with deer eating his wheat, so one evening he took the manure spreader and covered the area. Returning to the house later, he turned on a spotlight to see if his repellent had any effect. To his surprise, the deer had left the wheat field and were in his yard eating his shrubbery.—District Game Protector John R. Miller, Meadville.

A Real Coon Dog

BEDFORD COUNTY—Jim Guyer, New Enterprise, R. D., and his champion registered coon dog know where and how to find the ring tails. This champion has seventy (70) coons to his credit for the fall of 1963. Mr. Guyer has bagged as many as seven coons in a single night's catch. Mr. Guyer purchased his dog a few days before the dog training season went out in 1963 and was unable to work with it until the season reopened. Since that time he has shown just what a good coon dog can do.—District Game Protector Dale Stitt, New Enterprise.



Trap Retriever

MERCER COUNTY — Our rabbit trapping program this year provided many unusual events. The one most disgusting had a touch of humor in it. One of our trappers in the Sharon area was having a lot of trouble with dogs robbing the rabbits from his traps, so he brought them all in and dog-proofed them, and reset them. The next morning when he went to check them, he was quite surprised to see a large setter, dragging one of his traps down the road, the one end in his mouth was nearly straight up. After yelling, the dog dropped the trap at the edge of the road, and fled. The master of this so-called best friend could not be found, so we will probably have the same trouble next year. Although the rabbit was really shook up, it survived and was released on open hunting land.—District Game Protector John A. Badger, Mercer.

Not Wanted

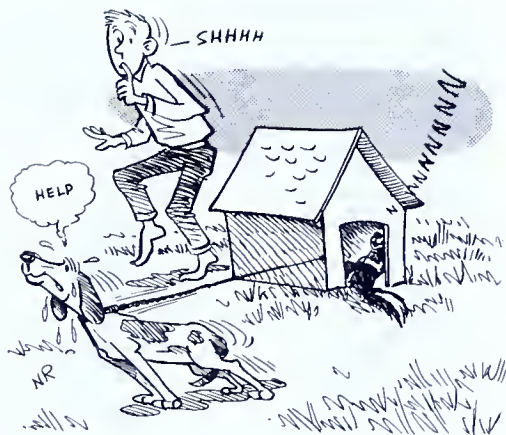
FRANKLIN COUNTY — Walkers Trading Post of Fort Loudon has been feeding a large number of songbirds, ring-necked pheasants and rabbits this past winter. They have a covey of quail and one lone quail. This covey of 19 birds has been there all winter. Every time this lone quail gets near the covey one of the birds leaves the covey and chases it away. It is not the same bird which chases the loner every time as they all seem to resent its presence.—District Game Protector Edward Campbell, Fort Loudon.

One Round for the Deer

CRAWFORD COUNTY — In mid-February, Deputy Ben Shreve received a call about dogs chasing deer. According to his son-in-law, Pete Baker, Ben went after the dogs which had pursued a deer in a westerly direction across Route 8 in Bloomfield Township. Ben heard the dogs snarling and growling in the woods along Oil Creek; and as he approached, he saw the deer standing, belly deep, in the creek and backed against a high bank. Every time the dogs would lunge at the deer, she would strike at them with her front feet. Ben shot the two dogs that he saw and a third dog ran out of the brush in Pete's direction and he shot it. None of the dogs were wearing a collar and the necks looked like they had never had collars on.—District Game Protector William E. Lee, Titusville.

To See the Governor

LUZERNE COUNTY — This story was related to me by Sgt. Tissue of the State Police. He stated that Trooper Broda was on patrol between Nanticoke and Berwick on Route 11. He was traveling from Shickshinny toward Berwick when he looked over toward the Susquehanna River, and noticed this block of ice floating down the river toward Harrisburg, and on it was standing a deer. This block of ice and standing deer floated for a while then the deer must have been tired because it laid down on the ice and kept on floating to Berwick where the Trooper gave up his vigil of this interesting incident because this city was the end of his patrol. This Luzerne County deer must have been going to see the Governor, to see whether it could get a good system to issue doe permits in this county. We had a great deal of dissatisfaction from hunters who did not get a permit for Luzerne County.—District Game Protector Edward Gdosky, Dallas.



Didn't Leave a Scent

LYCOMING COUNTY — Recently a call came to my headquarters about a skunk that had taken over the dog's house while the dog was attached to a leash fastened onto the house. The owners proceeded to very carefully remove the dog from the leash and move him to a safer place. After several hours, apparently Mr. Skunk decided that he didn't care too much for that particular house and moved out, without so much as leaving a scent for the time he had spent there.—District Game Protector Robert L. Sinsbaugh, Hughesville.

A Rabbit With an Ulcer?

LANCASTER COUNTY — One of the fellows trapping for the Paradise Sportsmen told me of the following experience. The trapper, Kenneth Gochenaur, who is trapping at Alcoa was asked by the guards there that if he caught a rabbit with a split ear, would he let it go since it was their pet. He caught the rabbit and took it to the guard, then released it. The rabbit hopped a little way and then the guard went up to it and offered it a "Tum." The rabbit stood on his hind feet and ate the "Tum." He prefers "Tums" to anything they offer him. He will permit only the guards and a couple of the office girls to get really close to him. — J. P. Eicholtz, Strasburg.



Bear With False Teeth

SULLIVAN COUNTY—A member of the Lucky Eleven Hunting Club, near Sonestown, Ralph Bortz of Turbotville, while walking in the woods a month ago got sick. He lost his false teeth. The next day he went to find the false teeth and found a bear had been following his tracks. If anybody kills a bear on North Mountain in the coming seasons with an extra set of dentures, contact Ralph Bortz.—Acting District Game Protector Roy P. Adams, Dushore.

Waiting for Dinner

BRADFORD COUNTY — On February 18, 1964, we released turkeys on State Game Lands No. 240 and State Game Lands No. 36. In both cases the turkeys were released in areas near feeders. When we reached the feeder on Game Lands No. 240 on Robwood Mountain, it was completely empty. The turkeys, 16 hens and 3 toms, were released a short distance from the feeder and they flew in all directions. We immediately went to Game Lands No. 172 at Wyalusing and got a load of corn. When we returned to the feeder with the corn a couple of hours later, several turkeys were waiting under the feeder as if they knew we had gone to get them some food.—District Game Protector Donald Watson, Towanda.

Back to Relief

ALLEGHENY COUNTY — At the start of the Accelerated Browse Cutting Program, I had two men assigned to cutting on Farm-Game Project No. 168. The first day the chain saws were too heavy, the second day they wanted axes, the third day they wanted to know if we had any hatchets, that the other equipment was too heavy and that they were not used to working so hard. The fourth day they quit, saying they could make more by staying on relief. How about that. . . — Land Manager J. Bradley McGregor, Washington.

Wintering Elk

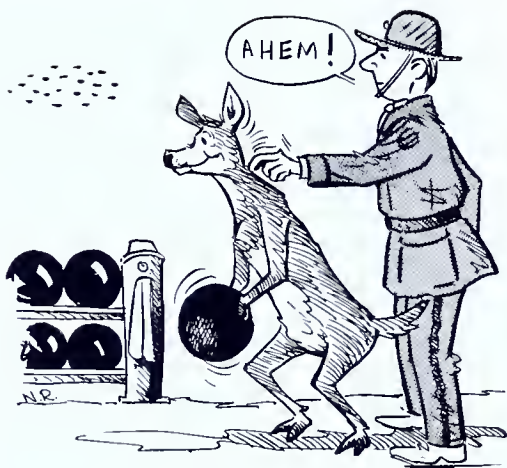
ELK COUNTY—During the end of February while checking beaver traps and beaver dams in the vicinity of Wolflick and Spring Run, Jay Township, Elk County, I ran across 7 elk feeding in a maple grove. From a distance of approximately 100 yards I could see 4 bulls and 3 cows stripping bark from the maple trees. In one great stroke they would start at the bottom of the tree with their lower teeth and in an upward swing they would peel the bark into their mouth. As I tried to shorten the distance between us, they apparently winded me and in short order they were gone. An examination of the feeding area showed many maple trees with the bark stripped but none of the trees were girdled. In the same area I found old scars on trees that had healed over from previous years of feeding. The most interesting thing about these bark feeding elk is that you will never find a fragment of loose bark on the ground. They are very tidy eaters. Next to the wild turkey, I think the elk, even in his great size, is one of the most elusive animals in the woods. This time of year it is easy to walk up on a deer close enough to look him in the eye, but never an elk. — District Game Protector Fred H. Servey, St. Marys.

River-killed Deer

VENANGO COUNTY—In this district recently I have knowledge of three deer drowning in the river. One of these deer swam the river three times which took the period of about one hour's time. The third time over proved too much, and it lost out to the current. Another one made the trip over and back again before going under the ice. I had reports of at least four other deer making the swim and successfully reaching the other side to run again. This seems like deer hunting would make a great sport for skin divers in this area, but it would be a problem where to pin your license.—District Game Protector Lorraine E. Yocum, Oil City.

Anti-Rabbit Trapper

ERIE COUNTY — Along with the usual stolen and smashed traps encountered during the January rabbit trapping season, we had one character in Erie releasing trapped rabbits as fast as a trapper could take them. When warned he was violating the law and liable to prosecution, he stopped releasing rabbits from traps and proceeded to spray the traps with rabbit repellent. This on his neighbor's property after the neighbor requested removal of the rabbits.—District Game Protector David C. Kirkland, Wesleyville.



Wildlife Traffic

MONTGOMERY COUNTY — On Sunday, February 2, 1964, I had an unusual day, even unusual for this area where I have learned to expect anything. My day started in the morning when a deputy from Philadelphia brought me a red fox which he had shot at 46th and Market in the center of the city. At 1:00 p.m. I received a call from the Upper Dublin police telling me that a deer was inside an A & P store at Welsh and Twinning Roads. Arriving there I heard on the police radio that there was another deer in a bowling alley in Willow Grove. I have been here one year and so far I have had to remove deer from a bank, a grocery store and a bowling alley. Some day I hope to get a transfer where the deer aren't so friendly. — District Game Protector H. T. Nolf, Fort Washington.

Good Excuse

SCHUYLKILL COUNTY — While on duty at the Harrisburg Sportsmen's Show, I was approached by a gentleman who desired to renew his subscription to the **GAME NEWS**. I asked him if he wanted the three-year subscription or the one-year. He said he would renew for one year because that was the excuse he gave his wife for coming to the show every year.—District Game Protector L. E. Bittner, Tremont.

Come and Get It

SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY—This past month I had the pleasure of accompanying Land Manager Stanis checking browse cuttings in the vicinity of Rush. Looking west on Route No. 106 I spotted at least seventy-five to one hundred deer browsing on approximately three acres. Food and cover men working on this area stated there were deer standing within fifty yards just waiting for a hand-out.—District Game Protector Norman J. Forche, Montrose.

Polar Hog

CUMBERLAND COUNTY—I recently received a call from another local **GAME NEWS** reader who passed along another interesting incident that had just happened to him. On the evening of February 24 Roy Kuhn and his wife of 6 Creek Road, Mechanicsburg, were returning home about 10:30 o'clock when they noticed a strange looking animal along the edge of the road. Mr. Kuhn stopped his car and backed up to catch the animal in his headlights when lo and behold there along the edge of the road sat a ground hog. The ground hog took off at a run and was last seen entering a driveway. This incident may be common during the summer months but at this time of the year there were twenty-four inches of snow on the ground.—District Game Protector Eugene Utech, Carlisle.

Lighting the Way

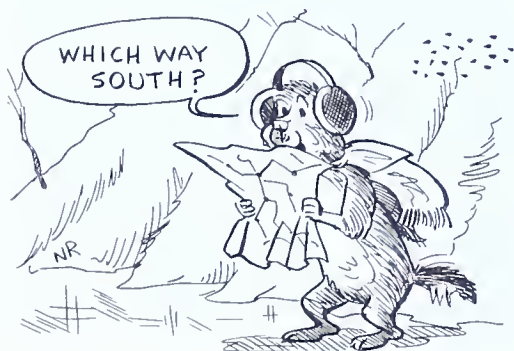
WESTMORELAND COUNTY—W. W. Wilson is a fireman on the B & O Railroad. During the month of January, while making a night run between Connellsville and Pittsburgh, he observed a large bird in the beam of the headlight flying down the roadbed ahead of the locomotive. The bird continued its flight following the track for approximately two miles when it suddenly swooped down onto the ground and then almost immediately took off again into the air but this time back toward the train. As it flew by, Mr. Wilson saw that it was a great horned owl carrying a large skunk which it had just captured. Perhaps this owl found it better hunting with the aid of a light.—District Game Protector Joseph M. Maholtz, Mt. Pleasant.

Quail Port

BUTLER COUNTY—It is remarkable just how far some sportsmen and farmers will go to make life happier for wildlife. I was talking to a farmer just the other day who told me he had a small covey of quail on his farm. They seemed to like to use his garage for a bedroom. As a result the farmer left his car stand outside all winter just so the quail could come in out of the cold.—District Game Protector Jay D. Swigart, Butler.

How Wrong Can He Be?

CLINTON COUNTY—Recently I had a call from an irate gentleman telling me that he had just come down Route 144 and had seen lots of deer "just standing there and starving" and that I had better take some corn out to them. When he described the area where he had seen the deer, it was the spot where our food and cover crews had just cut 35 acres of deer browse, which is why the deer were there in the first place.—District Game Protector Charles F. Keiper, Renovo.





CONSERVATION NEWS



72-YEAR-OLD Elmer Budman, Muncy, killed his first bear last year. It was a 180-pound bruin bagged on November 25 in Lycoming County.



PGC Photo by Steve Kish
250-POUND BEAR killed by Arthur Lindsey, of Moscow, in the Freytown section of Lackawanna County last season.

State Bear Kill Totals 280; 1963 Season Below Average

Hunters bagged 280 black bears during the 1963 hunting season according to final tabulations announced by the Pennsylvania Game Commission. The harvest figure, based entirely upon big game report cards filed by successful hunters, represents a decrease of nearly 50 per cent of 554 killed in the 1962 bear season. In 1962 there was an unusual abundance of mast—acorns, beechnuts, cherry and other fruits and nuts—which apparently resulted in bears remaining more active and hence more readily available to hunters. The 1963 mast crop was not so good as in 1962 and the bears reacted by “holing up” earlier. The 1963 harvest figure does not indicate any shortage of bruins, but is related to poorer food conditions which made the hunting and finding tougher than in 1962.

The state-wide one-week open season last November resulted in bears being killed in 30 Pennsylvania coun-

ties. The total reported kill of 280 was below the 361 average for the past ten years. The greatest bear kill in Pennsylvania occurred in 1924 when Game Commission field officers estimated the harvest at 929.

Lycoming County led the state for the fifth consecutive year with 38 bruins. This same county has topped all other counties in reported bear kills seven of the last eight years. Taking second honors last season was Clinton County with 36 bears and third was Pike County with 32 bears reported killed. Other counties listed with bear kills were Blair (4), Bradford (8), Cambria (1), Cameron (14), Carbon (1), Centre (7), Clarion (2), Clearfield (14), Columbia (1), Elk (17), Forest (3), Huntingdon (4), Jefferson (5), Lackawanna (5), Luzerne (3), McKean (9), Mifflin (3), Monroe (15), Potter (15), Schuylkill (1), Snyder (2), Sullivan (6), Tioga (17), Union (5), Warren (2), Wayne (4), and Wyoming (6).



PGC Photo by Steve Kish

SEASON'S LIMIT on beaver is examined here by District Game Protector Edward Gdosky of Luzerne County. The trapper, Frank Elencik of Shavertown, caught three in Luzerne County and three in Wyoming County. They all weighed about 40 pounds.

1963 Hunting Accidents at 19-Year Low

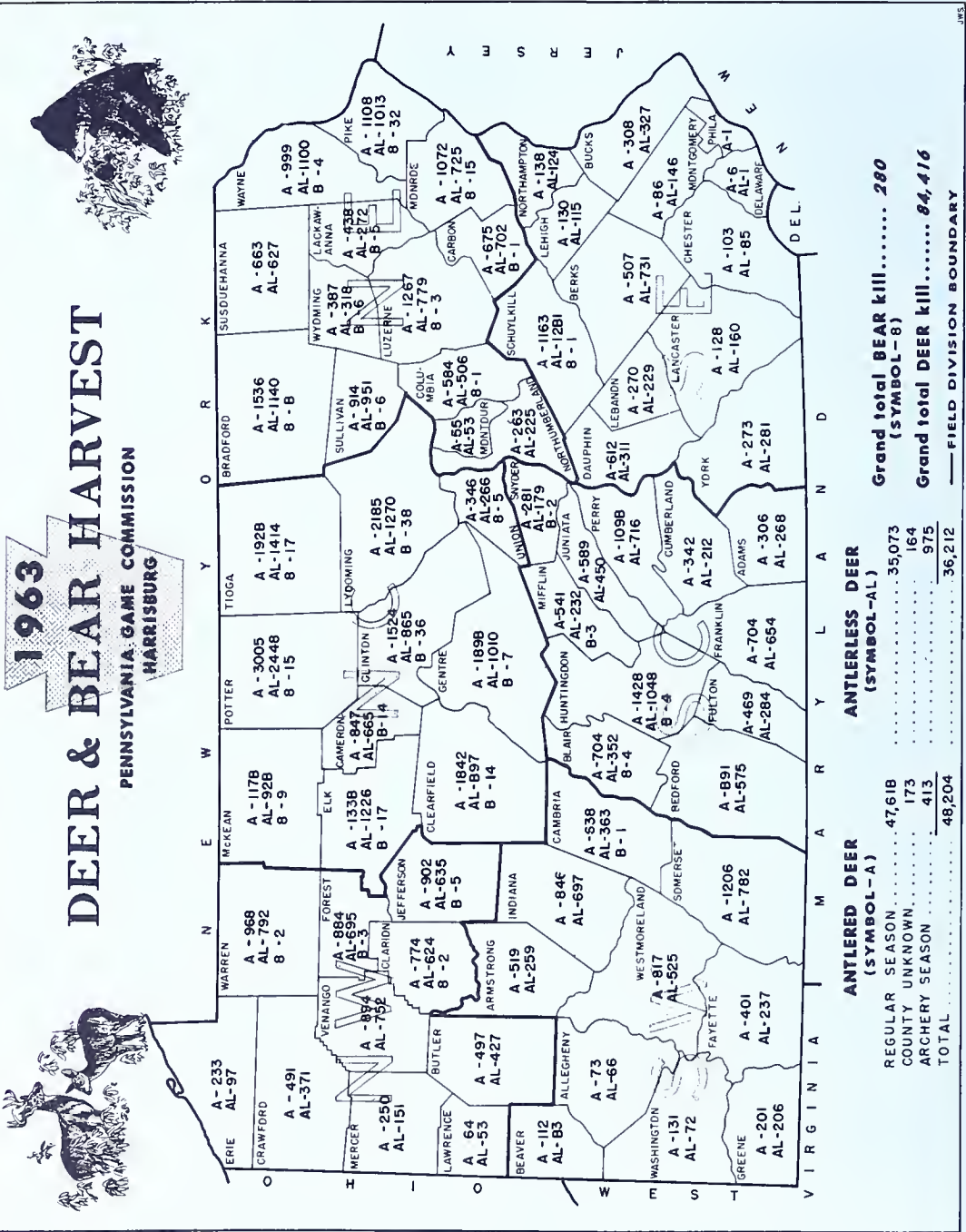
Hunting accidents in 1963 dropped to the lowest point in 19 years according to a report released by the Pennsylvania Game Commission recently. The report showed that there were 18 fatal and 341 nonfatal hunting accidents for a total of 359—the lowest number of hunting accidents since 1945 when 269 were reported. According to John Behel, Hunter Safety Training Coordinator, there were two more fatal accidents in 1963 than in 1962 when sixteen persons died of gun-inflicted wounds. Behel hastened to point out that on the whole, 1963 was one of the safest hunting seasons in many years.

Under the terms of the Pennsylvania Game Law, any person involved in any type of hunting accident causing any injury or death due to firearms or archery equipment must report such accidents to the Game Commission. An analysis of the 1963 reports indicated that the vast majority of hunting accidents were caused by human carelessness. A disregard of the basic rules of safe firearm handling was responsible for the majority of the accidents. For example, over 24 per cent of this year's accidents oc-

curred when a firearm discharged while in the hands of a hunter; over 25 per cent of the accidents resulted from ricocheting shot, bullets or arrows; and in 32 per cent of the cases the victims were in the direct line of fire.

Another encouraging aspect of the Commission's report indicated that hunters under 21 years of age had fewer hunting accidents in 1963 than in 1962. Behel stated he was confident the Commission's Hunter Safety Training Education program has contributed markedly toward this decline. The Game Commission has certified over 50,000 students in its voluntary Hunter Safety Training program since 1958. Most of these students have been teen-agers, according to Behel.

Classified according to the type of game hunted, the fatal accidents occurred in the following seasons: Deer season, 7 fatalities; bear season, 1 fatality (the first fatal accident in bear season in five years); small game season, 4 fatalities; woodchuck season, 4 persons shot and killed in mistake for game; and 2 persons were fatally wounded while hunting predators.





PGC Photo by Steve Kish

PENNSYLVANIA OUTDOOR WRITERS on a predator hunt in Monroe and Lackawanna Counties in conjunction with the Association's weekend workshop on Lake Gouldsboro, February 29-March 1. Front row (left to right) are Ed Van Dyne, Demitri Zaimes, Charley Zaimes, Allan Hunsinger. Back row are Ralph Tray, Day Yeager, John Altmiller (District Game Protector) and Harry Allaman.

Hunting License Revenue Up; Sales Down in Preliminary Report

Pennsylvania hunting license revenue will surpass last year's receipts by more than a million dollars in spite of the estimated 100,000 or more drop in license sales.

This summed up a preliminary report released recently by the Pennsylvania Game Commission concerning the sale of hunting licenses for the 1963-64 license year which will not end until August 31.

Game Commission Executive Director, M. J. Golden, stated that the preliminary figures reflect total sales to date of 812,245 resident and 40,821 nonresident licenses. These figures, with more than five months of the license selling period ahead, are less than last year's total sales of 926,976 resident and 48,872 nonresident licenses.

Total revenue collected to date exceeds last year's figures to March by more than a million dollars. A total of \$3,819,479.98 has been received for

resident licenses and \$1,022,137.66 for nonresident licenses.

Golden stated that several factors must be considered in making any analysis of this report. He said that more than 40 license agents have not yet reported and that hunters still have more than five months ahead in which to buy the current hunting license. He also pointed out that in making their reports, some license agents had been confused by two resident license fees, one of \$3.20 for licenses sold to youngsters 12-16 years of age and the adult fee of \$5.20. Further checks into the validity of agent's reports are still being made.

Game Commission officials had predicted that there would be a loss in license sales this year associated with the increased fees. Early estimates of total sales had been 850,000 resident and 42,000 nonresident licenses. It is felt that the hunting ban last fall was responsible for a greater loss of sales than was originally anticipated.

Nation's Capital Site of Next Wildlife And Natural Resources Conference

The 30th North American Wildlife and Natural Resources Conference will be held next year at the Statler Hilton Hotel in Washington, D. C., on March 8, 9, and 10. Sponsored each year in a major city by the Wildlife Management Institute, the international conference is attended by natural resources administrators, biologists, educators, and others from most of the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

Nearly 1,500 persons attended this year's meeting, the 29th North American Wildlife and Natural Resources Conference, that was held March 9-11 in Las Vegas, Nev. Theme of the meeting was "Resources for the Good Life" and more than 50 presentations were given at the two general and six technical sessions that made up the conference program.

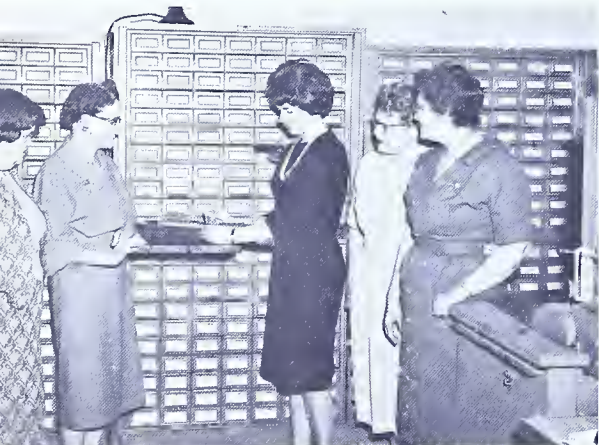
Stewart L. Udall, Secretary of the Interior, took part in the meeting program. He spoke on the topic "What Price Resources for the Good Life?" Mr. Udall also received a long-awaited report at the conference on predator control policy and programs from his special Advisory Board on Wildlife Management. This is the second report of the Secretary's Advisory Board; last year it rendered a comprehensive report on wildlife management in the national parks system.

Representing the Pennsylvania Game Commission in Las Vegas were Commissioners James A. Thompson and Frederick M. Simpson, Executive Director M. J. Golden, Deputy Executive Director Glenn L. Bowers and Research Division Chief Harvey A. Roberts.

GAME NEWS Paid Circulation Breaks 100,000 Mark

"GAME NEWS" CIRCULATION STAFF filing the 100,000th paid subscriber. Left to right are Blanch Filbey, Zelda Ross (in charge), Georgia Lee Lyter, Mae Jacobs and Isabella Bateman.

PGC Photo By D. L. Batcheler



Pennsylvania GAME NEWS, the official publication of the Pennsylvania Game Commission, broke the 100,000 paid circulation mark with the mailing of its March issue.

According to GAME NEWS Editor George H. Harrison, the magazine went over the historic 100,000 mark with a subscription received from Harry L. Borger, R. D. 1, Hanover. The total paid circulation for the March issue was 100,320.

The GAME NEWS, first printed on a mimeographed sheet, has been in existence since 1928. It now has the largest paid circulation of any magazine of its kind in the nation.

TIPS FOR HUNTERS



Leather boot strings have tips that are soft and difficult to force through the eyelets. Char the tips with a match and it will harden them, making the job easy.—*Lefty Kreh*

New Butler County Game Lands

The Pennsylvania Game Commission has acquired 645 acres of land in Butler County.

This was revealed recently by C. C. Freeburn, Chief of the Game Commission's Division of Land Management.

This new public hunting grounds will become a part of Game Lands 95, located near Annandale. This tract presently has an area of 3,465 acres.

Butler County has another Game Lands, No. 164, about five miles east of Butler.

At the present time, there are 987,355 acres of Game Lands in the Commonwealth, all purchased with hunters' license money.

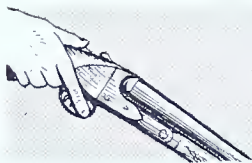
Woodrow Portzline, land manager stationed at Slippery Rock, will be responsible for the development and management of this new acquisition.

Individuals or groups may arrange to tour the lands by contacting Portzline at Slippery Rock, or writing Lester F. Sheaffer, supervisor of the Game Commission's Northwest Division, 1509 Pittsburgh Road, Franklin, Pa., or by calling Franklin 432-5610.

BOONE AND CROCKETT measurers help to process entries in this year's contest at Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh, on March 4. Pictured are Game Commission Conservation Information Assistants Keith Hinman and Robert Parlaman. Winners will be announced on April 30.

PGC Photo





HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



Pennsylvania Youth 2,000,000th Hunter Safety Student

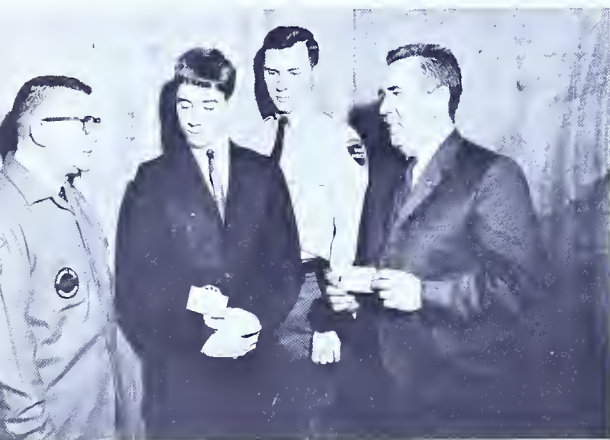
A 13-year-old Pennsylvania boy is the two millionth graduate of the National Rifle Association's hunter safety training program, begun in 1950, announced Franklin L. Orth, Executive Vice-President.

He is Larry Keohane, Jr., of Warminster in Bucks County, whose father, Lawrence J. Keohane, insisted that his son take the Pennsylvania

Young Keohane was one of a class of 17 students certified by Hunter Safety Instructor John E. Lawton on December 12, 1963. Instructor Lawton, along with other instructors and with the cooperation of the Bucks County Fish and Game Association, initiated the Hunter Safety Program in his area in 1956. To date, they have certified a total of 688 students. Mr. Lawton and his fellow instructors have devoted untold hours to the youth of their community. Although only 4 hours of instruction are required for the official completion of the course, these instructors have set up a course of instruction requiring 14 hours!

Both Larry and his father were members of the class which was certified in December, 1963. The father, a veteran of the Second World War with service with the U. S. Navy, had not hunted previously. When the younger Keohane expressed interest in obtaining a gun his parents were interested in a course of instruction for their son where he could learn safe and proper gun handling. As a result, both father and son were enrolled in the Hunter Safety Course. Upon completion of the course, Larry was presented with a .22-caliber rifle for Christmas. He is joining the Bucks County Fish and Game Association's Junior Marksmanship Group in order to get more experience in gun handling and marksmanship, and both father and son are planning ahead for the hunting season next fall.

Coordinator of the Pennsylvania Game Commission's hunter safety program for the Bucks County area is District Game Protector Edward Bond, of Doylestown.



PGC Photo by Paul Glenn

THE TWO MILLIONTH student, Larry Keohane, Jr. (center), receives his hunter safety certificate from John Jawton (left), his instructor. Also receiving a certificate is Larry's dad, Lawrence J. Keohane (right). District Game Protector Edward Bond of Bucks County observes.

Game Commission's cooperative NRA course before buying a hunting rifle.

Growing popularity of the 13-year-old course is shown by the fact that the one millionth graduate was recorded in November, 1960, only a little more than three years ago.

Pa. Game Commission
Hunter Safety Certified
To Date:
Instructors—4,925
Students—60,293

YESTERDAY'S LAND FOR TOMORROW

By Joseph B. C. White

Educational Director
Western Pennsylvania Conservancy

CONSERVATION of natural resources is one of Pennsylvania's leading problems. For the most part, the answer is largely one of reclamation, restoration or preservation, because in the past 100 years man has trodden a path of waste and destruction across a region that was blessed with abundant forests, pure water and rich soil. Our timber was cut ruthlessly by men who neither knew nor cared anything about selective cutting or reforestation. With the great forest root system dead and fires ravaging the underbrush, topsoil that had been building for centuries at the rate of one inch per thousand years was washed into streams and lost forever.

Wildlife suffered from man's invasion, too. By 1900 the timber wolf, the mountain lion, the beaver, the wild turkey, the passenger pigeon, even the white-tailed deer had either ceased to live or had become rare in the forests of the Commonwealth. All this because of unregulated slaughter and the appearance of man in the wilderness.

In later years the growth of our communities and industries added another serious blight by polluting the waters of streams, rivers and lakes with raw sewage and acid wastes from mill and mine. What had once been a great virgin forest, reaching from the Atlantic Ocean beyond the Upper Ohio Valley, became a scarred, skimmed and seared land, denuded of its forest, its life-giving topsoil drained away, its waters laden with the effluent of civilization.

FALLINGWATER — architectural masterpiece by Frank Lloyd Wright, along with 1,900 acres in Fayette County, is now owned by the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy.



It might seem at a glance that this history of destruction would bring man to his senses and alter his ways. But it does not. Today, abuse of our land is even more intense, accelerated by the development of mechanics. In a few weeks a team of earthmovers can remove the topsoil of an entire township, skim off its few remaining trees, and prepare the land for a gigantic housing or commercial development. Vast highway systems take great expanses of land, alter stream courses, contribute to pollution and lower ground water levels. Sewage treatment plants are built, but never seem to catch up with the growth of new communities.

One of the Keys

These conditions call for action—forceful action—combined with a practical plan for turning the tide of destruction. One of the keys to such a plan is Western Pennsylvania Conservancy.

The Conservancy is a citizens' group of over 4,000 dues-paying members, organized without any government affiliation and dedicated to promoting the conservation of natural resources—soil, water, forests and air—of Pennsylvania. It works in three phases: education of the public of the need to protect and use carefully the remaining natural wealth of our state; cooperation with public agencies in effective protection of natural resources; and acquisition of lands on its own that have particular natural beauty, historical significance, importance to natural science, or for recreation potential.

In this latter role the Conservancy has acquired 17,000 acres in the western half of the state. Approximately 7,000 acres have been transferred by the Conservancy to the Commonwealth. From these transfers are emerging three great state parks which, when completed, will embrace more than 35,000 acres.

Leading this series of acquisitions



DIRECTOR'S HEADQUARTERS and public rooms at the Conservancy Wildflower Reserve and Nature Center in Beaver County.

was the gorge of Slippery Rock Creek in the early 1950's. The Conservancy selected this site as worthy of protection because of its spectacular natural beauty and its geologic relation to Pennsylvania's last Ice Age. Two thousand acres of Conservancy land was transferred to the state, resulting in the formation of McConnell's Mill State Park. Today this beautiful park is taken for granted by thousands of tourists and local citizens who enjoy its canyonlike valley. The old gristmill (GAME NEWS Cover, January, 1963) is currently undergoing restoration and will add an important historical attraction to the park.

A second state park is being developed from the Conservancy's transfer of 2,000 acres of land in Butler County. Studies indicated that a dam across Muddy Creek could re-create a large ancient glacial lake. When this is accomplished, a lake of 3,225 acres will be the feature of Moraine State Park, a 14,000-acre tract within an hour's drive of Pittsburgh.

In the gorge of the Youghiogheny River, the Conservancy found another ideal park site. Here the Youghiogheny rushes along a narrow stream bed, boiling its way in rapids and cataracts through one of the most

scenic valleys in western Pennsylvania. In May, 1963, the Conservancy transferred to the state over 2,800 acres at this site as the nucleus of a new state park that will eventually embrace 16,000 acres. In working to protect this great valley, the Conservancy has acquired some 9,000 acres of land, plus timber and mineral rights, in order to prevent pollution of the watershed by mining, and loss of the second growth of forest that is now recovering from the extensive timbering that ravaged this area half a century ago.

In most cases, the land purchased by the Conservancy for eventual transfer to the state was virtually abandoned and submarginal. On the nearly 3,000 acres sold to the state in May of 1963, there lived only three families. Another huge tract of 3,000 acres purchased by the Conservancy in the Ohiopyle region had no dwellings on it.

Small Natural Areas

In addition to the three state parks which the Conservancy has helped to establish, other smaller natural areas, such as wildflower reserves, wildlife sanctuaries, historical landmarks and nature centers are maintained by this organization. In Butler County, for example, the Conservancy is restoring the Old Stone House on Route 8, a stagecoach inn and drovers' tavern built in the early 19th century. Because of its prominent position at the northeast corner of Moraine State Park and its interesting history, the citizens of Butler County raised the money for the restoration. The house itself is now virtually completed, and will be the center of a Stone House Village, complete with barns, blacksmith shop and other buildings of similar age brought from the surrounding countryside and reassembled. When completed, the village will be given to the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission to be operated as a living museum for the people of Pennsylvania and the nation. It is sure to

become a major tourist attraction in the years to come.

Near the Stone House is the Jennings Blazing Star Prairie (GAME NEWS, September, 1963), a wildflower reserve and wildlife sanctuary. One might ask, "Why save a wild flower?" and the answer would be, in this case, that the Blazing Star is a rare flower remnant of a period 14,000 years ago when the western prairie penetrated all the way to the western slope of the Appalachian Mountains. For centuries, huge herds of bison, antelope, deer, elk and other grazing animals held back the forests. But as climate changes permitted the spread of the woodlands into the prairie country, only patches of the prairie remained. The Jennings Blazing Star Prairie is such a surviving patch, and it is named for the late Otto E. Jennings, Curator Emeritus of Carnegie Museum, whose interest in this rare flower brought about the establishment of the Reserve.

In Beaver County, the Conservancy is operating another Wildflower Reserve, and with it a major nature education center. Guided tours are provided on more than five miles of trails for school children and adults. Public facilities are provided so that sports-

JONATHAN RUN—a native trout stream protected by the Conservancy in Fayette County.



men, women's clubs, Scout troops and students can hold meetings in conjunction with their tours. An outdoor laboratory, designed for the study of wildlife, flowers, trees and rocks, or just to enjoy the outdoors, this Reserve in the Raccoon Creek Valley is the first major link in a chain of Conservancy nature centers which will help bring people to a better understanding of the world of nature.

Recently, the Conservancy has become the owner of Fallingwater, the famous summer home of Edgar J. Kaufmann on Bear Run in Fayette County. Designed by Frank Lloyd Wright in 1936, the great house has become virtually a legend in the field of architecture. In giving the house and some 1,900 acres of land to the Conservancy last autumn, Edgar Kaufmann, Jr., it was noted that the structure has been preserved as an architectural shrine. The Conservancy will use the house as the center of an educational and cultural program to begin in the late spring of 1964.

Just Part of the Program

The Conservancy plunges into this maze of paradoxes with educational programs, in order to show man where he has strayed away from being a part of nature. Through its efforts, the Conservancy is showing the people of this state that man must restore his harmony with nature, not only that he and his future generations might exist without drought and famine, but also that he might continue to enjoy and receive inspiration from nature's masterpieces.

For the outdoorsman, the Conservancy's programs mean more recreation lands, the opportunity to assist in a successful citizens' conservation program that is not waiting for the eleventh hour to strike before acting. But time is running out, and the eleventh hour is fast approaching. This is the spur that drives the Conservancy in its urgent purpose to protect the land from despoilation and abuse. This is

the role of the Conservancy—to care for our corner of the earth so that Pennsylvania will remain for our children and their children a place of special beauty and natural wealth in the fairest of all lands.

The developments outlined here are only a part of the whole Conservancy program. It publishes a quarterly magazine *WATER, LAND AND LIFE*; has a Speakers Bureau of 17 members who bring nature education in a variety of talks and illustrated lectures to clubs, schools and civic organizations in the western end of the state. Its growing library is an important source of conservation and natural science information, both for Conservancy publications and for answering inquiries from members and the general public.

What makes such a vigorous citizens group work so furiously? What sense of urgency drives it to establish nature centers, to develop educational programs, to protect scenic areas, and to aid in the establishment of new park lands? The answer is the swiftness of the spread of blight upon our land. Our population is rapidly increasing. More recreation lands are needed. Natural areas, if not protected, will be covered with asphalt or concrete before we realize it. Greater numbers of people are depending on the same amount of land, and we are using the land in many new and varied ways. Although Project 70, in its program of land acquisition for parks, recreational areas and historical sites, will help Pennsylvania catch its breath in its fight to save the land from abuse, there is still much to be done. Pennsylvania is racing the clock in an effort to set aside open space for use by coming generations.

(Editor's Note: Information about membership in the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy can be obtained from the organization's office at 204 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.)

Danny's First Hunting Knife

By Don Shiner

Photos by the Author

CUTTING a fuzz-stick with a stout blade hunting knife, in preparation for building an outdoor fire, can be an intriguing part of a family cook-out. This is especially interesting to a young lad who has admired his father's hunting blade for more months than there are in a calendar year. The ease in which that glistening blade sliced into that dry stick spoke of the value of a big knife, and the skilled hands that guided it carefully into the dead limb. Danny hoped that someday soon he would be permitted to own a sheathed knife just like his father's.

When the lad's father tossed the last fuzz stick into the fireplace and replaced the knife in its sheath, Danny again popped the question. "When may I own a hunting knife like yours, Dad?"

"Can I trust you with a big blade?" his father replied.

"Sure, Dad. I promise to carry it only when I'm outdoors with you," Danny quipped in a pleading tone.

Before giving his answer the boy's father mulled the knife question over



TO DANNY, the sheathed hunting knife is a symbol of manhood.

in his mind. This had not been the first time that the boy had asked for a sheathed hunting knife. There had been that time camping when he, himself, used the knife to cut tent pegs. Danny wanted a sheathed hunting knife at that time. Then there was the occasion when skinning the deer last autumn. Danny watched admiringly as he honed the blade to razor sharpness, then set to work removing the hide from that prime buck. Up until this time he considered the boy too young to handle a large blade hunting-type knife.

But Danny was growing, and more reliable now. A sheathed knife would be an important rung in the ladder reaching to maturity. He handled his Boy Scout knife well, though this model was only a small jackknife, fitted with a small blade and the usual Scout tools such as a can and bottle opener, leather punch and corkscrew. A larger, sheathed hunting knife would give the boy a big edge over the outdoors.



As his father sat, in silence, thinking through the question, Danny repeated the question. Could he have a hunting knife?

"Yes, Son. I think you are at the age when a boy should be permitted to carry a sheathed knife at those times when he is afield with his father. You must learn the responsibilities that go with this husky cutting tool," his father answered.

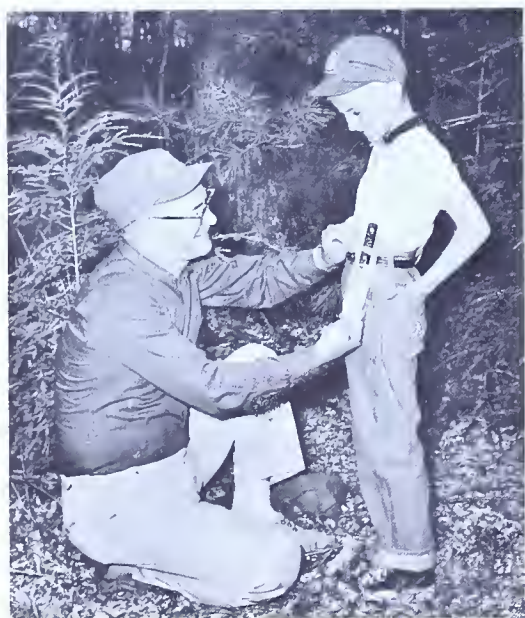
This was exciting news to Danny! In fact, he couldn't ever remember being happier, except that time when Patches, his little beagle, arrived.

"I'll only carry it when we're hunting or camping or in the field together." Danny quipped as he fidgeted with a dead pine twig intended for the blazing fire.

"The two indispensable tools," his father began, "in the hands of the early pioneers were the knife and ax. The ax helped our forefathers clear the land, build cabins and the crude furniture—tables, benches, beds and other articles that made a cabin into a home.

"The early pioneers used the knife to whittle brooms, bowls, garden

HIS FATHER stressed that great responsibility goes with a boy's first hunting knife.



rakes, hinges for cabin doors and other finery that lead to a better life. In fact, Danny, the ax and the knife really made Pennsylvania; for, from these two tools grew all that we exhibit today."

Basically the Same

"Were the hunting knives used in those old years similar to today's knives?" Danny asked, intrigued with the topic of conversation.

"Our hunting knives today are fancier, with colorful handles and polished blades, but basically the overall picture of the knife is the same," his father remarked. Then he added, "Men of that early period whittled for necessity and for pleasure and pastime particularly while discussing problems and government. During town meetings, men, seated on rough wooden benches, carved various articles while listening to orators. Early records show that bills paid by colonial assemblies included those for wood for whittling!"

As the outdoor chef spoke of the role played by the knife in early Pennsylvania, he was carried back in thought to his own boyhood. He recalled the custom of men gathering in the country store near his home, to whittle chains or ball and rattle objects as they sat around a glowing pot-belly stove. Seemed to him that some men whittled while they thought; others whittled while they talked. Shavings quickly mounted on the floor, and the sheathing of a knife meant the argument had ended one way or the other.

Danny's voice refocused his father's attention to the present. "What's a Jim Bowie knife, Dad?"

"Oh, that's a special design knife created by Jim Bowie, a famous and almost legendary man that played a prominent role in early American history. My hunting knife is a copy of the Bowie blade. It's a husky knife, suitable for even light ax work."

His father continued, "Seems every country has had some type knife figuring in its outdoor history. The slim bolo knife is famous in the South Pacific, being used there for jungle work. Then there is the machete of South America, and the curled Gurkha knives carried by the world renowned Gurkha fighters of India."

During this May cookout, Danny kept his eyes trained most of the day on the sheathed knife worn on his father's belt. After the meal his father demonstrated the method of holding a hunting knife so it will not slip when cutting, into the other hand. He emphasized the fact that a five- or six-inch blade is no toy, but in reality a weapon of extraordinary capabilities. Throughout the demonstration Danny sat, wide-eyed, soaking in every word like the proverbial sponge.

Several days later the knife topic had been forgotten, at least temporarily by Danny. But this day his father, returning from work, chanced to pass a sports shop. Remembering the promise of a knife, he entered the store and walked to the showcase of cutlery. There were at least 20 or 25 different knives on display, many equipped with sheaths.



DANNY WAS SHOWN how a knife blade can affect a compass. Never hold a blade near the compass when making a reading.

One inexpensive model appeared appropriate for a boy. The blade, forged from good steel, was fitted with a plastic, bone simulated handle. The hilt contained a bottle opener as a bonus feature. Cost of the knife, with leather sheath, was less than two dollars. He promptly paid the clerk this sum of money and returned home.

That evening the knife was carefully placed on the dining table at Danny's plate. Danny was called to dinner. The lad, upon spying the hunt-

DO'S AND DON'T'S ON KNIFE HANDLING

- DO keep your knife sharp. A sharp knife is safer to use than a dull one because it will cut where you want it to and not glance off into your leg or hand.
- DO clean your knife after each use.
- DON'T run with your knife in hand. Pack it in the sheath when running or climbing down steep embankments.
- DON'T wear your knife with sheath unsnapped. An empty sheath is one of life's great disappointments.
- DON'T joke or horseplay with a knife.
- DON'T throw a fine knife.
- DON'T dig into dirt and rocks with a knife.
- DON'T put your knife in fire; it will ruin the temper.
- DON'T use a knife as a screwdriver, crowbar or hammer.
- DON'T disfigure the landscape by carving your initials into every tree you pass.
- DON'T cut into the porch railing or furniture.

ing knife, cut loose with a war whoop which actually vibrated the dinnerware both on the table and in the cupboards!

"Oh! Boy! Thanks a lot, Dad," Danny exclaimed with much excitement ringing in his voice. He hurriedly unsheathed the knife and gazed at the polished blade.

"Remember, Danny, you may carry the knife only when you're with me outdoors. Other times it remains in the gun cabinet," his father explained. "Oh yes, there's one other thing. Here's a list of 'do's' and 'don't's' on knife handling. I expect you to learn these rules for good knife etiquette."

During dinner the older sportsman thought of how the hunting knife has become an "American institution." Most men would no more think of leaving home for a day of outdoor activity without a knife than they would their spectacles!

After the meal his father decided to take Danny for a short walk in the neighboring fields to permit the boy to cut a walking stick and get the feel of his new knife.

A RULE demonstrated to Danny is never whittle in such a manner that the blade will slip and cut your hand, leg or another person.



Danny cut a sassafras limb. The knife balanced well in his hands. He studied the keen edge, the bottle opener hilt, the black hornlike handle and leather case. The hunting blade gave assurance that he was indeed hastening toward manhood. He would live up to the trust placed in him.

As his father watched the boy's enthusiasm spill over that crooked but delightfully scented sassafras limb, he recalled the lines penned by John Pierpont:

*"The Yankee boy, before he's sent to school,
Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,
The (hunting) knife. To that his wishful eye
Turns while he hears his mother's lullaby;
His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,
Then leaves no stone unturned till he can
whet it;
And in the education of the lad
No little part that implement hath had.
His (hunting) knife to the young whittler
brings
A growing knowledge of material things."*

Deer Killed by Vehicles, Dogs— Set January Record

Reported deer kill by vehicles and dogs set all-time Pennsylvania records for the month of January. According to M. J. Golden, Executive Director, Pennsylvania Game Commission, 726 deer were killed by automobiles and 125 by dogs during the first month of 1964.

Other figures in the January deer mortality report included 55 killed for crop damage, 87 were killed illegally and 161 died from miscellaneous causes (125 of them by dogs). The deer mortality total was a record 1,029 for the month.

Golden emphasized that these figures are based upon reports received from Game Commission field officers. The officers report only those deer which they have seen personally, or which have been authenticated by Deputy Game Protectors and other reliable individuals. The actual kill was undoubtedly higher than the figures indicate.

Your New Gun Dog



George Bird Evans

Old Hemlock Farm

May 3, 1964

Part Two

DEAR TED:

You were very kind re my letter and suggestions about yard training your puppy. I suppose it is part of the aging process that we like to give advice to someone younger than ourselves, especially on dogs and guns. Since you have asked for more, here is a bit on field training. You can take it for what it is worth.

Every gunner should have a dog that works exactly as *he* wants it to, unlike a show or field trial man whose dogs must conform to fixed standards. If you want your dog to work close, or drop at wing, or even move in on order and flush the birds—that is up to you and you can so train him. As you know, my ideal is a dog that moves at a swift lope, ranging out to either side and hitting all birdy places; one that finds and pins birds with style, holding stanchly until I arrive or the bird flushes, which is beyond the dog's control. If your puppy has generations of hot gun dog blood in him and if you kill enough birds over him he will train himself. But you will have a more finished dog if you guide him in certain things.

Falconers have an axiom: a trained falcon, yes—a tamed falcon, never. An unbiddable dog mars shooting but the brilliant dog has spirit and must not be "cowed." Where the average dog owner thinks entirely of points, the connoisseur thinks of the positiveness and efficiency with which those points are brought off. Quail and woodcock lie, but today's grouse and pheasants won't tolerate pussyfooting. I want my dog to sail along, head high, and slam into his points—full speed one moment, locked up tight the next. This minimizes false pointing and pins birds from sheer impact. Keep in mind that this is done by body scent, not foot trails.

FIRST TRIPS AFIELD:

Some men feel a dog should be at least a year old before being taken afield. I feel, instead, that you can't get them into birds too early. As you know, Ruff was my finest grouse dog and I was shooting grouse over his points from the time he was 7 months old. At about 5 months take your puppy to open fields (dense foliage makes summer woods unfeasible) and run him. First teach him there is something out ahead to hunt. Let him chase field sparrows. Make it exciting and run short distances with him. Do this in the cool of the day for not more than 15 minutes to keep him eager. Long workouts would make him set a slower pace and remember that he is still soft. If you get into game birds, pat him excitedly.

Working without an older dog, you may have trouble getting him to range far enough. Start him in one direction and before he looks back, quarter

suddenly away from him as fast as you can travel. When he turns and sees you, shout and wave him across in front of you. He will probably cut toward you but when he isn't looking, make a sudden tack back toward the side he has come from. By the time he spots you, you are once more far away and again waving him across in front of you. This conditions him to work farther from you and forms a habit of quartering from side to side instead of running straight out and back, which is wasted effort. Work on this, not for mechanical quartering, but to encourage longer casts. When he gets moving well, spur him on by 2 rapid hand-claps as he dashes across in front.

WHISTLE SIGNALS:

Teach him to come to the whistle by association, blowing one blast as he is coming toward you (not when he is in the mood to run away). Avoid trick cadenzas. One prolonged blast means "Come here."

THE FINISHED PRODUCT. He not only does it, but to you he seems to do it like no other dog ever did it.

Photos by Jack Gates



Two blasts mean "Go on." After he has been afield several times and is keen to go, restrain him before casting him off. Make him "Stay" as you walk several yards ahead of him, then wave him on with "All right, go on," and as he dashes away blow two short blasts on your whistle. From now on, never start him out, either in training or actual hunting, without making him "Stay" and sending him out with "All right, go on" and the two blasts. It conditions him to obey you even when eager to be off and sets the stage for teaching him to hold on point.

Further teach the two-blast "Go on" whistle signal by blowing it when he is running full-tilt away from you in the field. Eventually you will use it to send him on no matter how far away he may be. You will use it to drive him on if he drops his head to ground-trail. A puppy is allowed to do this at first; later do not tolerate it. Running him in high weeds will keep his head up but normally your only control is the two-blast "Go on" whistle, for he can't keep his head down and move fast.

Limit your whistle signals to three. The third, a variation on the one blast, is used to get his attention to swing him whichever direction you wave your arm. Ideally he should not stop running when he checks to locate you. Anticipate the moment he is going to look for you and while he is still running blow a long blast, whipping it up at the end (easily done by changing blowing pressure). As he looks toward you, wave him into the direction you want him to go and take several steps in that direction. If he fails to understand, start walking that direction and blow him on with the two-blast signal.

Teach each signal well before going to the next. Handle by whistle when possible (voice flushes birds and tends to confuse the dog). I have shot all afternoon over Ruff and his sons using only occasional whistle signals and gestures. If your dog has difficulty



BEFORE CASTING off in the field, hold at "Stay," then . . .

Locating you in thick woods, make a low clucking sound to give him your position. Overhandling never achieves the inspired dog work you get when your dog is encouraged to use his own judgment.

FIRST WORK ON BIRDS:

It is essential to get your puppy into game birds as soon as he has gained confidence in the field. Quail or woodcock are fine for they lie well. A trained Ruff entirely on grouse but they are difficult for a youngster. Pheasants are blamed for encouraging ground-trailing due to their running habit, but half-grown pheasants lie beautifully in the training season. Planted training quail give you abundant solid points. You should try to get some of them.

Don't reprimand your pupil for chasing birds at this stage for he must learn that he cannot catch them. The dog continually cautioned from the first is the false pointer later on. He can, and must, distinguish between body scent and foot scent but this



SEND ON with, "All right, go on," and two blasts of the whistle.

takes time. I have tried sniffing a live quail and I get nothing but a dry feathery smell. Your dog can get scent under optimum conditions for amazing distances; under others he can almost step on a bird and not detect it.

HANDLING ON POINT:

Unless you have a friend with a well trained dog, absolutely stanch, you should train your puppy alone. An experienced dog can offer an example in ranging but your youngster may be less independent if not worked alone. Get him out several times a week in late afternoon when it is cooler and birds are moving around to feed. Remember that dense weeds and foliage mask scent.

After he has run off his first excitement, plant a quail for him. Then work him up to it on leash, moving into the wind. When you see him get the body scent hold him with "Stay." Repeating "Stay" in a soothing tone, start stroking him slowly from head to tail tip, running one hand over him as the other leaves his tail—always ready to restrain him with the leash.



EVER SNIFF A QUAIL? The results are quite different than those experienced by a bird dog. To humans, the quail smells like dry feathers.

If he lunges in, don't be rough but jerk him decisively and reprimand "No."

The important thing is to handle him while he has hot body scent in his face. He loves this and it is the best way I know to make him stanch. After stroking him soothingly, draw your hand back over him and lift him by the tail, raising his rear feet off the ground, and set him back down. Repeat this, setting his rear feet first to one side, then the other. He will retain the position no matter how awkward. Finally set him straight and, with the leash slack but grasped to prevent his breaking, lean over and push against his haunches as though to push him into the bird. He will resist. If you were to pull him away from the bird his instinct would be to press into it. When you feel him resist your pressure, push harder and he will sit back more firmly. You have gone a long way toward making him stanch on point. The oftener you can handle him on point, the better the results.

If the bird has been obliging enough

to lie all this while, you must now flush it. Give the solid youngster a final stroke and "Stay." Then with both hands raised, palms toward him, walk backward into the bird, always facing your dog and repeating "Stay"—actually *willing* him to. If necessary, jump toward him when the bird flushes, holding him with your gesture and command. Once the bird is gone, hold him a few seconds longer, then drop your hands and order "Go on." Let him run in and sniff the hot spot and encourage him for his work.

STEADY TO WING AND SHOT:

Don't expect him not to break at wing for the first season or even the second, but don't tolerate it when you are close. Too severe punishment associated with birds can make him a blinker—one who takes the simple way out by ignoring all birds from then on. He will first become stanch (holding points as long as the bird lies). You can make him steady to wing (holding as the bird flushes) and steady to shot (holding as the bird is shot at). I want mine steady to wing but do not insist on their being steady to shot for it is best for the dog to be on the spot as soon as possible after the bird falls, especially with grouse and pheasants which may run if crippled.

Both lessons are taught the same way. Snap a leash or check cord on the dog when on point. You need a companion to flush the birds. If the dog lunges in give a solid jerk and order "No." Even if he does not, give a light jerk and "No" to show your wishes. Don't use a choke or spike collar—you're not interested in hurting him. Use a leather collar and snap the cord to it when you reach him, approaching from the side (from the rear makes him nervous). Working him with a dragging check cord spoils his gait. When you no longer need the check cord, approach him from the front, cornering the bird between you. Assume a confident manner convincing him you know he will hold.



IF YOU HAVE a source, it is good to release quail to guarantee more opportunities for training your dog.

Hand raised, say "Stay" only once and walk in with slow decisive steps. The time to ham it up and feign excitement is when you want to make him more intense on point, for he will reflect your attitude.

RABBITS—DEER TABOO:

Now that he's had the thrill of bird scent, rabbits and deer should be taboo, though some good grouse dogs occasionally point a rabbit when in doubt. If the desire to chase those white tails remains you must now take every opportunity to reprimand him. Call him off the moment a rabbit or deer jumps. If he desists in mid-chase, congratulate him. If not, when you reach him shake him well. If he points either, shame him with a scornful "No."

Your dog should be steady to flush (stopping instead of chasing if he runs into a bird). This is difficult to teach. Don't lose your temper for he can smell your anger and it frightens and confuses him, losing the benefit of the lesson. Blow your one-blast

whistle and call "No." Hot on the chase he may ignore you. Don't call him to you and then scold him when he thinks he is obeying. Wait till he returns and go to him, scolding "No." Lead him back to the spot where he should have stopped. We're concerned not with bumping the bird—conditions may have been against his scenting it—but with his sin of not stopping when he did flush it. Set him up none too gently on the spot and shake him by the loose hide of the back of his neck, scolding "No." Being shaken by the pack leader is a primeval experience his ancestors had, dim memories of which remain. It causes no pain, mere chagrin. Do not whip severely for it can make him a blinker. After the shaking, stand him in position and let your manner change to a pleasant one as you stroke him and repeat "Stay." Walk away from him, keeping him in position until you are well ahead, then send him on with "All right, go on," and two blasts of the whistle. Always be sure you are good friends after a scolding—you are correcting his error, not holding a grudge.

Training to be steady to shot involves shooting .32 or .38 blanks as the bird flushes and making your dog stay. Don't fire these too close to his head and never in front of his face.

BACKPOINTING:

Work him with a dog who is stanch. Your dog must honor any dog's point by sight and regardless of scent. Let him run up within 25 yards of the pointing dog and stop him abruptly with "Stay," going to him and handling as on point. Preliminary drill is to stop him while running in the field with "Stay." Don't permit him to steal in on another dog's point after once backing. Avoid working with a dog who false points or your dog will soon lose confidence for he must believe there are birds ahead.

POSITIVE POINTS:

As your pupil becomes more ex-

perienced insist upon increasingly positive points (birds pinned, not running out ahead). The brilliant dog checks only long enough to determine if it is foot scent and then move in, head up, quartering the wind till he hits the bird. Beginners seeing their dog check on scent caution him to stop. Usually it is foot scent and the dog, encouraged to point that, soon becomes a potterer. Instead of cautioning him to "Stay" when you see him check, drive him on with two blasts of the whistle (your voice might flush the bird). Drive him right up to the body scent, keeping his head up with repeated double blasts until he locks up and will move no further. If you drive him too far, causing a flush, scold him as though he had flushed himself. This seems hypocritical but he must learn to judge for himself when to stop. This is when you get points that raise hackles along his back, and yours.

THE RETRIEVE:

Once he has been brought to this stage it is a matter of experience. Don't be surprised if your young hopeful hesitates to retrieve the first few birds he sees fall. The excitement, scent, the hot feathers make it different from his lessons. He usually goes to the bird, picks it up only to drop it. If he does this don't force the issue. Encourage him by holding the bird close to his nose—not pressed into his mouth—then toss it out and order "Go fetch." He may still balk. After a few tries, let it ride but don't bestow the praise he would get if he had done well; simply pocket the bird and go on. That evening at home he will probably retrieve it beautifully after it is cold. Next time try as usual and if he refuses, put the bird somewhere

between rocks where he thinks you can't reach it and send him for it with "Dead bird, go fetch." It will work out in time.

Strive always for a busy hunter, moving to all birdy places, for there is no sense in a dog that finds only the birds you would have walked up. Don't confuse him with too much handling. As an experiment, some afternoon let him select the cover, following where he hunts without direction from you. If he develops a fault you can't overcome let it simmer and go back to it later on. Try not stressing that fault but stress the things he does well. Never forget: the trainer's best tools are *anticipation* and *patience*. He will have off days just like you. Unless you are the kind who never misses (!!!!) don't expect him to be always in top form.

These are things about dog training that you will find discouraging—refusal to retrieve, lack of stanchness, apparent clumsiness in handling scent. You will be certain I didn't know what I was talking about (I often wonder). Then some wonderful day everything will seem to fall into place. It may be a cold, forbidding November day but for you the sun will shine. Suddenly it is different, somewhere in that wonderful little brain something clicks and all at once he does what you have been dreaming he would do. He not only does it, but to you he seems to do it as no other dog ever did. Whether or not you see clearly at a time like this, permit yourself, and him, this moment. You have what many men never know and the two of you have it together—may it last for long seasons. He has a shooting man, and you—you have a bird dog.

Best regards,
George

Enemy to the Bear

Other than man, a bear's greatest enemy is the lowly porcupine. It doesn't happen often, but occasionally a bear will tangle with a "quail pig" and wind up with his paws, tongue and mouth filled with quills.



BOARD OF GOVERNORS of the Pennsylvania State Archery Association. Standing, left to right, LeRoy Mountz, Lewistown; Charles R. White, Tyrone; James Reese, State College; Stanley Williams, Berwick; John Sibly, Towanda; Harold Leibensperger, Allentown; Henry Fischer, Jr., Lancaster; John Hana, Washington; and Joe Shurilla, Custer City. Seated, Richard Bleakley, Franklin, vice-president; Robert Albright, Pittsburgh, president; Clayton B. Shenk, Ronks, executive secretary-treasurer. John Seymour, Warren, was absent.

Organized Archery Is . . .

The Platform of Progress

By Keith C. Schuyler

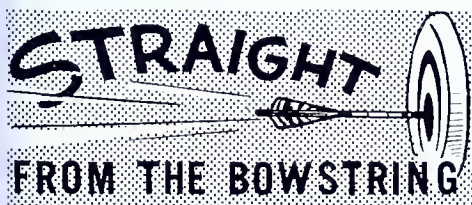
Photos by the Author

ARCHERY, in general, and bow hunting, in particular, owes its present status to one thing—organization.

Today, shooting the bow is the fastest growing sport in the nation. The number of active bowmen in the United States has increased from 1.7 million, immediately after World War II, to about 7.5 million in 1963. Only about 320,000 of the total number of bowmen are considered hunters, but it is the activity of this relative minority which has largely brought archery the recognition it deserves nationally as both a shooting and a hunting sport.

Plunking a shaft into the bull's-eye has become so commonplace that it is seldom considered news. However, utilizing a primitive weapon to down big game has made repeated headlines across the country, and some of the leading outdoor magazines now carry regular archery features. Nevertheless, behind all this activity has been a group of dedicated bowmen who have spent their own time and money in the interest of archery. Over 4,000 accredited archery clubs, belonging to 50 chartered state organizations, are now in existence.

Bows and arrows are big business. In 1963, an estimated 32.9 million dollars was spent on bows, arrows, and accessories. Even some of the major sporting houses, which specialize in hunting equipment, are offering bow hunting equipment. Included among these are such staid firms as Browning Arms and Colt. Even manu-



facturers of fishing tackle, such as the Shakespeare Company, are in the bow business.

With bowling hitting the skids in many parts of the country, bowling alleys are being turned into, or are including, archery lanes. Some of the manufacturers of bowling equipment are taking a practical look at the great increase in archery.

All of this is encouraging to devotees of the bent bow. But, none of this would have come about had not there been groups of dedicated bowmen scattered around the country who spent the time and personal finances necessary to hold together and to promote the sport of shooting the bow over the years.

Pennsylvania has played a most important part in the development of archery as a national sport. In fact, the first archery organization in the United States was founded in Philadelphia in 1828, known as The United Bowmen of Philadelphia. This group was organized to promote archery as a sport.

Founded in 1879

The National Archery Association of the United States was organized, however, in Crawfordsville, Ind., on January 23, 1879. Pennsylvania was represented at this organization meeting by the Nottingham Archers of Pittsburgh. Robert P. Elmer, M.D., of Wayne, Pa., was the first vice-president and gained the distinction of holding the title of Champion Archer of the United States of America more times than anyone. He also authored two books on archery.

Major Lyn G. Adams, superintendent of the Pennsylvania State Police, and Paul Wilcox were responsible for introducing a bill in the Pennsylvania State Legislature, in 1929, legalizing the bow and arrow as a sporting arm to shoot game birds and animals. This was the first official recognition in the nation of bow hunting as a sport.

On February 12, 1937, a committee



SPECIAL BOW HUNTING areas were a step in the right direction, but bow hunters didn't rush to them in any great numbers.

appeared before the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs to gain support for establishment of a season for taking game with the bow and arrow only. The Federation committee accepted a resolution but it lost out by a few votes. Then, a bill was introduced in the State Legislature to establish areas for hunting with a bow and arrow only in the same year. It established two areas for hunting with neither area to exceed 1,000 acres, and the bill passed and was signed by the governor.

The Pennsylvania State Archery Association cooperated by printing and paying for the necessary posters and regulations for the new areas. At that time, the Civilian Conservation Corps, commonly known as the CCC, was in existence, and manpower was furnished from this government organization to place a single strand of wire around the bow hunting areas. Men from the CCC also posted the signs.

Regulations for bow hunting were drawn up by Seth Gordon, executive

director, Pennsylvania Game Commission, and Clayton B. Shenk, executive secretary of the Pennsylvania State Archery Association, in one evening, and these same regulations are still in use today. They were accepted with very few changes by most other states across the country.

Although the special hunting areas were a step in the right direction, bow hunters didn't rush to them in any great numbers. Between 40 and 100 archers annually availed themselves of this opportunity. The two areas existed for fifteen years. In that entire period, less than 12 deer were taken within the posted areas. One bear was credited to an archer in 1948.

Meanwhile, efforts continued to get a resolution through the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs for a season to hunt deer with the bow and arrow only. Ten times the resolutions were defeated by either a tie vote or one short of a majority.

State-wide Season

Finally a bill establishing a state-wide season was introduced in the 1951 session of the State Legislature. This writer was one of many persons who worked hard to promote passage of the bill. Enactment of this legislation is now history, and other bills were passed and signed by the governors in 1955 and 1957.

Bow hunting started rather modestly in the bucks-only season, but with the introduction of an any-deer season, this outdoor sport grew rapidly in popularity. Highest number of licensed bow hunters in Pennsylvania was 76,673. The highest number of deer killed was in 1961 when 1,517 were taken. The score for 1963 was 1,388 deer which was an increase of 78 over 1962. Last year, bow hunters took 413 antlered deer and 975 antlerless animals.

Although bow hunting produced the headlines, it has been the year-in and year-out activities of dedicated target shooters who have kept archery

alive and growing. It has been the Pennsylvania State Archery Association which has made possible the advancements and developments in the sport of bow shooting. Whether on the range or in the mountains, target shooting still attracts many more shooters than does bow hunting. Of course, bow hunters have gravitated primarily to field archery as a preparation for the actual sport of bow hunting.

Certainly, the past three decades of archery in Pennsylvania owes the most to one man, Clayton B. Shenk, executive secretary of the Pennsylvania State Archery Association since 1934.

Sometimes controversial, but always ambitious, Clayt has steered archery across the open target ranges, through the trees with field-course shooters and over the mountains with bow hunters.

Clayt's first interest in archery came in 1931, and he became secretary of the Lancaster Archery Club in 1932, a position he held through 1939. He became executive secretary of the P.S.A.A. in 1934, the position he has held since. He was president of the National Archery Association of the United States in 1937-1950 and then again in 1959. He has continuously served as president since his last election in '59.

Among Clayt's other archery activities has been his service as field gov-

HITTING THE BULL'S-EYE doesn't often make news, but it has been the year-in and year-out activity of dedicated target shooters who kept archery alive and growing.



ernor of the National Field Archery Association, 1947-1949 and 1953-1962. He is a member of the Administrative Council of the International Archery Federation, and he was team leader of the United States Archery Team in 1959 at the World Archery Championship in Stockholm, Sweden, and in 1961 at Oslo, Norway. He is chairman of the Archery Games Committee of the U. S. Olympic Committee and the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs from 1950 through 1963.

Organized in the Poconos

The P.S.A.A. itself was actually organized as an association on July 10, 1931, at Skytop Lodge in the Poconos. There were 18 persons in attendance who became charter members. Paul Wilcox, of Harford, Pa., was the first president, and Claude R. Johnson served as the first secretary-treasurer.

Today, the P.S.A.A. is made up of six regions which follow the same geographical boundaries of those established by the Pennsylvania Game Commission. Each region elects two persons to the Board of Governors. The Board elects a president, vice-president, and executive secretary-treasurer. Each region elects three officers to manage the affairs of the region. Championship tournaments are held at each of the six regions with state-wide championships winding up the season in September of each year.

Pennsylvania is the largest State Archery Association in the U. S. Last year, there were 170 clubs representing 15,000 members, and there were 3,020 individual memberships. Among the activities of the Association is sponsorship of a tournament for Y.M.C.A., including boys and girls up to 18 years of age. It has assisted the P.F.S.C. Junior Conservation Camp each year since the Camp was organized. Members of the State Association cooperate with the National Rifle Association and the Game Commission in promoting hunter safety.

In this review of organized archery

in Pennsylvania, it becomes obvious that today's recognition and acceptance of archery, both as a target and a hunting sport, is a result of organized effort. Consequently, those who enjoy the benefits of this progress should, themselves, affiliate with some archery organization.

Probably the most outstanding example of benefits to be gained through organization is demonstrated by archery clubs which are primarily interested in field courses. These clubs, which are growing in number and in membership, have done much to hold together interest in bow shooting in addition to promoting safety. These clubs frequently assist Boy Scout and other youth groups in archery instruction.

So, even though commercialization is laying its indelicate hand upon the sport of bow shooting, the real core of activity is out in the field where good fellows get together. Since expertness with the bow is not confined to the male animal, archery offers an excellent opportunity for husbands and wives to enjoy an outdoor activity together.

This look at organized archery is offered with a sincere hope that those readers, who are not affiliated with an organization, will do so or, if there is no club nearby, this is an open invitation and recommendation to form one. All the information necessary can be obtained by writing to Clayt Shenk at Ronks, Pa.

Whether or not you can actively participate in club activities, it is well to lend support to your sport by becoming a member of either, or both, a local and your state organization. No activity can long survive, or progress, without an organization behind it. Since organization means expense, someone must foot the bill. It's always a good feeling to know that you have a share in anything.

Let's all get in the act.

Next Month—"ROGUES OF THE RIVER."

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IT'S THE LAW



NOT ALL GAME LAW VIOLATIONS ARE INTENTIONAL. AS A SERVICE TO COMMONWEALTH SPORTSMEN, GAME NEWS, IN COOPERATION WITH THE DIVISION OF LAW ENFORCEMENT, TAKES THIS MEANS TO BRIEFLY CLARIFY SOME OF THE MOST FREQUENTLY MISUNDERSTOOD OR LEAST KNOWN GAME LAWS.

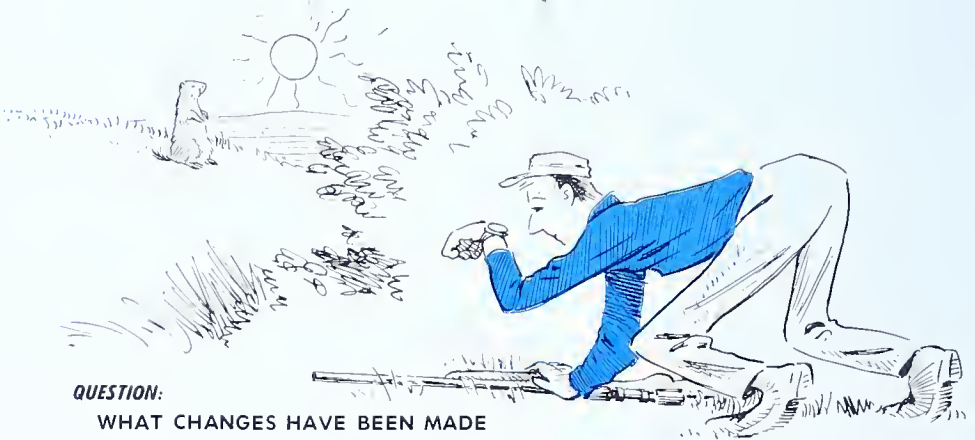


QUESTION:

MAY I HUNT WOODCHUCKS ON SUNDAY?

ANSWER:

NO. THE LAW PROHIBITS THE HUNTING OF ANY GAME ANIMAL OR GAME BIRD ON SUNDAY.



QUESTION:

WHAT CHANGES HAVE BEEN MADE IN HUNTING HOURS FOR WOODCHUCKS?

ANSWER:

HUNTING ANY GAME ON WHICH THE SEASON IS OPEN IS NOW PERMITTED FROM 6 A.M. TO 7:30 P.M., E.S.T., BETWEEN JUNE 1 AND SEPTEMBER 30. THIS, OF COURSE, INCLUDES WOODCHUCKS.

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Pennsylvania **GAME NEWS**

JUNE, 1964

TEN CENTS



MAY 2 5 1964

DOCUMENTS SECTION

Published Monthly by the
PENNSYLVANIA GAME
COMMISSION
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PENNSYLVANIA

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PENNSYLVANIA
GAME NEWS

George H. Harrison
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Cover Painting
By Vic Stephen

COVER: Some 150,000 fawn deer will be born in the next month or so in Pennsylvania. May 28 has proved to be the peak of the fawning season. The waterfalls in the background of our cover scene is Sawkill Falls on Sawkill Creek near Milford in Pike County, one of the most scenic falls in the state.

For more information about the fawning season your attention is invited to the Editorial "Leave Them Alone" and "Our Woodland Nursery." Both features treat, in some detail, the subject of fawn deer in Pennsylvania.

Published **MONTHLY** by the Pennsylvania Game Commission, South Office Building, Capitol, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** \$1 per year; \$2.50 for three years. **TO SUBSCRIBE:** Send check or money order payable to "Pennsylvania Game Commission." Do not send stamps; cash forwarded is done so at sender's risk. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Send both new and old addresses at least 45 days in advance of the issue with which it is to be effective. **PERMISSION TO REPRINT** any signed article may be granted provided advance permission is obtained from the author. No information contained in the magazine may be used for advertising or commercial purposes.

Printed by Times and News Publishing Co., Gettysburg, Pa.
Second Class Postage Paid at Gettysburg, Pa.

Leave Them Alone

WITHIN the next month, hundreds of fawn deer will be taken from the woods, separated from their mothers and perhaps even doomed to death by well-meaning Pennsylvanians.

Practically every Game Protector in the state will be faced with the problem of what to do with fawn deer and other wild babies delivered to them by uninformed people who "found them in the woods."

Year after year the Game Commission pleads with the public not to take fawns or any wildlife from the woods. Many people can't understand that the "poor little deer" found alone in the woods **WASN'T LOST**. They refuse to understand that instinct tells the fawn that to protect itself it must lie down and remain still in the nearest available cover. Because the people do not see the doe standing nearby they immediately assume the fawn has been abandoned. Such is not the case. The doe is nearby and she knows exactly where the fawn is lying.

Rabbits also have a high mortality rate each spring in the care of children or thoughtless adults. Wild rabbits are extremely difficult to raise in captivity. A bird cage or a cardboard box isn't much like the warm body of the doe rabbit. Well meaning people refuse to leave that "cute little bunny out in the cold or rain to perish." Little do they know that its chances for survival are much greater "out there" than under human care.

It will not be a normal summer, either, if every neighborhood doesn't have its own assortment of baby birds, woodchucks, raccoons, opossums and snakes. Most of them will be dead in a matter of days.

In addition to it being cruel to keep young animals in captivity, it is also illegal. Pennsylvania law provides a penalty of \$100 for the illegal possession of a fawn deer, \$200 for black bears, \$25 for game birds and \$10 for songbirds or small game animals.

Therefore, your help is needed in the fight against the kidnapping of wildlife. You will be doing your good deed by telling children and uninformed adults that the taking of wildlife from the woods is both cruel and illegal. Ask them to **LEAVE WILDLIFE IN THE WOODS**. Tell them to help the "lost" animals by leaving them alone!—*G.H.H.*



This babe belongs in the woods.

TAKING MAGGIE



Diary of a Game Protector—Episode No. 8

ORDINARILY a fellow has an opportunity to invite his own lady friend to go along to the Fair. He also prefers to take her in his car. My experience was just the opposite. I received instructions in August, 1927, to come to Harrisburg, secure a light truck, and take Maggie to the Hatfield, Montgomery County, Fair. It is well to explain that Maggie was a big black, female bear, and a personal automobile would not have been suitable for the trip.

Following the close of the 1926 season of our wild animal exhibits at state fairs, Maggie was loaned to Charles Heiges, of York, for exhibition and study at a girls' camp in York County. By the end of the summer Mr. Heiges asked the Game Commission to relieve him of his charge, and that was the reason for my trip.

I met George M. Appleby, my former Sunday School teacher, in Harrisburg. Remembering the song about "The Preacher and the Bear," I

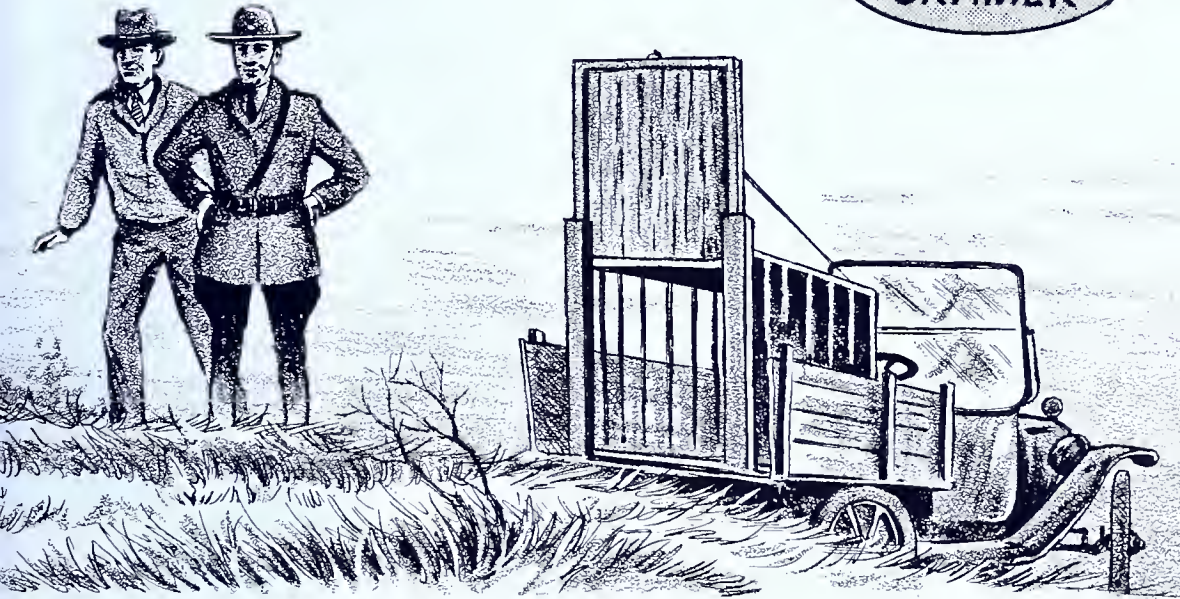
thought it would be well to have some good moral support for the task ahead. My assignment sounded adventuresome to Mr. Appleby and I was more than glad to have him consent to accompany me. We were off for York County.

When we arrived at the camp a quick survey of the situation failed to show any big concrete bear pen as I had visualized. We looked up the hill towards the main camp building. There in the middle of a beautiful grove was our "date" pacing back and forth. A heavy collar and chain secured her to a long wire. This was encouraging. She looked perfectly harmless.

Mr. Heiges saw us and walked down through the grove to meet us. We introduced ourselves and told him we had come for Maggie. He said, "All right, gentlemen, just back your truck in against the bank." He walked back to the buildings and secured two soft drink bottles filled with sugar water.

TO THE FAIR

By
WILBUR M.
CRAMER



Upon reaching the bear, Mr. Heiges said, "Here, Maggie," unsnapped her chain from the ring on the wire, and gave her one of the bottles. Maggie stood up on her hind legs, held the bottle in her front paws, and proceeded to drink. She was quite **SOME** bear when she stood up. It didn't take Maggie long to empty the bottle. Mr. Heiges then held the other bottle in front of her while he led her down through the grove to the truck. We pulled up the door of the large crate on the truck and Maggie followed the bottle of sugar water into the crate. Mr. Heiges said, "Get in there, Maggie," and I dropped the door.

It was supper time when we reached Paoli, so we parked our truck on the main street and went to a restaurant. Upon returning to the truck we found a large delegation of boys and girls around it looking in awe at the big bear.

After we left Paoli, Mr. Appleby suggested that since we still had a long way to go, we should break our journey by staying overnight with Mrs. Appleby's sister and family at

Narberth. I readily agreed to this plan. Mr. and Mrs. Jay McCartney must have been quite shocked shortly before dusk to see two men and a bear stop in front of their home. Our host told us to put the truck in his garage. However, in the excitement of having such an unusual guest, he completely forgot about the local policeman who often used the back of his car to catch "forty winks" during the quiet of the night. This night was no exception. There must have been a hurried exit by the representative of the law, for the next morning an open garage door and burning lights plainly told the tale of one badly scared policeman. Apparently Maggie's grunts caused her visitor to leave without even saying "good night."

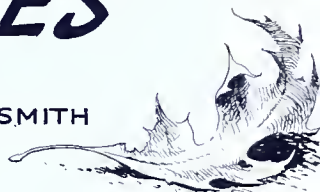
In due time that day, Mr. Appleby, Maggie and I arrived at the Hatfield Fair. She was placed in a suitable exhibition cage and again had her outdoor friends as companions. We returned to Harrisburg, mission completed, discussing our unusual experience of "Taking Maggie to the Fair."





WALKIN' SHOES

By NED SMITH



Killdeer—The Misplaced Shorebird

1. The killdeer is a plover. True or false?
2. Do killdeer nest in Pennsylvania?
3. Killdeer are seldom found far from water. True or false?
4. How many eggs does the killdeer lay?
5. The killdeer's nest is a depression in the ground thickly lined with leaves and grasses. True or false?
6. Do killdeer damage farm crops?
7. How old are the young when they leave the nest?
8. Killdeer measure about 18 inches in length. True or false?

UNLESS you retreat to the mountains it's hard to move out of hearing of the killdeer, and now that he and his mate have a family of chicks to be anxious about he is noisier than ever.

Long before the other shorebirds reached Pennsylvania on their northward migration he checked in. Tatters of old snowdrifts still clung to the sidehills when we first heard his ringing "Kill-deer, Killdeer" and saw him dashing across the blustery sky on pointed sickle wings and scampering mechanically over the soggy, rain-swept meadows. Now, in June, he and his kind are multiplying, and their shrill cries dominate the summer countryside.

Though ornithologists classify him as a shorebird, the killdeer feels as much at home in upland pastures and fields as on beaches and mud flats. Nevertheless, there's something of sun and sand about him, and he looks strangely out of place so far from the ocean.

He is a striking bird. Though little larger than a robin his boldly marked plumage makes him look much bigger than he really is.

His upperparts are predominantly grayish- or olive-brown. The rump and upper tail coverts, concealed at rest by the wing tips, are bright rusty orange. The outer pair of tail feathers are white, barred with black on the inner vanes. The rest of the tail shades from rusty orange to grayish brown in the center. There is a black sub-terminal band and the feathers are tipped with white. White basal portions of the flight feathers form a streak on each wing that is conspicuous in flight. Both the forehead and a patch behind the eye are white.

The underparts, including a collar that encircles the neck, are snowy white, except for two bold, black bands that cross the chest.

The killdeer is a plover, closely resembling such beachloving relatives as the Wilson's, the semi-palmated, and the pale piping plover. It can be distinguished from these birds by its larger size and its two black breast

bars instead of one.

Like its relatives, the killdeer has long, slender legs and feet that have but three toes—there is no hind toe. Its bill is moderately long, slightly compressed in the middle. The wings are long, narrow, and pointed, beautifully designed for the swift, effortless, erratic flight that is a killdeer characteristic.

On the ground there's no in-between; a killdeer is either running as fast as its skinny legs will carry it, or it is standing still. Frequently it will jerk its head up and down or bow stiffly, but every movement is made with mechanical abruptness.

Its common name alludes, of course, to its usual note, a loud, oft-repeated, "Kill-deer." When annoyed or frightened the cry changes to "Kill-dee, kill-dee" or just plain "Dee, dee, dee," endlessly repeated, each note uttered with a rising inflection. For reasons known only to the birds themselves killdeer often give vent to these cries in the middle of the night. I have even heard them flying about in the darkness, yelling their heads off, and cannot for the life of me understand how they avoided fatal collisions with trees or other immovable objects. Another common note is the piteous trilling sound uttered when the eggs or young are threatened. Surely the ornithologist who gave the killdeer its specific name, *vociferus*, was impressed by

the bird's vocal powers and propensities.

In Pennsylvania killdeer usually nest in May, their large, pointed eggs nearly always numbering four. Buffy or dull white, they are spotted or blotched with reddish brown, sooty brown, or both. A shallow depression in the ground, often in gravelly or stony places, passes for a nest. Frequently it is lined with small stones, short pieces of dead plant stems, or bits of wood, but just as often has no lining whatever.

The nests are never deliberately hidden. I've seen a pair of birds incubate a set of eggs in the middle of a gravel driveway. Twice a day they were forced to withdraw while the family auto straddled their precious nest, but they continued their duties for two weeks until the eggs were finally smashed by some unknown cause.

Most nests are placed in rather bare pastures or fields, but parking lots, gravel roads, ball parks, and similar places get their share.

For all their conspicuous color and markings, killdeer are surprisingly hard to see when incubating. Most of their white plumage is concealed, and the black bands and patchy facial markings merely break up their solid forms into smaller, seemingly unrelated bits of color.

Like other ground-nesting birds, the killdeer knows and uses the broken wing act. Approached too closely, the incubating bird will scurry from the nest, one wing dragging on the ground, the other pointing upward at an awkward angle as though really broken. Both are fluttered ineffectually. The fanned out tail is dragged in the dust, and the poor bird's struggles are made more pathetic by her piteous trilling. She wants you to follow her, of course, and she'll stay just out of reach until you are lured from the vicinity of the nest. Meanwhile, her mate flies from place to place, yelling excitedly.

I've seen the ruse work with a dog,

BABY KILLDEER
HIDING



and have no doubt that it would be equally effective with many other snoopers, including nosy youngsters. Incidentally, both parents take turns incubating the eggs, and both can work the broken wing act.

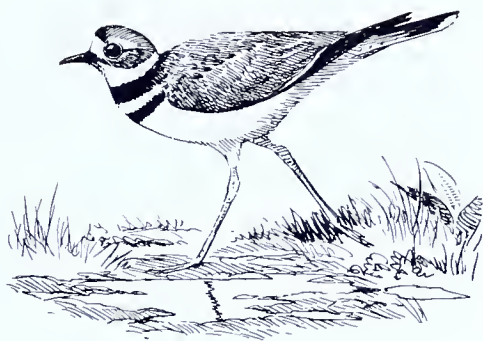
After 26 days of incubation the baby killdeer emerge, limp and wet at first, but soon dry and fuzzy. Though clothed in down instead of feathers, the typical killdeer color and markings are obvious, except that the young have only one black breast band. Their legs are enormous, which is good, for the little ones leave the nest the same day they are hatched, or the following day at the latest.

Both parents take a solicitous interest in their upbringing, introducing them to the various insect foods that abound in their neighborhood and keeping an anxious eye peeled for enemies afoot or in the air. The broken wing ruse and the swooping aerial "attack" are still employed in times of danger, but each day the youngsters are better able to take care of themselves. At their parents' first alarm they have two courses of action. One is to hug the ground, depending upon their protective coloration to make them invisible, which it usually does. The other is to run for it. To fully appreciate the speed and maneuverability of these galloping midgets one must try to catch them. Nothing can so heartlessly deflate a 180-pound athlete as the runaround dished out by one of these thumb-sized infants.

The first noticeable change in the youngster's plumage is the rapid acquisition of a tail—a tuft of narrow, barred feathers from which sprout long, black bristles that give the appendage the unkept appearance of an old shaving brush.

By the end of the summer it takes a practiced eye to tell young from old. The head markings are less distinct and the breast bands are somewhat mottled; otherwise they are nearly identical.

Few native birds are more bene-



ficial in their feeding habits than the killdeer. It lives almost entirely on earthworms and insects, and of these the bulk are such pests as May beetle grubs and adults, Japanese beetle grubs, grasshoppers, wireworms, and the like.

Years ago, in the days of spring waterfowl hunting, shorebird shooting, and market hunting, killdeer were slaughtered along with the others. Even though their flesh was despised by most hunters, their flashing, erratic flight made them challenging targets, and along the coast gunners bagged every bird that came within range of their shotguns.

Fortunately, sensible laws were enacted in time to save the killdeer and his relatives from extinction. Now we know that when the last of these voracious plovers turns southward late this fall they will be back. In a matter of a few months we again hear their excited cries and see their white forms skimming over the thawing meadows.

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS

1. True.
2. Yes.
3. False. They are common in upland pastures and fields.
4. Nearly always four.
5. False. It is a depression in the ground with little or no lining.
6. No. They are beneficial, feeding largely on destructive insects.
7. Usually less than a day old.
8. False. Their total length is ten or eleven inches.



SPORTSMEN, farmers, forest owners, and businessmen have shown an uncommon interest recently in discussing and sharing ideas about deer management in our Commonwealth.

During the past couple of years, thousands of interested people in communities across Pennsylvania have broadened their understanding of deer management by taking part in public discussion meetings conducted by the Cooperative Extension Service of Penn State University in cooperation with the Pennsylvania Game Commission. It seems that people's interest is at an all-time high in their willingness to discuss the deer management issue.

These local public programs feature short, formal presentations by University extension specialists and a Game Commission research biologist. Various aspects of deer management are

considered: deer economics and policy, deer and forestry, deer biology, populations and effects of hunting, and deer and recreation. A significant part of the program is spent in open public discussion. This is education in action when knowledge, ideas, comments, and viewpoints are shared by the audience and panel. The discussion is free to reflect the concerns of the group. Even though many controversial issues are considered, the atmosphere at these meetings has been stimulating and orderly. It has been encouraging to see so much interest, attendance, and lively discussion.

The mechanics of these discussions are simple. The local county agent invites this traveling crew of deer experts to appear in his area. A time and place are arranged and local publicity is started. Public response to this approach has been very satisfying.

The programs are planned to encourage people to think about and consider the application of science to deer management. They are designed

By Robert G. Wingard
Wildlife Management Specialist
Agricultural Extension Service

to show the relationship between research, education, policy, and citizen understanding. And they give everyone the opportunity to participate. Since the success of the state's deer management program depends on how well it is understood and wanted by landowners, sportsmen, and others, these meetings offer opportunity for everyone to learn and share ideas.

Since 1959, when the first discussion program was presented in McKean County, the panel group has had the opportunity to meet with people in all parts of the state. However, relatively few meetings have been requested for the southeast or southwest regions where most of the hunters live.

During the past three years, the presentations and meetings have improved with new knowledge and experience. Some formal evaluations of this program have been made and some favorable results noted.

To date over 7,000 people in 37 counties have shown a willingness to

participate in over 50 public discussion meetings. Everyone gains from an exchange of knowledge, viewpoints, and ideas when this open discussion occurs locally among the varied groups who have an interest in deer management.

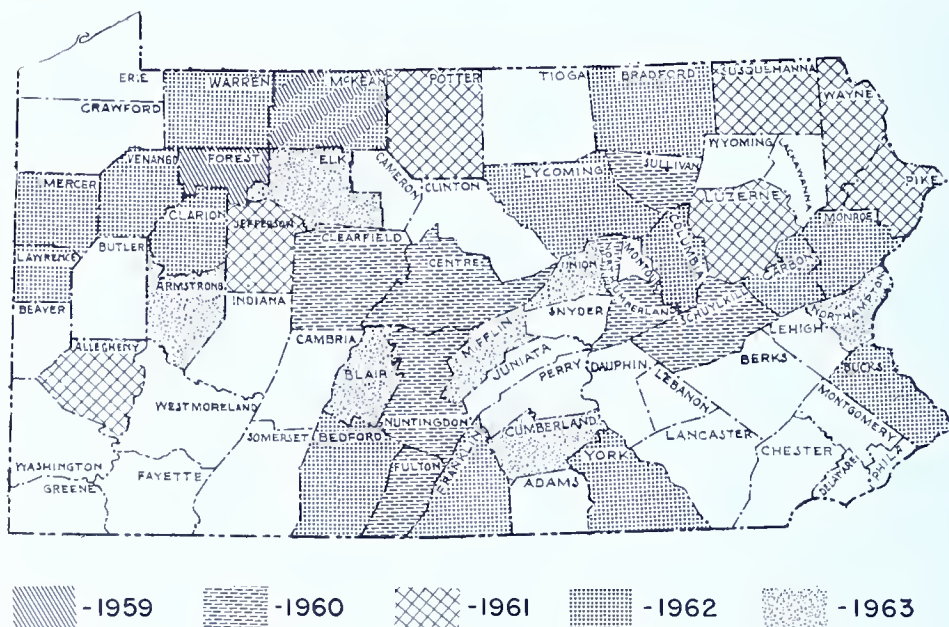
When asked to rate the meetings, 98 per cent of the audience felt the meetings were worth while. Ninety-seven per cent said they learned something from the meeting, and 96 per cent reported they had an opportunity to express themselves at the meeting.

The audience evaluation pointed out what people consider important about deer management. It showed that they want knowledge of deer biology; but, in addition, the effects of hunting on deer, access and posting of land, range management, public land policy, landowner-sportsman conflicts, and deer-highway conflicts were high on the audience checklist. All of these relate to the pressure on our land, forest, and deer resources and

MEMBERS OF THE DEER MANAGEMENT PANEL. Left to right are E. P. Farrand, Extension Forester; W. M. Carroll, Public Affairs Specialist; S. E. Forbes, Game Biologist; and R. G. Wingard, Wildlife Management Specialist (author). All are members of the Pennsylvania State University, Cooperative Extension Service, except Forbes who is a research biologist for the Game Commission.



DISTRIBUTION OF DEER MANAGEMENT MEETINGS



The Panel has conducted 40 public meetings in 37 counties, and 13 additional meetings for special groups.

Over 6,000 citizens participated in these public discussion programs.

the development of management plans which fully consider all interested groups.

Research and education were rated highly by many people in our audience as important to the success of deer management.

Three main points are clear from our experience with this educational program:

1. Research and education have a unique challenge to help people concerned with deer to understand the land management issues involved.
2. A satisfactory and acceptable deer management education program like this requires people's participation in public discussion and exchange of knowledge.
3. Cooperation between institutions, agencies, groups, and individuals, both public and private, stimulates people's understanding of deer management.

In most cases, the County Agricultural Extension Service has sponsored

the meetings with the Game Commission as part of a local educational program. County sportsman leaders, farm and forest industry leaders, outdoor writers, and other public officials help plan the meetings and stimulate good audience participation.

Recognizing that not everyone can attend meetings, a publication entitled "Deer Management in Pennsylvania" is available from county extension offices. Nearly 20,000 people have already received copies of this booklet.

The Game Commission in cooperation with the Extension Service has produced a four-part film covering the entire seminar program. This will make the management program available to more groups by requiring fewer panel members to appear.

Many people have a stake in deer management in Pennsylvania and most of them are quite willing to express their views. People's interest in deer also carries a responsibility to be well informed on the issues. This educational panel program offers one way to face the issues.

Where do they all come from? . . .

Our Woodland Nursery

By **L. M. Lang**
Game Biologist

RABBITS have a world-wide reputation for multiplying rapidly. Few people realize that white-tailed deer have similar capacity to multiply at an unbelievable rate. Some idea of just how deer can increase their numbers so quickly is shown in records kept by the Pennsylvania Game Commission on the number of unborn fawns carried by does killed on highways or shot by farmers for crop damage. These records indicate that about 90 per cent of all does over a year old bear young. In addition to these, about one out of every four female fawns in Pennsylvania breeds at about six or eight months and bears fawns itself shortly after its first birthday.

Twin fawns are quite common. In fact, if food and shelter are in good supply, adult does producing twins are the rule rather than the exception.

Sets of triplets are not uncommon, but are born infrequently enough to attract some attention. Game Commission records show that one of every 227 deer pregnancies results in triplets. Many times the individuals in a set of triplets are all of one sex but more often the sexes are mixed. The normal sex ratio for triplets and for all fawns is 115 males to 100 females. This figure takes into consideration singles, twins, triplets and quadruplets. As does become older their potential for bearing triplets seems to increase. This is true at least up until six years of age. Too little information is available on female deer older than six to be sure of their reproduction capacities. An occurrence of a fawn carrying triplets was recorded in Bucks County in 1962. Cases such as this are rare and probably only happen where deer are well fed and are

in exceptionally good physical condition.

Out of almost 1,300 records of deer pregnancies on file there is only one of a doe carrying quadruplets. This was a five-year-old doe killed on a highway in Cambria County in 1958.

Although these are all interesting facts, it is the average numbers that mean most to game managers. Reproductive rates vary from place to place in Pennsylvania. In some of the north-central counties does average fewer fawns than does in some southeastern counties. Generally speaking, however, reproductive rates in Pennsylvania are good. Pregnant adult does, state-wide, carry an average of 1.7 unborn fawns each. Juvenile or yearling females that are pregnant average about 1.15 fawns each.

It is this high reproductive potential of the white-tailed deer that provides us year after year with good deer hunting. In fact, the harvest of the annual surplus of both sexes through hunting is necessary in order to maintain a healthy and productive deer herd.

TWIN FAWNS ARE COMMON. In fact, if food and shelter are in good supply, adult does producing twins are the rule rather than the exception.

Photo by Karl H. Maslowski



DAD

By Paul A. Matthews

IT WAS about this time of the year—the month when the call of the whippoorwill echoes along the reaches of Mallory Run and the darkness is sprinkled with the flashing of lightning bugs—that the Old Man always read and reread the letter. He'd hobble the length of the cabin, from the small oaken table in the kitchen to his bunk in the far end of the adjoining room, and then he'd get down on his knees and paw amongst his personal belongings stacked in boxes under the sagging bunk frame. Within minutes, he'd straighten up holding an old wooden cigar box that bulged with time-soiled envelopes and long forgotten cancellations.

By the time he returned to the kitchen, his hands trembled—maybe from age—maybe just from anticipation. And then he'd set the box on the table, fetch his tobacco from the shelf in the cupboard, and move close to the kerosene lamp where the wavering light could play and cast shadows across the ink-scrawled papers. It was an effort for him to read, and he picked at each individual word, turning it over in his mind in an effort to create the image the boy had sought to portray. Some images were difficult to visualize because the Old Man had never been beyond the confines of the mountains that ringed the valley. And when the boy wrote of stinking jungles or vast oceans or days of violence when the air was laced with screaming planes and fragments of shells, the Old Man could only look beyond his reflection in the night-darkened window and make a feeble attempt to conjure up the scene the boy had described.

But when the boy wrote—"remember the time, Dad, when you and I" . . . ! Yes, the Old Man could remember that! He could see it across the void of past years—across the tide that lapped at his feet—and he could remember! He could see the boy standing there—a gangling, toothy grinned, towheaded kid so skinny that he'd scarce cast a shadow. He could see the boy standing there waiting to follow—anyplace and every place that Dad went! Remember?

Yes—he remembered. He remembered the time they sat by the old mill dam up Mallory Run collecting a mess of squirrels for a potpie. It was a cold, raw November day. The wind roared across the mountain tops reaching downward with long tendril-like whirl devils to twist stubborn frost-burnt leaves from gaunt oaks. They had sat there longer than an hour and had three squirrels.

"We need one more, boy. One more bushy tail an' then Ma can whomp us up a potpie brimmin' with carrots an' onions an' 'taters. You cold, boy?"

The boy shook his head, for to have spoken would have betrayed his numbness. Yet the Old Man knew, and the knowledge of it filled him with warmth. This boy was game. This was the putty of which men are made.

So they sat there, the boy clinching his teeth to prevent their chattering, and the Old Man caressing the knurled hammer spur with the ball of his thumb and probing each movement or rustle of leaves with time-faded eyes. The minutes oozed by and the wind struck a deeper chill into the marrow of their bones.

"Dad?"





"THERE'S SOMETHING on the other side of that big beechnut tree—just above the crotch where that one limb is busted."

"What, boy?"

"There's something on the other side of that big beechnut tree—just above the crotch where that one limb is busted."

The Old Man squinted. "I don't see anything."

"It's there. Wait till the wind blows again."

They waited, and sure enough. When a gust of wind whipped the trees just right, the Old Man caught a glimpse of grayish fur—just the tip of a squirrel tail fluttering in view now and then. He grinned and winked at the boy. "You want to take him?"

The old twelve-gauge Iver Johnson had never seemed so tremendous—so formidable! It seemed to the boy as though he was sighting along an extremely long length of water pipe with the tiny gold bead on the far end bobbing and dancing around, sometimes crossing the spot where the Old Man said the squirrel would be. He held his breath while the Old Man chucked a stone amongst the trees, and instantly the squirrel popped in

view exactly as predicted. The boy felt his eyeballs swell all out of proportion—felt them straining at their sockets when he yanked the trigger and filled the world about him with a ringing blast.

Remember?

How could the Old Man ever forget? How could he ever fail to remember watching the boy clinch his bony fist around the grip of the stock? How could he ever forget watching the muzzle of that long barrel making all kinds of curlicue patterns, and that final instant of firing when the lad yanked the shrouded trigger so hard that the gun fired and the barrel dropped down and the spent case went spinning past his ear all one and the same time. No. The Old Man never forgot.

"And the time you taught me how to cast bullets, Dad—remember that?"

The Old Man laid the letter aside for a minute while he reamed the char from his pipe bowl and proceeded to fill it with sweet smelling burley. He scraped a kitchen match along the rough edge of the table and sucked the flame into the bowl until the tobacco glowed red and the room filled with fragrance.

His 14th Birthday

Casting bullets? Yes, that was right after he'd found a Winchester '86 carbine with a nickel steel barrel in the dark corner of a secondhand store. It was the kid's fourteenth birthday and he'd promised the boy a rifle.

"Fifteen dollars and I'll throw the mould in to boot."

The Old Man scratched his chin while mentally figuring the assets of the family till. "That's a bit steep," he said.

"It's a good rifle," the man retorted. "Forty-five seventy. Lots of wallop. An' a new thirty-two will cost you twenty-seven seventy-five right from Sears Roebuck."

The Old Man scratched some more. "Thirteen fifty."

"H-m-m-m-m . . . don't know that I can do that. Wouldn't make enough to pay me fer keepin' the gun all these years."

His Face Fell

The Old Man set the gun back in the corner and the boy's face fell about a foot. And then he picked the gun up again and the boy brightened accordingly. "Tell you what," the Old Man said, "I'll give you fifteen for the gun, mould, and that shoe box full of brass cases and that old loadin' tool y'got there. The rifle's no good without the loadin' tool, an' the loadin' tool's no good without the rifle."

The store dealer squirmed and fretted and ran his finger around his neck under a snug collar. "You squeeze a dollar purty tight," he said finally. "But I guess we can deal!"

They spent hours dismantling that old gun and cleaning the gummed oil out of the breechblock. And when the boy said something about the stock not looking as new as it ought to, the Old Man started a refinishing operation that took the better part of two months. "Linseed oil," he said, "is the only stuff to use on a gun stock—linseed oil that's stood in the sun fer a couple of summers to sweat the water out."

Then came the bitterness of winter and the art of bullet casting. From somewhere, the Old Man produced a cast iron pot that just fit into the top of the old Glenwood range when one of the lids was removed. And from the junk pile out back of the shed, he brought in length after length of old lead pipe which he chopped into short pieces with an axe and subsequently threw into the melting pot. The entire conglomeration of pipe and crud created an awful smudge in the kitchen—a smudge that wrinkled noses and took the starch out of freshly ironed curtains. But Mom merely shook her head and smiled, for there is nothing

like having two boys in the house—both growing in different directions.

"Most important thing about bullet casting, boy, is to keep yore lead and mould at just the right temperature. If they get too hot, the sprue will tear a jagged hole in the base of the bullet instead of cuttin' it nice an' clean. Best way to keep things just right, is to dunk the mould in hot water fer a second after every eighth or ninth bullet."

He showed the boy how to cast—how to dip the ladle deep into the lead, place the nozzle against the sprue plate, and then tip the mould and ladle as a unit so that the mould filled completely and the grease grooves were sharp and even. The Old Man did it with a certain rhythmic motion that belied years of experience and filled the kid with fascination.

"Can I try it now, Dad?"

The Old Man nodded and handed over the mould and ladle.

It Wouldn't Work

Somehow it seemed that the mould wouldn't work for the boy. The sprue plate was always out of place or the lad slopped molten lead all over the stove top. And if he did manage to pour the lead into the mould where it belonged, the resulting bullet resembled a gob of mud rather than a nice, clean-cut projectile. But the Old Man merely smiled and said nothing, for young hands require practice to develop coordination.

They sweated their way through several sessions of bullet casting, stacking the finished product in old coffee cans that seemed specially made for that purpose. Then the Old Man put his culinary experience to use and mixed up a suitable lubricant consisting of unknown quantities of beeswax, tallow, graphite and steam cylinder oil. It may not have been the most delicate smelling mixture melted on a kitchen stove, but it served the purpose on the shooting range.

"And do you remember the time, Dad, when we went camping . . . ?"

Camping? Yes, he remembered it. About thirty Julys back—or maybe forty. It didn't make much difference which. The recollection of that first camping trip flashed in his mind and he leaned back in the chair, eyes half closed, and with a healthy fog of smoke rolling ceilingward in marvelous curls that unfolded into wraith-like scenes of that bygone experience. He could see their campfire with a smudgy coffee pot hanging from the dingle stick, and the boy hunkered down there frying a slice of ham in a sheet metal pan.

"You better turn it over, boy."

The lad looked at the Old Man with no small amount of skepticism and promptly tipped the pan.

"No!!!! No!! Not the pan, you idjut! The ham! Turn the ham over afore it's burnt!"

"Oh . . . I thought you meant. . . ."

But the Old Man grinned and then chuckled and finally roared with laughter. And for years after that the words "you better turn it over, boy," was their own private joke.

Yes, he could still see it. Still see the seamless dome of ink black night overhead and a million trillion stars up there winking back at them. He could see the lattice work of leaves etched against the sky and he could still hear the tens of thousands of night voices filling the woods with life and vigor. Not far from where they sat, a whippoorwill sent its call ringing across the valley—whip-poor-will—whip-poor-will—whip-poor-will. And after the bird had flown to more distant parts, the Old Man pulled out his harmonica, slapped it against his thigh a few times and beat out the fast-stepping Camptown Races with such realism that all the woods about them silenced to listen.

"You can almost see them horses," the boy said, "hear the crowd shouting an' feel the excitement when they

come around the last turn in the track headed down the stretch!"

The Old Man nodded, tapped his foot, and swung into The Battle Cry of Freedom without skipping a note.

That was thirty years ago, he thought. Thirty years if it was a day. And yet as he thought about it, the little things that happened—the insignificant words that were spoken—came back to him with startling clarity. They had gotten up the next morning to see the valley filled with fog—to hear the distant clatter of a milk pail and to listen to an old ring-necked rooster crowing in a nearby cornfield.

Thirty years ago—maybe longer. He sighed wearily and folded the letter, easing it back into the finger-printed envelope with the greatest of care, for it was his most prized possession. And as he put the envelope in the cigar box, he paused for a moment to look at the cancellation—Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, June, 1945. There was a lot of talk in the newspapers then about a place called Okinawa.

Yes, the Old Man knew the price of a son—knew that the most valuable moments in a man's life are those shared with a boy of his own blood.

THE OLD MAN pulled out his harmonica, slapped it against his thigh a few times and beat out the fast-stepping Camptown Races with such realism that all the woods about them silenced to listen.



It's

Pheasant

Nesting

Time



THE COMPLETE CLUTCH of nine to eleven eggs requires about two weeks to lay. While laying is in progress, the hen often feeds and loafs with the cockbird and other hens.

By Dale E. Sheffer
Game Biologist

RING-NECKED pheasants, like most wild species this month are under the influence of one of nature's strongest drives—to reproduce. This is essential to the continuation of the species and to the sport of pheasant hunting in the Commonwealth.

There is quite a drama that unfolds for the hen pheasant as the first signs of spring are seen. Let's look at this sequence to see how the "brown lady" spends her days producing game for the hunter's bag next fall.

The ritual of reproduction commences when the hen is attracted to a cockbird's territory by his crowing antics. She does not need the cockbird's undivided attention and will share the affections of this cornfield warrior with other hens. In captivity, 10 to 20 hens are usually serviced by

a single male. In the wild, even though it sometimes seems otherwise, there are enough males that each harem normally consists of six to twelve hens.

The period of time a hen spends with the male before egg-laying will vary because some hens are physically able to lay eggs sooner than others. Prior to laying the first egg, much time is spent by each hen in the area where she will nest. Often the first few eggs may be dropped haphazardly before she settles down to nest. If a good site can be located, the hen will nest within the male's territory. In most cases a slight depression in the ground will be used to deposit her clutch of nine to eleven eggs.

Some hens may begin nesting in early April and during normal spring seasons will have trouble finding sufficient protective cover for their eggs. On occasion more than one hen has laid in the same nest, especially the first few eggs.

Quite a few early birds have unsuccessful first nestings because of predators, disturbance-desertion, or adverse weather. Early nests are often found in weed fields, fence rows, pine plantings or odd corners of cover. Al-



Photo by Don Shiner

LOOK CAREFULLY. Hidden under those leaves is a hen pheasant on a nest. Note the black eye near the center of the photo.

though these kinds of areas have high caliber nesting cover, they are usually too small in acreage to be of significant value to overall production. In addition, they are often visited frequently by nest destroying animals. Principal nest predators are the dog, skunk, opossum, raccoon, crow and man. These are not necessarily in order of importance but all contribute to destroying many nests. Disturbance-desertion can be caused by any of the aforementioned predators but man is the greatest culprit through his normal farming operations. Destruction of early nests by adverse weather is usually caused by a late season freeze or water flooding the nest site.

A little later in April and through mid-May, when nesting is in full swing, the growth of hay such as alfalfa, timothy, and clover has advanced enough to make these choice spots to place nests. It seems that the vegetation must be at least six inches high to attract the average nest-seeking hen pheasant.

The complete clutch of nine to eleven eggs requires about two weeks

to lay. While laying is in progress the hen often returns to feed and loaf with the cockbird or other hens. Incubation is done by the hen alone and 23 days are required for this job. After incubation begins the hen leaves her nest for short periods to feed, dust and stretch herself. During this period she may be seen in the vicinity of a cockbird or with other hens. The weather and stage of incubation limit the time she spends away from the nest.

If the early nester selected a good site, she will hatch seven to nine chicks by mid-May. (Normally about 95 per cent of all eggs laid are fertile.) If she wasn't lucky, she must renest. Likewise with the hen nesting in the hayfield—if she timed her nest right and no predator found it, she will hatch seven to nine chicks before the first mowing occurs.

Hay mowing is the greatest cause of nest mortality and it even eliminates some hens. Predator destruction of early nests ranks second in mortality of nests. High-speed mowing takes the life of many hens but those that es-

cape will reneest. Past and present studies reveal that 30 to 60 per cent of all nests are successful and 40 to 75 per cent of the hens will bring off a brood of chicks.

A reneesting hen must mate again and a short courting period transpires before the first egg is laid into her second nest. Second nests are often found in fields of wheat, barley, rye and oats as are some first nests. Once again the timing is critical if the hen is to hatch her eggs before harvest takes place. Second nests usually contain fewer eggs but are more successful. There is less chance of destruction from grain harvest and predators have more difficulty finding the nest in standing grain fields.

The rigors of nesting and raising young are severe and death is a common reward for the weary hen during her post-breeding season feather molt.

The drive or compelling force to reproduce is very costly but recent field studies in primary pheasant range in Pennsylvania have shown that 75 per cent of all adult hens observed in July and August were accompanied by chicks. The hen's efforts are great

and one can only imagine how much more rewarding the results would be if the disturbing and destroying effects of man could be reduced.

Landowners who are interested in producing more ring-necked pheasants on their land should consider the following suggestions: Leave odd corners unmolested during April and early May. Mow the first cutting of alfalfa earlier. This will break up early nests but increase the tendency for reneesting and improve chances for successful nests. Encourage the local Agriculture Committee to establish better mowing practices on Soil Bank Land. A single weed control mowing in early spring or early August would do the least damage to the nesting pheasants. Establish more and better permanent cover where you like to hunt by planting shrubs, pines or tall heavy grasses.

Sportsmen who want to help the pheasant should encourage landowners to use these guide lines. After all, the pheasant is one of Pennsylvania's top game species. Let's help these birds who are doing their best to help our hunting.

Nearly 53,000 Ring-necked Pheasants Released by the Game Commission

Pennsylvania's wild ring-necked pheasant population was increased by nearly 53,000 game farm-reared birds which were released by the Game Commission during February and March.

Ralph Britt, Chief of Propagation, stated that over 26,000 of both cock and hen pheasants were shipped to District Game Protectors who supervised their release. Britt said that "cock birds" are held over the winter for release in the spring to supplement the number of wild cocks prior to the nesting season. Hen pheasants are held over the winter for release in marginal first-class and second-class pheasant range to supplement existing stock.

In addition to the regular pheasant stock released, Britt said that two releases of a Korean hybrid pheasant were made in portions of Crawford and Erie Counties. These releases were made in conjunction with a pheasant study being conducted by the Commission's Division of Research. It was also stated that pure Korean pheasants were liberated in Bedford and Huntingdon Counties and wild trapped pheasants were stocked into Centre County—all of these releases being made under the supervision of biologists working on the pheasant study.



Forests and Waters Photo

WHEN A SPECIES expands beyond its optimum population, it puts pressure on its resources until there is not enough to go around, and the individual fails to achieve his full growth. Here at Shawnee State Park, in Bedford County, the facilities are getting maximum use by our expanding population.

*Time to Consider the
Ecology of Man . . .*

Space on Earth

By Stewart L. Udall

GOVERNMENT planners, if I am to judge by what comes across my desk, operate in a sort of bureaucratic trance when it comes to projections which indicate that the U. S. population will almost double in 40 years. And it seems to be a corollary of this assumption that the good, the true and the beautiful will go hand in hand with a more populous nation. Is it not time that we seriously question the basis of this assumption?

Is it not time to give serious consideration to the "ecology of man"—the relation of human population to its environment? Is it not time to ask

whether man, as part of nature, is subject to the laws that govern other species, particularly the law that for every species in a particular environment there is an optimum population?

When a species expands beyond its optimum population, it puts pressure on its resources until there are not enough to go around, and the individual fails to achieve his full growth. Although this is most obviously true of food resources, it is also true of the resource of living space. Biologists find that for some species, as the amount of living space decreases beyond a certain point, neurotic strains are set up in the individual and his higher faculties atrophy.

How does this apply to humans? What is the proper man-land ratio? How much "living space" do humans need for best functioning? These are questions that are almost wholly ig-

This article is condensed from a talk made by the Secretary of the Interior at the Eighth Biennial Wilderness Conference, San Francisco, Calif., March 9, 1963. It was first printed in the July "Outdoor America," the national Izaak Walton magazine.

nored, but that are vital to our future.

The mathematics of increasing population can lead to some entertaining speculation. To take a hypothetical example, suppose that an area in which 4,000,000 people live has available 4,000,000 acres of open space—one acre per person. (I would include, in open space, parks and wilderness as well as other undeveloped lands.) When the population doubles to 8,000,000 people, you might expect that there would remain half as much open space per person, or one-half acre each.

But a little reflection will show that this does not normally happen. Of the original 4,000,000 acres of open space, a great many acres have been occupied by the 4,000,000 new people. Say, for example, that those 4,000,000 new people (plus their houses, roads, schools, parking lots, stores and factories) occupy 2,000,000 of the original 4,000,000 acres of open space. There are now 8,000,000 people and only 2,000,000 acres of open space, or one-fourth of an acre of open space per person.

We might formulate a law governing population and open space: the amount of open space available per person will tend to decrease at a faster rate than the population increases. The law has a corollary: Unlimited population increases will ultimately reduce the amount of open space per person to zero.

More Demand for Space

Moreover, if the population quadruples, we can expect that there will be far more than four times as much demand for open space, for parks, for wilderness. With increased leisure, rising incomes, and the growing popularity of outdoor recreation, it has been estimated that the demand in the United States as a whole, with a doubled population, will increase by at least three, and some estimates range as high as ten. A quadrupled population will demand at least nine

times more outdoor recreation—nine times more wilderness for hiking, fishing, camping, and ironically, for “solitude.”

Under these conditions, for every person who now hopes to camp in the summertime on the floor of Yosemite Valley, there will be an eventual nine. For every tin can and bottle and carton that now litters park and wilderness trails, there will be nine. Here we have, in dramatic and depressing terms, the geography of rising population.

Can't Keep Up

It is obvious that land acquisition for parks and wilderness cannot keep up with an indefinitely expanding population. All open spaces will, by the inescapable force of economics, be filled with subdivisions, office buildings, factories, freeways, parking lots. The public purse cannot compete with overwhelming private demands.

Even assuming that some parcels of wilderness can be held against the pressures of increasing numbers of people, the only way of preserving them would be to do what we do with any commodity in short supply—ration it. A wilderness trampled by thousands of refugees from the city is no longer a wilderness, and the only way it can be maintained in its natural state as the population increases is to keep people out—to limit access. You would make reservations and wait your turn, it would be as simple as that. This is what happens already in some crowded smaller countries.

Park and wilderness rationing in this country is not merely a prospect for the remote future but could conceivably become necessary in the years or decades immediately ahead. To get in the car when the mood strikes you and find natural sanctuary from the pressures of modern life—as we do at present—may become a privilege to look back on, in the years to come, as we customarily look back on “Golden Ages” of the past.

What Will Happen to the Quality of Life When There Is Standing Room Only?

What will happen to the quality of life as we approach the point where the available natural areas of the continent offer standing room only? As population crowds in on us, it will surely be the quality experience that is sacrificed first—the kind of unique experience offered by wilderness. There will still be available the kind of outdoor experience that can be enjoyed today at amusement parks on the Fourth of July. And this may, indeed, be the only kind of outdoor experience available if we race blindly ahead down the road of “growth and progress.”

LAND ACQUISITION for parks and wilderness cannot keep up with an indefinitely expanding population. All open spaces like the below could eventually be filled with subdivisions, office buildings and factories. One answer may be to ration these areas.

Photo by Grant Heilman



We can only guess what will happen to the individual as the pressures of overcrowding increasingly bear down on him, as the subtle diseases of overcivilization take their toll on his mind and body. It may be that in the long run overpopulation of our own country will be a grave threat to the most important freedom of all—the freedom each person must have to maintain his own integrity, to be true to his natural self.

This is a gloomy picture. But I raise this prospect only to say that it is time we start to raise doubts about some of our biggest and most dangerous assumptions, to call in question the major premise of our planners and politicians.

I am suggesting that the United States set an example of how to plan the best relationship of human beings to their environment, that we give solemn attention to the matter of developing the optimum land-man ratio—the ratio which would result not only in the “highest and best use” of the land but the highest and best development of free men.

We can begin by asking the right questions: What is the ideal relationship of men to nature? What is the optimum population for a given environment? How can we maintain the quality of life and not be submerged by quantity?

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WILDLIFE HITTLING



By
JOHN F. CLARK

THIS ol' bronzeback gobbler will make a nice addition to your collection of wildlife carvings. By following the patterns shown here you should end up with a carving approximately 4" high and 5" long.

The first step is to make cardboard patterns using the scaled drawings for a guide. As we've suggested it's best to draw the outside edge of the pattern. This will give you extra material with which to work.

The material is white pine. Select a knot-free piece about 2" x 5" x 6". The grain of the wood should run with the 6" dimension. Refer to the numbered sketches: No. 1—Trace the side view on the blank. No. 2—This shows the side view cut out (I used a fine jig saw blade for all cutting). No. 3—It's necessary to "spot" glue the cut-away scrap pieces back on the blank. This gives you a square edge to trace the front view. No. 4—Shows the front view cut out. If you desire, you can repeat operation No. 3 and trace and cut out the top view. However, I think you'll find that it isn't necessary. Just the front and side view will give you enough of the general shape to start the "rough" carving with your knife. No. 5—This shows the bird roughed out. No. 6—Here the model has been finish carved with sandpaper and fine wood rasps.

Using the pattern drawings as a guide, sketch in the main wing and tail feathers. Then with the point of your knife slightly indent their out-



line. The other detail drawings are nearly self-explanatory, but here are just a few tips. The beard threads should be coated with glue on the ends only. Let the first coat dry. Then roll the end of the beard between your thumb and forefinger to form a point. Give it another coat of glue and insert it in the hole. The threads should be about 1" long and inserted about $\frac{1}{4}$ " into the hole.

The ball point pen is pushed into the wood and rotated slightly. The result is a neat round eye.

Make the legs as shown. By using copper wire you can bend them to any desired position after they've been glued in place in the model. This method makes a very realistic pair of legs.

I used a piece of white pine for the

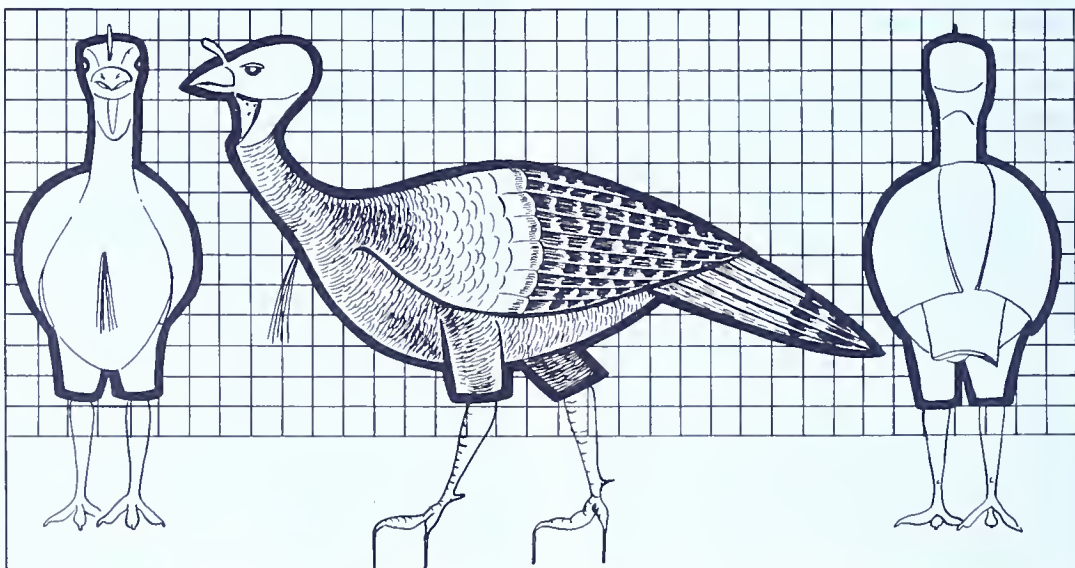
base, sanded smooth and varnished.

Now you are ready to paint the bird. I used several color paintings and photos as guides. (Some of the cover paintings from back issues of GAME NEWS are a good source.) Water color is about the best medium to use. After you have completed the painting, give the carving a couple of light coats of spray varnish. After the

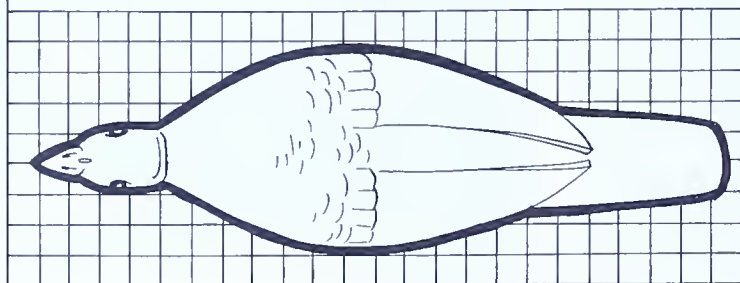
varnish has dried sketch in the black tipped body feathers with a fine pen or brush and India ink. After the ink has dried give the whole thing another light coat of varnish.

And that's about all there is to it. If you take your time and work carefully you should have a carving of which to be proud.

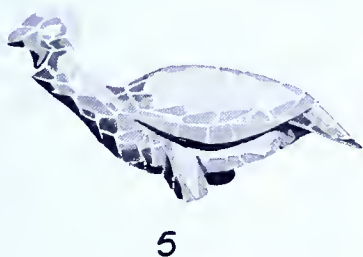
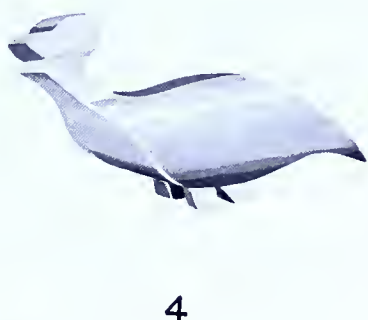
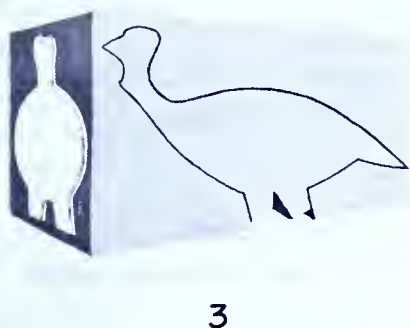
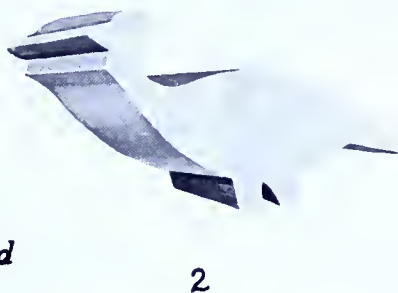
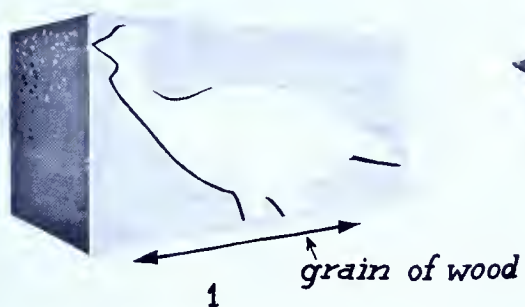
GOOD LUCK!



Transfer the patterns to cardboard. I used $\frac{1}{4}$ " squares. If you want a larger carving, use bigger squares. Draw the outside edge of the heavy black line.



Legs & feet are made separately. See detail drawings.



*thin sliver of wood
(cut slit with knife point
then glue in place.)*

*outline
wing &
tail
feathers
with knife
point.*

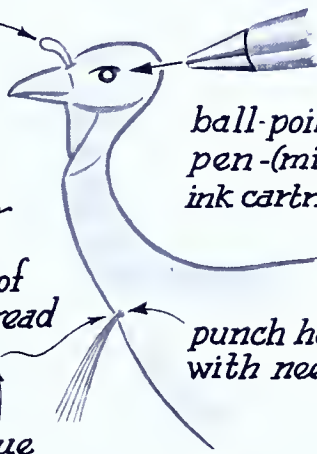


*seven or
eight
pieces of
gray thread*



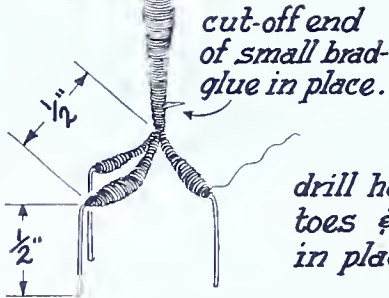
*ball-point
pen -(minus
ink cartridge.)*

*punch hole
with needle*

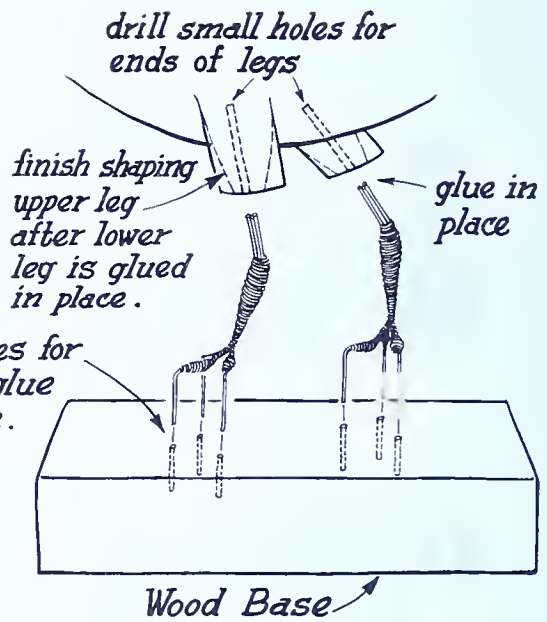


Legs & Feet

3 pieces of
copper wire
2½" long.



Wrap wire with thread
to form legs & feet -
give windings coat of
clear cement.



Three-Year Game Law Probe Results in Arrest of Four—Two Remain at Large

An investigation launched in 1961 by special agents of the Pennsylvania Game Commission resulted in the arrest of four residents of York and Adams Counties in late March. Two others were still at large.

Penalties totaling more than \$6,000 could result from charges against the group for numerous Game Law violations over the last two years.

District Game Protector Homer Thrush, Adams County, the prosecuting officer, reported that three of the men had already paid their fines. He said a fourth was out on \$3,000 bail.

According to Thrush, Game Commission special agents were called into the case in 1961 after innumerable complaints were received concerning promiscuous illegal hunting in Conewago, Union and Oxford Townships in Adams County and the Hanover Impounding Dam area of York County.

Thirty-nine separate offenses were originally listed against Harold E. Sheeley, 29, 1621 Blair Avenue, Extended, Hanover. On March 26, seven of these cases against Sheeley were

heard in Union Township before Justice of the Peace Kathryn F. Geiman, Littlestown, where he pleaded innocent and posted \$3,000 bond. A number of additional charges are lodged against Sheeley in York County. In addition to Sheeley, Walter C. Hale, 30, R. D., New Oxford, paid a total of \$218 in fines and costs. John R. Marchio, 36, 257 Third Street, Hanover, paid a \$300 fine and Joseph A. Storm, 21, 5 College Avenue, Hanover, paid a \$50 fine.

Game Law violations committed by the various members of the group included: illegal small game killing, the unlawful killing of deer in one fashion or another, including the use of an automobile from which to hunt, using an artificial light to take game, utilizing a .22-caliber rifle to take big game, possessing, concealing and transporting deer in closed season, using an automobile as a blind from which to hunt game, shooting across a public road and possession of a loaded shotgun in a car in motion on a public highway.

City Living Afield

By W. Boyd Tobias

PENNSYLVANIA folk in increasing numbers are now spending the warm summer season in cool mountain and wooded valley areas in cabins, many of which have all of the comforts to be found in city homes.

Lycoming County, blessed with considerable forest land and sparkling streams, is typical. In all directions from Williamsport, its county seat, are summer homes. A number of them are hunting cabins built when luxuries weren't considered necessary in the isolated mountain regions visited only in hunting and fishing seasons, but today new cabins being built are attractive places with virtually all modern conveniences.

The Lycoming County Assessment Bureau agrees there are at least a couple thousand cabins in rural areas. Francis X. Kennedy, forester of the Tiadaghton District, says there are 300 cabins in state forests of the county. The owners of the cabins, each on its own 100 by 100-foot plot, pay a rental to the state of \$20 or \$25 a year under a lease which is renewable every ten years. Many additional hundreds of outdoor-living folk have cabins on land which they own.

Twenty years ago, Mr. Kennedy says, cabins, with few exceptions, were occupied only during fishing and hunting season, but now improved roads for automobiles wind through virtually all forests and recreation in general is the object of cabin life.

In the Loyalsock Creek region most of the cabins are owned by Lycoming County people, but this is not true in the Pine Creek area principally because improved roads were not available until recent years. The dangers



PGC Photo by Harrison

TWENTY YEARS AGO cabins, with few exceptions, were occupied only during hunting and fishing seasons. Now they are year-round attractions for entire families.

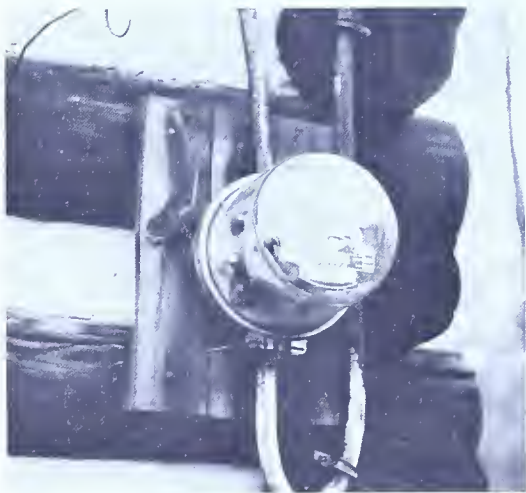
of traveling narrow dirt roads with almost perpendicular drop offs to valleys far below discouraged all but the most venturesome from building cabins even though the hunting and fishing was excellent.

A large number of the cabins along Pine Creeks — Big and Little — were built and are owned by Lancaster and York County sportsmen who like to get back to nature. They come to fish and hunt in season and frequently with their families, occupy the cabins over weekends during the winter. Philadelphians are also numbered among the Lycoming County cabin owners, Forester Kennedy says.

The State Department of Forests and Waters requires cabins and surroundings on public land to be kept neat and clean. The district forester says there are many desirable cabin sites still available for those yearning for a woodland home.

Most of the newer cabins are attractive and quite modern. Many of them have been built by the owners who have studied "do-it-yourself" plans. In a few instances, notably along Big Pine Creek beyond Camp Kline, the county Boy Scout center, natives selling building lots enforce building restrictions such as exist in cities and towns where certain standards are required.

Rural electrification has been one of the factors bringing home building in forested areas, for this makes it possible to enjoy the comforts of city living in wild surroundings. In cases where remote cabin sites have been used and the cost of stringing wires is prohibitive small power plants are being used to provide light and electric power.



PGC Photo by Harrison

RURAL ELECTRIFICATION has been one of the factors that has brought city living to the wilderness areas of the Commonwealth.

Bottled gas is available for cooking so wood-burning stoves are not necessary, although in many hunting camps the rugged outdoorsmen prefer them for the heating factor they provide. Also, most of such cabins have big stone fireplaces before which weary hunters seat themselves in the evening to rest and dry wet clothing.

In most of the attractive summer places now being built in the woods running water has been provided so

that inside toilet facilities are available. Water usually comes from pure mountain springs from which it is piped. In some instances cabin owners have formed small water companies and tap a main connected with a little reservoir connected with their spring.

Fire protection is quite close in a considerable number of instances where cabins are involved for most of the villages in rural areas now have their own volunteer fire companies with apparatus intended to pump water from streams and ponds.

Another of what was once an advantage available only to city and town dwellers — home delivery of baked goods, milk, and other table necessities — now comes to the cabin occupants, for bakery and milk trucks make regular deliveries. Generally, there is electric refrigeration for the storage of milk and frozen meat and vegetables.

Telephone service also may be had in many cabin communities, and mail deliveries are on a regular basis through rural carriers.

Forester Kennedy says what is true of Lycoming County in the matter of cabin living also applies to Clinton, Cambria, Elk and other counties boasting forests. Pittsburgh people do their camping in the three counties mentioned.

Lycoming is fortunate in having Loyalsock, Lycoming, and Muncy Creeks and countless smaller streams, most of which provide good trout fishing and are stocked by the state. The West Branch of the Susquehanna River provides the south boundary of Williamsport and is giving promise of becoming the excellent fishing stream it was before pollution virtually emptied the river of its fish life.

HAVE YOU HEARD?

GAME NEWS subscription rate will go up to \$1.50 a year, \$4 for three years, on January 1, 1965.



You Don't Have to Kill 'Em

By Bob Bell

"DID you get your limit today?"
"Did you get your buck yet?"
Has any hunter ever walked down a Pennsylvania street in November or December without being greeted by such salutations? We doubt it.

As a means of starting a conversation and expressing interest in another's actions, these are probably as good as any. But to us there seems to be something slightly out of kilter about them. The words imply a weakness, or lack of ability, on the part of the fellow who must reply: "Nope." And this isn't necessarily the case.

In the first place, we don't go hunting for the sole purpose of killing a limit, be it ducks, rabbits, pheasants, deer or whatever. Sure, it's nice to have something to show for a day's efforts—no one likes to be considered a failure at a pursuit he obviously claims to have some skill at (otherwise he wouldn't be indulging in the first place). And it helps justify to the little woman the time and effort and money spent, if you can pull a couple cotton-tails or a ringneck out of the game bag on return.

But what we bring home in the

game bag at night has no necessary connection with the real treasures of the day. At least not after we've been hunting awhile.

At first, of course, we have to get something. Otherwise we might just as well have gone for a walk in the woods. But as the years pass, the urgency to kill diminishes. We know we can do it, we've done it hundreds of times. We don't have to prove it any more. This doesn't mean we quit shooting altogether. But we become more selective. And this gives us time to look about, to see and feel and truly become part of the outdoors and not just a casual acquaintance passing through.

We don't have to be in such a rush to find the canvasbacks that we miss seeing the slim streak of dawn breaking on the horizon, miss feeling the tremble of the fragile boat in response to a sudden shift in balance, miss the tiny sound of water dribbling off the paddle. The cans will still be there another time, even if we pause to study how our breath freezes on the sheepskin collar and the way a bare hand sticks to a frigid Browning's

action and the sound waves make slapping against a plywood hull.

Or we can hesitate to admire the iridescent sparkle of sunlight through an exploding pheasant's feathers, the insolent glint in his amber eye as he boldly gambles his life against our reflexes and chilled 6's. So maybe we hesitate a moment too long and he disappears like an arrow, his raucous cackle echoing in our ears. Is that bad? Dead, he's just so much meat in the pot. Alive, he can thrill at least one more hunter—maybe even us again!

It's the same with even the lowly cottontail—who probably makes more sport for more hunters than all the rest of the wild game put together—and the lordly whitetail. Funny how, when you're not trying to get them in your sights, they don't seem to run so fast. Ever notice that? Watch for it next time.

It's funny too, how this idea of ignoring the shooting end seems to grow on people. For instance, this past summer four of us who have hunted together for years were out after chucks. We all had custom built rifles chambered for some of the wildest wildcat cartridges you're likely to find hereabouts. All were topped off by

high-grade target scopes. We were using binoculars to search hillsides and hayfields and spotting scopes to resolve shadowy details too fine for the binoculars. Cameras of various sizes cluttered the station wagon, there to record whatever we felt posterity could not do without. You'd have thought the chucks were really in for a blasting.

Well, they could have been. These outfits will kill chucks so far it's better not to mention the range in public. And between us, in the past, we'd killed thousands of the little critters. But we passed up every chance offered that day and ended up shooting all our ammo at small rocks too far away to be seen with the naked eye. What does this prove? Nothing, maybe. Except that it can be fun to shoot at things that aren't going to die.

Of course, a chuck isn't too important a game animal, according to some. (We'd differ with this contention, but let it go for now.) Take whitetails, then. An old buck is as fine a trophy as anyone's likely to bag in Pennsylvania—or almost any place else. That's what makes it so unusual when two of these guys almost literally "passed the buck" between them a few seasons ago, each arguing that the other should take the shot until said critter got tired of waiting and ambled off.

One of these hunters had passed up a shot the first day of the season because he had a week to hunt and didn't want all the fun to be over so quick. A bit tetchy in the head? Maybe. But after you've killed a few deer (and admittedly these guys had killed quite a few), the shooting becomes less important than the rest of the trip—facing into the blade-like wind that scours open hillsides bare of snow, watching the quivering silhouette of dead oak leaves against a gray sky, feeling the stiffness of frost-burned cheeks as you grin at a partner's good luck.

None of us had killed a lot of elk,

TWO FELLOWS literally passed the buck between them. Each argued that the other should take the shot as the buck disappeared.



though, when we made plans for a trip to Idaho last October. But we wanted bulls, though cows and even calves are legal game there; and we wanted some mule deer. But knowing we couldn't bring too much meat home, and would have to find someone to give any surplus to, we decided to pass up everything that wasn't trophy size once we had enough for camp use.

We didn't talk it out and decide. In fact, nobody seemed to realize it had been agreed on until, as the days passed and nobody shot anything, although everyone reported seeing game, we recognized the fact.

Some was shot, of course. We needed meat, and few things taste better than buck chops broiled over an open fire, liberally salted and washed down with strong coffee brewed with Salmon River water. But once we had what was needed for meat, we hunted only trophies. Trophies which didn't materialize. Sometimes it's like that.

But what difference does it make if Pop or Andy or Paul or Earl or I did or did not bust a whopping mulie or elk? That's only part of the whole, and its absence doesn't make the trip a failure. How could it when Dad, who never had been west of Pittsburgh before, came home with memories of mountains that brushed the sky, their snow-covered peaks jutting above timberline, clouds filling their valleys like lakes beneath our camp; and the real lakes, crystal clear when scooped up to drink but sapphire in the distance, accented by the cloud piles above. Why would Andy feel he *had* to kill an elk, when he can remember the shock of the Salmon's icy green waters on his bare hide after he proclaimed before witnesses: "I came three thousand miles to see this 'River of No Return' and I'm not gonna leave without swimming in it!"

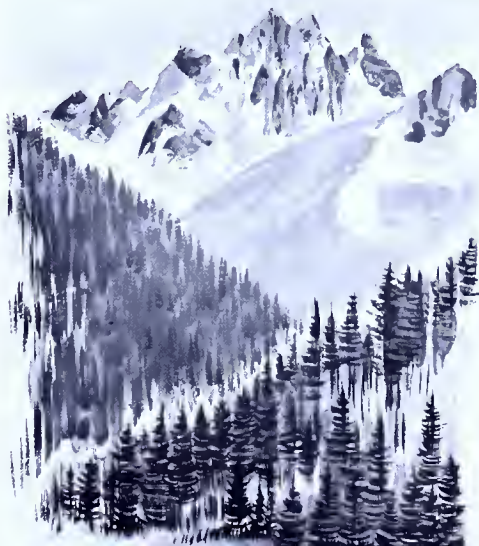
How could the twitch of a trigger finger equal the chest-bursting effort

of climbing the near vertical hills at the head of Partridge Creek, thinking only to top the ridge and see what was on the other side, only, after hours of steady hauling and pushing, to find the ridge that had been skylined from below was only the first foothill to a tremendous upheaval of rocky ridges that seemed to stretch forever?

How explain to one who's never been there why we sprawled prone overlooking a steep clearing in the pale light that remains after sundown at high altitudes, the crosswires centered tight behind the shoulder of the biggest deer we've ever seen in the bush, as it followed a game trail to a hidden spring, the last animal in a baker's dozen, and never finished the trigger squeeze? It wasn't our fault, exactly. When everything is right—not just the sight picture, but EVERYTHING—that finger just moves itself. It's done so countless times. This time it didn't. There must have been a good reason it held back. Who are we to argue with a trigger finger?

Chances are it will move again some time. We hope so. Shooting is part of hunting, too. But when it doesn't, we'll understand—as many of you doubtless do already; and as the rest of you will eventually.

HE HAD NEVER been west of Pittsburgh before and came home with memories of mountains that brushed the sky, their snow-covered peaks jutting above timberline.





STUDENT-PROFESSOR CONFERENCE on thesis preparation is held here between graduate student James C. Ruckel and Unit Leader Dr. James S. Lindzey.



DEER BROWSE PREFERENCE is studied here by Robert C. Watts and his experimental deer, "Derf." During each season, the foods selected by the harnessed deer and the amount of time spent in eating them is recorded to determine preference.

WILDLIFE STUDENT John S. Barclay, right, interviews landowner James Duff of Huntingdon County. Numerous interviews like this will help in Barclay's study of the problems existing between landowners and sportsmen.



THIS TWO-YEAR-OLD Pennsylvania whitetailed supplies. Richard S. Wetzel is the student on the

A Source of New Techniques in Game Man

Pennsylvania Research

Text and P

UNLIKE the science of medicine, comparatively new field of scientific endeavor, institutions are searching for more information on life resources in the face of increasing

In 1935 a cooperative plan was devised by universities across the country to further wildlife management. Undergraduate students now enroll for graduate work in wildlife research units. The four cooperating agencies are the State College or University, the State College or University, the State College or University, and the State College or University.

Pennsylvania's Cooperative Wildlife Management Program is a part of the Pennsylvania State University. Since that time, the program has produced numerous master's and doctoral degrees and four with Doctor of Philosophy.

Under the careful eyes of Dr. James S. Lindzey, Assistant Unit Leader, six Penn State students are currently working on wildlife management subjects. Current research projects include: White-Tailed Deer, by Richard S. Wetzel; Turkey and Ruffed Grouse With Special Reference to Spring Seeps, by Darold T. Walls; Capable of Significant Factors Influencing the Activity of the Hunter, by John S. Barclay; Forest-Land Use and Wildlife Activity, by Vernon G. Henry; Fertilization and Wildlife Production, by Gene W. Wood.

Some of these studies are of a continuing nature and will be a part of a continuing study for a number of students pursuing

In addition to serving as a training program, the program also conducts considerable research basic to wildlife management at the state and Federal levels.

Upon graduation, wildlife management graduates fill various positions as wildlife research biologists and game warden in the world. Many of the technical and administrative staff of the Pennsylvania Game Commission are graduates of the Penn



demonstrate the importance of adequate food
nutrition study.

Wildlife Unit

Harrison

es, etc., wildlife management is a rela-
Federal agencies, public and private
w to improve the management of wild-
civilization.

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GAME NEWS



DEER NUTRITION is studied here by Richard
S. Wetzel with experimental animals confined
in metabolism stalls. These deer are part of
a herd of 45 animals maintained for such
controlled studies.



RESEARCH UNIT LEADER Dr. James S. Lind-
zey assists V. Gary Henry in his analysis of
browse conditions in his forest management
study.

SPRING SEEP ANALYSIS is being made here
by Darold T. Walls who is studying the winter
value of spring seeps to wild turkeys.





FIELD NOTES



Waterfowl Paradise

SNYDER COUNTY — The Susquehanna River during the month of March was a paradise for sportsmen and bird watchers. The spring migration, being in full bloom, brought nearly all species of waterfowl found on the Atlantic flyway. It is felt by natives of the area that the work being done by the Game Commission on Hoovers Island for waterfowl has accounted for the increase of bird life there in the past several years. The number of geese and ducks were too numerous to count when I was there one afternoon recently. It seemed that every bird that flew up the river had to sit down for a rest prior to its moving farther north.—District Game Protector Ivan Dodd, Middleburg.

Embarrassed

BUTLER COUNTY—Imagine the embarrassment of this Game Protector who, after engaging the help of Bob Shawgo, a local sportsman, to help dig out a den of foxes in a rocky hillside, found nothing but a sleepy ground hog at the end of a 20-foot long and 6-foot deep tunnel! — District Game Protector Ned Weston, West Sunbury.



Double Rarity

MONTGOMERY COUNTY — During the middle of March while patrolling in my district it was very common to see large flocks of robins in the fields and trees. It was quite evident that they had just moved in on their northward journey. However, I did see on March 17 a very rare sight. I saw in a flock of approximately 70 robins, two albino robins. They were pure white. I had my binoculars in the car and watched these birds for some time and did make a positive identification. This happened in Limerick Township near the Eastern State Game Farm, Schwenksville. A few years back, I did see a white bird mixed in a flock of robins and figured this one to be an albino robin but could not get close enough to be sure. But luck was with me on this trip and I could observe this rare sight at close range and at my leisure. — District Game Protector W. E. Shaver, Harleysville.

Harem Crossing

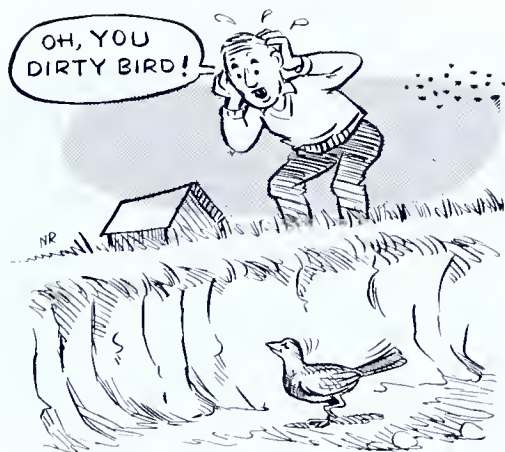
CENTRE COUNTY — There has been considerable evidence of a better winter carryover of pheasants in the area than we have had for several years. Clayton Neidgigh, a Farm-Game cooperator, fed a flock of approximately 50 birds on his farm. In another location, the five o'clock traffic on Route 45 had to slow down to permit a cock pheasant and his large harem to cross over into their feeding area. These and other reports seem to verify that our game farm birds are getting to be of a wilder and hardy strain. — District Game Protector Joseph L. Wiker, Pine Grove Mills.

A Cool Set

ALLEGHENY COUNTY — On March 31, I observed a snow covered mallard hen sitting on nine eggs. This was her fifth day. She nestled next to a Japanese yew at the North Park skating rink. Hundreds of skaters passed within a few feet of her, but she was not distracted.—District Game Protector George Szilvasi, Verona.

You Thief!

BRADFORD COUNTY — The following incident was related to me by my father, Orvis Watson, R. D. 3, Bellefonte. Herman Kessling, who lives in the Marsh Creek area of Centre County, had put some corn in the woods near his home this past winter for wild turkeys. Later Mr. Kessling checked to see if the turkeys were using the corn. Sure enough, when he arrived at the feeder there was a nice turkey hen vigorously scratching through the snow and leaves to recover the kernels of corn that were buried beneath. As Mr. Kessling watched, the bird suddenly stopped scratching and ran at high speed through the woods, then stopped abruptly at a small pine tree. The turkey stood there looking up into the tree a few seconds, then returned to the feeder and resumed its scratching. In a few minutes the turkey made a dash for the pine tree again. After watching this several times, Mr. Kessling moved a little closer to try and determine what was causing this turkey to perform in this odd manner. A closer look revealed the actions of Mrs. Turkey. As she would scratch the corn from under the snow, a nice big gray squirrel would sneak up behind her and try to steal the corn. The turkey would then turn and run the squirrel up the pine tree and stand there and look up at him as much as to say "dig your own corn, you thief!" —District Game Protector Donald Watson, Towanda.



Bad Omen

JUNIATA COUNTY—John Ryner, of Harrisburg, a friend of mine, related the following incident to me. One day this past month John had just bought a new Ford and while in the Leister Ford Garage in McAlisterville he noticed that one of the mechanics who was usually very bright and witty was quiet and gloomy and down in the dumps. John asked him why and this was his reply. "You know John, my pappy used to tell me to be on a sharp lookout for my first robin each spring. Now if I saw the first one in a tree and had to look up that meant that things would be 'looking up' for me the rest of the year; now if the robin was on the ground, well things would be 'looking down.' Well, on the way to work this morning I saw my first robin and that son-of-a-gun was walking in a ditch!" — District Game Protector Robert Shaffer, Mifflintown.

Thank You, Sportsmen

BLAIR COUNTY—Congratulations to the many sportsmen in this area who aided in the cutting of browse for winter feed. Although the deer were not in poor shape the food was made available for their use. In addition, wonderful cover for small game was provided in the same areas.—District Game Protector Paul Miller, Bellwood.

Races Bus

PERRY COUNTY — A school bus driver, Karl Kennedy, Elliotsburg, R. D., reported that on his school bus route there is a male ring-necked pheasant who upon hearing the school bus approaching, regardless of how far from the road he is, will start on a dead run towards the road, get ahead of the school bus and run in the middle of the road for quite a distance before he admits defeat.—Land Manager Harold Russell, New Bloomfield.



6 Cylinders and a Bird

CLARION COUNTY — Dr. McCutcheon, a local optometrist, was returning from hunting one forenoon last fall when he noticed a dog giving a pheasant cockbird a rough time in a ditch. Dr. McCutcheon stopped and chased the dog away, and then he noticed the dog had been chasing a chicken, not a cockbird. He watched the dog a very short time and returned to his vehicle.

That afternoon, he took his vehicle to Jeannerat's General Repair Shop. The next morning Mr. Jeannerat heard a funny scratching noise under the hood. After calling in a neighbor and preparing to kill a rat, Mr. Jeannerat raised the hood and there was the chicken again, the same one Dr. McCutcheon had saved from the dog the day before.—District Game Protector James C. Hyde, Knox.

Multiple Violators

WESTMORELAND COUNTY — I apprehended two Game Law violators hunting together in my district along Beaver Run Dam, during March, who would have been much better off if they had stayed at home.

These young men shot at a duck in the closed season, with a rifle, out of a car, across a highway, and in a safety zone. The one boy was also hunting with his father's hunting license. The two 16-year-old boys violated at least six different sections of the Game Law and claimed they did not realize that what they were doing was wrong. These boys should have spent a few minutes reading the summary of the Game Law that is supplied with each hunting license.—District Game Protector Hans P. Goedeke, Apollo.

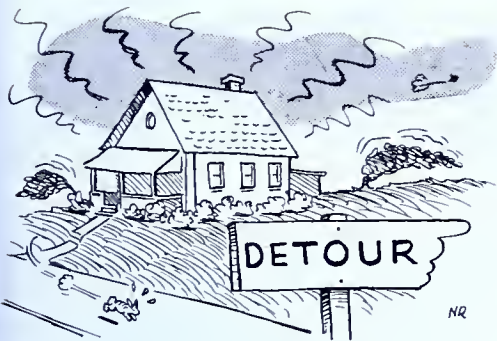
Manna From Heaven

LYCOMING COUNTY—On March 10 the deer in my district received an immense amount of browse at the expense of Mother Nature. The rains that were causing floods in the valley were freezing in the mountains. On March 11, while checking a beaver dam and wood duck nesting boxes, it was almost impossible to tell where the woods roads were due to the large amount of treetops on the ground. I estimated that at least 75 per cent of the trees had the tops broken out.—District Game Protector Paul Ranck, Williamsport.

Korean Pheasant Report

CRAWFORD AND MERCER COUNTIES—I have been receiving favorable reports and comments concerning the Korean pheasant in District 1-20-1.

Quite a few people have reported feeding the banded pheasants and seeing them at other locations all winter, these same individuals say that they never have had pheasants over the winter.—District Game Protector Arden D. Fichtner, Greenville.



Chemical Warfare

VENANGO COUNTY—One night this month a skunk was hit with an auto and took refuge under the nearest house. While he was there another skunk decided to hide under the house also, and quite a fight took place with both sides using chemical warfare. As in all wars, the civilian population also suffered. In this case the victims were the occupants of the house where everything and everybody had quite a smell. The children of the house were not allowed in school and the man of the house was not allowed to work at his factory job. After various methods were tried to remove the animals and failed, the last resort was to shoot them. This did not help the atmosphere one bit! —District Game Protector Lorraine E. Yocum, Oil City.

Not on Your Life

BERKS COUNTY—While assisting in servicing the Game Commission Exhibit at the Philadelphia Motor Boat and Sportsmen's Show a lady approached the desk to renew a **GAME NEWS** subscription. Upon giving her husband's name and address she stated that he missed receiving the **GAME NEWS** because he was on duty with the Army in Germany. I asked if she wished to have the address changed and have the **GAME NEWS** sent to his Army address and her reply was: "Gosh no, then I wouldn't have a chance to read it!"—Conservation Information Assistant, Paul Glenny.

To the Death

GREENE COUNTY—The following incident was related to me by Scopy Wood, a local sporting goods store operator. It seems he was driving home along a highway in Center and saw a red-tailed hawk take off from a field holding something in its claws. The hawk seemed to get weaker with each flap of its wings and eventually fluttered to the ground. Upon investigation it was found that the hawk had picked up a weasel and the weasel had clamped its jaws on the throat of the hawk. Both predators were dying when they were found.—District Game Protector Leslie Haines, Waynesburg.



Not So Sly

VENANGO COUNTY—Art Maier, Franklin jeweler, related the following to me recently. His wife noted that there were strange tracks in their yard and that the bread tossed out for the birds completely disappeared each night. Art decided to keep a watch. A strange animal appeared as if from out of the ground and quickly picked up all available bread and vanished. More bread was provided and the animal appeared again. Two puzzled spectators soon identified the animal as a gray fox. It now appears regularly in the heavily populated area of town.—Conservation Information Assistant Robert D. Parlamen, Franklin.

Disturbed Bruin

LUZERNE COUNTY—During the 1963 deer season many hunters had seen the tracks of a pair of black bears on the St. John's Mountain in Butler Township. Ernie Heller, of Corrance, had seen the tracks and also knew where they had denned up for winter. He was out with his fox hounds during the heavy snow running Reynard around the mountain and they finally ran him into some rocks. Ernie, an ardent fox hunter, was not thinking about a bear now, but was vigorously digging at the fox den and out came Reynard. Ernie grabbed his gun and shot, wounding the fox with the second try. At this instant, out roared Mamma bear from a den nearby. Ernie and the hound took off up over the rocks with Mamma bear hot on their tail. He said that suddenly she turned around and ran back and into the den just as quickly as she had come out. Ernie told me that it was lucky for him that she did because he was about out of steam. He said he was so scared that he couldn't get any more shells into his shotgun. It took both he and the hound an hour to settle down and then the hound sneaked down and brought the fox cautiously back to him. Enough excitement for one day.—District Game Protector Robert Nolf, Conyngham.



Wired Woodcock

PIKE COUNTY—On March 7, I marveled at the sight and sound of three woodcock on their annual spring singing grounds. The day before this we had a snow cover of over 18 inches and with the sudden thaw, the snow disappeared almost immediately. Someone must have sent a telegram to the Louisiana woodcock wintering area, for the boys lost no time flying jetlike to their home country.—District Game Protector Albert J. Kriefski, Hawley.

Kit Was a Cat

WAYNE COUNTY—Deputy Southerton received a call that a panther had been seen in the vicinity of State Game Lands No. 159, early in the month of March. Two weeks later, he received another call that the panther had several offspring and one of the kits had been killed. Investigation disclosed that the kit was a big stray tomcat. — District Game Protector Fredrick Weigelt, Honesdale.

Grouse Budding

WAYNE COUNTY—While traveling on Route 6, between Germantown and Tafton, a distance of approximately 6 miles, I observed 15 grouse budding in the trees along the roadside.—Land Manager Wilmer Peoples, Hawley.

Just for Practice

LYCOMING COUNTY—On March 16, I received a call that a white deer was found in a field near Warrensville. I checked the deer and found that it had been shot through the neck and had been dead for some time. The person shooting this deer knew that he had killed the deer because it was a good neck shot and the deer never left the spot where it was shot. It looked like someone wanted to kill a white deer just for target practice.—District Game Protector Levi Whippo, Williamsport.



CONSERVATION NEWS



OPEN SHOOTING DOG STAKE. Back row are John Woodin, judge; Harold Crane, judge; and Truman Cowles, reporter. Front row are Mrs. A. H. Nitchman with Potato Patch Sue; Ed Mouglin with Tyson's Dinah; and Dr. A. H. Nitchman with Copperhead.



OPEN ALL-AGE STAKE. Back row are Clifton Scarborough, field trial chairman; Joe McCall, judge; Walter Wimmer, judge; Truman Cowles, reporter; and Harold Watson, club president. Front row are Phil Brousseau with Rig-a-Jig; Herman Smith with Satilla Virginia Lady and Joe Odom with Resthaven Spunky Bill.

Indiantown Gap Bird Dog Trials Held in Bad Weather

The weather was atrocious, but the annual Indiantown Gap Pointer and Setter Club spring trials were run at the Military Reservation near Annapolis, east of Harrisburg, March 21-27.

In spite of losing two full days due to snow and ice, winners were named and the trial was a success.

Upon the conclusion of the featured Indiantown Gap Special, the one-hour open all-age attraction on March 27, Judges Walter Wimmer of Rockville, Ind., and Joe McCall of Kline, S. C., named Rig-a-Jig, owned by the estate of the late A. L. (Pon) Lippitt of Virginia Beach, Va., for top honors. He was handled by Phil Brousseau. Second went to Satilla Virginia Lady, owned by Dr. F. M. Phillippi of Brewton, Ala., and handled by Herman Smith. Third went to Resthaven Spunky Bill, veteran pointer, owned by Harold Crane of Port Republic,

Md., and handled by Fred Arant, Jr. The stake, which boasted 34 starters, was replete with fine performances and every brace but one had multiple opportunities on game. The winner had six finds in his hour on Thursday, with an honest searching forward race. Lady had a trio of stylishly pointed finds with great execution and Bill had four in his run late on Thursday. Good weather prevailed throughout the running of this stake, although inclement weather had haunted the running of other features earlier.

Dr. A. H. Nitchman, a Cranberry, N. J., dentist, went home to New Jersey on March 25 with a pocket full of prize money after placing dogs first and third in the Open Shooting Dog Stake.

Nitchman, an amateur handler, finished Potato Patch Sue first in the \$1,000 stake and brought Copperhead

in third for which he picked up a \$700 check for his efforts.

Sue, an eight-year-old pointer bitch, is one of the most impressive dogs to run at the Gap in recent years, claim the judges. She won the shooting dog stake once before and has also held National Shooting Dog and National Amateur championships.

The second place dog in the stake, Tyson's Dinah, owned by Fred Wills of Cohasset, Mass., and handled by Ed Mouglin, was Sue's brace mate in the second series. Both dogs ran brilliant races. Sue chalked up seven finds and a back in the one-hour heat, while Dinah recorded six finds and a back, but got into trouble with an unproductive.

"That was one of the finest exhibitions put on by two dogs in the same brace that I've ever seen," said Judge Harold Crane of Port Republic, Md., after the stake closed. The other judge, John Woodin of Woodcliff Lake, N. J., echoed Crane's words.

Nitchman's Copperhead, winner of the stake last spring, came through with four clean finds in his final heat.

After running eight braces on Saturday, the first day, the running was interrupted by a twelve-inch snowfall

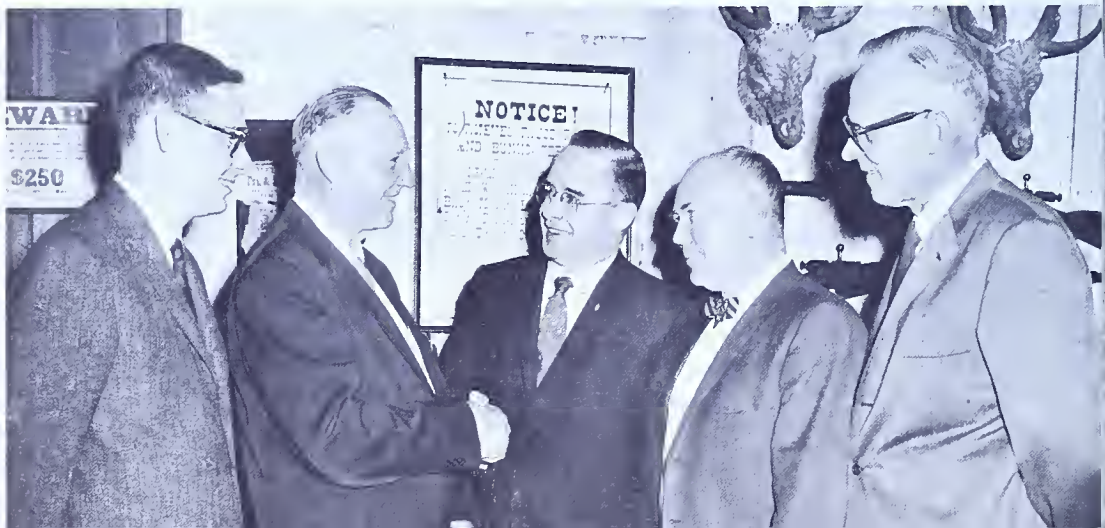
which postponed further action for two whole days with competition resuming Monday at noon. The first series was concluded in midmorning on Tuesday and the finals at 11 a.m. on Wednesday. Veteran observers in attendance were unanimous in their pronouncement of the great quality of the stake overall. All were pointers.

Twenty-three starters were in the one-hour Yankee Derby which was conducted on Tuesday and Wednesday until shortly after lunch. Winners were Rambling Nellie, owned by Clifton Scarborough of Crosswicks, N. J., handled by Fred Arant; Sand Hurst, owned by M. G. Ramsey of Salisbury, N. C., handled by Paul Walker; and Saddly King, owned by Herb Holmes of Springfield, Ill., handled by Phil Brousseau.

Open Puppy Stake winners on Monday afternoon, from a field of twelve starters, were: Kandy Kane Cutter, owned by Bruce Gernon of Boynton Beach, Fla., piloted by George Bevan; Mister White Knight, owned by R. W. Riggins of Knoxville, Tenn., and Mighty Miss Linda, owned by W. C. Davis of Lawrenceburg, Ky., both the latter handled by Herman Smith. Again, all were pointers.

SPORTSMAN-LANDOWNER BANQUET, the 13th annual event of the Delaware County Field and Stream Association, was held in honor of the farmers who allow public hunting on their lands in that area of Delaware County. Speakers and guests at the March 16 event held near Glen Mills included (left to right) George H. Harrison, Editor, **GAME NEWS**; M. J. Golden, Game Commission Executive Director; Tom Quartermus, association president; William H. Welsh, Delaware County Commissioner; and Temple Reynolds, Supervisor of the Game Commission's Southeast Division.

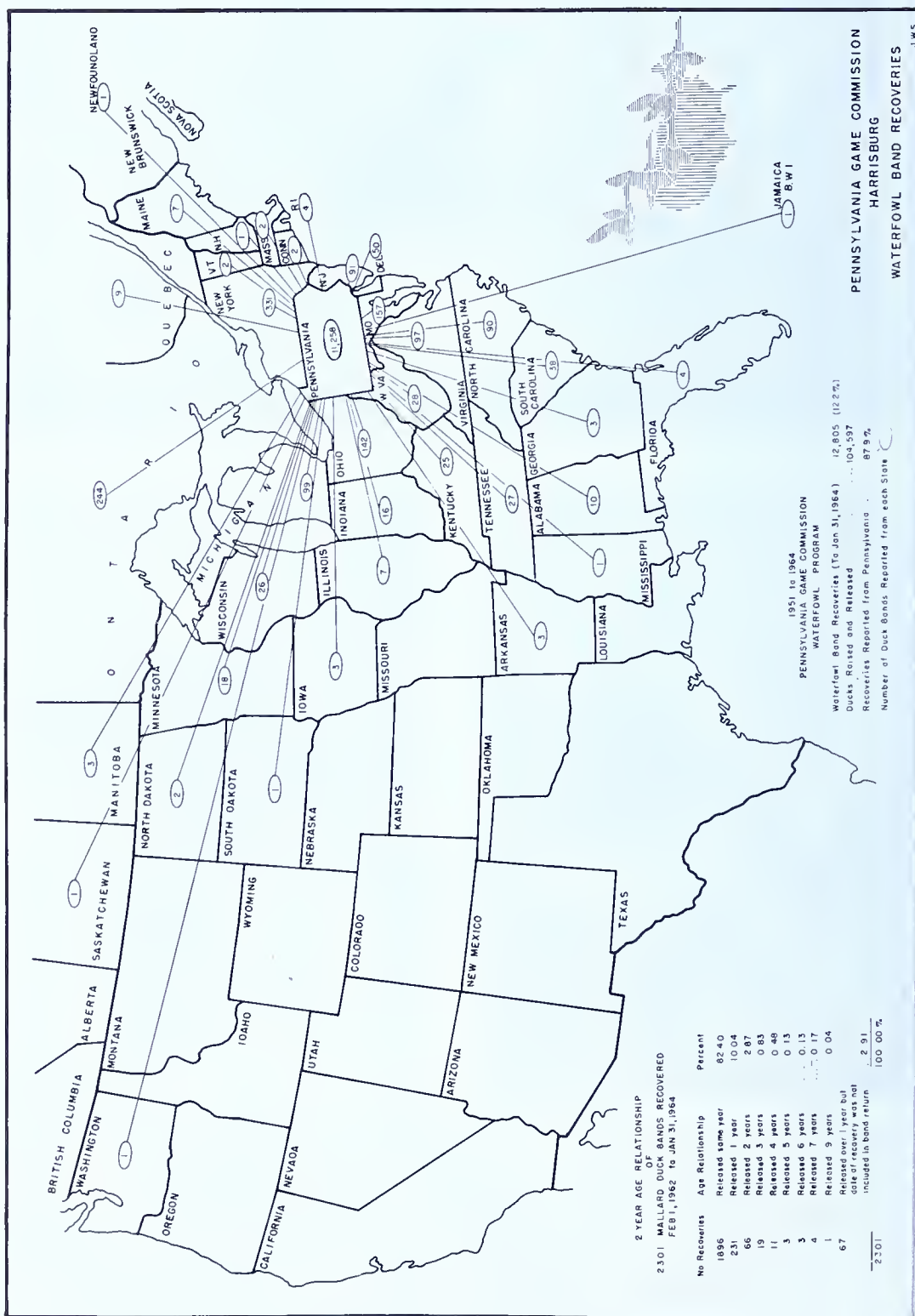
Photo by Edward R. Levy





Photos by Orr and Olds

PENNSYLVANIA OUTDOOR WRITERS ASSOCIATION at its Annual Spring Meeting in Harrisburg, March 21, honored three of its members with "Meritorious Service" certificates. In top photo Gene Coleman, "Scranton Times," and Steve Kish, Game Commission, present Gun Columnist and P.O.W.A. Director Jim Varner, of Scranton, with an award in his home after the meeting. Varner has been ailing and was not able to attend the affair. Leroy F. "Shorty" Manning, sportsman, news columnist and long-time treasurer of P.O.W.A., receives his award (lower left photo) from Association President Mark F. Passaro, of New Cumberland. David E. Fisher, Allentown (not pictured), also received a service award. Mrs. Eleanor Bennett (lower right), of the Department of Public Instruction, spoke to the group at its banquet about "Conservation Education in the Schools." Mrs. Bennett urged the writers to press for more state interest along these lines because Pennsylvania schools have fallen behind in education in conservation fields.



Game Commission Cautions Hunters on Court Ruling

Pennsylvania hunters were cautioned recently by the State Game Commission that a recent Supreme Court ruling invalidating certain township ordinances against hunting may not open hunting in all townships which are closed to hunting by municipal ordinance.

The ruling involved a violation of a gunning ordinance in Lower Providence Township, Montgomery County, which required written consent to hunt on private property and also to file the consent at the township office.

In the State Supreme Court ruling of mid-March, Judge Benjamin R. Jones stated that the penal code adequately protects property owners from trespassers hunting on posted land. He also questioned how a written consent and registration of it would contribute to safety.

Game Commission Law Enforcement Chief Thomas F. Bell pointed out that the decision was a victory for the sportsman inasmuch as it pertains to ordinances paralleling the one in Lower Providence. Bell suggests that the higher courts may be skeptical of any local ordinance which would grant powers to municipalities to act in areas where the Commonwealth itself, through legislative enactments, has provided regulation. He said that there are many different kinds of anti-hunting ordinances in the Common-



1964 GOLD MEDAL WINNER Raymond A. Neirle (center) is congratulated at the 82nd Anniversary Dinner of the Pennsylvania State Fish and Game Protective Association, Philadelphia. Association President George McCann and Game Commission Deputy Executive Director Glenn L. Bowers admire Neirle's awards at the April 9 affair. Neirle was president of the club from 1947-1962.

wealth which involve more than a hundred townships. Bell cautioned hunters to be sure of the provisions of such ordinances before attempting to hunt on previously closed areas, else they may become subject to arrest, at least until such time as there is further clarification.

The Pennsylvania ruling came close on the heels of a similar decision in New Jersey. In the New Jersey case a municipal ordinance prohibiting hunting was voided when Superior Court Judge Joseph Halpern said, "The hunting of wild game with weapons throughout the state must be uniformly treated, else chaos, confusion and danger to the public would result. To permit each municipality to enact its own laws and regulations would be in direct opposition to the legislative mandate."

2,301 DUCK BANDS RECOVERED IN TWO YEARS—Since 1951 the Pennsylvania Game Commission has raised, banded and shipped for release 104,597 four to five-week-old mallard ducklings. This program is under the supervision of Henry R. Pratt at the State Wild Waterfowl Farm in Crawford County. Released birds have been liberated on suitable waterfowl areas by District Game Protectors in all parts of Pennsylvania. The accompanying waterfowl band recovery map presents in detail where each band return has been recorded.

A two-year age relationship (February 1, 1962-January 31, 1964) of bands recovered during this period is inserted in the lower left-hand corner to show longevity.

The valuable information that is learned through band recoveries is used by the Commission to determine, in many cases, where and how many four to five-week-old mallard ducklings should be liberated in a particular area of the state. Sportsmen and other interested persons are urged to report information from all banded birds in order that the data can be tabulated and benefits realized thereby.

Photos in the News...



PGC Photo by Joe Chick

FARM-GAME COOPERATOR D. Clair Endres of Calvin in Huntingdon County is signed up for another year of opening his land to public hunting. Others in the "parley" are District Game Protector Richard Furry, Donald Logue, of the Game Commission's Food and Cover Corps and Carroll Kinley, area Pittman-Robertson leader.



PGC Photo by Bob Parlaman

VENANGO COUNTY DEPUTY GAME PROTECTORS helped their District Game Protector Lorraine Yocum (center) secure Safety Zone Program agreements which opened 109,476 acres of private land to public hunting. This was the high for the northwest division which totaled 461,761 acres. Left to right are Robert Lambert, Dave Spangler, Yocum, Harry Kistler and Dan McGinnis.



FOX SKIN DISPLAY is proudly shown by 73-year-old Russell Seymour of Union City. With Seymour are two of his six fox hounds. The veteran hunter has been hunting foxes since he was 12 when he saved ten dollars for his first fox hound. The displayed foxes were taken late this winter.



PGC Photo by Bob Parlaman

FINISHING TOUCHES to a raccoon trap are being made here by Northwest Division Office Custodian Earl Nunemaker. He made about 100 of these traps to answer complaints of coon damage in the Game Commission's Northwest Division.

LAWRENCE COUNTY Council of Conservation Clubs and the Game Commission presented this exhibit under the direction of District Game Protector Cal Hooper at the recent Outdoor Recreation Show in New Castle. The telephones offered a message about the Lawrence County Conservation Program.

PGC Photo by Bob Parlaman

GAME COMMISSION EXHIBIT at the recent Venango County Outdoor Recreation Show. Deputy Game Protectors pictured are Joseph Facini, Harry Kistler and Earl Nunemaker. A trap for taking bears alive was featured.

PGC Photo by Bob Parlaman



1963 F.F.A. Wildlife Habitat Improvement Contest Winners Announced

The Pennsylvania Game Commission and the Pennsylvania Department of Public Instruction recently announced the winners of the 1963 Future Farmers of America Wildlife Habitat Improvement Contest.

The top state-wide award of \$125 went to Gary Patton, a Vo-Ag student of the Brockway School in Jefferson County. Other top winners were Donnie Horn, second place, Forbes Road School in Fulton County receiving \$100, and Aden Wright, a student at Williamsport Technical School who received \$75 for the third place award.

Twenty other F.F.A. boys shared in divisional awards from \$50 for first place through \$35, \$25 and \$15 respectively for second, third and fourth

places.

The contest is conducted annually through the cooperation of the Pennsylvania Game Commission and the Pennsylvania Department of Public Instruction. The Game Commission provides the money for the awards while the Department of Public Instruction conducts the contest. Contestants, under the guidance of Vo-Ag instructors and Game Commission personnel select worthy projects which will benefit wildlife in some significant way. The students then work on their projects for about one year. At the completion of the year a written report is submitted to the Department of Public Instruction where all entries are judged by a selected panel.

Trappers Take 4,296 Beavers; More Than Doubled Last Year

Pennsylvania beaver trappers had a good season this year with a catch of 4,296 animals. This was the third best season in Pennsylvania beaver trapping history.

M. J. Golden, Game Commission Executive Director, attributed the good trapping season to the early opening of waterways in the beaver trapping area of the state.

Wayne County led the state with 485 beavers trapped in the 30-day season ending on March 15. Susquehanna County with 429 beavers was second and Crawford County was third with 416 pelts.

The highest beaver harvest on record occurred in 1934 when 6,456 beavers were harvested. This was the first year the Game Commission declared a trapping season after beavers had become extinct in Pennsylvania during the early 1900's. Pennsylvania's present beaver population started with a pair of beavers imported from Wisconsin in 1917 and released in Cameron County.

The second highest harvest of the rodent occurred in 1961 when 5,333 beavers were trapped throughout the state. Last year's catch was 1,881.

The 1964 total of 4,296 includes 11 pelts confiscated from trappers who were in violation of the Game Law. The law requires that all beaver pelts taken in Pennsylvania must be presented to a Game Protector for official tagging in the county where trapped within 10 days after the close of the season.

TIPS FOR HUNTERS



Tips for Hunters

If the zipper on your hunting jacket doesn't work well, try running a carpenter's pencil over it. The graphite from the pencil will give you a smoother zip.—Owen Penfield Fox

Good Condition

JEFFERSON COUNTY — During the month of March I closely examined several deer killed on the highways. Despite the heavy snow during the winter, these animals were in excellent condition.—District Game Protector Robert F. Ellenberger, Punxsutawney.

Game Commission Farming 20,000 Acres

One of the Commonwealth's largest farmers, the Pennsylvania Game Commission, is again cultivating nearly 20,000 acres of soil on State Game Lands.

C. C. Freeburn, Chief of the Game Commission's Division of Land Management, pointed out recently that there are some 30,000 acres of tillable soil on State Game Lands and each year Commission land managers treat more than half of it. He said that some of this work takes the form of wildlife strips which are planted to legumes and grasses, grains and also fertilized and limed as required. Other lands, said Freeburn, are planted to cover crops. Some 8,000 acres of State Game Lands are planted in like manner by share croppers.

Over the past three years land managers have been converting thousands of acres in forested area from red clover, ladino clover, alfalfa and grasses to bird's-foot trefoil or crown vetch. The reason for this being that trefoil and vetch provide excellent deer pasture which is much more economical to maintain. This conversion is taking place in areas where there is a heavy population of white-tailed deer.

Farming operations on State Game Lands are being conducted in 65 counties. Commission-owned lands totaling 987,434 acres are located in all Pennsylvania counties except Delaware and Philadelphia.

Game Commission Completes Spring Release of Wild Turkeys

Nearly 2,100 wild turkeys were released by the Game Commission between February 1 and March 12, 1964, according to Ralph Britt, Chief of the Commission's Division of Propagation.

Britt added that the Commission's District Game Protectors supervised the release of 368 toms and 1,728 hens in areas of the state which have the potential to carry more wild turkeys. The Commission hopes to supplement the existing wild breeding stock and expand the turkey range through its nationally known wild turkey propagation program which Pennsylvania pioneered.

162 Deputy Game Protectors To Attend Summer Classes

A total of 162 Deputy Game Protectors from all over Pennsylvania will be attending week-long training classes this summer at the Game Commission's training school near Brockway.

Six one-week classes of 27 deputies each are scheduled to begin on May 24, June 7, June 21, July 12, July 26 and August 9.

Subject material to be covered in each of the six classes includes the following: Human Behavior and Police Psychology; Deputy Game Protector Powers and Authority; Methods and Means of Checking a Hunter's License; Predator Calls and Use; Firearms Instruction; Waterfowl Regulations; Numerous Game Laws; Farm-Game and Safety Zone Programs; Forest Management and Resources; Game Management; Rodent Damage and Identification; Public Relations; Hunter Safety; Day-Old Chick Program and the Rabbit Trapping and Transfer Program.

Although most of the instructors are Game Commission personnel, several will represent other state and Federal agencies.



Photo by Centre Daily Times

GAME PROTECTORS ON TOUR of elementary schools in Centre County. These three officers visited 29 schools and gave 35 programs during ten days in March. The theme of their talk was "Good Outdoor Manners." A total of 7,400 first to sixth graders heard Game Protectors Joseph Wilker, Lester Harshbarger and Charles Laird in their effort to acquaint the youngsters with some problems of conservation.

Deputy Game Protectors are non-salaried sportsmen who aid Game Protectors in the 135 districts of the state. Those participating in the summer classes will do so while on vacation from regular jobs and will pay their travel expenses to and from the school. The Commission will pay only their room and board while attending classes.

Clinton County Sportsmen Buy Field for Bear

Reports of bears being killed for crop damage in Potter County last fall worried the members of the Western Clinton County Sportsmen's Association. They had a similar situation boiling on the farm of Will Summerson, of Hammersly Fork, in the Kettle Creek area.

Summerson reported to his District Game Protector that five bears were destroying his corn nightly. The Game Protector supervised the live trapping of one bear and transferred it to another location. Meanwhile, the four remaining bears were consuming the corn. Summerson didn't feel that the trapping effort was fast enough and threatened to shoot the vandal bruins.

The problem was brought to the attention of the Western Clinton County Sportsmen's Association. Realizing the great economical and recreation value of the black bear in Pennsylvania, they contacted the farmer in an attempt to save the animals. An arrangement was reached whereby Summerson agreed not to kill the bears for crop damage and the sportsmen agreed to pay the farmer \$50 an acre for the standing corn. This setup allowed the bears to eat all the corn they desired without upsetting the farmer.

Report Recommends Forest Service Manage Federally Controlled Recreation Lands At Allegheny Reservoir (Kinzua Dam) in Pennsylvania

Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall recently authorized release by the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation of its report recommending that Federally controlled recreation lands at Allegheny Reservoir (Kinzua Dam) in western Pennsylvania be administered by the Forest Service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Secretary Udall has sent copies of the report to Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman and Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara for review and comment.

The Bureau report also recommends preparation of an overall master recreation plan for the lands associated with the reservoir in Pennsylvania and New York, and formation of an advisory council composed of Federal agencies, the Seneca Nation, the States of New York and Pennsylvania, and three affected counties.

Allegheny Reservoir, now under construction by the Army Corps of Engineers, will inundate a maximum of 21,175 acres of land in New York and Pennsylvania. The summer pool will have a surface of 12,050 acres, a length of 27 miles, and a shore line of approximately 90 miles. Seventy per cent of the shore line will be in Pennsylvania.

The reservoir lies in a scenic mountain setting where extensive public and private outdoor recreation facilities are already established. The population within 125 miles of the reservoir is approximately 11 million, more than nine million of whom reside in urban areas. Population of the area is expected to double by the year 2000.

To date, several Federal and state agencies, the Seneca Nation, and private individuals have prepared plans for the area, but no master recreation plan for the reservoir and its zone of impact has been developed.

"Orderly development of the reservoir area for public recreation use is of major importance to millions of citizens," Secretary Udall stated. "An overall plan should consider existing and planned developments of Federal, state, and local agencies and private endeavor, as well as the plans of the Seneca Nation."

Secretary Udall pointed out that Kinzua Dam will be finished in about six months. "Since recreation use of the reservoir and the surrounding area will accelerate quickly once the dam is completed, it is important to resolve the problem of administration immediately," the Secretary stated.

Game Commission Reminds Dog Owners Field Training Season Closed April 1

Sportsmen who own hunting dogs were reminded recently by the Pennsylvania Game Commission that the season for field training closed at midnight, March 31. The closed season extends from April 1 to July 31.

T. F. Bell, Chief of Law Enforcement for the Commission, said the closed season is designed to protect nesting game birds and animals. He stated the law prohibits the owner of any dog to permit it to chase or trail any wild bird or animal during the four-month closed season. The only exceptions are made in certain counties where petitions have been filed to permit fox hunting with dogs.



A DOUBLE HEADER. These two nice trophies were taken by 14-year-old Norma Hotalen, of Milford, last season. Hunting with her Deputy Game Protector Father Norman Hotalen and her brother, Edward, 13, this lass took both the bear and the buck deer in Delaware Township of Pike County. She has received Honor Badges for both animals from **FIELD AND STREAM MAGAZINE**.

Game Commission Receives \$34,000 From Highway Construction

New state and interstate highways crossing Pennsylvania are slated to cut through State Game Lands in seven counties. To compensate for this land use the Pennsylvania Department of Highways and the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads has paid the Pennsylvania Game Commission \$33,993 for use of 357 acres and destruction of a Commission-owned dwelling.

In this announcement from the Game Commission, Executive Director M. J. Golden said that these possessions in Monroe, Cambria, Erie, Fulton, Carbon, Lawrence and Clearfield Counties were condemned by the right of Eminent Domain and that the Commission is satisfied with the settlement. Golden added that we must face the fact that highway construction on lands paid for by sportsmen's dollars will increase as the demand for more highways is met.

Lands involved in the settlement are located on State Game Lands No. 38 in Monroe County, No. 108 in Cambria County, Nos. 218 and 109 in Erie County, No. 128 in Fulton County, No. 141 in Carbon County, No. 151 in Lawrence County and the dwelling in Clearfield County.

Under the newly created "Memorandum of Understanding" all plans for highway construction must be approved by state conservation agencies before bidding can begin. Both Game and Fish Commissions are now reviewing all plans for highway construction in the Commonwealth.

Count the Deer . . .



PGC Photo by Keith Hinman

HOW MANY DEER do you see in this photograph? This was a typical scene along the highways in nearly every northern tier county of the state last winter. There was an obvious abundance of the whitetails in most counties of the Commonwealth. Many of these concentrations were along highways in view of passing motorists. This photo was taken in late winter in Potter County along Route 6. For the answer see the number in the lower right corner of this page.

Tentative Opening Dates for 1964 Hunting Season Repeated

From the great number of inquiries at the Pennsylvania Game Commission's headquarters in Harrisburg about the tentative opening dates for the 1964 hunting seasons, it is apparent that many sportsmen missed the first announcement released in January.

Although official opening dates, length of hunting seasons and bag limits for the 1964 hunting seasons will not be set until June 13, a list of tentative opening dates has been announced as follows: Archery season (deer), Saturday, October 3; small game, Saturday, October 31; bear, Monday, November 23; antlered deer (bucks), Monday, November 30.

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DANNY WAS NEARLY STARVED and could barely wait the outcome of his first outdoor cookout.

An Amazing New Technique . . .

Danny Cooks Outdoors

By Don Shiner

Photos by the Author

WHAT puzzled Danny most, and quite naturally, too, was the absence of pans or cooking gear in their rucksacks. Had they, in their eagerness to be outdoors, forgotten to include pots and pans with their equipment? How were they to prepare the leafy green watercress which they had gathered, or the beans, potatoes, and trout which they had caught and cleaned moments beforehand? It might even be necessary to forego their planned outdoor meal, waiting until they returned to town or their home to eat.

"Dad," Danny exclaimed, "I checked both rucksacks, but I can't find any pots or pans. How are we to cook our meal now?" Danny was noticeably shaken by this discouraging turn of events. Hunger gnawed at his midsection, for he had no nourishment in

the five long hours since breakfast.

"I have our cooking pans right here in my pocket," his father answered. "When the fire dies to glowing coals, we'll be ready to cook our meal."

These words served only to further complicate the picture. The only article that Danny could see protruding from his father's jacket pocket was a long rectangular box. He recognized the box as that of his mother's aluminum foil.



His father had finished smoothing the end of a short length of log, freeing it of rough bark and splinters. Replacing his knife in its sheath, he remarked, "We're going to make our own cooking pans from aluminum foil. A few years ago, Danny, campers and outdoor-goers were required to stash pots and pans in their gear whenever they planned to eat out-of-doors. Not so today. Now a few sheets of tin foil do the job.



MUCH TO DANNY'S AMAZEMENT, his father demonstrated how to make cooking pots from aluminum foil.

"By carefully forming this foil over the end of a log, or stump or even a stream bed stone, a pot-like container is formed," his father added. Then, while explaining the advantages of foil-formed pans for outdoor cooking, he removed the aluminum foil box from his pocket. He cut several sheets by tearing the foil against the saw-tooth edges of the container. He then placed a double thickness of foil, measuring about 14 inches square, across the end of the smoothed log. These sheets were carefully pressed down over the log form. Finally an 8-inch diameter cup or pan-shaped container was removed.

"Foil pots are fragile," his father explained, "but by careful handling the double thickness will retain its shape, permitting us to fry trout, warm beans and boil water for hot chocolate. When we have finished our meal, the foil pots will carry water to dash on our fire. Later we will roll the pots

into tiny balls for taking home for disposal. There is little need to include clumsy cookingware in our shoulder packs. Best part of all, there are no dishes or pans to wash after the meal. Aluminum foil is the greatest boon to outdoor living since the invention of fire itself," his father continued to explain.

This was indeed reassuring to Danny. He was about starved. He was certain he could not have lasted another hour without eating something, if only raw potatoes or some birch bark. Now reassured, Danny wrapped two medium-sized potatoes in the foil and placed the wrapped spuds in the hot embers of their fire. Next he turned his attention to the can of beans, opening and pouring the syrupy contents into one of the foil-formed pots. In the meantime, his father rinsed the watercress and the trout in clean water, in preparation for frying the latter in another foil container.

This was Danny's first attempt to prepare an outdoor meal. Of course he had accompanied his parents on picnics and camping trips to both public and private campgrounds. But his parents took care of the food preparations. His interest then was eating the tasty food, not in seasoning and cooking the meal.

In fact, some of the brightest and happiest moments he remembered were the family cookouts when he was free to explore nearby groves of trees to pick seed cones from the hemlocks and flip these into brooks to swirl like tiny boats in the current, or to gather canfuls of acorns. The tantalizing scent of wood smoke and cooking food that filled the clean outdoor air kept him from wandering too far afield. Cookouts were special treats for Danny, and his family, too. But today was different.

He and his father were alone in this shaded grove beside the stream. He was charged with the chore of assisting in the preparation of several trout which they had caught minutes

before from the cool stream. Watercress which they had collected, together with beans, potatoes and buns would complete the meal. His sense of responsibility never wavered, due partly to the gnawing hunger that clawed at his mid-ribs. His assistance would surely speed the meal toward completion.

His father placed the cleaned trout in one of the foil pans, together with a generous pat of butter, salt and



FOIL IS CAREFULLY MOULDED to the shape of the log. Then. . . .

pepper. The pan was placed on the grill resting across the top of the piled stone fireplace. The intense heat radiating from the hot coals caused the butter to sizzle in the aluminum pan. Danny sat on a nearby log near the fire, completely overwhelmed by the delicious aroma of frying trout and cooking beans.

The lad was silent for many minutes, in deep thought about the wonderful outing with his father. Suddenly he asked, "Who discovered fire and decided that foods must be cooked before being eaten?"

The older chef carefully turned the sizzling trout to brown each side. A pinch more butter was added to prevent sticking.

"The name of *that* person, Danny, is lost to history. In fact, men built fires by rubbing sticks together for both warmth and food preparation long before recorded history. In our

age it is difficult to realize that early people regarded fire as the 'red monster.' They believed it came down in some magical way from the sun. Many of these early people worshipped fire as a representative of God. In fact, ancient Greek philosophers thought that fire, air, water and soil were the four elements of which the entire universe, stars included, was made.

"It is thought that the earliest men obtained their fire from trees set



WHEN REMOVED, the outdoor chef has formed a nicely shaped and serviceable cook pot.

ablaze by lightning, or from spouting volcanoes. Once they were able to build a fire within their cave or hunt, they were mindful to always keep it burning for a real hardship developed when the embers died into cold coals. They were then without fire for warmth, light and food preparation.

"Careful inquiries prove that man from the very beginning of time has never been without fire. Gradually they discovered how to create the 'red monster' by rubbing sticks together until they generated enough heat to burst into flame. Gradually, too, they discovered how to create fire by striking flint against iron.

But fire remained a mystery until in 1783 a French chemist named Antoine Lavoisier investigated the properties of *oxygen* and discovered that when this element in the air is combined rapidly with another element, it is accompanied by a flame which is

‘combustion’ or fire.”

“But what keeps a fire burning?” Danny asked.

“Well, in scientific language it is this: a fire will burn when the substance (wood for example) reaches its ignition point. And it will continue to burn so long as the temperature does not return to a lower level.

“Paper reaches this kindling temperature rather quickly. On the other hand, hard wood, such as oak, or even coal, requires a great deal of heat to burst into flames.

“As you grow older, Danny, you will realize that the history of fire is the history of man’s progress. As men gradually learned how to tame the ‘red monster,’ they learned how to put it to work making steam to run engines which they invented and burning gasoline in newer type engines. They learned to forge knives, axes and other implements from metals extracted from rocks. Even our rifles today are dependent upon rapidly burning powder to propel bullets.

Began to Cook

The odor of burned beans drifted to them. Danny’s father instantly pushed the foil pan to the cooler side of the grill, then stirred the beans with a peeled birch limb.

By this time the trout had fried to a golden brown color. These were removed from the fire and parceled out on paper plates. Beans, watercress and a bun were added. Danny rolled the foil-wrapped potatoes from the hot coals. Between intervals of blowing on his overly hot fingers, he managed to uncover the steaming spuds. They were cut open with pats of butter added to melt into a golden stream.

Never had Danny smelled anything quite as delicious as this outdoor meal. He was ravenous, making quick work of the meal, including a second portion doled to him. “Maybe it’s because I’m hungry, but I think this is the best meal I ever had!”

This type training was good for the lad. Of this his father had few doubts. The cookout provided an opportunity for them to be outdoors together and was excellent training and preparation for the lad for his maturing years. He would know how to sustain himself on long outdoor adventures. It would also teach the boy to prepare wholesome food rather than the usual candy bar, crackers or cookies that most people tuck into their pockets when preparing for a day in the forest.

Many Outdoor Foods

In fact, his father was certain that Danny was at the correct age to begin teaching him to recognize the wonderful foods that can be had outdoors. Wild asparagus, watercress, nettle, dandelion, rose hips, purslane and other leafy greens permit the sportsman to pick instead of pack. At the same time he should be taught to recognize wild strawberry, elderberry, blueberry, blackberry, wild grape, and the variety of tasty nuts that grow along the wayside.

He should also be warned and shown poisonous plants like the poison hemlock, fool’s parsley, dogbane, baneberry, white hellebore, blood root, nightshade, and of course sumac and ivy. The recognition of these plants should be started gradually, unhurriedly, when a boy is around Danny’s age so that he can properly assess nature, and the things she produces in abundance on the outdoor scene.

The cookout concluded far too quickly for these two sportsmen. The meal, fully prepared, out-of-doors, proved the highlight of the day. That night, at home, when Danny climbed into bed he asked when they could stage another cookout along their favorite trout river.

“Soon,” his father promised out loud.

Far into the night the older chef pored through the family cookbooks searching for tempting recipes for outdoor dishes.

Rogues of the River

By Keith C. Schuyler

Photos by the Author

IN RECENT years, much has been written about the sport of hunting carp with the bow and arrow. There has been considerable refinement of equipment.

However, when my sons and I go bow hunting for carp, we can be ready in about five minutes. This is important. In our section of the Susquehanna River, the carp move in and out from shore according to their own moods. When we get the word from the fellow who spots for us, we must go at the carp's convenience. This sometimes means making a quick switch in equipment.

While I don't contend that our system is the best for maximum results, I will guarantee that it will provide tops in thrills. It makes hunting for the rogues of the river an exciting and somewhat exacting sport.

At first glance, it might seem as though shooting fish is a bit off-trail for this column, but anyone who has ever hunted for carp, using the methods outlined here, will know that it closely parallels the finest kind of small game hunting. We literally "hunt" for carp. All the elements of a regular hunt are present. The search, the stalking, the frequent long waits, and the excitement of shooting at an elusive and frequently moving target. There is nothing lacking except the "game" dinner which frequently follows a successful hunt.

There are those who eat carp at any time, anywhere. I have found flesh of

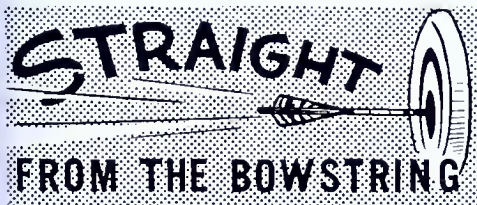


A COMBINATION that spells sport and real excitement in off-season shooting.

small specimens palatable in early spring when they are taken from cold, clean water. But, during the late spring and summer months, when bow hunting is at its best, carp are not apt to cause much favorable comment at the dinner table. Consequently, they are most valuable when placed underground in a flower bed, or vegetable garden, after being properly weighed and admired.

Right now, we would like to insert a caution here about letting carp lie along the banks after they have been killed with a bow and arrow. If you are not going to take them home, the recommended procedure is to slice open the belly and toss them into deep water where they will sink and gradually dissolve into the element from which they came. Otherwise, they smell up the area and irritate other sportsmen.

There are many commercial carp hunting "reels" as well as special ar-





THE WRITER RETRIEVES an eight-pounder that made two strong runs far out into the river before giving up the fight.

rows and heads. Our only concession to the modern adaptation of game hunting equipment has been the use of the improved fish hunting heads. There are a number of excellent arrowheads available for this type of sport.

Rather than use the more conventional type of carp hunting reel, we rely upon regular fishing reels. Either a closed-face spinning reel, or the spincast type of casting reel, works fine. We simply use either masking tape, or rubber electrical tape, to affix the reel to the back of the bow. It should be wrapped on securely for two reasons. First, if you become attached to a good-size carp, you want the reel to remain solidly affixed to the bow. Secondly, if the reel is solidly attached it will not move around and mar the finish on the bow.

A rather heavy monofilament is recommended. You do not have the advantages built into a good fishing rod when you are playing a carp from your bow. Consequently, it takes a much heavier line to handle the same size fish. In any event, I don't recom-

mend anything under ten pounds even though we sometimes use whatever line happens to be on the reel of our choice at the time.

Although the heavy glass arrows are frequently recommended for carp hunting, we use any old stick we have about. In fact, this is one way to get some extra mileage out of arrows which have broken off right at the head. They are no longer any good for target practice because they are shortened, but they are otherwise in good condition. Hunting the way we do frequently results in loss of, or broken arrows. Because shots are relatively short, the average archer can shoot with sufficient accuracy with any shaft of reasonable length.

We shave down the shaft so that it fits loosely into the arrowhead. Usually the shaft will bounce free, and it will not interfere with the fish's effort to escape. Sometimes the shaft can be recovered downstream or along shore. In any event, the old shafts are expendable. I usually carry a spare in a hip pocket when amid stream.

Any one of a number of commercial arrowheads which are made for this sport will suffice. For most shooting, a head with a single barb will work fine. However, if you get into a really big carp, it is best to have the type which follows the contour of the shaft itself upon penetration but then releases two barbs to prevent the head from pulling free. The monofilament, of course, is tied to the hole in the head provided for this purpose.

A Tough Customer

A carp is tough. Consequently, you want a sharp point to get penetration. But, this same toughness works to your advantage when the barbs catch in flesh since a good fishhead won't easily pull free when well imbedded.

We hunt carp in much the same manner that we seek other types of game. During daylight hours, early morning and late evening are by far the best. Carp can be hunted with a

light from shore at night, but this is best done from a boat. The system described here closely parallels most types of small game hunting.

We simply go to the known haunts of carp and start hunting for them.

Toward evening, these big fish often head toward shore. At times, they can be seen cavorting about, causing big waves and throwing water in happy style. It is not infrequently that carp will jump or roll noisily on the surface of the water to give away their presence. Sometimes they congregate in quiet eddies.

In fact, if you know of an area where carp are frequently seen moving on the surface, you can be almost certain that these fish will be moving in to shore as darkness approaches. And, if you get there early enough in the morning, you can catch them again before they move out into deep water.

Don't ever underestimate the survival instincts of these big fish. They didn't get big by being stupid.

Spot Them First

When hunting along shore, or in the shallows, you must spot the carp before they see you or you will at best have nothing more than a fleeing shot. I usually patrol the shore line at a distance far enough back to cushion the vibrations from my feet and to prevent the carp from getting the first glance. If you watch ahead and observe the vegetation growing along shore, you will frequently get a clue as to the carp's presence even when there is no surface activity. If a weed moves in still water, you can be certain that a fish is grubbing along the bottom. Not infrequently, the tail, or dorsal fin of the carp will show faintly or create a slight ripple to reveal its presence.

It then becomes a matter of stalking the fish much as you would any other game. As you move in for the shot, you must employ all the stealth you possess. This is particularly true in clear water.



SON, KEITH, JR., with a ten-pounder that was struck in the spine and gave up without a struggle.

We sometimes wade out into the river to spots which we know carp frequent. Then, it becomes a waiting proposition much as you would on a deer runway. And, you must use the same caution that you would for other wild game. Quick movements and bright clothing will tend to keep your quarry either completely away, or irritatingly alerted.

Fish under water provide the problem of parallax, or visual distortion. The fish is always closer to you than it appears to be. The deeper it is in the water, the more this distortion is likely to throw your shot off. You can see an example of this quite readily by visually following the outline of an oar in clear water. Although you know that the oar is straight, it appears to break off at an angle right at the water line.

Personally, I was aware of this before I started to shoot at carp. This was a case, however, of a little knowledge being a dangerous thing. I over-corrected and was undershooting my fish.



A QUICK LESSON in carp hunting, find the target—aim low.

When the carp is close to the surface, the correction needed is very slight. In addition to this visual distortion we must make a slight allowance for deflection upward of the arrow from its downward course caused by resistance of the water itself. However, don't let all this cause you to overcorrect the first time you go carp hunting. Just aim low on your target, and you are likely to connect somewhere. Arrows have amazing powers of penetration, and they will cut into your fish no matter where you hit them.

When using a regular fishing reel, you must remember, of course, to have the tension off the reel. Otherwise, the line will simply break, and you might lose both the arrow and the fish unless you make a killing shot on the spot.

The first time you connect with a carp with equipment described here may provide a rather unusual situation. You can seldom be sure of a hit in the splash and flurry which follows the shot, and the arrow shaft floats free. Consequently, you may be standing there wondering what it's all about and suddenly realize that monofilament is stripping off your reel at a great rate. It never ceases to be an awesome thrill when you tighten up on the line and realize that you are fast to the fish.

Don't ever try to stop a carp in high gear—particularly if it's a good-size fish. When these fellows have their head, they will break any but the stoutest line.

If the carp doesn't stop in the first 30 or 40 yards, you can grasp the

monofilament lightly and start to apply some pressure. Don't wrap it around your hand, or you're apt to develop some nasty cuts. Once the fish has stopped, then you can start using the reel, but be prepared to give line quickly. If the carp is struck in a non-vital area, he may put up a real battle before you are finally able to bring him in. Although a carp is not spectacular on a line, he is tremendously strong. However, the fish's staying power is limited, particularly when he has an arrowhead in him.

If you go after really big carp, you may find the system outlined here more of a challenge than you are seeking. When you consider that the top fish in the Archery World Magazine contest last year was a fifty-pound, two-ounce carp, shot by Gene Reilly of Wormleysburg, there are some real monsters among the river rogues. Although it is frequently debated as to just how good, or bad, a carp is, the fact that they are on the list of legal targets for bow hunters should relieve your conscience. While a carp may fill a certain niche in nature, there is little danger of it becoming extinct. Anyway, it is an import not native to our local waters.

Whatever they say about him, bow hunters should be glad the carp is here. It provides some of the most interesting and exciting off-season shooting available. If you live near carp water, don't miss out on this sport. Oh, yes, don't forget you need a Pennsylvania Fishing License to make this sport legal.

NEXT MONTH — AROUND THE BEND WITH A BOW.

Crazy, Mixed-Up Bird

By G. A. Wunz

Research Biologist

WE EXPECT things in nature to follow form. We don't get zero weather in July, nor do we get 90° days in January. Tree leaf buds always burst into life in the spring; the deciduous ones always wither and drop in the fall. Birds always nest in the spring—or at least they did until Floyd Traxler, of Lewistown, turned up a real weirdo.

While training his dog on the Mifflin County Sportsmen's Club grounds near Lewistown in mid-October of last year, he flushed a large hen turkey from a power line right-of-way. Curious as to why a turkey let him approach so closely, Floyd soon found the answer—a turkey nest with eleven eggs. He pussyfooted out of there so she wouldn't desert.

Floyd was hesitant to relate his unique find for two reasons—he didn't want her disturbed by curiosity seekers and, in addition, who would believe him? I was one who doubted the story when first hearing of this "tall tale" in a round-about way; but since I work on turkeys I was duty bound to check its validity.

Floyd was especially happy to show me the nest, as apparently his reliability was being questioned by the fellows down at Dave's Gun Shop. His eagerness dissipated my own suspicions that he was having hallucinations. Sure enough, there she sat incubating a clutch of eggs.

What caused this turkey to nest in the fall? No one knows—we can only speculate. Last September was unseasonably cool, but October, as you remember, was very warm and dry with increased sunshine. Possibly this

hen thought she'd been through a mild winter and spring had arrived. One thing for sure—nothing in nature *always* reacts true to form.

It would have been nice to end this story on a happy note—that when last seen mother and brood were doing fine. This odd hen wasn't aware of her dilemma. The hunting season was due to open in a few days and she would be a sitting "duck" for any hunter that knew of the nest. Furthermore, if her eggs hatched, the poults couldn't possibly make it through the winter. Perhaps the best thing to do was destroy the nest then and there, but I decided to let nature take its course, and it did. A check the day before the season opened showed the nest deserted and only a few scattered shell fragments remaining. For the sake of the hen, this lost nest was a blessing.

Perhaps this was nature's way of punishing the hen for being out of order. After all, nature's discipline of ridding the imperfect and odd ones from the wild breeding population by this natural selection must go on if our game species are to be perpetuated in their best form to meet the challenges of their environment.

THE ILL-FATED turkey nest. For some reason or other this hen nested out of season.



The Reloading Boom Is On

By Jim Varner

Photos by the Author

MANY smoothbore enthusiasts are finding a new field open for more economical enjoyment with their favorite shotguns through hand loading their own target and hunting ammunition. The last few years have brought on a real reloading boom in America. This is not a new development but actually dates back to when the muzzle-loading smoothbore was relegated to the past and the breech-loaders begin firing fixed ammunition.

The author commenced hand loading his own shot shells around 1904 with tools that would be listed as very crude and slow by today's standards. The tools used were made by either "Union-Hardware" or "Eureka." Each operation was done in turn with slow results. After decapping with a wooden plunger which contained a naillike punch in one end and a strong protective cap over the other, capable of withstanding considerable pounding, the shell was recapped with a small nutcrackerlike tool and was ready for the black powder charge.

Cases were not as strong in the black powder era as they are today. They mutilated easily and were noted for burning off just ahead of the brass rim, especially when black powder was used. A lot of this trouble was caused by the loader using too much ram pressure and crimping too heavy.

Solid brass shells were used by many who used single shot and double guns, but as a whole were quite unsatisfactory because there was always the problem of losing the shot charge due to insufficient friction of the over the shot wad. Magazine type arms were not at all satisfactory with brass shells.

Continuous experimentation with the components available on the market around the turn of the century proved to my satisfaction a worthwhile smoothbore is only as good as the pattern it throws. For instance, a three-inch 12-gauge Magnum gun that is capable of delivering only a 54 to 58 per cent pattern at 40 yards range with its maximum factory load of 4½ drams equivalent and 1½ oz. of shot is not as efficient as a 70 and over per cent pattern out of a good full choke 2¼-inch chambered gun using the old express loading of 3½ to 3¾ drams back of 1¼ oz. of the same size shot. The extreme load will actually drive you in the mud with its severe recoil and take all the enjoyment out of your sport while the latter is pleasant to shoot. While we are speaking of the extremes as usually used by the goose, duck and turkey hunter the principle involved works out about the same regardless of how one looks at it. Here is where hand loading experimentation will prove its worth to the thinking shooter who is seeking the "ultimate shell" for his particular gun, whether for trap or field. Therefore, loading to the limit never seems to accomplish what one expects of it. In other words, ten-gauge loads in twelve-gauge guns never seem to give the even, tight patterns you seek. The





EQUIPMENT THAT MEANS many hours of shooting enjoyment. Model M Texas reloader with components ready to assemble unlimited amounts of fine trap or hunting ammunition for the top-notch gun shown below.

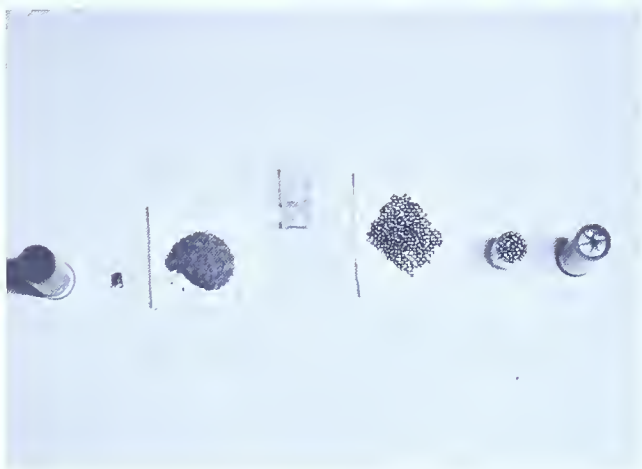
same is true where you seek twelve-gauge performance out of the twenty- and sixteen-gauge guns.

Getting back to present day hand loading, we appear to be witnessing a rather unprecedented increase of interest in the game. Perhaps, the reason for this is the fact many have found reloading shot shells an interesting subject in itself like reloading metallic rifle cartridges. Economy is probably the main reason as this column is frequently requested to furnish data on the best modern tools available. They seek a complete list of components that will serve all purposes best. Of course they question how much can be saved by reloading, and, also, can satisfactory shells be produced that will favorably compare with our excellent factory loaded shells? You will agree that a brief article on the subject cannot do full justice to it, but we will do our best to cover the questions mentioned and

follow up later if you feel our coverage helps your understanding of a not too well understood subject.

Loading Procedure Basically Same as in 1904

You will find the loading procedure today basically the same as we did it 60 years ago. However, you have your choice of modern, well designed assembling units ranging from the economical little Lee \$9 hand loader to those capable of turning out over 300 loaded shells per hour like the Model M Texan listing around \$175. The M.E.C. Model 310 costing \$69.95 is capable of loading up to 300 per hour. It is made by the Maryville Engineering Co. of Maryville, Wis., which I believe is the only firm that manufactures shot shell reloading tools exclusively. It is an excellent buy in the more reasonable price class. Others are made by Lyman, Pacific, C.H., Redding, Lachmiller and Hollywood



COMPONENTS REQUIRED to complete each trap load. Empty case, battery cup primer, 22 grains weight of Red-Dot powder, Remington Power-Piston wad above and Alcan Plastic Gas Seal below, 1½ ounces of No. 7½ shot. On the right end are a wad with shot in it and a loaded shell ready to use.

to name a few. See them at your local dealer's and select the one that suits you best for the price. They are all capable of near factory precision. The ones with the greater capacity should be selected where volume production for club use is demanded, or where an individual is following the trap shooting game as a steady competitor, firing 150 or more rounds weekly.

A "must" for every hand loader besides the tool he selects is a copy of the Lyman Hand Book on "Reloading Ammunition" which will cost \$1 at your dealer's. You will not find it dull reading and it will answer the many questions that confront each operation necessary to make ammunition you will be proud to display to your friends. The other "must" is—a notebook. Within this notebook you should keep a record of every lot of different loads assembled, their pattern and penetration performance, as well as the type powder used and shot size. It is impossible to remember all of these facts and you are constantly in search for the best for your particular gun. When one finds the best trap load or best hunting load he should discard the lots that were unsatisfac-

tory—that is, shoot them and load no more of that combination.

The components you will need after selecting the tool will be empty paper shot shells, primers, powder, over powder wads, either the old hard cardboard wad directly over the powder or one of the late plastic type with suitable felt or composition wads to complete the wad column. Today's new Power Piston wads as made by Remington and Win-Wad as made by Winchester, as well as others using the same principle, simplify matters and produce excellent patterns when one becomes familiar with these complete units. They are all based on a plastic sleeve container holding your shot charge that is part of your complete wad column. Several bags of chilled shot and you are in business—you are ready to "roll-your-own." As to cost of a reloaded shell, you will find it running about 45 to 50 per cent as much as the factory load. If you buy carefully and by the thousand on primers, buy the large canisters of powder, buy the thousands on wads, and buy the 100 pounds or more of shot, you will be able to count the cost of your better turret type tool off within an equivalent of four or more cases of 12-gauge trap loads. Yes, hand loading definitely is the best way to a lot of enjoyable shooting if you seek to develop into the upper brackets in expert competition or become an expert game shot.

Supply of Cases

Unless a shooter starts by buying a case of trap loads which furnish empty cases to reload, he will have to buy a supply of new empty cases or depend on getting a supply of once-fired cases where skeet and trap events are held. A short time ago this was easy but not so today as you will observe nearly every contestant with a bag attached to his belt into which he is saving not only the ones he fired but all of those the nonloader is discarding. Trap and skeet fields are now raking up the fired cases and selling them to the

hand loaders, usually at \$1 or more per hundred. Be careful not to purchase empties that have been affected with dampness. You will find them swollen beyond satisfactory resizing. Discard any loaded ones that do not enter your gun readily. There is nothing more disgusting than a stuck shell when on the firing line with a "rarin'-to-go" squad of trap shooters. Try to purchase or otherwise get as many as you can of one make shell which uses the same base wad, same length of load capacity and which uses the same primer. If you are able to get, say 1,000 Monark, Winchester Ranger or Western Super X cases you will use the W-209 sized battery-cup primer and set your machine in each case for the load column that is right, after leaving room for star or flat crimp used practically exclusively today. This crimp usually requires 7/16 of an inch. Remington and Peters shells use the No. 57 size primer and should be handled as above. Never attempt to load mixed lots together when your tool is set for one load. This was one advantage the old slow individual hand tools had over the automatic modern turret loaders. One could load a 2½-in. shell with 3 drams of powder and an ounce of shot or make the next one a 3-inch holding 3½ drams of black powder and 1¼ oz. of shot as long as he left enough lip for a good roll crimp.

Shot sizes for game shooting remains each individual's choice. For skeet many prefer 8's or 9's, while 7½'s seem to be the universal trap load with 8's second. Whether it is Red Dot, High Score or other grade of quick burning powder the 2¾- or 3-dram equivalent is the selection. The standard trap load makes one of the best all around game loads. The charts with each reloading machine usually tell you the type and grains weight of powder its measuring bar is set for, or you can order the separate bars for different loads if you prefer.

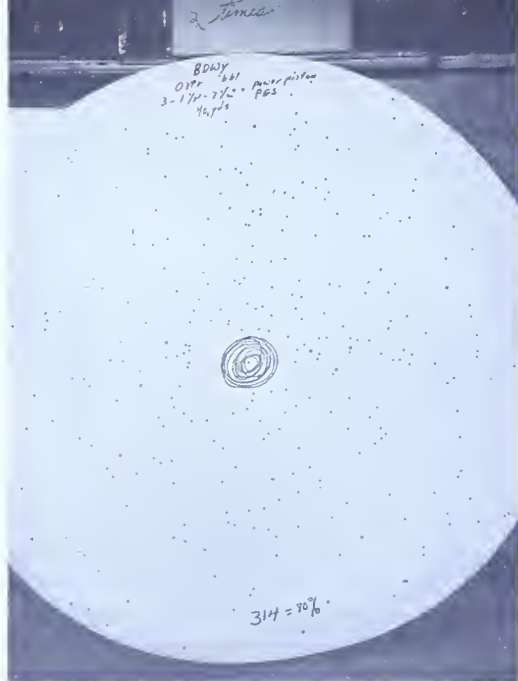
One of the most methodical shot

shell hand loaders I know is Robert E. Hoffman, of Clarks Summit. He uses the new Model M Texan and leaves no part of experimentation to doubt. While he has been at the game only 1½ years he has graduated from a pure novice to one shooting consistently in the upper 90's at the traps, and all of this with his own hand loads. Shooting straight runs of 25 is common with him now. His favorite load is 20 grains of Hercules Red Dot powder in a high base shell with the Remington Power Piston wad. If he uses the low base shell he uses a Plastic Gas Seal Alcan wad under the Power Piston. He finds 30 to 40 pounds ram pressure sufficient with this wad combination back of 1½ ounces of 7½ or 8's. This load gives very even patterns up to 80 per cent at 40 yards from his full choke Browning. It seems to do almost equally well out of the modified barrel. This would make a fine handicap load.

Mr. Hoffman's second selection is 22 grains of Red Dot back of a .135 card wad and ½-inch Moldtite Remington filler wad or you may need two of the .135 wads to complete your wad column. He sticks to 40-pound ram pressure on this also. I believe pressure charts call for 50 pounds or more. His third selection is 22 grains R.D. with the Combo Alcan plastic over

THE ULTIMATE LOADS are being sought here by Robert Hoffman, of Clarks Summit, with his Model M Texan turret reloader.





THIS ABOVE AVERAGE PATTERN is typical for the Power-Piston wad. Note the evenness of the 80 per cent pattern. No lead touches the barrel when the new type "sleeve" is used.

powder wad and fiber wads to complete. This latter load does not give as high percentages of pattern as the top two but does satisfactory work on targets from the 16-yard firing point. You will note the new sleeve wads require less powder.

While this article does not begin to cover the shot shell hand loading game it will show our readers that perfection is gained only by persistent effort, practice and experimentation. When one gets to loading his own so they compare favorably to our excellent factory shells on the patterning target board, for penetration, and freedom from incorrect forming he can shoot with confidence. If our readers are interested we hope to hear from them. Little has been said about medium to heavier game loads here. An article later may prove an interesting get-together for us.

Letters...

Death on the Tracks

I was walking along the railroad tracks between Torrance and Gray Station within one mile and counted eight deer killed by trains. Five of these deer were button bucks and three were does all killed the last two weeks of February.

Orlando Clements
Torrance, Pa.

Denton in Tioga

Dear Sirs:

In your article on William Denton's retirement you failed to mention that he also served as Game Protector in Tioga County, and very well.

During his stay here, due to his hard work and cooperation, many acres of previously posted land were opened to public hunting.

I'm sure his many friends as well as myself wish him a happy retirement.

Clifford Krise
Westfield, Pa.

Burn Brush With Care, Game Commission Advises

Spring clean up efforts in rural areas often result in the destruction of excellent wildlife food and cover through careless burning. Anxious to dispose of the brush piled up in cleaning and clearing work, landowners commonly burn brush. Each year fires get out of control and valuable wildlife habitat is destroyed.

Pennsylvania Game Commission management technicians encourage landowners to be very careful not to destroy wildlife food and cover. Care in spring cleaning, the Commission advises, will help maintain the wildlife production potential of the land.

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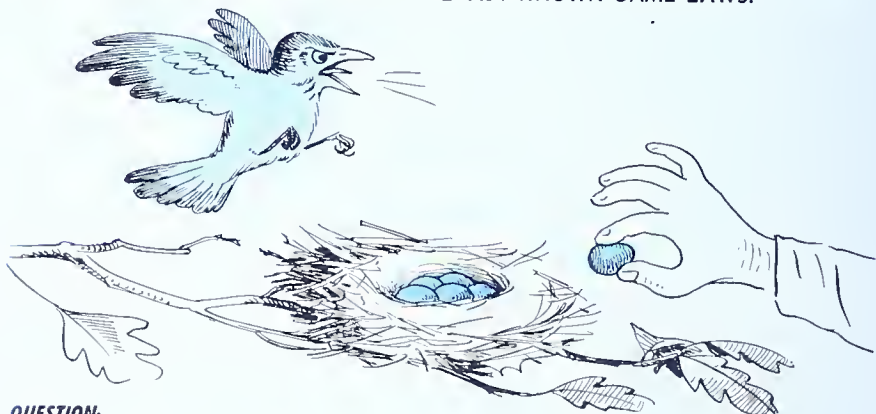
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IT'S THE LAW



NOT ALL GAME LAW VIOLATIONS ARE INTENTIONAL. AS A SERVICE TO COMMONWEALTH SPORTSMEN, GAME NEWS, IN COOPERATION WITH THE DIVISION OF LAW ENFORCEMENT, TAKES THIS MEANS TO BRIEFLY CLARIFY SOME OF THE MOST FREQUENTLY MISUNDERSTOOD OR LEAST KNOWN GAME LAWS.



QUESTION:

IS IT ILLEGAL TO COLLECT BIRD EGGS IN PENNSYLVANIA?

ANSWER:

YES, IT IS ILLEGAL TO POSSESS THE EGGS OR NEST OF ANY GAME OR PROTECTED BIRD, OR TO INTERFERE WITH SUCH BIRDS' NESTS.



QUESTION:

WHERE CAN I GET A PERMIT TO CAMP ON STATE GAME LANDS?

ANSWER:

SORRY, BUT CAMPING IS NOT PERMITTED ON STATE GAME LANDS.

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C.

Pennsylvania **GAME NEWS**

JULY, 1964

TEN CENTS



JUN 18 1964

DOCUMENTS SECTION

PENNSYLVANIA GAME NEWS

Volume 35 • Number 7

JULY, 1964

Published Monthly by the
PENNSYLVANIA GAME
COMMISSION

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PENNSYLVANIA

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GAME NEWS

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Cover Painting
By G. Don Ray

COVER: The woodchuck or ground hog is at home in a sizable burrow from six to twenty feet long and descending several feet beneath the surface. The main entrance is often at the base of a rock, stump or tree and can generally be recognized by the excavated soil at its mouth. Woodchuck litters average four or five "pups." The little fellows are blind and helpless for some time after birth. Not until they reach the age of about six weeks and are able to assimilate solid food are they escorted upstairs for their first look at the outside world. In early autumn, Mamma drives them from the home den to go their own way and dig their own dens.

Published MONTHLY by the Pennsylvania Game Commission, South Office Building, Capitol, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** \$1 per year; \$2.50 for three years. **TO SUBSCRIBE:** Send check or money order payable to "Pennsylvania Game Commission." Do not send stamps; cash forwarded is done so at sender's risk. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Send both new and old addresses at least 45 days in advance of the issue with which it is to be effective. **PERMISSION TO REPRINT** any signed article may be granted provided advance permission is obtained from the author. No information contained in the magazine may be used for advertising or commercial purposes.

Printed by Times and News Publishing Co., Gettysburg, Pa.
Second Class Postage Paid at Gettysburg, Pa.

Roads Closed

“WITH almost a million acres of State Game Lands in Pennsylvania, why does the Game Commission keep us from driving the roads in these areas?”

This is not an unusual question from Pennsylvania sportsmen, especially as the hunting season approaches. To the uninformed hunter, the barriers and locks on State Game Land roads seem to be unfair. However, there are a number of good reasons why the Game Commission uses these roads only for the maintenance, development and protection of these wildlife areas.

The primary reason for keeping cars and other motor vehicles off State Game Lands is that the great majority of the roads into these tracts were not designed for public use and are not maintained to carry public traffic. Most of them require jeeps, trucks and other heavy equipment, particularly in bad weather. The narrowness of the road beds, the sharp curves, the ruts and the poor shoulders would present quite a challenge to the driving skills of the average motorist. It is questionable that the great cost involved in improving and maintaining many of these roadways for public use could be justified. We must always remember that it is the sportsman's dollar which is being spent and it must be used in his best interest.

In addition, there is always the danger of persons becoming stranded in remote areas of Game Lands. Many tracts are located in some of the state's wildest areas. Automotive difficulties in some isolated spot could result in tragedy, particularly in cold weather.

During the 1930's when many of the State Game Land roads were built, there was considerable objection by sportsmen to their construction. They felt that Game Lands were areas set aside for managing and harvesting game species and should remain as wild as possible.

Although these strong feelings were apparent in the '30's and '40's, attitudes and methods of hunting have changed. Today, most hunters are not as prone to hunt these vast roadless areas as much as they did 30 years ago. In fact, many hunters will not even consider hunting an area unless they can drive right into the heart of the territory they plan to cover. Obviously there are two distinct lines of thought on this subject. The hardy hunter wants to keep remote areas as wild and inaccessible as possible because he gets back into them anyway. But the other viewpoint, easy access by means of many roads, exists more often today.

In order to satisfactorily consider all aspects of the use of Game Land roads, hunter access and the retainment of suitable "wildlands" in desired areas, the Game Commission is undertaking an intensive study of existing roads, and the needs for access. This investigation will undoubtedly result in plans for the construction and improvement of roads for public use. Also, in the public interest some roads and areas may be designated to retain their "wild" characteristics.

In recent years, many more of the better Game Land roads have been opened as access arteries during the hunting season. Where closed Game Land roads traverse long distances, Game Commission vehicles will often transport hunters and their kills in line with regular duties.

Past, present and future Game Commission policy toward these Game Land roads has been and will always be in the best interest of sportsmen and wildlife alike. It is hoped that the Commission's new approach to the "roads closed" question will be accepted by both the sportsmen and the general public.—G.H.H.

Ferrets Parole Rabbits from Eastern Penitentiary

**WILBUR M.
CRAMER**



AT THE time of my field service with the Pennsylvania Game Commission in southeastern Pennsylvania 30 and more years ago, there were a number of large private estates and state institutional areas that were in reality regular auxiliary game farms for us. On these areas we raised and trapped game for restocking on public hunting areas throughout the state. An outstanding such area was the Eastern Penitentiary Reservation at Graterford in Skippack Township, Montgomery County. This is now called a State Correctional Institution and comes under the jurisdiction of the Pennsylvania Department of Justice. The main Eastern Penitentiary was located in Philadelphia with a warden in charge. Graterford was under their authority and the deputy warden in charge there was Captain Elmer Leighteiser, formerly with the Pennsylvania State Police. Ambrose Gerhart, whom everyone called "Pete," was the Game Protector in charge of Montgomery County at that time. His headquarters was at Souderton. Very fortunately, Pete had done a good public relations job in his county and he and Captain Leighteiser were good friends. This reservation comprised 1,800 acres, nearly all of which had been good farm land. Hunting, of course, was not permitted there, and the rabbit population increased rapidly each year until the Captain gave the Game Commission permission to trap

and restock these animals elsewhere.

Pete had also made friends with another very important man there, Ira J. Mills, the vocational agricultural instructor, who later was the Director of Education and then was promoted to a more responsible position in Harrisburg. Mr. Mills is now the Commissioner of General and Special Hospitals in the Department of Welfare. I had a very fine telephone conversation with him recently in an effort to refresh my memory concerning some facts in this article.

Besides the conventional method of trapping rabbits with box traps and our system of driving the rabbits into chicken wire or net funnels as described in my first article, there was another method we used. That was the one I want to describe in this article; that is, the use of trained ferrets.

The World Book Encyclopedia describes a ferret as follows: "A small animal of the weasel family which is trained to drive wild animals from holes or burrows. It is an African animal which was brought to Europe and America. Ferrets are easily tamed. They seldom devour the animals they catch but kill them and suck their blood. The ferret has a slender body about 14 inches long; it has pink eyes and is usually yellowish-white in color."

The Legislature of 1873 passed the original law prohibiting the use of



Someone Suggested the Use of Ferrets For Taking Rabbits From Ground-Hog Holes

ferrets for hunting game in Pennsylvania. The Game Law provides that the Game Commission may do certain things officially that would be illegal in hunting, to further its game management programs.

Someone came up with the idea of using these animals in taking rabbits from ground-hog holes for stocking in other areas. The Commission was able to buy trained ferrets for us from a dealer in New York State and I believe they secured some from a dealer in one of the midwestern states, too. In addition, we had the assistance of a man from West Conshohocken with two trained ferrets for one or two winters. He used them in catching rats at his place of business. My records show that for use during the 1939-1940 winter, 28 ferrets were bought for use in the state-wide game trapping program at a cost of \$4.25 each. Pete Gerhart was one of the few men I ever knew who became especially adept at handling a ferret. Two other Game Protectors who did good work in trapping rabbits with these animals were George Keppler, of Meadville, Crawford County, and Warren Fretz, of Doylestown, Bucks County. For the most part, it is like training and handling any other animal, you must show the animal that you are not afraid of it.

The next job was to determine how we were going to use them. One method we had heard of was to use some sharp cutting instrument and cut off part of the long front teeth so that they cannot easily kill a rabbit, and the other method was to use a leather muzzle on them. We used this latter method. The muzzle was placed over the mouth and nose of the ferret, making sure to have small holes over the nose to permit breathing, then we fastened the muzzle on the back of the ferret behind the front legs. If the

muzzle wasn't fastened tightly the ferret would make every effort to free his mouth and if he succeeded in working it loose enough to use his teeth he would catch and kill a rabbit occasionally. However, we thought that this method was better because we did not like the idea of cutting off part of the ferret's front teeth. We hoped that the ferret would work more aggressively in chasing out rabbits even though under the handicap of the muzzle. We would secure two ferrets for Gerhart to use in his winter's work. Then, of course, it was necessary for the Game Protector to have a pen for them at his home and to have some kind of a box in which to transport them. He also had to feed them the proper diet. Our experience convinced us that the best food was Purina Mink Chow and meat scraps.

We used ferrets on the Eastern Penitentiary Reservation most successfully during the winters of 1933-34 and 1934-35. Captain Leighteiser gave us the services of a number of prisoners who were "trusties." They were under the direction of Mr. Mills and the guards. We had them go through the grass fields and chase the rabbits ahead into the ground-hog holes. We watched where the rabbits went and followed with ferrets and caught them. This was an unusual and very interesting operation. In the first place, we soon learned not to use the ferret in a single ground-hog hole. If we did, the rabbit had to go past the ferret to escape and this meant that the ferret might be able to catch the rabbit and even kill it if he had worked the muzzle loose. This meant that he would suck the blood and like some persons he would lie down and take a nap on a full stomach. Unless we wanted to wait until the ferret was ready to come out, it was necessary to use a pick and shovel and dig him

out. This job was real work so that we invariably wanted locations where there were multi-tunneled ground-hog holes, thus giving the rabbit a chance to come out and not be trapped by the ferret.

Cages for the Rabbits

The next equipment we needed was wire and cloth cages in which to catch the rabbit or rabbits when they came out. These cages were constructed of fairly heavy two-inch mesh fencing wire and were made about 15 inches long, 8 inches wide and 8 inches high. On the outer end was a cloth bag usually made from washed muslin feed bags from the Eastern Game Farm. They were big enough for the rabbit to go into and feel safe. On the other end of the cage was a piece of wire fitted for a drop door, so that as soon as the rabbit came out of the hole and went into this cage the door would drop down. The rabbit usually came out of the hole like a bullet and it was no problem for him to push the loose door open and go up into the cloth part of the cage. The rabbit seemed to know that a deadly enemy was after him and that it was time to get out of that underground shelter in a hurry by the first route available. One of us held a wire cage as closely as possible to each hole. Gerhart handled the ferret and started it down one of the ground-hog holes. Usually a Deputy Game Protector or two assisted with this work. Also Bob Reed, retired Conservation Information Specialist, helped many times. He was a traveling Game Protector at that time located at Lansdale. Then there was Ike Baumgardner, who was then the Superintendent of the Eastern Game Farm at Schwenksville and now the Assistant Chief of the Division of Propagation. Ike helped at times, too. Ike is probably the only person still working for the Commission who has ever helped with trapping rabbits by the use of ferrets.

It didn't take long after the ferret

went down the hole to know whether there was a rabbit there. If there was we could hear a scrambling and chasing around down there in this underground cavern. Sometimes it was downright funny. It sounded like an earthquake was about to take place. Then very soon a rabbit would come out one of the passages and go into the wire and cloth cage at top speed. The trapper would lift the cage away and almost immediately the ferret would come to the entrance and Gerhart or someone else would catch it. The rabbit would be placed in one of our carrying crates holding a dozen rabbits in individual compartments and we would proceed to the next group of ground-hog holes. We would take 36 to 46 or 50 rabbits a day in this manner.

At noon we would eat lunch with Mr. Mills and the guards at the Officers' Mess in one of the smaller buildings outside the main penitentiary building. They served very good food and it was a real pleasure to take time out to sit down and enjoy the fellowship after working in the cold air all forenoon.

My diary shows that on January 10,

FERRETS ARE EASILY TAMED. They seldom devour the animals they catch but kill them and suck their blood.



1935, we secured 36 rabbits on this Reservation with two trained ferrets. One experience I shall never forget. One afternoon shortly after lunch we were operating in a small field along a stream flowing through the Reservation. We were along the bank of this stream and had made the mistake of sending the ferret down a single hole which we thought had another exit. Possibly we forgot to check the tightness of the ferret's muzzle. The ferret must have killed the rabbit and didn't want to come out. After waiting a little while we decided it might be a good idea to try to flood out the ferret and avoid the digging job. We found a large can in the stream and decided to use it with a four-man bucket brigade to pour water down the ground-hog hole. Number four man, one of the trusties, scooped up a can of water, passed it to Number three, and he in turn passed it to Number two, then to Number one, who poured it down the hole. Soon Number two man turned around angrily to Number three and said, "Damn you, don't do that again." I didn't know what had happened because I was talking with Gerhart or someone else at the time and didn't see anything. In about a minute or two Number two turned around and hit Number three a terrific blow and knocked him down. He said to the man, "I told you not to do that again." We still didn't know what Number three had done but Mr. Mills and the guards assembled all the trusties and took them back to the building. That was the end of any help from these men for the remainder of the afternoon.

Although not pertinent to the ferret story another incident of interest oc-

curred there. One day Gerhart, while at the Penitentiary, had rather an unusual job for a Game Protector. Pete parked his car as usual and entered the building. It was sometime in 1934 or 1935. Captain Leighteiser saw him and said, "Pete, do you have your Sam Browne belt and revolver along?" "Yes," Pete said, "they are out in the car." The Captain told him, "Go, get them immediately and come in here. We have a riot on and we need your help." So Pete soon found himself assisting the Warden and the other officers in putting down a riot that had started as some men began destroying equipment in the laundry and destroying mattresses, etc. Cars of State Police came from as far away as Harrisburg within a comparatively short time in response to this alarm. I heard the sirens of the cars from Harrisburg as they went through West Lawn near Reading where we lived. All men who were not rioting were locked in their cells and the rioters were driven out of the building to a high place on the grounds inside the walls where they were subdued and order was restored.

This is a story not only of trapping rabbits with ferrets but of Pete Gerhart who contributed so much to the early history and success of the Pennsylvania Game Commission—an honest, hard-working Pennsylvania Dutchman who had many friends, was fearless, was an aggressive Game Protector. He was an expert marksman with a shotgun but a very poor shot with a revolver. Although he was a man of limited education he kept such complete records and furnished such detailed reports that he put to shame many a man with a much higher education.

15,000 Hawks at Sanctuary

During the 1963 fall migration season at Hawk Mountain Sanctuary in Pennsylvania, some 15,000 hawks were observed.

During that same period, 15,000 visitors were attracted to the sanctuary from Philadelphia and elsewhere, just to see hawks in flight.

Albinism: Defective Coloration

By Dave Mech



Photo by Eugene A. Visconti

THIS IS TURNPIKE TEDDY, a pure albino that lived at the Carlisle Interchange on the Pennsylvania Turnpike (background). He was rather tame and for more than two years was quite an attraction among Turnpike personnel.

WE WERE in a pickup truck on an old logging road recently in the middle of the Poconos. Suddenly I spied what looked like a tiny Hereford calf off in the woods. Upon our approach, the critter crouched to the ground, and we realized it was a fawn. Nearby a doe performed her version of the "broken-wing act." Ordinarily the fawn would have "disappeared" on the forest floor. But this one looked like a patch of snow—in

July no less. It was a partial albino, white with big brown blotches.

Imagine what I'd have done if I were a feral dog or a bobcat! One of the reasons we don't see more albinos is that they don't last very long in nature's hard, cruel world. Hungry creatures quickly spot animals with unnatural coloring.

Consider the work of a British scientist. He discovered that in industrial sections of England the color of a certain species of tree moth has changed from light to dark. Before factory soot blackened tree trunks, less than one per cent of the moths were black. Lighter individuals blended with their background and were less visible to birds. Now birds pick off the lighter. More of the *dark* moths survive to breed, and today 99 per cent of the population is dark. Undoubtedly the same principle works on albinos.

Albinos are also "selected against" because of their poor eyesight. Not only is pigment lacking in the fur (or feathers), and skin, but it is also missing from the eye. (Thus circulating blood shows through and causes the pink eyes so characteristic of true albinos.) Without pigment reflecting some of the light rays, the eyeball is hurt by excess light.

Although true or *total* albinos all sport pink eyes, there are three other types, which may or may not have them. An *incomplete* albino lacks all pigment in skin, fur (or feathers), or eyes, but not in all three. *Imperfect* albinism is the condition in which the pigment is only reduced or "diluted." This gives animals an "under-exposed" or "washed-out" effect. The commonest type of albinism is *partial*; color is all or partly missing from just part of the body.



ALBINOS AMONG GAME species are not rare. The albino ring-necked pheasant on the left and the part albino buck deer on the right were both taken during regular hunting seasons in recent years.

Photos by Shiner and Harrison



A good example of the latter type is the Himalayan rabbit. Black pigment ornaments the tips of the ears, nose, feet, and tail of this otherwise white creature. Scientists claim that in these areas the temperature gets low enough to allow a reaction in which pigment is formed. They can put ear muffs on one of these rabbits, and its ears remain white. Or if they toss a young Himalayan rabbit under a cold shower, all its fur later turns black.

These experiments show that to a certain extent environment can affect albinism in at least some species. But the condition is usually inherited. It works like this: If an albino mates with a normal critter, all the young will look normal. However, mate two of these young and you get, on the average, three normal-looking offspring to one albino. Two of these normal-looking beasts when mated give the same results. The other normal-looker is normal; if mated to another normal, it never produces albinos.

People studying the inheritance of albinism often use plants. Yes, there are even albino plants! They have the advantage (to scientists) of dying a few days after sprouting, since they lack chlorophyll—a pigment needed for them to make food. Thus a researcher can determine easily whether or not a very young plant is an albino.

Albinos may occur in any species, and there are records of them from most. Of course everyone knows about white mice and white rats. But mink,

muskrats, coons, deer, pheasants, bats, woodchucks, shrews, giraffes, tigers, squirrels, brook trout, and axolotls are among the many other species in which albinos occur. What about species which turn white in winter—i.e., weasel and snowshoe hare? They're not total albinos because they don't have pink eyes. But couldn't they be considered incomplete albinos?

Believe it or not, but albinism also occurs in man. Yes, in all races and peoples. Albino men have white hair, pink eyes, and they sunburn extremely easily. Scientists estimate that albinism only occurs in about one person per 10,000.

Of what use to nature are albinos? Probably none *now*. But who knows, someday the world may change very drastically, and maybe albinos will be better adapted to the new environment. Then, like the moths in England, animals with "unnatural" colors may survive and take over. You say, "The world would never change *that* drastically." Maybe not. But nature, like the Boy Scouts, must always be prepared!

Count Your Chicks

By Fred E. Hartman
Game Biologist

THE production and survival of pheasant chicks this summer will determine how many cockbirds will be harvested by hunters next season. Contrary to popular belief, most of the harvestable pheasants on primary pheasant range are produced in the wild and not on game farms. Therefore, the number of pheasant broods and, equally important, the number of chicks in each brood will have a direct effect on the pheasant hunting season next fall. Furthermore, juveniles make up the vast majority of cockbirds harvested by sportsmen and, therefore, it is of prime importance that nesting success and brood survival be as high as possible.

Hatching time for pheasants begins in late May and continues through June and July. The fluffy little chicks are precocious at birth—that is they

are well developed and are able to leave the nest within 24 hours after hatching. Early broods usually average seven to nine chicks.

The first two or three weeks of a pheasant's life are the most critical. At this time nature gnaws into the reproductive success. Many young pheasants are lost as a result of getting wet during summer thunder-showers, flash floods, etc. Others are destroyed by farming operations—mowing of hay especially taking a heavy toll. Another type of loss, perhaps much more subtle than any other, is due to the very specific food requirements of newly hatched pheasant chicks. Young pheasants eat great quantities of insects and whenever insects are unavailable, this too, can become a limiting factor in the life expectancy of the chicks. Man's indiscriminate use of insecticides and herbicides can contribute to the shortage of insects or the poisoning of this food supply causing a direct effect on the lives of young pheasants.

Pheasant broods spend most of their time in cover composed mostly of alfalfa and other types of hay, weedy areas and grain fields. Bottomlands adjacent to streams and swamps are also favorite coverts. All of these cover types are popular because they offer an abundant supply of insects.

During the summer, many pheasant broods are made up of birds of varying ages. Apparently this is a common occurrence in pheasants. Chicks from one brood may become mixed with either a younger or older brood. Sometimes more than one hen pheasant will accompany these broods of mixed





PGC Photo

HATCHING TIME for pheasants begins in late May and continues through June and July. The fluffy little chicks are developed well enough at birth to be able to leave the nest within 24 hours after hatching.

ages. However, in instances where only one hen is observed with a brood of varying ages, people wonder why some chicks are larger than others. This is due to an adoption of chicks from different broods by the hen.

Young pheasants grow at an amazing rate. The fluffy down of the newly hatched chick is rapidly replaced with feathers. By the time the chick is one week old the wing feathers are about one inch in length, and the chick is about the size of a common sparrow.

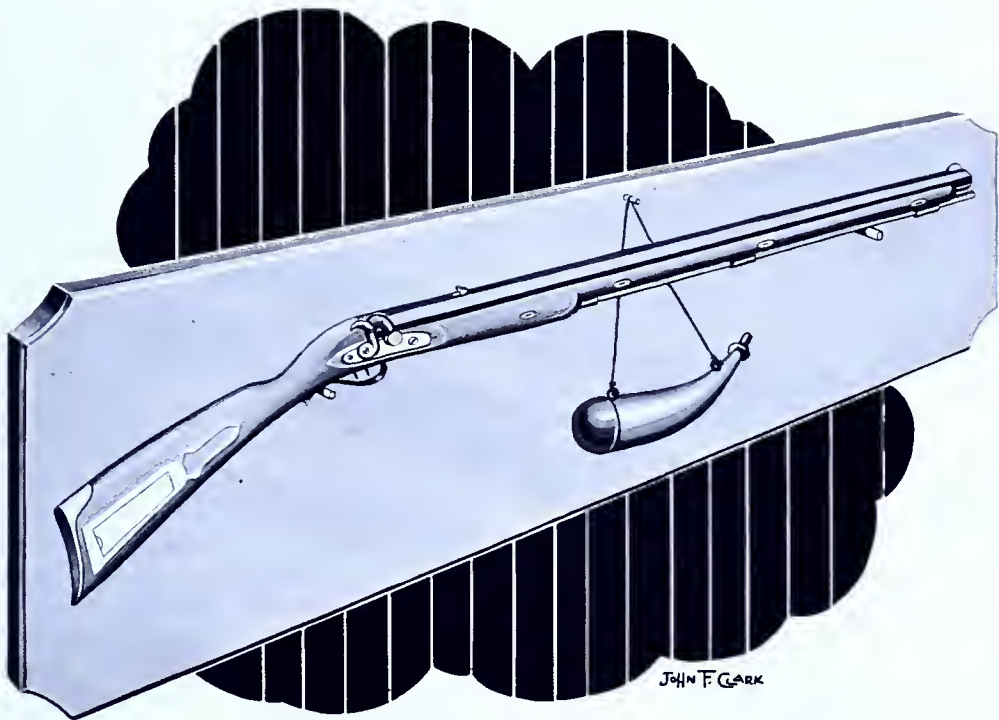
At two weeks of age new feathers appear on the flanks and at the base of the neck. Two weeks later the youngster is the size of a meadowlark and appears to be fully feathered. At six weeks the young pheasant is the size of a pigeon and has tail feathers about 3½ inches in length. Male pheasants begin to take on their colored plumage when they are seven weeks old and can be readily distinguished from the females at 10 weeks when they have attained the body size of a crow. Between 18 and 20 weeks the male pheasants develop their full plumage. Their gaudy red and orange bodies, complemented by the extremely long tail, make them the prize of farm game.

Pennsylvania is fortunate to have ring-necked pheasants in such abundance. Within a few miles south of our borders, the desirable pheasant habitat disappears and so do the birds.

This study is aimed at learning even more about this great game species. With added knowledge, better management practices can be used to keep Pennsylvania a great ringneck state. (Pittman-Robertson Project W-64-R)

TABLE I
AGE CRITERIA FOR PHEASANT CHICKS

Age (Weeks)	Size—relative to known bird	Height (Inches)	Length	Weight (Oz.)	Plumage Characteristics
1	Sparrow	3	4¼	1	Flight feathers only ones prominent and about 1" long.
2	-----	5½	5¼	2	Feathers appearing on flank, base of neck, and down middle of back. Tail ¾" long.
4	Meadowlark	7½	10	6-7	Birds appear wholly feathered. Tail noticeably longer than longest flight feather. Tail 2¼" long.
6	Pigeon	9½	11½	11-12	Tail 3½" long.
7	-----	9½	12½	Male 18 female 13	Male attaining colored plumage on breast, flanks, base of neck, and shoulders. Size difference noticeable between sexes.
10	Crow	male 12 female 11	19 16½	26 18	Males can be distinguished readily. Green feathers becoming readily apparent on head.
18-20	Pheasant			2-2½ lbs.	Males in full plumage.



A BEAUTIFUL DEN ORNAMENT that can be made by nearly anyone who has a little time and pays attention to the directions given below.

You, Too, Can Make a . . .

Long Rifle

By John F. Clark

THE question of whether rifles of this type originated in Pennsylvania or Kentucky probably never will be answered. Being a native Pennsylvanian I would probably be termed a traitor if I called it anything but a "Pennsylvania Rifle." So, to avoid bloodshed (mine), let's just call it a "Long Rifle." . . . O.K.?

The sight of one of these rifles generally conjures up visions of a buckskin clad frontiersman stealthily moving through a shadowy forest on the lookout for game. And occasionally casting a furtive glance over his back trail for "Injun sign."

For the sake of a better opening paragraph, I have cheated a bit. Most of those old-time rifles were flintlocks,

and the rifle we're going to carve here is a cap lock.

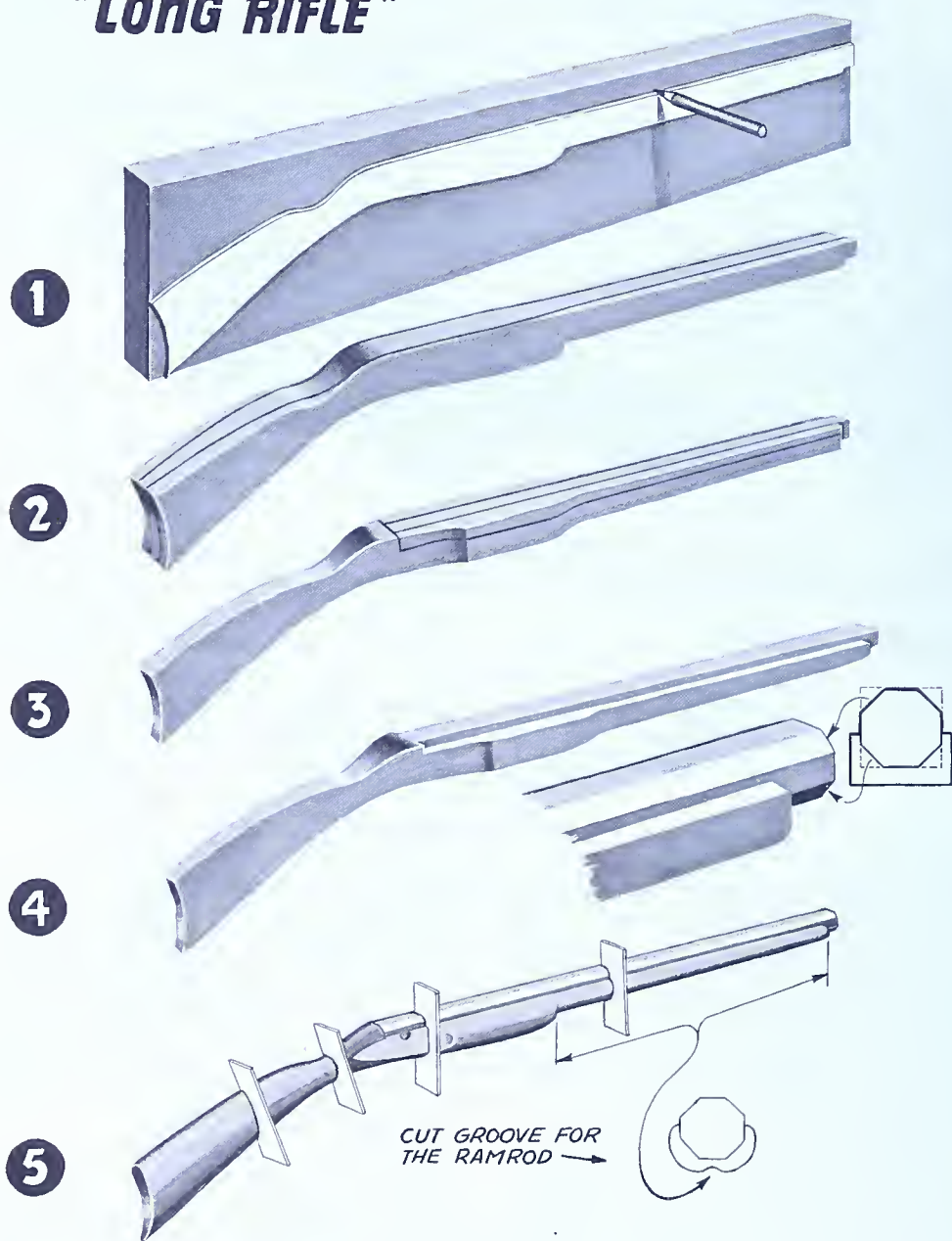
The model is 26 inches long and carved from a piece of white pine. When it's mounted, along with the powder horn, on a piece of pine, it should add a nice touch of the frontier to any den.

Now, let's start carving:

No. 1—Transfer the patterns to cardboard. Notice that the rifle is in two halves. Just match up the "X's" for a full-length pattern. Use $\frac{1}{2}$ " squares for the rifle blank and $\frac{1}{4}$ " squares for the trigger guard, hammer, side plate, etc. . . . Select a piece of knot-free white pine— $\frac{3}{4}$ " x $3\frac{1}{2}$ " x 26" and trace the side view with a pencil.

No. 2—Cut out the side view with a

"LONG RIFLE"



jig saw. Then measure and draw the top view on the blank.

No. 3—Carve out the top view. Measure carefully and draw in the barrel. Draw the octagon on the end of the barrel.

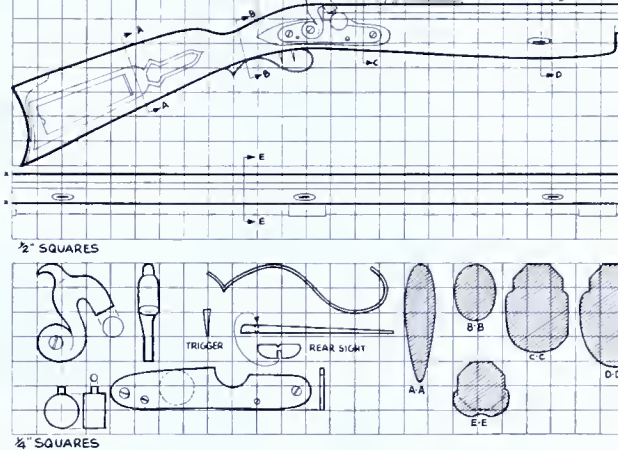
No. 4—Square out the barrel with your carving tools. Then use a block plane to cut the octagon shape as shown by the enlarged section.

No. 5—Make cardboard templates from the pattern drawing. Then you can round off the stock with a block plane, knife and sandpaper. Use the templates frequently to get the correct shape. Then give it a good finish sanding with fine paper.

Now you can apply the finish. For the stock I used a medium dark walnut stain. Apply a coat and then rub it down while it's still wet. In this way you can get the desired shade that you want. If you wipe off too much just apply a little more. For the barrel I used a mixture of black India ink with a small amount of burnt umber tempera color. This gives that rusty brown color that characterizes most of these old-timers. Set the rifle aside to dry while you work on the other parts.

No. 6—The ramrod is a piece of $\frac{1}{4}$ " wood doweling. After sanding smooth, apply the same finish that you used on the stock. Make it slightly lighter in shade for a bit of contrast. The rod holders are three layers of $\frac{3}{4}$ " masking tape. Cut off the ends (dotted line) so that when the rod is glued in the groove the ends are hidden. Paint the holders the same color as the barrel. Glue the rod in place by applying glue just to the holders. Hold in position with rubber bands while it dries.

No. 7—Carve the other parts—The hammer and anvil are carved from $\frac{1}{2}$ " pine and painted the same color as the barrel. The side plate, front and rear sights and the triggers are made from $1/16$ " pine. Use a 5" long strip of lead wrap-around sinker for the trigger guard. It's easy to bend to shape. All of these parts are painted the same



color as the barrel. You can either use wood screws to attach the side plate and hammer or glue them in place and paint in the screw heads. If you use screws, countersink the holes so that the head of the screw fits flush. Glue on the rear and front sights, the anvil triggers and trigger guard.

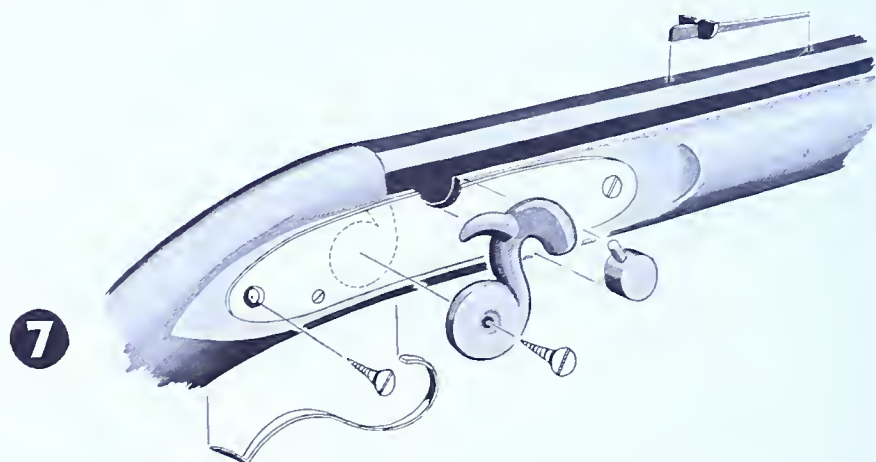
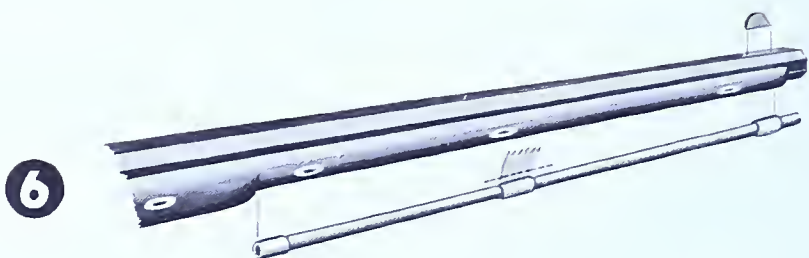
The patch box, butt plate and those ovals are painted on with tempera colors. I used light yellow with a bit of orange to get a brass color. Outline the hinged cover on the patch box with a fine black line. Paint a small black wedge in the ovals where shown. These are the ends of the tapered wedges that hold the barrel to the stock on the actual rifle.

The powder horn is carved from a piece of $1\frac{1}{2}$ " thick white pine. Saw out the side view, then round it off as shown. The rounded bottom and the collar are painted the same as the rifle barrel. The stopper is stained walnut. The horn color runs from pale yellow to yellowish gray. You could get a better idea if you used a real horn for a model. After painting, screw in the small brass screw eyes. Attach the leather thong.

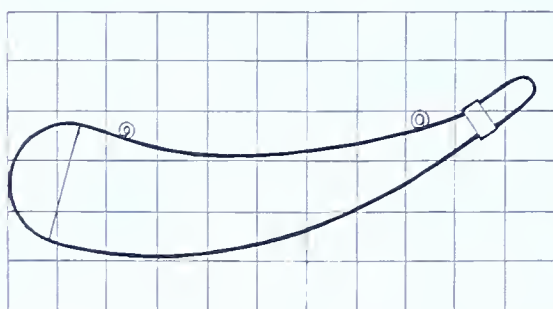
After everything is assembled and painted, spray on a couple of coats of varnish. Use light coats to prevent the colors from running together.

The rifle and horn are mounted on a piece of white pine— $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 8" x 28". Sand the board smooth and then apply two coats of varnish. Make pegs from $\frac{1}{4}$ " doweling about 2" long. Drill holes and glue them in place.

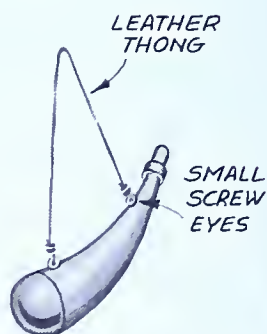
Hang the board on the wall just as you would a picture frame.



POWDER HORN



$\frac{1}{2}$ " SQUARES





Sportsmen—Defend Your Interests!

By T. F. Bell

Chief, Division of Law Enforcement

PGC Photo by Steve Kish

THIS BEAR WAS KILLED ILLEGALLY during the 1962 deer season in Monroe County. District Game Protector John Spencer (pictured) apprehended the violator who shot the 285-pound bruin. The offender was fined \$200 and costs.

IT IS proposed as a fact that game management would fail to exist with its present-day magnitude, in the midst of an increasing population and ruthlessly expanding industry without the support of Game Law enforcement. Faced with this fact there still exists in certain areas some reluctance to appraise conservation law enforcement at its true value.

This attitude does not come totally from punished law offenders, as some may believe, nor does it come in large proportion from those who speak from ignorance of the facts. These two sources, however, are responsible for their share of criticism along with the do-gooders who seem to find their way into any act. As dangerous, however, as these potentials of attack may be, they barely hold a candle to the destructive force of well informed people who know the facts about conservation law enforcement but fail through delay or indifference to support their cause. Sad as it seems, this is often true of people who consider themselves good sportsmen and are normally classed as such.

Conservation law enforcement itself is not without blame for some in-

difference of interest in the program. Compared to the phases of game management which promise sportsmen and the public nothing but pleasant things, such as more and improved game lands to hunt upon, increased amounts of game stocked to shoot, more entertainment and improving public services generally, law enforcement may seem to hold little glamour. In addition, many practices of the past, including some abuses in law enforcement, have failed to enhance or add to its attraction for many people.

Delay in application of the law leads to mistrust for any law enforcement program. Misapplication of the law, which may amount to abuse, leads to disrespect for the cause served by the law. Disregard for the feelings of people who cooperate and help to bring law offenders to justice results in future indifference on their part. Fortunately, most of these abuses have long been dissolved. The important thing is that law enforcement organizations and the individual officers be aware of these abuses and endeavor to avoid the same mistakes in the future. Any personnel selection and



PGC Photo by D. L. Batcheler

A SUCCESSFUL law enforcement officer must constantly hold court in his own mind and proceed as the popular cop on the street crossing does. Here District Game Protector R. W. Ruths of Potter County checks a woodchuck hunter's license.

training program should have part of its curriculum aimed at this target.

The do-gooders are inclined to feel that the days are past when the necessity for strict conservation law enforcement existed. Most of them, fortunately, are well meaning people who are usually amazed to learn of the prevalence of Game Law offenses. They, therefore, are included among the partially advised. Some of them can be converted to constructive service if adequately informed.

Misinformed critics, as a group, are difficult to convert. Such individuals are nearly as sly as the poison penman, presenting a frustrating situation which is difficult to expose. Their ranks are composed of people in all walks of life and include a certain faction of calculated problem people whom law enforcement administrators learn to condone. They are hardly ever converted for they have no such desire.

What of the well informed individuals or organizations who, in spite of their knowledge of the need for rigid law enforcement and appreciate its

importance in a successful conservation management program, do nothing to help expedite the program? Often they only accept it with a grain of skepticism. Some of these people and groups are also among those who have been discouraged by procrastinations, abuses of the law and disregard for past cooperation by law enforcement officials. Wherever this is the case it would be advisable for conservation officials and the dissenters to cooperate in their common interest.

A successful conservation law enforcement program is wise to presume upon the policy that "it is better for a dozen guilty persons to go unpunished than for one innocent person to be unjustly prosecuted." The impossibility of hewing strictly to this principle in practice should be recognized, otherwise the necessity for courts and judges would be substantially diminished. Pennsylvania Game Law enforcement officers with their second to none training, and the constant supervision to which they are subject, are adept at recognizing the cases which are worthy of prosecution as compared to the incidents where an offender of the law should be reprimanded or advised and released. A successful law enforcement officer becomes a "court of first resort." He must constantly hold court in his own mind and proceed as the popular cop on the street crossing does. He summarily disposes of jaywalkers and other minor offenders and at the same time builds good will for his organization.

Commercial Killing

It is not difficult to dispose of technical cases as suggested but what about those offenders who deal in game as a commodity, killing deer at night under a spotlight, commercializing the meat and constituting a business of such operations? What of the endless number of those who deliberately set about to acquire personal gain of one measure or other by cheat-

"There Is a Growing Disrespect for All Criminal Law, Regardless of the Crime Involved"

ing on the Game Law in lesser degree? Should any sympathy be entertained for any such characters? Or should they be brought to justice without fear or favor being expected or granted?

There is a growing disrespect for all criminal laws, regardless of the degree of crimes involved. This is evidenced by daily newspaper articles and constant accounts by leading law enforcement administrators. A difficult puzzle exists. As more restrictive laws are enacted, more efficient deterrents and more effective scientific devices to trap the criminal are perfected, the more crime flourishes. The same difficulty prevails for conservation law enforcement. No exaggeration exists with the statement that little more than 5 per cent of all Game Law offenders are apprehended. This is particularly true during close season and is not substantially improved in the open season when thousands of hunters are afield who could be a force in assisting their Game Protector in the apprehension of serious offenders. Why do they not do it? It is all a part of the rapidly developing pattern of human behavior which recently prompted forty citizens to stand idly by listening to the screams while a girl was being raped and chased out of an apartment in the nude by her attacker onto a public street in the City of New York. In the same vein was the case of an old man being beaten to death by a gang of young hoodlums while a group of citizens assembled to watch the procedure without turning a hand. Why the indifference we may ask? The only possible answer is that segments of the American people have decided to completely ignore any responsibility to their fellow men. They are indifferent to man-made institutions dedicated to

preservation of the peace, dignity and safety of the public.

Perhaps it is too much to expect much cooperation in the apprehension of Game Law offenders in view of the evident public apathy toward more serious crimes. This should not in any sense of the word discourage or excuse anyone who considers himself either a good sportsman or a good citizen from the obligation of helping insure a future for wildlife in the state and nation. Humans are expected to think, a privilege not accorded wildlife in the same proportion.

Underhanded Offenses

Much of the conscientious effort to enforce conservation laws is nullified by the underhanded nature of the offenses. This is where the help of in-

CONSERVATION LAW ENFORCEMENT is never to be considered lightly or swept under the rug. During the past 15 years in Pennsylvania there have been 69,710 apprehensions for violations of the Game Law.

PGC Photo by D. L. Batcheler



terested local people could be of untold service. The sad part of that is, however, the best intended people, even recognized sportsmen, are inclined to promote and participate in the newer and more glamorous wildlife benefit programs; those holding promise of immediate public recognition for them.

I think we must never consider conservation law enforcement as something to be held lightly or swept under the rug. Let us suppose that promiscuous and uncontrolled killing of wildlife would never result in the complete annihilation of any or all species. If this were a fact could it justify the complete loss of public respect that would accrue to wildlife management from the resulting indignities which would be committed upon wildlife without the protection of law enforcement? I think not.

During the past 15 years in Pennsylvania there has been 69,710 apprehensions for violations of the Game Law, attended by total penalties of

\$2,299,438.38, to say nothing of the thousands of cases of hunting license revocations imposed upon serious offenders. I shudder to think what might have been the effect upon our game population had not these punitive measures prevailed as a deterrent to even more promiscuous violations.

What can the sportsman do to augment Game Law enforcement so that offenders will be positively aware they may expect to be exposed to justice? He might start by joining hands with his Game Protector in a united effort to bring to justice those who lack respect for conservation laws. A true sportsman should be proud to stand up without shame in defense of a program which is dedicated to defending wildlife. He should feel a little taller standing up against the minority who would by underhanded methods deliberately steal from the public stock of natural resources; a stock which is consecrated fairly to the present and future use and benefit of the public under man-

A TRUE SPORTSMAN should be proud to stand up without shame in defense of a program which is dedicated to defending wildlife.

PGC Photo



"It Is Hoped That the Lesson Will Not Be Lost on Others Who Believe the Game Laws Do Not Apply to Them"

made laws which have been held to be fair.

For those who remain skeptical there are presented below two brief editorials which appeared recently in prominent newspapers of wide circulation in the northeastern part of our state. They bear testimony to the attitude of a section of the public with respect to the apprehension of some guilty of willful and promiscuous Game Law offenses.

JACKLIGHTING PENALTY

"Jacklighting can be an expensive practice as was demonstrated in Luzerne County Court this week. Two men who pleaded guilty to the offense received heavy fines, and one forfeited a costly new automobile and other paraphernalia used in taking deer illegally.

"The State Game Commission and the Court are to be congratulated on the manner and dispatch with which the case was handled. It is to be hoped the lesson will not be lost on others who believe the Game Laws do not apply to them."—*Wilkes-Barre Record*.

RESPECT

"The Game Commission gave rather an excellent example of how to keep respect for its laws last week when, with Attorney Ray Sabota handling the case in court, the result was a severe penalty for illegal shooting of deer.

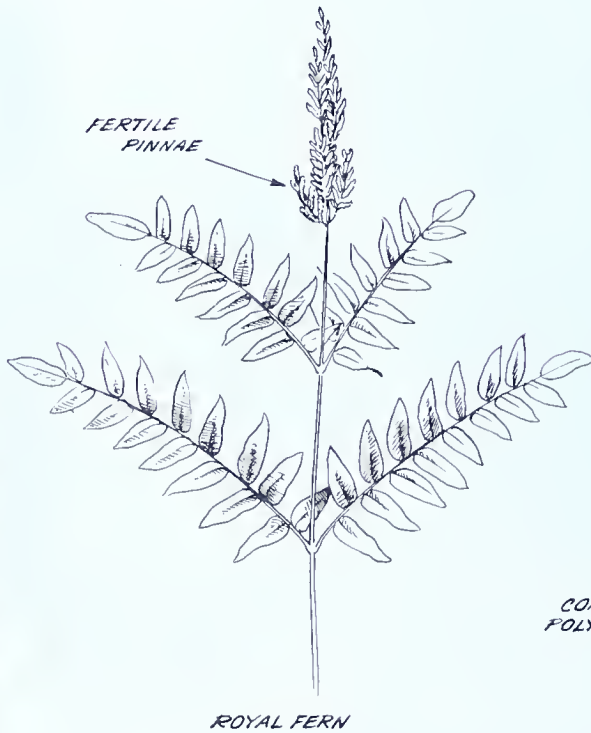
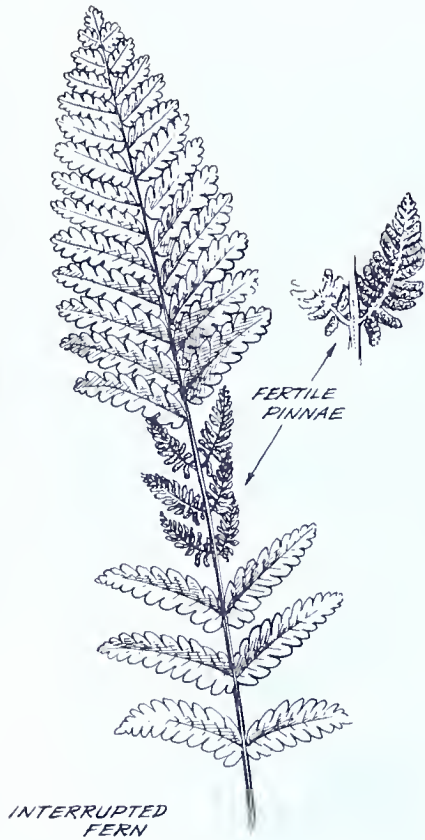
"There was a heavy fine, loss of hunting privilege and loss also of a Cadillac by (defendant.)

"Game Commission workers had piled up such a great supply of excellent evidence that had been prepared in an air-tight manner that (defendant) pleaded guilty.

"Contrary to what some had feared, it is not necessary only to hire a lawyer and go to court to get out of a charge of violating the Game Laws."—*Sunday Independent, Wilkes-Barre*.

Every person worthy of being classed as a good sportsman has the obligation of cooperating with Game Law officials to secure the best possible observance of the law. In Pennsylvania you are privileged to participate in one of the nation's outstanding Game Law enforcement programs. Be proud of it and help your Game Commission help you.







WALKIN' SHOES

By NED SMITH

The Ferns—Plumes of the Plant World

1. Do all ferns grow in clumps?
2. Do ferns have flowers?
3. What are "fiddleheads"?
4. What are the minute reproductive bodies of a fern called?
5. Are ferns edible?
6. Are ferns eaten by wildlife?
7. Do ferns remain green all winter?
8. Are ferns easy to grow in gardens?

FEW plants are as purely ornamental as those plumelike creations we call ferns. Without benefit of heady fragrance or colorful flowers they can transform a bare, hardwood forest into a scene of lush, tropical beauty. Harsh, rocky cliffs are brightened by their greenery. Even the black floor of fire-ravaged woodlands is soon invaded by species which specialize in that sort of redecorating.

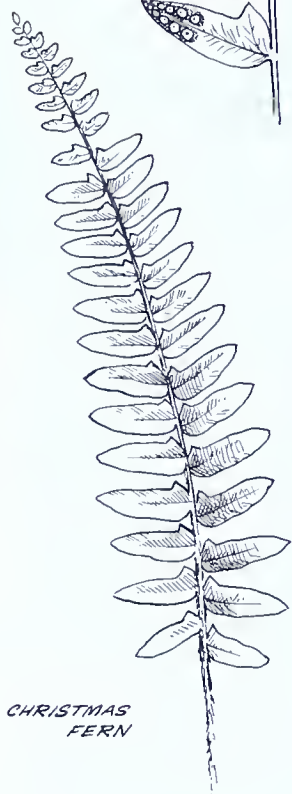
But there is little need to extoll the obvious beauty of these plants. Everyone appreciates ferns. What everyone doesn't know, though, is that dozens of species of ferns are found in our Pennsylvania woods and mountains. Few people can identify more than three or four species; fewer still are familiar with the odd reproductive processes by which ferns propagate. And how many folks do you suppose are aware that some ferns are eaten like asparagus in the springtime? In short, the average outdoorsman just doesn't know his ferns.

The lack of knowledge certainly isn't going to shorten his life or throw sunrise and sunset off schedule, but even a nodding acquaintance with the things one meets along a woodland trail is better than not recognizing them at all—be they birds, flowers, trees, mammals, insects, *or* ferns.

Ferns differ from the more familiar and conventional plants in several ways. For one thing, they produce no flowers. Ferns of one group are called "flowering ferns," but the "flowers" are in reality fruiting structures. They are different in form, too. The entire visible part of a fern consists of a frond or group of fronds—stemlike axes fringed with leafletlike structures called *pinnæ*. Pinnæ are sometimes further divided into pinnules.

Ferns spread by underground roots or runners, by means of bulblets, or, in some species, by the drooping frond tip taking root.

In addition, all species multiply and spread by means of spores—minute reproductive bodies released by the mature plants and dispersed by wind and rain. Surprisingly, these spores do not directly produce copies of the parent plant, as true seeds do, but form small, simple, green plants that resemble a single rounded or heart-shaped leaf more than they do a fern. Each of these plants contains both male and female cells which combine to produce the fern as we know it.



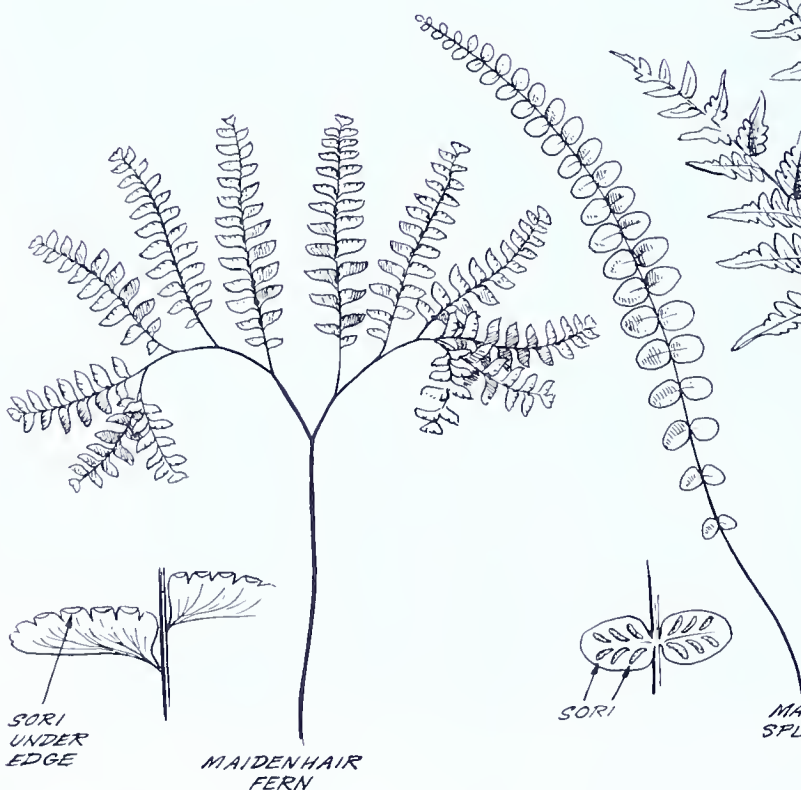
CHRISTMAS
FERN



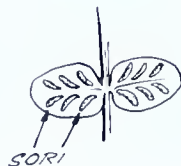
HAY-SCENTED
FERN



MARGINAL
SHIELD FERN



MAIDENHAIR
FERN



SORI



MAIDENHAIR
SPLEENWORT



SORI
UNDER

BRACKET

Some ferns produce spores in separate fertile fronds that are entirely different in appearance from the feathery sterile fronds. On others the spores are produced in small fruiting dots called *sori* that grow on the underside of the pinnae. Sori are varied in shape, some being round, some crescent-shaped, some oblong, some forming lines or beaded margins. The shape and arrangement of these sori are important in the identification of some species of ferns. Unfortunately, they are not always present, appearing and disappearing according to the season.

As you might have noticed on your winter hikes, some ferns are evergreen, while others wither and die in the fall. Young fronds are rolled into a tight coil when they first push through the leafy litter in the spring. As the stipe, or stem, lengthens they gradually unroll, but before they do they are known as "fiddleheads," which they certainly do resemble. At this stage certain kinds—notably the cinnamon fern, ostrich fern, and bracken—are eaten by some folks. The fiddleheads are stripped of their downy coating and cooked gently in two waters, after which they are prepared like asparagus and usually eaten on toast.

A few wildlife species occasionally dine on ferns—rabbits, grouse, and beavers are known to nibble of them, and in winter deer dig through the snow to eat the fronds and roots of evergreen types — but they could hardly be considered an important item in the diet of any wild mammal or bird. Of far more significance is the nesting and escape cover they provide.

Still, first and foremost of their attributes is their incomparable grace and beauty. They could be the most useless plants in the world and still they would be among the most treasured.

To describe all the ferns found in Pennsylvania would be beyond the scope of this article, and would result in nothing but confusion. Instead, I've

selected a dozen common species that are fairly common and well worth knowing. In running down these few you will become familiar with the methods of identification. If ferns still interest you, a good field guide will acquaint you with more of these, our most beautiful plants.

Interrupted Fern

THIS large fern produces fronds in erect clumps two to four feet high. Spores are produced by modified pinnae in the center of the blade of some fronds. These wither and drop off later in the season, resulting in a bare space that gives the fern its name. The young plant is coated with whitish down.

Cinnamon Fern

THIS is the fern commonly found in erect clumps beside woodland streams. Its fronds are coated with rusty wool, especially when young. The spores are produced by stiff, reddish brown fertile fronds that are totally different in appearance from the sterile fronds. These fertile fronds wither away in midsummer.

Sensitive Fern

A COMMON denizen of swamps and wet places the sensitive fern is extremely variable, but the sterile frond shown represents the most common type. It is smaller than the preceding species, usually a foot or two high. The sori are encased in bead-like structures arranged in rows on separate fertile fronds, giving the fern its other common name, "bead fern."

Ostrich Fern

THIS huge plant appears in wet places, growing in ringlike clumps with the fertile fronds in the center. Its sterile fronds, characterized by being widest toward the tip, sometimes attain a height of seven feet. The fertile fronds are shorter, densely packed with narrow, bead-edged pinnae.

Royal Fern

USUALLY found in swamps and along streams the royal fern reaches a height of four to six feet. The pinnae are divided into numerous separate and distinct "pinnules" that look like small leaflets, giving the plant a somewhat un-fernlike appearance. Spores are produced by dwarfed, modified pinnae borne on the tips of some of the fronds.

Common Polypody

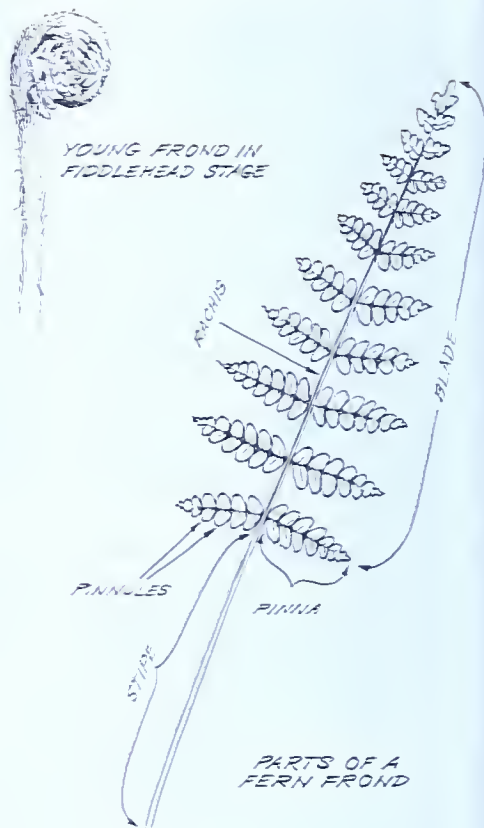
FOUND in shaded, rocky situations over most of Pennsylvania the common polypody seldom reaches a foot in height. It is one of the ferns that remains green throughout the winter. Note the alternate arrangement of the lobes. Turning over the frond, you will see the dot-like sori midway between the margin and midrib on the smooth undersides of the lobes.

Christmas Fern

ANOTHER common evergreen fern of rocky places is the Christmas fern. It grows to a height of one to three feet. Each pinna has an angular projection on the upper edge near the base, but this characteristic is shared by several other ferns. Identification can be made by the round sori that are sometimes so crowded as to completely cover the underside of the pinna. These fruiting bodies are borne on terminal pinnae that are noticeably smaller than their neighbors. The stipe is coated with long scales.

Hay-Scented Fern

UNLIKE most ferns, this one loves sunlight and often covers large areas of power lines, clearings, and high meadows. It is a delicate, finely cut plant, seldom exceeding two and a half feet in height. Each of the very small fruit dots is placed on the margin of a toothlet.



Marginal Shield Fern

THIS common woodland species is usually less than three feet in height. Note that the pinnae are cut to or near the midrib to form pinnules, not compoundly cut like the hay-scented fern. The sori are covered with a whitish membrane, and are situated along the edges of the pinnules.

Maidenhair Fern

FEW ferns are as distinctive as the maidenhair fern. Its round or fan-shaped fronds consist of numerous one-sided pinnules attached to a forked, shining, slender blackish or purplish stipe. It is a small plant, averaging a foot or so in height, that grows in moist forests. The sori are concealed in the inrolled free edge of each pinnule.

Maidenhair Spleenwort

THIS little fern's only resemblance to the maidenhair fern lies in its dark, shining rachis. The spreading fronds are narrow, formed by small, round or broadly elliptical pinnae. The sori are oblong, arranged obliquely on the underside of the pinnae.

Bracken

THIS fern is not averse to growing in sunny situations, and can be found in abundance in hill country pastures as well as in old burns. It is usually less than two feet high. The three-parted blade surmounts an erect stipe. It is quite variable, but the lower pinnules are more finely cut than those on the terminal part of the plant. The fruiting bodies are arranged along the margins of the pinnules, and are covered by the contin-

uously reflexed edges of the latter. Bracken is often known by the name "brake."

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS

1. No. A few, such as the bracken are solitary or scattered.
2. No.
3. Young fern shoots that are tightly coiled when they come up in the spring.
4. Spores.
5. The young shoots of some ferns are used as human food.
6. Yes, deer often eat the fronds and roots of certain ferns, particularly in wintertime.
7. Some do, most do not.
8. A few are rather easy to grow in gardens with the right soil and light conditions. Most species are very difficult to grow.

A Lot of Water

Pennsylvania's two biggest natural springs provide enough water apiece to each supply a city of 300,000 to 400,000 people with drinking water, the Department of Forests and Waters reported recently.

The state's biggest spring is located at Boiling Springs in Cumberland County. It delivers 24 million gallons per day.

Big Spring, near Newville also in Cumberland County, ranks second with a daily output of about 20 million gallons.

Neither spring is extensively used at present.

There may be considerable argument about the third and fourth ranking Pennsylvania springs, however. If Ruhl and Seven Springs in Clinton County, issuing from many openings close together, were counted as one, they would rate third place and other springs at Huntsdale in Cumberland County would rank fourth.

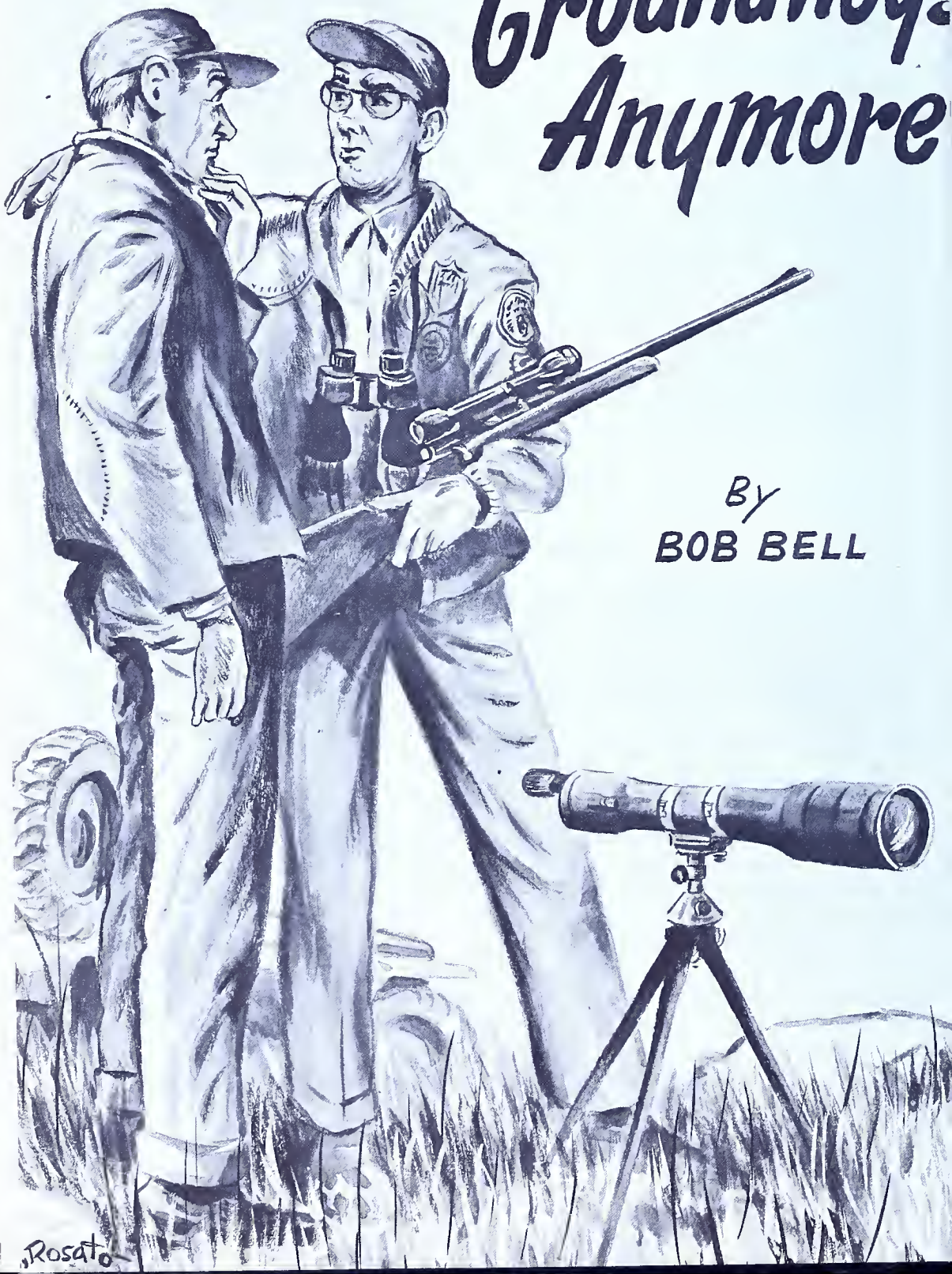
As it is, however, hydrographers rate the spring in Centre County at Bellefonte—French for "beautiful fountain" and named by the famous 19th century French Foreign Minister Talleyrand—in third place with a production of 11.3 million gallons per day. Archspring, in Blair County, is close behind with 10.7 million gallons.

Schantz Spring, with an estimated outflow of 10 million gallons, is the main source of water supply for Allentown.

Temperatures of the springs remain in the neighborhood of 49 to 54 degrees the year round.

Nobody Calls Them Groundhogs Anymore

By
BOB BELL



"BUT all I want to do is shoot the ground hog that's been eating Millie's snap beans," Harry said.

"With *that* thing?" Jack exclaimed.

Harry looked at his gun curiously. "Of course with this thing. What else would you use to shoot a ground hog?"

"Oh my sainted aunt." Jack groped his way to a chair. "It just isn't possible."

"Do you feel okay?" Harry asked while Jack gingerly examined his rifle. "I've killed lots of ground hogs with that, I remember. . . ."

"Harry, please. Don't call them ground hogs."

"Don't call them ground hogs? Why not? What else. . . ."

"No, now listen. I'll explain. It may take some doing. I realize you've been away a long time. I know how it is in the city and how glad you are to be back. Millie, too. But somehow I just didn't realize *how* long you were away."

Harry chuckled. "Time passes. But some things never change. . . ."

"Others do. Feelings about some things, for instance. Often this is due to the words people use. Your advertising work must have emphasized this."

"Of course. But what's that got to do with ground hogs?"

Jack winced. "The whole thing is, we don't call 'em ground hogs any more. Haven't for years. There have been a lot of changes. Varmint shooting isn't a little-boy-piddling-away-a-couple-hours deal any more. It's become a very specialized sport, one that takes the highest skill and superb equipment. And this change, this progression, is due almost entirely to that little critter in your garden that you intend to assassinate."

"That ground hog?"

"That woodchuck!" Jack yelled. "Nobody calls them ground hogs any more. It . . . it doesn't have the right connotation. It's . . . unclean or something. They're called woodchucks now."

"That's strange," Harry said. "I don't get the connection. If you're going to quibble over names, why not call him Marmy or something? The real name is *Marmota monax monax*, isn't it?"

"Never mind that. I didn't name 'em, I just shoot 'em."

"Fine. There are lots around here. Get your .22 and we'll pot a few. I have a couple boxes of shorts. If we don't see any groun . . . woodchucks, I mean, we can always plink some tin cans or sparrows."

"Shorts?" Jack bleated. "Sparrows!"

"I wish I knew what was bothering you," Harry said slowly.

Jack grinned suddenly. "It's nothing, really. Probably even better this way. It'll be quite an experience watching a new varmint hunter develop." He took Harry by the arm and led him out back to a battered jeep.

"I thought Anne wrote that you recently got a new sedan," Harry said.

"We did. That's for her." Jack slapped the jeep affectionately. "This is mine. My chuckwagon."

"Chuckwagon? Where's the roof? And why the crazy paint scheme?"

"Camouflage. Blends in with all kinds of backgrounds. And I took the roof off so I could survey the area without getting out."

"Here." Jack opened a long narrow metal box behind the front seat.

"What in blazes is *that*?"

"Merely one of the best chuck rifles in existence." Jack's eyes shone, his voice vibrated. "Two-inch groups at 300 yards. Trajectory flat as a stretched rubber band. Go on, look at it, boy."

Harry edged closer and reached out reluctantly. "What's that thing on top?"

"The scope? You've seen scopes before."

"Oh, a scope. Sure, I've seen them. But this one's so big. Looks like something from Canaveral."

"Jokes, huh? Go on, have a look."

Harry reached into the padded box and strained. "I can't lift it."

"Aw, come on, Harry. . . ."

"No, really. You're sure it's not locked in some way?"

"Of course not." Jack hoisted the rifle out, tossed a sandbag onto the hood and placed the rifle on it.

"That sure is a beautiful hunk of ordnance," Harry said, admiring it from a distance and all directions. "Why's the barrel so big when it has such a little hole in the end?"

"Stops vibrations. Makes for better accuracy. Of course, the gain twist and taper bore contribute also. It's a matter of. . . ."

"I never saw a stock like that. Why's the butt so high?"

"You gotta get a high comb to see through the scope. It's got a higher than average line of sight, which is an advantage in some ways because it apparently flattens trajectory due to. . . ."

"What's trajectory?"

"What! Look. . . . Well, never mind that now. Here. . . ."

"Say, I didn't notice the two triggers before. It's like a shotgun, huh?"

"Omigawd. Quick, look! That chuck just came out in Millie's garden. Use the scope."

Harry bent close, squinching his left eye shut and concentrating hard. "I can't find him. Where. . . . Oh, yeah, boy, you were right! I never saw anything like this before."

Jack laughed. "You think that's something? Watch." He reached out a hand.

"No, don't touch anything. Man, he's looking right at me. Quick, gimme a shell."

"Oh, no. He's only thirty-five yards away."

"Fine. I'll clobber him good. Gimme a shell."

"Nothing doing. He's too close."

"Impossible. Gimme. . . ."

"Hold on, pal. You can shoot him, but not from here." Jack lifted the rifle into the jeep. "Come on."

"But. . . ."

"No but's, amigo. I told you varmint shooting has changed. Now comes your introduction to the new method." Jack put the jeep into gear and bumped across the field, splashed through a creek and climbed a bank beyond, occasionally glancing back toward the garden. Finally he stopped, got out and directed Harry to a mound of earth. "Now you can try it."

"Are you crazy? I can hardly see the bean patch let alone the ground hog."

"We don't call 'em ground hogs any more!"

"Okay, okay. But nobody can kill that woodchuck from here."

"Sure they can. It's a matter of having the right equipment and using it."

Jack set up a spotting scope. "We'll see if he's still there."

"He could'a dug to China by now."

"No, I don't think chucks like rice."

"That's something to remember. Maybe next year Millie. . . ."

"There he is. Take a look."

"I see him now. Say, what're those funny lines in there?"

"That's my rangefinder. See those short lines coming off the heavy L-shaped one? Each is two minutes of angle long and the same distance from the next one. Knowing this, and the approximate size of your target, you can closely calculate range. Since one minute of angle equals about an inch per 100 yards, you just divide the size of the target in inches by the minutes of angle it subtends and that's the



range in hundred-yard units."

Harry looked at him blankly. "I got lost somewhere."

"It's simple. Suppose that chuck measures six inches from top to bottom. We see one of the lines a little more than equals his depth. Dividing two into six gives 300 yards, plus maybe thirty-five for the surplus. Got it?"

"I dunno. Even if what you say is true, I don't see how you can hit that woodchuck."

"I'm not going to shoot him. That's your chuck."

"Mine?"

"Of course. Weren't you begging to assassinate him a minute ago?" Jack placed the rifle and sandbag on the mound and moved Harry into position. "See him?"

"Yeah, but not as good as before."

"You're ten times farther away. But we'll fix that. Keep your eye on him."

"He's getting closer!"

"Yep. This is a variable power scope. Any magnification you want."

Harry looked at the mechanism admiringly.

"We'll try a dry run to let you see how the trigger feels," Jack said. "Pull the rear trigger until it catches."

"Okay."

"At this range you won't have to worry about trajectory. Just put the crosswires on him."

"They bump."

"That's due to heart action."

"I don't want to stop that."

"No. Just take a couple of moderately deep breaths, hold one, aim and touch the front trigger. Okay?"

Harry nodded.

Silence.

Click.

"I hardly touched that trigger!"

"That's all it takes for that five-lever German job. Was it a good hold?"

"It looked fine. But I still think you should do it."

"Nope. You have a proprietary interest in that chuck. After all, he's destroying your wife's garden, Harry.

You have to bust him. It's the only way you can preserve your standing at the head of your family—and your status in the local SITNCC."

"What's the SITNCC?"

"That's the Shootem In The Next County Club. You became a pledge when you squinted through the scope and you'll be a full-fledged member the moment you kill that chuck."



JACK PLACED THE RIFLE and sandbag on the mound and placed Harry into position.

With a flourish, Jack removed a cartridge from his pocket.

"What is *that*?"

"That, my friend, is a woodchuck cartridge."

"Woodchuck cartridge? It looks like an elephant shell."

"Well, maybe it is, in a way. It's a direct descendant of one, although perhaps on the shady side. It's great-grandfather was the .458 Magnum. That had an offspring called the .338, which in turn fathered the .264. Then, uh, in a moment of madness appeared this slightly illegitimate creation. It's called a 6 mm. Magnum. Or something."

"You don't use it on woodchucks?"

"Not up close. That's why I drove

you back here."

"Wouldn't it have been simpler to use the .22 from the back porch?"

Complicate Things

"Nowadays we complicate things. Back there you'd just have shot him. Here we have to consider range, trajectory, velocity and so on. Now in this outfit we use a 110-grain bullet with a nine-caliber ogive and a seven-degree boattail. It has excellent sectional density and a very high C factor—uh, ballistic coefficient, that is, has to do with the form. I swage them myself. With sixty-nine grains of. . ."

"Does it kick?"

". . . kick? No, of course not—a coarse double base powder, ignited by a booster charge of. . ."

"Is it noisy?"

". . . well, kind of. We've found that just as efficient as a flash tube and no more work in the long run, although you have to be careful. . ."

"What's that trajectory business?"

"Yes, that is important. It has to do with gravity, which acts on a bullet every instant of its flight; therefore, the quicker it gets to its target the less time gravity has to work and the flatter it shoots. This simplifies hitting at unknown ranges. So the higher velocity we get—average, not muzzle—which depends on the sectional density and ballistic coefficient I mentioned a moment ago, the better. Follow me?"

"No, but. . ."

"No matter. I'll lend you a book. Now you better shoot that chuck."

"If gravity pulls the bullet down, do I have to hold high for this shot?"

"No, you're zeroed at 300."

"But you said this is 335."

"It is. But you're shooting downhill, which introduces an angle and flattens trajectory a bit. Also, you have half the depth of the chuck to work with if you hold center. And. . . Never mind. Just go ahead and shoot."

Jack slid the cartridge into the chamber and Harry closed the bolt

and squirmed into position.

"Don't forget to set the trigger."

Click.

"Watch the heartbeat."

"Okay."

"Couple moderate breaths."

"Okay."

"Hold right on."

"Okay."

"I'll watch through the spotter."

"Okay."

Silence.

KEROWAANG!

Weeds beyond the men fanned down. A line of crows passing overhead changed course radically and sped away.

Jack bored a finger into one ear and blinked several times. He looked at Harry, then at the sky, then around the horizon. He cleared his throat.

"You mised, Harry," he said finally.

"Missed! Impossible. We had it all figured. Scientific."

"I know. But you missed." Jack started loading the equipment into the jeep. "There's this one other thing," he said as they bumped through the creek and across the field. "The human angle. Shooters just ain't perfect."

"Oh."

"But we're working on it." Jack stopped at the house to let Harry out just as Millie drove in. "Tell you what. I'll come back in the morning. We'll go out again. You'll get the next one."

"Fine."

Harry watched Jack leave, then walked into the house with Millie.

"What did you do all afternoon, Harry?" she asked, beginning to prepare the evening meal.

"Oh, talked with Jack and took a little ride. Millie, did you ever hear of a chuckwagon, or a variable power scope, or a gun that. . ."

"No, I didn't, hon. But speaking of guns, I wish you'd take your .22 and shoot that old ground hog that's out there eating my. . ."

"Millie!" Harry screamed. "That's not a ground hog. Nobody calls them ground hogs any more!"

Day of Gore



Submitted by Robert E. Latimer, Muncy

SILAS RENN'S CAMP on Red Run in Lycoming County, 1915. The cook stove at the Renn Camp was left where last used each season and then moved the following year to a new wood supply of blighted chestnut. The rest of the camp gear was shipped to Cedar Run by train and then hauled into Red Run by team and lumber wagon. It was customary to go to camp a week early to get set up, cut wood, hunt grouse and look for deer sign. Note the short brush on the cut-over country. Left to right are Silas Renn, "Daddy" Eshelman, Porter Jones, George E. Latimer, Tom Stolz, Cameron Haines, Eugene Renn, Unknown, "Pinchy" Grange and "Skinny" Corson.

New Hunter Safety Certificate

The Pennsylvania Game Commission has recently approved a Hunter Safety Commendation to be awarded to Hunter Safety Instructors and groups who have cooperated with the Commission's Hunter Safety Program.

This recognition by the Game Commission is in the form of a certificate, and will be awarded to persons, schools and sportsmen's clubs which have made an outstanding contribution to hunter safety.

Commendations will be issued upon request from Game Commission Division Offices through the recommendation of the District Game Protector and those groups working with hunter safety training.

Deer Check Stations S

By **Lincoln M. Lang**
Game Biologist

SUCCESSFUL deer hunters are paving the way for better deer hunting in Pennsylvania by stopping at Game Commission deer check stations.

Last fall over 5,000 deer were examined at three stations located across the state near the towns of Clarion, Allenwood, and Tunkhannock. Weights, antler development and other information obtained at these stations indicate the quality of food conditions in the areas in which these deer were shot. Most important of all are the ages of the animals examined. A deer's age is determined by inspecting the development and wear of certain teeth. By knowing the age composition of a deer herd, biologists can determine the rates at which deer are being harvested and also the rates that fawns are renewing the supply for future harvests. In other words, the check stations tell us if the number of deer are increasing or decreasing and to what extent.

Along with obtaining the information needed for future deer herd management there are always some facts recorded that are of general interest to most hunters. For example, the three heaviest bucks examined across the state all came from Clarion County. The weights of these animals were 204 pounds, 196 pounds, and 183 pounds hog-dressed. The heaviest doe checked also came from Clarion County and weighed 145 pounds hog-dressed. All of these deer were at least $3\frac{1}{2}$ years old or older.

It must be remembered that bucks do not reach their full potential for development until they are about $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{1}{2}$ years old. About two-thirds of Pennsylvania's bucks are killed when they are $1\frac{1}{2}$ years old and it is this age class in which biologists are most interested.

ALLENWOOD CHECK STATION along Route 15 in Union County. Research Division Chief Harvey A. Roberts, left, shows H. P. Shade and Joe Jordan of Danville how biologists determine the age of a deer by teeth replacement and wear.

PGC Photo by Harrison



CLARION CHECK STATION where Routes 322 and 68 join northwest of Clarion. Game Protector-Land Manager Russell W. Meyer of Waterford measures the antler development on an albino buck killed by Paul Meier of Sligo on Game Lands No. 63 in Clarion County on the first day. Looking on is Russell Heeter of Sligo.

PGC Photo by Parlamen



Better "Racks" in 1963



PGC Photo by Kish

TUNKHANNOCK CHECK STATION on Route 6 and 309 northwest of Tunkhannock in Wyoming County. Game Biologists Lincoln M. Lang, Wilmer Richter and Arnold Hayden check a nice buck killed last season in northeastern Pennsylvania.

Although the largest individual animals recorded were from Clarion County, other counties bettered Clarion in average weights. For instance, the average weight of 1½-year-old bucks in Wyoming County was 108 pounds and the average 1½-year-old buck in Susquehanna County weighed 110 pounds hog-dressed. The average 1½-year-old buck in Clarion County weighed only 106 pounds. All of these, however, can be considered good average weights for that age group.

Also interesting are the weights of some of the smaller deer. A 1½-year-old spike buck from Centre County weighed only 59 pounds hog-dressed. Two 33-pound fawns from Warren County were examined. Most striking in this year's report was the improvement in the size of antlers in 1963. Only 22 per cent of all deer checked were spike bucks. In 1962 spike bucks made up 30 per cent of all those examined. The important 1½-year class experienced an encouraging drop from 41 per cent spikes in 1962 to 34 per cent in 1963.

Antler points must measure $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch long to be counted as a point at a Game Commission check station. This is done for the sake of uniformity and to get away from counting every little lump as a point. The buck with the largest set of antlers checked at any station came from Eaton Township, Wyoming County. This deer had a total of 14 points by check station count. It weighed 157 pounds hog-dressed.

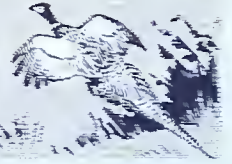
There were several amusing sidelights enjoyed by Game Commission personnel working at the station. One involved a Volkswagen which was festooned with four deer and many, many yards of rope. This created a problem of unloading the deer for weighing. Everyone agreed it was better to leave well enough alone and only record the ages and antler development of these animals.

One hunter coming from hunting in Tioga County had armed himself with a rifle suitable for killing elephants.

Then there was the buck that made things interesting in the fields near the Tunkhannock station by showing himself occasionally. He was shot at several times but apparently escaped unharmed.



FIELD NOTES



Nesting Class

PERRY COUNTY—The extremely wet weather may have a great effect on wildlife nesting habits this spring. Have observed where ringnecks have dropped eggs scattered over large areas. Perhaps a refresher course in nest building and use should be considered.—Land Manager Harold Russell, New Bloomfield.

Four Seasons

GREENE COUNTY—My daughter, Sharon, who is a student at East Franklin Elementary School, told me that a few of the sixth grade students are permitted at times to teach one of the younger grades under the supervision of the regular teacher. One of Sharon's friends, Linda Snyder, had a class and was to teach about the four seasons of the year. Her first question was if anyone knew what the four seasons of the year were. Only one boy raised his hand and said he knew of one. When Linda asked what it was the boy very proudly said, "Hunting season!"—District Game Protector Leslie Haines, Waynesburg.



Caught Sleeping

SOMERSET COUNTY—This story was told to me by sportsmen in Meyersdale. It seems that a group of them were hunting does on the first day of the antlerless deer season here in Somerset County, and one of the fellows who tells everyone just how good a deer hunter he is had something incredible happen to him.

Near lunch time, two of the hunters started to look for the modern-day Davy Crockett to share their sandwiches with him, when they jumped a doe. One of the fellows shot and hit the doe, but it continued in flight. The two men followed the blood track and came upon the doe a short distance away. The deer had fallen over dead and rolled through a little fire. Sitting by the fire was another hunter fast asleep. Who was the hunter? You guessed it, Davy Crockett, who, when awakened, claimed that there were no deer in that part of the mountain!—District Game Protector Robert Muir, Meyersdale.

Friend of a Feather

GREENE COUNTY—George Pyle, of Farm-Game Project No. 13, Morgan Township, saved a wild turkey that was helplessly trapped, when its leg was caught between the branches of a large tree. Hearing of Mr. Pyle's good deed by the "Feathered Grapevine," a pileated woodpecker persisted after repeated chasings, to live close to good Samaritan George. He was pecking a large hole in the gable of George's home where he had hoped to take up housekeeping. — District Game Protector Theodore Vesloski, Carmichaels.

Drama on a Swollen Stream

BUTLER COUNTY—The following story was related to me by Clifford Hilliard, a Farm-Game Cooperator from R. D., West Sunbury. One evening during April when the rains had swollen the streams to near flood stage, Cliff was working near his barn, keeping one eye on the steadily rising stream which flowed near there. He noticed a muskrat bringing its young out of their flooded home. She placed the four young muskrats on one of the few high and dry spots in the area. As the air was quite damp and chilly, Cliff decided to give the mother rat some help. He placed two bottles of warm water on both sides of the kits. Later as he went back to replace the "hot-water bottles" he noticed that the mother had been back and fed her youngsters. He replaced the bottles once more during the night. Come daybreak, Cliff was on the scene again with his heaters only to find that during the night Mrs. Muskrat's life had been taken by some predator, and that her torn body lay only about 20 feet from her untouched babies. After getting the "OK" from me, Cliff and his family adopted the young muskrats and gave them a home in his barn. He gave them some more bottles, but these had milk in them; and at latest reports, the orphans are doing fine. As soon as they become self-sustaining, they will be given their liberty in the stream again. For we who know him, this is only one page in Cliff Hilliard's book of warm-hearted deeds to the wildlife.—District Game Protector W. Ned Weston, West Sunbury.

Bear on the Tear

JEFFERSON COUNTY — During the past week three bears came to the corncrib on Game Lands No. 54 at night and tore up things a little to get at the corn in the crib.—District Game Protector George Miller, Sigel.

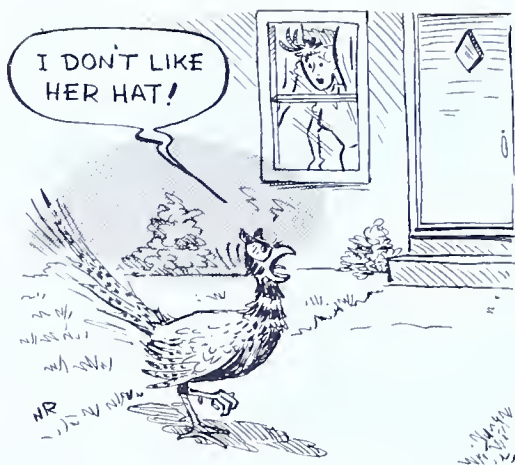


A Rac-Cat

CRAWFORD COUNTY — When Deputy Stanford cut down a tree, he discovered that two small coons came tumbling out. They were only a couple of inches long and didn't have any hair on them. His helper took one of them home and has been feeding it with a medicine dropper. Stanford took the other one home and gave it to his female cat who had just given birth to a couple of kittens the day before. One of the kittens had died at birth, so after looking the little coon over for a while the mother cat adopted it. This was about 12 days ago. The old mother cat has been taking good care of it ever since. Now it has fur and is doing fine. It will probably end up as a Rac-Cat.—District Game Protector John R. Miller, Meadville.

Saved by the Wire

SOMERSET COUNTY—On March 6, Ray Henry, a Deputy Game Protector, reported that he had picked up a great blue heron which had flown into the light wires along Laurel Hill Creek and broken its neck; an object seen falling from the bird's mouth turned out to be a trout about 11 inches long. The trout was still alive and was returned to the creek.—District Game Protector Edward Cox, Somerset.



Cock of the Walk

LYCOMING COUNTY—On March 31, a Mrs. Robert Wolfe, living at R. D. 2, Montoursville, called me regarding a ring-necked pheasant. She stated that each morning when she left for work, the bird would attack her and in the evening when she came home from work, the same thing. She would hit it with sticks, etc., and yet it would not leave. Regardless of what she did or where she went this pheasant was after her as soon as she came out of the house. I went to her home on April 1 and as soon as I got out of my car I heard it crow. I investigated and found it on her back porch. As I approached it came after me and started to flog and pick at my legs. I picked up the bird and took it some distance from her home to release. Waiting until she came home from work, I went back to her place to tell her about catching it. When I drove up she was walking around her yard with a stick in her hand looking for the pheasant. After explaining that I was there before she came home from work and had taken the pheasant away, she was greatly relieved. She stated that this had been going on for over a week.—District Game Protector Paul Ranck, Williamsport.

Standing Dead

BERKS COUNTY — Following a meeting at the Boyertown Lions Club, one of the club members related his experience during the deer season last fall. Remarking that he had "spoiled a lot of good venison unnecessarily," this gentleman reported having seen a nice buck well within range. Taking careful aim and firing, he was surprised to note that following the one leap the buck did not go down. It merely stood there and looked in his direction. Thinking that he had missed, the hunter fired two more shots into the animal, but still the deer remained standing. Closer investigation revealed that the first bullet had done the job well, but the resultant leap had placed the deer across a fallen tree trunk and wedged it against the stump. The deer, though dead, had been held in an upright position! — Conservation Information Assistant Paul Glenny, West Lawn.

Toll on Young

LANCASTER COUNTY—All things being equal, wild animals and birds are normally capable of taking care of themselves and their young, but adverse weather sometimes takes a terrific toll on the young. The recent heavy rains, over an extended period, have killed quite a number of rabbits while still in the nest. These heavy rains have also caused a rapid growth in the alfalfa and timothy, and an early cutting of these crops will destroy thousands of pheasants' nests in this area.—District Game Protector Charles Williams, Lancaster.

Bad Month on the Highways

UNION COUNTY — The highway kill of rabbits and ringnecks during the month of April was very high.—District Game Protector John Shuler, Lewisburg.

Bat Bird

LUZERNE COUNTY—On Sunday afternoon, April 5, while visiting at the home of William Sheeler, we saw a bat in flight. It made an unsuccessful attempt to enter a louver in the north gable. The bat then flew across the peak of the roof. While in flight, a sparrow hawk hit the bat. The hawk flew away and held the bat in its talons. While checking hawk and owl regurgitations several years ago, we found a few bat skulls. However, this is the first time that I have actually seen a hawk take a bat in its talons.—Northeast Division Supervisor Roy W. Trexler, Dallas.

World's Largest Coffee Pot

WAYNE COUNTY—On April 7, a trailer truck loaded with coffee side-swiped a bridge on Route 6 which crossed Shohola Creek and dumped 20 tons of coffee into the 70-foot gorge. Bystanders reported that the brook was blue with floating cans, and one was heard to say, "This should be the best place to fish the opening day, all you have to do is dip some water from the brook, heat it and add milk and sugar. Not only do we have good fishing but we have the biggest coffee pot in Pennsylvania.—Land Manager Wilmer R. Peoples, Hawley.



High Tide

CUMBERLAND COUNTY — Recently while checking traps in the Masland Refuge I found a frustrated hen mallard still trying to incubate her clutch of eggs which was covered by about three inches of water. The current kept drifting her off her eggs but she stubbornly kept returning. Here's hoping she tries again later in the spring when the water subsides.—District Game Protector Eugene Utech, Carlisle.

First License

LUZERNE COUNTY — Several weeks ago I had the pleasure of meeting a fine sportsman of "The Old School" from Susquehanna County. He was Dana Watrous, from Montrose. It was especially interesting to meet Mr. Watrous since he was the recipient of the first license in 1913. What was especially memorable was the fact that the license was issued by his father who was the County Treasurer at the time.—Conservation Information Assistant Stephen Kish, Dallas.

Invisible Fence

MCKEAN COUNTY—On two different days in March, Deputy Hasper, of Ceres, watched deer apparently commit suicide. Both deer ran into a fence approximately two feet high, one which they could have easily stepped over. These deer were observed running before they hit the fence and they were not being chased.—District Game Protector Philip Young, Port Allegany.

All in a Day's Work

TIOGA COUNTY—A widow by the name of Mrs. Knapp, from Knoxville, called me one day and asked if I could do something about the rabbits that were eating the flowers in her garden. I told her I would stop at her home and see if I could be of some help. In the meantime, I stopped at Justice of the Peace Robert Dewey's office to ask him exactly where Mrs. Knapp lived. While talking to Mr. Dewey at his office, an elderly gentleman came in and asked Mr. Dewey if he would perform a wedding ceremony for him. Mr. Dewey said he would. I must admit that I never expected to be a witness at a wedding when I left my office that day. But, it was a very pleasant experience. We hope they are very happy.—District Game Protector Frank Bernstein, Knoxville.

Bums on the Prowl

PIKE COUNTY—With spring's arrival the bums become active once again. Emil Moglia, proprietor of the Evergreen Lodge which is famous for its Italian foods, told me that several black bears have acquired a taste for his cooking and are raiding his garbage cans nightly. His biggest objection is that his dishwasher refuses to empty the garbage after dark.—District Game Protector Daniel S. McPeck, Matamoras.



Birds Gone Mad

FAYETTE COUNTY—On April 22, just after leaving headquarters for the routine duties of the day, I observed a ring-necked rooster and a pony, which to me appeared to be battling over a small strip of green pasture. It wasn't long until the pony gave way and watched the strutting and goose-stepping from the grandstand. On the same afternoon while conversing with Deputy Ralph Springer at Virgin Run Lake near Perryopolis, we both observed a crow touch down on the lake, grab a fish with his feet and take off to parts unknown. We are not sure if the crow inherited the habits of the osprey, or just cashed in on a dead one floating on top of the lake.—District Game Protector Alex Ziros, Connellsville.

Too Many Deer

ARMSTRONG COUNTY—At present the deer herd is entirely too large for this part of the country, yet every road-killed doe that I have checked was carrying two embryos.—District Game Protector Richard Leonard, Rural Valley.

Green Thumbed Girl Scouts

BUTLER AND LAWRENCE COUNTIES—Along with the many trees and shrubs planted on Game Lands and Farm-Game Projects, the Girl Scouts of Lawrence County obtained 3,000 Asiatic chestnut trees which they planted on various projects. They planted approximately 400 on two separate tracts of Game Lands. C. A. Hooper, District Game Protector in Lawrence County, was with one group of Scouts planting trees on a tract of Game Lands and I was with another group. The girls did an excellent job of planting these trees and should be commended for their work on this worth-while project. — Land Management Officer W. E. Portzline, Slippery Rock.



CONSERVATION NEWS



Boone and Crockett Presents North American Big Game Awards in Pittsburgh

THE Boone and Crockett Club, whose members are leading sportsmen and conservationists of North America, announced the winners of its 1963 North American Big Game Competition. The awards were presented at the Club's Award Ceremony and Dinner at the Carnegie Museum April 30.

Some 330 invited guests assembled in the Museum's Lecture Hall at 5

ADMIRING THE WHITE-TAILED DEER winners are Honorary President of Boone and Crockett Archibald Roosevelt and Pennsylvania Game Commissioner James A. Thompson of Pittsburgh. The exhibit of 131 heads was on display at Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh throughout the month of May. Roosevelt is the last surviving son of President Theodore Roosevelt, the founder of the Boone and Crockett Club.

PGC Photo by Harrison



p.m. on April 30 to witness the awards ceremony. Winners from Mexico, Canada, Alaska and throughout the United States were on hand to receive the coveted medals and certificates.

Competition was open to all hunters of North American big game. Statistics on all trophies entered in its biennial competitions are maintained by the Records Committee. Robert S. Waters, of Johnstown, Chairman of the Records Committee, pointed out: "This year's entries produced outstanding trophies, and many of the winning trophies will be in the 'first ten' of the all-time record list; this is surprising in view of the reduction in the primitive ranges of our big game animals, caused by increasing population, urbanization, and highway construction in the United States."

Following the awards ceremony, guests moved into the Hall of the Dinosaurs where cocktails were served. Dinner followed in the foyer of the Music Hall.

The viewing of the winning heads and skulls, the highlight of the evening, followed dinner. It was here that guests and winners alike admired North America's finest big game specimens.

The trophies were on exhibition at Carnegie Museum through May 31. The exhibit was free to the public.

Records Committee Chairman Waters remarked:

"The Boone and Crockett Club Competitions help to awaken an interest in outstanding examples of North American big game and arouse sportsmen to the importance of a wise conservation policy. These magnificent mammals," he said, "were an inherited



THE ONLY PENNSYLVANIAN to win a Boone and Crockett award in 1963 competition is **first place medal in the Canada Moose Category** from Records Committee Chairman **Robert** seated on the stage of the Carnegie Museum Lecture Hall.

natural wildlife asset to which our sportsmen should give zealous protection; otherwise future generations may be deprived of this natural resource."

As outlined in its articles of incorporation, the Club's position as an international repository and clearing house for statistical data on North American big game has been demonstrated in various aspects of its policy for many years.

Individuals and members of the Boone and Crockett Club, all of whom are experts in the field of measuring and scoring, made up the panel of judges.

Trophies killed by accident, pickups, those purchased, or those of unknown methods of capture were not eligible for a Medal but may qualify for a Certificate of Merit. Such trophies will be given their rightful position in the all-time RECORDS OF NORTH AMERICAN BIG GAME. Medal awards were given only to trophies taken since 1958. Those taken at an earlier date were eligible for certificates of merit. Trophies taken in "Unfair Chase" were not eligible for

medals or certificates. They are defined as follows: spotting or herding land game from the air, followed by landing in its vicinity for pursuit, and herding or pursuing any game from motor powered vehicles; such are deemed Unfair Chase and unsportsmanlike.

SECOND PLACE WINNER in the white-tailed deer (typical) category is checked here by the hunter who shot it, award winner **Arlee McCullough** of Newark, Ohio. The 14-point buck was killed in Licking County, Ohio, in 1962. It has a spread of 22 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches.





PGC Photos by Harrison

valente of Quakertown. Here he receives his
instown. The judges for the competition were

In addition to the medals and certificates of award, the Sagamore Hill Medal was presented to Norman Blank, Beverly Hills, Calif., for his outstanding stone sheep killed at Sikanni River, B. C., the finest specimen of this species reported since 1936. This award is in memory of Theodore Roosevelt (first president and founder

TOP BLACK BEAR was killed by Ben Hilli-
coss of Yorktown Heights, N. Y., in 1963
on Megal Mountain, Newfoundland.



NEW WORLD'S RECORD polar bear was
taken by Shelby Longoria of Mexico (left).
The big bear was killed at Kotezbue, Alaska,
in 1963. Here Records Committee Chairman
Robert S. Waters (right) presents the medal
in Pittsburgh.

of the Boone and Crockett Club in
1887), Kermit Roosevelt and Theo-
dore Roosevelt, Jr.

Among this year's award winning
entries is a world's record polar bear
which was shot by Shelby Longoria,
of Matamoros, Tamaulipas, Mexico.

The following trophies will rank in
2nd place in the all-time records:
white-tailed deer (nontypical), shot
by Del Austin, Hastings, Neb.; mule
deer (nontypical), shot by James
Austill, Denver, Colo.; cougar, shot by
Louis Rebillet, Warren, Idaho, ties for
the No. 2 position; stone sheep, shot
by Norman Blank, Beverly Hills, Calif.

The Records Committee Chairman
said that, "Due to the number of out-
standing entries received since the
publication of the 1958 Records Book,
and as a further encouragement in
selective hunting, the minimum quali-
fying scores for entry in this compe-
tition had been raised in most cate-
gories and reduced in one." There

were 1,930 entries, a reduction of approximately 17 per cent below the number in the previous competition.

Twenty-six classes were represented at the Exhibition; participating hunters were from 26 states, Canada, Mexico and Switzerland. Most of the trophies including the new world's record polar bear, and 90 of the 130 winners, were taken in the United States. Thirty-seven of the winners were shot in Canada, one in British Honduras, and two in Mexico.

The 131 awards (including the Sagamore Hill Medal) were made as follows: 73 medals and certificates to place winners, 11 honorable mention certificates, 46 certificates of merit (trophies taken prior to 1958, pickups, purchased trophies or those of unknown methods of capture), 1 Saga-

more Hill Medal for the outstanding trophy of the exhibit.

Eighty-eight of the 131 award winning and certificates of merit trophies were on exhibition at the Carnegie Museum.

Of the 131 winners, only one is from Pennsylvania. He is Silvene Brocalente, of Quakertown, who won first place in the Canada moose category.

The judges for the 1963 competition were: Dr. Elmer M. Rusten, Chairman, Minneapolis, Minn.; Jack N. Allen, Tacoma, Wash.; John H. Batten, Racine, Wis.; Elgin T. Gates, Newport Beach, Calif.; Edward McGuire, Bergenfield, N. J.; George L. Norris, Game Commission Field Division Supervisor, Ligonier, Pa.; and Arthur C. Popham, Jr., Kansas City, Mo.

Jr. Conservation Camp in 16th Year

School's out! And for the vast majority of school-age boys and girls school vacation means picnics, swimming, hiking—in short, about three months of fun. However, nearly 200 teen-age boys from all parts of Pennsylvania will spend 2 weeks of their summer vacation at the Pennsylvania Junior Conservation Camp located in Stone Valley, Huntingdon County, Pa. This camp, sponsored by the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs in cooperation with the Pennsylvania State University, will provide four two-week sessions for boys selected to attend the camp. The boys will mix work and fun (with the emphasis on

work) learning about the many and varied conservation problems facing us today.

Authorities on soils, water, forestry and wildlife will team up to present an informative and educational program for these young conservationists. The Pennsylvania Game Commission will send teams of highly trained personnel to instruct the boys in the wildlife programs and activities of the Game Commission. They will also instruct the youngsters in the proper handling of sporting arms and ammunition.

Individual campers are sponsored by the affiliated sportsmen's club in their area. Boys interested in attending camp in 1965 should contact their local sportsmen's club.

The Pennsylvania Junior Conservation Camp, one of the first of its kind in the nation, was begun in 1948. Since then, 2,443 boys have received this valuable training under the supervision of the camp's able Director, C. W. Stoddart, Jr., Professor of Physical Education, Pennsylvania State University.

JUNIOR CONSERVATION CAMP 1963. Here District Game Protector Robert P. Shaffer of Juniata County, a camper in 1948 himself, gives hunter safety instruction.





50,000 SCOUTS AT VALLEY FORGE in 1957, the last time the National Jamboree was held there. The same number, representing troops from all over the country, are expected to jam the State Park again from July 17-23.

Scout Jamboree Slated for Valley Forge

Pennsylvania's historic Valley Forge State Park will be the site of the 1964 Boy Scouts of America National Jamboree. Fifty thousand Scouts from every state will converge on Valley Forge to attend the seven-day jamboree from July 17-23. A full and varied program is planned for the Scouts during their stay at Valley Forge. Planning committees have been hard at work during the past 18 months developing themes, and demonstrations which will enlighten these young men to some of the problems which they will face as tomorrow's leaders.

The Pennsylvania Game Commis-

sion along with many other state, national and private organizations will send two teams of highly trained personnel to the Jamboree to assist with the training programs. One team of District Game Protectors under the supervision of Hunter Safety Coordinator, John Behel, will assist in instructing the Scouts in the safe handling of firearms and their use on the firing range. The second team consisting of Conservation Information Assistants under the direction of Kenneth Gardner, Wildlife Education Specialist, will serve as instructors in the Conservation demonstration areas at the Jamboree.

Peterson Tells Ribicoff—Pesticides Should Be Banned!

Dr. Roger Tory Peterson, world renowned naturalist and art director for the National Wildlife Federation, told Sen. Abraham A. Ribicoff that "it is my opinion that aldrin, endrin, dieldrin and all compounds of the chlorinated hydrocarbon complex be banned." He made the statement in testifying April 22, 1964, before Sen. Ribicoff's Subcommittee on Reorganization and International Organization, Senate Committee on Government Operations.

Dr. Peterson said, "It is impossible to keep these poisons from contaminating our entire environment so long as winds blow, waters flow, and fishes swim." He recommended that the Congress authorize the creation of a Federal Board of Control which would have authority to regulate the distribution and use of chemical pesticides, that pesticide labels be required to list probable dangers to fish and wildlife. Dr. Peterson also said that the Fish and Wildlife Service should be authorized to do more screening on effects of pesticides.

Pennsylvania Woman and Man Win

A Mechanicsburg, Pa., woman and Kennett Square, Pa., man, both active in conservation activities, have won two annual American Motors Conservation Awards.

Mrs. Eleanor Bennett, Mechanicsburg, a former conservation specialist now working for the education division of the State Office of Civil Defense, and Robert G. Struble, Kennett Square, a soil consultant for the Pennsylvania State Soil Conservation Commission, were selected as professional winners of American Motors awards.

The awards were given to 10 professional and 10 nonprofessional conservationists at an awards dinner held in Washington, D. C., May 20. The awards were in the form of sculptured bronze medallions. Professional winners also received \$500 each.

Winners were selected by an awards committee on the basis of dedicated work in the field of renewable natural resources which would not otherwise receive widespread public recognition.

Mrs. Bennett was nominated by conservation and educational leaders in Pennsylvania and Washington, D. C., for her efforts and leadership which led to development of the Pennsylvania Teaching Guide to Natural Resources. The guide was published by the state and is now in use throughout Pennsylvania.

Officials said Mrs. Bennett took over a project that had been unsuccessfully underway for nearly 10 years. She completed the task of coordinating efforts by various state and Federal agencies and commissions which supplied material, and by acting as a one-woman task force completed the publication in five years.

As a by-product of her publishing task, she has organized and conducted a series of workshops for school administrators and teachers who are using the guide in classrooms.

Struble, who has been a soil conservation consultant to the conservation commission since 1955, is credited

AWARD WINNER Mrs. Eleanor Bennett of Mechanicsburg receives the honor from American Motors President Roy Abernethy at the national banquet in Washington, D. C., on May 20.



American Motors Conservation Awards

with the development and improvement of a soil conservation program which led to more than doubling the number of established soil conservation districts in Pennsylvania in the past nine years. The state had 22 when he started. Today there are 59 districts.

In carrying out his project, officials said, Struble awakened an interest in soil conservation and small watershed activities not only among farmers and in rural communities but among city dwellers as well. As part of his watershed program, he has written and produced a 25-minute sound color film entitled "Beyond Tomorrow" for the State Department of Agriculture.

In addition to being an active member of numerous conservation organizations, Struble is executive director of the Chester County Water Resources Authority which is currently working on a \$14,000,000 flood control and water supply dam program in Chester County.

Roy Abernethy, President of Ameri-

can Motors, said in letters of congratulations to Mrs. Bennett and Struble:

"Your outstanding personal efforts, your understanding and dedication to conservation have been an inspiration to others. You personally have materially advanced the cause of conservation for the future."

Mrs. Bennett and Struble were selected for American Motors awards by a committee of distinguished conservationists which included Arthur H. Carhart, authority on national parks and forests and consultant for the Conservation Library Center, Denver; C. R. Gutermuth, vice-president of the Wildlife Management Institute; Carl W. Buchheister, president of the National Audubon Society; Richard H. Pough, Pelham, N. Y., director of the Natural Area Council, Inc.; and Harold Titus, conservation editor of "Field and Stream Magazine." The awards program is directed by Ed Zern, writer on conservation and outdoor sports.

SOIL CONSULTANT Robert G. Struble of Kennett Square (center) and his wife receive congratulations from American Motors President Roy Abernethy for being a winner in this year's American Motors Conservation Awards Program.



TIPS FOR HUNTERS



An empty 12-gauge and an empty 16-gauge shotgun shell fit together to make a waterproof match carrying cylinder. For more comfort while carrying it in your pocket, grind off metal rims of shells.—*Shorty Manning.*

July—Clean Stream Month

Hunters and fishermen in Pennsylvania have a big stake in the success of the State's Clean Streams program and both can play positive parts in helping keep our streams clean.

That's the word from Dr. C. L. Wilbar, Jr., State Health Secretary and Sanitary Water Board chairman, who notes that July will be observed as state-wide Clean Streams Month throughout the Commonwealth. The Federal government is "in the swim" too, having designated July as anti-water pollution month.

Dr. Wilbar explains that all sportsmen are being enlisted as "stream sleuths" to report immediately any fishkills to the nearest Fish Warden or State Health Department office. "Such work by sportsmen has been very helpful to us in the past," Dr. Wilbar said.

The result should be better fishing and (because wildlife will benefit) better hunting, and more enjoyable recreation in general, Dr. Wilbar declared.

Teachers' Labs Set for July, August

Pennsylvania State University will conduct its 18th Conservation Education Laboratory for Teachers this summer during July and August. Two separate three-week sessions dealing with natural resources management will be attended by elementary and secondary school teachers and administrators from all parts of Pennsylvania. They will have an opportunity to gain valuable knowledge on the management of natural resources from specialists in this field. The Pennsylvania Game Commission along with other state, Federal and private organizations will send highly trained representatives to the Laboratory to give lectures, present demonstrations and guide the participants on field trips.

Teachers can obtain three college credits in elementary education and secondary education by attending the summer workshop.

Pennsylvania State University initiated the Conservation Education Laboratory for Teachers in 1946. Since then the annual sessions have provided a great number of Pennsylvania public school teachers with a better understanding of what resource management means in relation to our modern society. Undoubtedly, the knowledge gained by those attending the workshops has contributed greatly to, and is reflected in, the outdoor education being given to the school children of Pennsylvania today.



PGC Photos by Kish and Parlaman

SEEDLING DISTRIBUTION from two corners of the state. Left are Game Commission personnel from the Northeast Division. Shown working are Henry Rodeghiero, Food and Cover Corps Foreman; John Booth, Land Manager; and Leo Washick, F&C Corpsman. Right are Northwest personnel. Pictured are Don O'Neil, F&CC Foreman; George Haight, F&CC; and Bob Sphar, Pittman-Robertson Area Leader.

Millions of Trees and Shrubs Planted by Game Commission

Nearly 5½ million tree and shrub seedlings were shipped from the Game Commission's nursery in Centre County and planted throughout the Commonwealth in April.

C. C. Freeburn, Chief of the Commission's Division of Land Management, said that 3½ million seedlings were planted on State Game Lands, located in 65 counties and on private lands owned by Farm-Game Cooperators. An additional 2 million were

given to conservation organizations for planting on lands open to public hunting.

The varieties of seedlings shipped from the Commission's Howard Nursery included 2½ million conifers, mostly pines, plus nearly 3 million shrubs of such species as multiflora rose, autumn olive, tartarian honeysuckle, lespedeza, Asiatic crab apple, bittersweet, coralberry and silky dogwood.

Federal Award to Erie Refuge Manager

Refuge Manager Darrell D. Uptegraft has been given a Superior Performance Award for his administration of the Accelerated Public Works project at the Erie National Wildlife Refuge.

On April 8, while attending a conference of Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife personnel at the Patuxent Wildlife Research Center at Laurel, Md., Uptegraft was given a Superior Performance Award of \$200 for the efficient manner in which the Erie staff, in addition to its routine duties,

carried out the \$70,000 program of construction and refuge improvement designed by the Department of the Interior to relieve local unemployment.

The Bureau's Incentive Awards Program provides for cash awards to employees whose suggestions or whose superior performance contributes to the efficiency, economy, or other enhancement of Bureau operations above and beyond the normal requirements of their jobs, and who thereby merit official recognition.

Game Commission Re-establishes I & E Division; Approves Turkey Tag and Student Officer Class

The Pennsylvania Game Commission moved to re-establish an Information and Education Division at its meeting in Marshalls Creek on April 24 and 25.

According to Game Commission President H. L. Buchanan of Franklin, the eight-member group felt that the Commission's information and education work should be on a par with other Commission activities and voted to make the I & E section a division. The staff will now pursue the formal process of getting the division official approval. The Game Commission had an I & E Division from 1929 to 1955 under the direction of Leo A. Luttringer who is now retired.

Other Actions

In other action the Commission decided to seek an amendment to the Game Law to require the use of a turkey tag by successful hunters. Much like the present big game tag, the proposed turkey tag will be a part of the license.

The 12th Student Officer Class of 25 men will begin training in March, 1965.

The Commission also approved an increase in the subscription rate of its official monthly magazine, GAME NEWS, from \$1 a year to \$1.50 a year and to \$4 for a three-year subscription, effective January 1, 1965.

Other action included a proposed

change in the law to reduce the minimum age for the special three-day nonresident shooting grounds license from 16 to 12 years of age. Another proposed amendment would make it easier for a person who has lost his hunting license to get a replacement license.

The Commission allocated monies for cooperative programs for the 1964-65 fiscal year to: The Pennsylvania Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit, \$12,000; Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, \$2,000; Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh, \$2,000; Future Farmers of America in cooperation with the Pennsylvania Department of Public Instruction on the competitive Wildlife Habitat Improvement Program, \$1,000; Conservation Education Laboratory for Teachers, \$1,000; Pennsylvania Rural Safety Council for hunter safety, \$1,000.

The Commission revoked the hunting privileges of 673 persons for major Game Law violations and restored the hunting rights of seven others.

The purchase of 3,964 acres of land at the price of \$93,477 for additional State Game Lands was also approved. The largest area is 2,120 acres in Huntingdon County. Other counties involved are Jefferson, Somerset, Northampton, Centre, Columbia, Crawford and Lycoming.

Thirty-Two Whooping Cranes Head North

Thirty-two whooping cranes, tallest bird in America and a species that has been on the verge of extinction for over 30 years, have left the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge on the Texas Gulf Coast, headed for breeding grounds in Canada south of the Great Slave Lake. Just before their departure on the perilous 2,500-mile journey, the Department of Interior's Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife reported the death of one of last year's crop of seven juvenile "whoopers." The remains of the young bird were discovered March 17 by the refuge manager during a routine census. The bird died of unknown causes sometime after February 25 when refuge personnel made their last census. As nearly as can be determined, the number of wild whooping cranes now headed for their northern breeding grounds stands at 32, the same as a year ago.

Photos in the News...



PGC Photo by Bob Parlaman

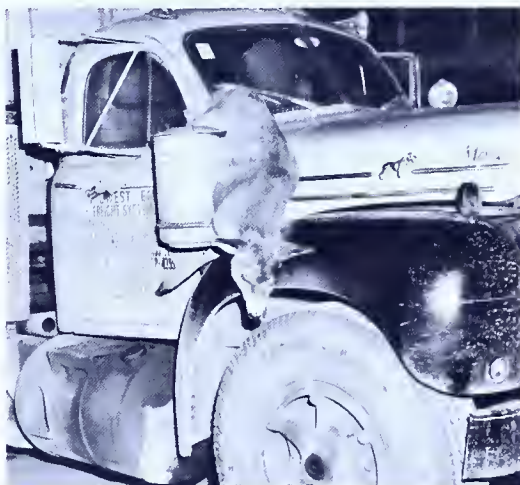
GAME COMMISSION OFFICERS participated in the FBI police training program held in Clarion recently. Here District Game Protector George Miller (right), one of eight Game Protectors to participate, aims for his shots.



FIRST TRAPPED BEAVER on record for Lehigh County is shown here by District Game Protector Ken Hess and trapper Gordon Gable of Allentown. The 43-pound female was trapped by Gable on the Lehigh River on March 1.

FOOD AND COVER Corpsmen take safe driving course at Oil City High School in April. Administered by Allied Lines Safety Director, the men taking the test are Hyalmar Swanson, Merle George and Dave Eshbaugh.

PGC Photo by Bob Parlaman



R. A. Bean Photo

DEPUTY Cecil Carpenter of Wellsboro was called by police to remove this deer from a truck on Route 6 early in the spring. The deer was wedged between the air cleaner and the hood of the truck but was still alive.

GAME COMMISSION EXHIBIT at the American and Canadian Sportsmen's Show held in Cleveland, Ohio, March 13-22. Thousands in the Cleveland Park Auditorium saw the display.

PGC Photo by Ken Gardner



Deer Rescued From Pool Near West Chester



A FRIGHTENED and trapped deer attracted a lot of attention in West Whiteland Township near West Chester this past spring. Apparently the animal entered the empty pool in search of water but could not get out because of the slippery sides.



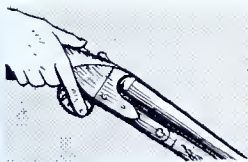
A CALL to the West Goshen Township and West Chester Police and Fame Fire Co. went out. Later the Rescue Squad joined the effort. Chief Louis H. Close of West Goshen arrived at the pool with a special tranquilizer gun which shoots darts containing fluid.



AFTER THE TRANQUILIZER had taken effect, the firemen approached the drowsy animal in an attempt to rescue it. By securing a rope around the deer, the men were able to pull it out of the pool.



After Photos by Tom Lenhart
AFTER THE RESCUE, the sleepy animal was placed on the edge of the pool for a few minutes until it regained its senses. When the rope was removed, the deer rose to its feet, looked around and then somewhat dazedly trotted slowly through the tennis court and into the woods.



HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



Photos by THE POTTER ENTERPRISE

THE RIFLE RANGE at the Coudersport Elementary School gymnasium. This facility is being used by the Coudersport Area Joint High Schools for their hunter safety training in cooperation with the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

Coudersport Hunter Safety on the Move

A rifle cracks in the elementary school gymnasium. A .22 slug rips through a target and falls into a metal backstop at the other end of the big room.

A certified National Rifle Association instructor leans toward a student holding a rifle and points out a mistake or says "that was good."

It's part of the hunter safety program conducted by the Coudersport Area Schools in conjunction with the Pennsylvania Game Commission in cooperation with the NRA to teach young sportsmen (and sportswomen) what a gun is and how it should be used.

Initiated in 1958, the program has been growing ever since until now four courses a year are being given to meet the demand, but a shortage of facilities, qualified instructors and equipment still slows things down.

The course includes 20 hours of instruction, both in the classroom and

on the firing range. It takes about eight weeks. Students must read material, furnished by the NRA, as well as do some supervised gun handling before finishing the course. In the end they are given written examinations as well as tests of their actual gun handling practices and knowledge in the use of firearms.

Purpose of the program, according to the NRA hunter safety handbook, is to teach "proper gun handling in circumstances related to hunting and to give basic information about ammunition and guns, especially as applied to their safe use." Going on, the book states: "The sole aim of this course is to give the hunter basic in-

<p>Pa. Game Commission Hunter Safety Certified To Date: Instructors—5,145 Students—62,185</p>

formation which should enable him to avoid hunting accidents."

Anyone in grades seven through 12 is eligible to take the course. Parents and others are welcome to attend the classes to find out just what the kids are doing and perhaps to pick up some tips for themselves.

In the first year of the program only one shooting position is learned—prone. In the second year, when students have become members of the junior club, other positions are taken up, going from sitting to kneeling to offhand. Progress depends upon the student, advancement being made as rapidly as a position is mastered.

Interestingly enough, there is no lack of feminine interest as about 35 per cent of those taking and passing the course are girls.

Trophy Given

During the course the students fire 35 rounds of ammunition. At the end of the year the Black Forest Conservation Association donates a trophy to the best over-all score in both a girls' and a boys' class. Once through the course, students become eligible for membership in the junior rifle club which at present has about 150 members.

Helping out with the program at times has been Warren Zimmerman, Lewis Wilkinson and Jerry Blumer, members of the Black Forest Conservation Association and likewise certified hunter safety and rifle instructors.

The course is under the supervision of two local teachers of the Coudersport schools — "Corky" Tasillo and "Jim" Berger. It has been no easy job

at no extra pay for these two teachers. However, they have accepted the responsibility of a hunting community and many extra hours work have developed this nationally recognized Hunter Safety and Shooting Program.

The first shooting program started five years ago with five rifles and one bullet trap donated by the merchants of the community. The group was self-supporting by skinning deer during the deer season and washing cars on Saturdays. Enough interest has been created by the students to purchase their own equipment. Additional rifles have been supplied by the Director of Civilian Marksmanship and the school board supports the shooting program with a cash contribution each year.

A. G. Grover, Supervising Principal, and Milton O. Braun, High School Principal, who are on the board of advisors for the club should be commended for their guidance of this recreation program.

If you get to Coudersport, Pa., pick up a *Potter Enterprise* and read some of the stories of this vast hunting recreation area. One thing for certain you will see the major contribution to this hunting recreation is the Coudersport Area Schools Hunter Safety Program.

The success of Pennsylvania's Hunter Safety Program has depended on instructors such as "Corky" Tasillo and "Jim" Berger. The people of Coudersport are fortunate to have these two leaders and most certainly the Pennsylvania Game Commission is very grateful for their cooperation and leadership in hunter safety.

INSTRUCTOR JIM BERGER (left picture) shows students how the targets are used. Listening are Rodney Potter, Bob McConnell, Pat Calkins and Larry Reed. Right picture shows Instructor Corky Tasillo helping Carol Pelchy get the correct sight picture with her .22 rifle.



Danny's First Ivy Poisoning

By Don Shiner

Photos by the Author

THE day that Danny ran, net in hand, through fields in pursuit of graceful fluttering butterflies, was the prelude to a long siege of personal discomfort. The boy had been warned to steer clear of the menacing three-leaf plant. But wisdom gained by one generation is rarely passed on to the next one. Firsthand contact is, without question, the source of lasting knowledge and this was the case when Danny met with his first case of ivy poisoning.

This was one of those perfectly delightful summer days. School had recessed for almost a month now, and Danny lived the part of a carefree wanderer, exploring the outdoors and discovering the countless treasures of nature. He spent time building dams and waterfalls with small stones in the neighboring brook; dabbling a baited line for pan fish in the nearby pond, searching for arrow points and Indian treasure to add to his collection. Thrown in were some ball games. Now and then a story book filled idle hours on rainy days.

This day the monarch and swallow-tailed butterflies were out in force. They winged quietly, gracefully, erratically across the fields flitting from one wild daisy to another. The big, brightly colored fliers caught Danny's interest. He would build, he thought, a butterfly collection.

When this thought flashed to mind, Danny quickly dashed into the basement and rummaged through a storage closet to find his father's long-handled fishing net. Then he set out, with the big net balancing on his shoulder, to chase the graceful insects pell-mell across the landscape. The soft breeze on his face, warm sun



WITHIN A FEW HOURS after chasing butterflies through the fields, an itching, burning rash developed on Danny's legs and ankles.

against his bare legs and arms, coupled to the aroma of freshly mowed hay that scented the air, added zest to his boundless energy.

Trouble might have been avoided had he taken time to change into long trousers. Had mother anticipated his wanderings would take him through the scrubby growths in the outlying fields, she would have insisted on his changing from Boy Scout type shorts



into something more suitable. But who can foretell in what direction a fluttering butterfly will sail? A route across poison ivy plants is as acceptable to an insect as any other path. Both pursued and pursuer sped directly across the field toward a large stand of menacing ivy foliage.

Danny caught the swallow-tailed butterfly. Then he spied a large, ex-



DANNY IS SHOWN stalks of poison ivy and warned to avoid this irritating foliage.

quisitely marked monarch floating past. He grabbed this one, too, in the long-handled net, but in the process, countless ivy leaflets brushed against his bare legs and ankles.

The next day, late in the afternoon, Danny discovered an itching, burning rash developing on his legs. Scratching offered some relief, but only of a temporary nature. As the hours wore on the pimply rash area enlarged. Some pimples, from his constant scratching, began to bleed. The irritation spread upward toward his knees. When his father returned from work, Danny was in the back yard cutting diamonds and spiral designs in the

soft bark of a staff which he had cut one day while hiking. The burning sensation grew so intense on his legs that he threw the stick to the ground and ran into the house. By the time dinner was served his legs were literally on fire.

Words were hardly necessary to understand the lad's plight. His father's first glance at his red and bleeding legs enabled him to correctly size up the situation.

"Danny," his father remarked, "you've waded through poison ivy. You've been warned a dozen times to stay away from that plant. We'll need to swab your legs with Calamine lotion and hope we can keep the poison from spreading farther. You must not scratch and dig those pimples open.

"Whenever we're outdoors," his father continued, "particularly in uncultivated fields and old fence rows, we must keep an eye peeled for poison ivy, poison oak and sumac, too. These plants are best avoided even though it means the loss of a butterfly. Ivy is by far the most prevalent of the three poisonous plants in our area, so we had best talk about this menacing plant again and learn to positively identify it.

"When you see a plant," the lad's father remarked, "with three shiny leaves, let it be! This is poison ivy. Generally it grows on a low, ground cover stalk, barely more than six to ten inches high. But where it is pitted into a competitive existence with community plants, ivy assumes a taller form, growing up to three or four feet in height, with stronger stems and branches. Or it may assume a shrubby growth, with branches growing up any convenient tree, stone wall, fence post or exterior of a building where it can gain a foothold."

"If ivy grows in so many different kinds of plants, how can a boy learn to identify it?" Danny asked, puzzled by his father's remarks.

"The ivy's foliage," his father answered, "is the same throughout. It

Leaves of Three, Let Them Be...

has three leaflets, dark green in color and glossy top side. You should remember, too, the small five-petaled yellow green flowers that blossom in midsummer, as well as stems and rootlets can cause this irritating rash. In fact, one does not need to touch the plant to come down with the poisoning. We can get poisoned by touching clothing, shoes, tools and animals that come into contact with the plant. Some people become poisoned when they merely walk past the plant, without actually touching it."

"How can that be?" Danny questioned. "Can the poison jump onto a passing person?"

"It's the oil that covers this plant," the older woodsman replied. "The wind can carry droplets of this oil to passing persons. Smoke, too, from burning ivy plants, can carry the volatile oil. If someone stands in the path of this oil-laden smoke, chances are good that he will come down with the poisonous infection."

"Gosh," Danny remarked mournfully as his father painted the Calamine lotion onto his burning legs, "we don't stand much chance against this stuff. Why do we have plants outdoors to bother people?"

Not Everyone Is Susceptible

"Well," his father answered, "not everyone is susceptible to ivy poisoning. Only one person in three is affected by the plant. Some people have a natural immunity against it. But persons can be immuned for years and then quite suddenly come down with a severe case. As you grow older, son, you may acquire an immunity to it also. But the best thing is to avoid the plant at all cost. Learn to identify the leaflets, then be on guard and detour around the plant.

"There are chemicals today," his father added, "that can completely

eradicate this plant from the outdoor scene. A chemical named Amitrole, for example, kills the ivy plant within days. Landowners could easily keep ivy under control by spending a few hours each year spraying old fence rows and fields. But I admit, it's a real job. Just when you are certain the



THIS IS poison ivy. Leaves of three, let them be!

plant has been killed from an area, new ivy plants suddenly spring up again."

"Where do the plants come from?" Danny quipped.

"Ivy spreads mainly through birds," the lad's father replied. "Birds are fond of the ivy berries in the fall and winter months. The berries are eaten but the seeds within the berries are not digested. The birds thence carry and drop or scatter the seeds far from the parent plants. Areas where ivy is permitted to grow undisturbed provide the nursery stock for transplanting elsewhere.

"I remember a wooded hillside that I visited as a boy, that extended down to a fine trout stream. I hunted, hiked

and camped in that area. Years slipped by. Then one day last year I chanced past that area again and found the woods had been timbered off. Poison ivy had sprung up in unbelievable amounts! The entire hillside was a mixture of scrub trees and waist-high stalks of ivy. The nearby fields, no longer farmed now, were a mass of this plant, too. You see, Danny, no one cared enough for the old fields and the cut over land to manage it properly. The owners permitted nature to provide the ground cover. Ivy moved in rapidly and became the dominant growth. The poison ivy is the most effective 'no trespassing' sign that one can imagine."

Danny's legs were white from the Calamine residue. The itching sensation had stopped temporarily.

"Every hour or so," his father suggested, "use cotton to swab this lotion onto the inflamed area. If the rash gets out of hand we'll need to visit a doctor. Two or three days should tell the tale. Right now I think it would be appropriate to check one of the

botany books and study pictures of poison ivy."

The older sportsman walked to the bookshelf, removed a volume on northern hemisphere plants and thumbed through the pages to find color plates showing ivy's leaflets. Together the two explorers pored over the pages for the best part of an hour, discussing ivy and the harmless Virginia creeper which is sometimes mistakenly identified as the poison variety.

"I want you to draw the ivy leaflets on paper and color them. Then you should stand the drawing on your desk so you can glance and study the picture each time you go to your room. This way you will fix the ivy leaflets in your mind's eye. Then when you're camping, hiking, hunting or running after butterflies, keep an eye peeled for this plant.

"If you do blunder into the plant," his father added, "wash your arms, face, hands and legs with soap and water as quickly as possible. This washes the toxic oil from your skin before it has a chance to irritate you."

Danny continued to swab the Calamine lotion on his legs and ankles at regular intervals during the ensuing days. He saw numerous butterflies winging across the same fields but they, somehow, lost their appeal. The days of discomfort had a telling effect. He would be more mindful of the foliage in the areas where he visited.

The poisoning had not been serious, and it was soon controlled. By the end of the week there was a marked change in the appearance of his legs. The rash had all but disappeared. Pimples had healed. As the days wore on, he forgot the initial discomfort. But his first case of ivy poisoning made a lasting impression. Though the wisdom of his elders was far removed from the boy, he was rapidly formulating opinions of his own. Ivy figured among these. The largest and most beautiful butterfly in the world was not worth following into a stand of plants that bore three shiny leaflets!

IVY ALSO GROWS in tall plants which climb trees and fence posts.



For Exciting Summer Sport, Keep Looking . . .

Around the Bend

By Keith C. Schuyler

Photos by the Author

With a Bow

MIDSUMMER is a tough time to go tramping through the brush with a bow. Not only is visibility cut to a minimum by the heavy foliage, but it is frequently hot in the woods, and countless insects can make your aunt one of misery.

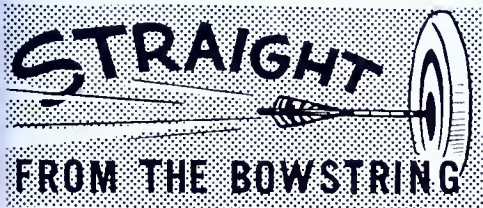
However, there is an alternate plan which can provide some interesting shooting. At the very least, you are guaranteed a pleasant trip with the constant, pleasurable anticipation of wondering what is around the bend.

To enjoy the sport suggested here, you need a canoe and a companion who enjoys the same sort of things that give you pleasure. Add to this a quiet, winding stream, and you have a combination that spells pleasure all the way.

A canoe trip on a hot summer afternoon or cool evening is pleasure enough in itself to make the trip worth while. And, as your canoe glides silently along, there are many sights and sounds to delight your senses. There are sufficient legal targets along any stream to give you plenty of shooting. Water snakes, snapping turtles, frogs, and an occasional woodchuck or red squirrel will offer interesting, although frequently difficult, shots. But, whether or not you get much shooting, there are many compensations.

Since your targets are somewhat limited, even though you may see

THESE CANOEIST ARCHERS are almost lost amid the maze of summer foliage as they silently seek out targets along Huntingdon Creek.



plenty of game animals and birds, a camera can be used to "shoot" protected targets and give you a permanent record of your pleasures. Toward evening, deer are frequently found along streams, and there is the occasional muskrat, otter, or mink to provide interesting shots for the camera.

If you become too bored, you can always jump over the side and have a good swim.

The essential ingredients to all of this are silence and caution. Silence prompts the recommendation of a canoe for this type of hunting. Not only are rowboats noisy, they are somewhat limited in maneuverability. Often, your best targets are in eddies and backwater inaccessible by any other conventional water craft except a canoe.

No matter how quiet you are, it is still necessary to approach with the utmost caution. This is particularly true when hunting snappers or snakes. Ripples from the water, or the careless thump of a canoe paddle, may send either into hiding. Of the two, the turtle is the more wary.

Frogs are not too bright and can frequently be approached without much difficulty. Stupid as they are, however, if you appear to be blocking the frog's escape into the water, he will quickly take off.

Canoe Has Drawbacks

While a canoe offers the best conveyance to get to the target, it has its drawbacks from a standpoint of stability. It is much tougher to hold your bow in the conventional manner when seated, or on your knees, which are the only two safe positions to take in a canoe. A rowboat, on the other hand, offers a relatively firm platform from which you can shoot in any manner desired.

It is almost mandatory when using a canoe that one fellow paddle so that the other can get good shooting. Someone should always be at the "controls" when utilizing a canoe since



BULLFROGS are frequently found close to shore in brush piles or under overhanging banks.

this craft is more or less unstable. A broad bottom canoe is safer to shoot from, but none of them is tip-proof if there is sudden imbalance at the prow.

A point to keep in mind while you are gliding to these targets is the fact that you may be also riding over some. Consequently, it is well to keep your eye peeled for the occasional carp, gar or sucker which might present an enticing target.

Since the type of generalized hunting described here precludes use of regular fish-hunting equipment, you must really shoot to kill at fish. Otherwise, a big one may take off with your arrow or give cause for a real chase over the water.

As to equipment, there is no particular standard here. Your only concern is the type of backdrop against which you expect to find your targets. If it is the usual earthen bank associated with quiet streams of depth sufficient for canoeing or boating, you may want to risk your best arrows. On the other hand, if the bank is quite stony, you may prefer to bring along the odds and ends of arrows that you have saved over from matched sets which have been reduced to one or a



AN UNORTHODOX HOLD is often necessary from the prow of the canoe to reach under and in brush where targets are frequently found.

few arrows. Water shots, of course, do little more than ruffle the feathers on your arrows.

Arrowheads make little difference with the possible exception of the snapping turtle. It takes plenty of damage to even concern a big snapper, and a broadhead might be the proper instrument for this fellow.

A good place to look for frogs is right at the water's edge. Others will hide in brush piles in the water, under roots and overhanging banks. Sometimes, even in midday, they will betray themselves with an occasional groan. More likely though, you will find them staring stupidly into space waiting for the next insect to come along. When bullfrogs take off, they usually head for the bottom and stay there for quite some time. Green frogs, however, frequently come popping right back up close to the spot from which they jumped.

Water snakes are found chiefly along low hanging limbs or brush piles right in the stream. They are extremely hard to detect unless you are specifically looking for them. Even then, it takes a sharp eye to pick up the camouflaged outline of a snake clinging to a branch. In the event of a miss, or the snake's premature departure, you can frequently get in a shot simply by waiting him out. Snakes, particularly when they are excited, seem to find it necessary to surface to escape. If you can get one of these fellows swimming, with an arrow, you have accomplished a real feat.

Snapping turtles are sometimes found sunning themselves along shore or on partially submerged logs. This is the best situation for you. More often than not though, you will see no more than the nose projecting above the surface. It requires some extremely

fine shooting to connect on such occasions.

As to woodchucks, red squirrels, and the occasional crow, kingfisher or blue jay that presents itself, scores on these come chiefly under the heading of wishful thinking. Woodchucks don't find it necessary to camp by water. Crows, while less wary in the summer, are tough to take at any time. Red squirrels are more brazen in the heat, but will forever be a tiny target, and the mouthy jay is a slick one for all his noise. The rattle-mouthed kingfisher is apt to be more annoying than enticing as a target.

Nevertheless, it is the anticipation of such shooting that motivates us into trying the near impossible. Any score with a bow on such targets is a good one, and it provides a conversation piece. You can keep up with the other archers who have tales of their own to tell after club meetings and the various and sundry places that bow benders collect.

It should be said here that it is necessary to hold both a hunting and a fishing license. A fishing license is required for the shooting of fish, frogs and turtles, and a hunting license is needed to shoot either red squirrels or woodchucks. This also applies for the rare shot you might get at a raccoon.

Whether by design, or default, archers are conservationists. Their cumulative effect on the wild game population is considerably less than that effected by today's automobile traffic. Any time the average archer makes a score on any of the creatures listed here, it is usually quite an accomplishment. Only a few of these targets are given any protection by either the Pennsylvania Game Commission or Fish Commission. This means that you can shoot with a clear conscience.

However, archers traditionally measure their sport, not so much by the kill, as the many attendant pleasures. Whether it is a trip with an ideal setup such as this one, or simply the

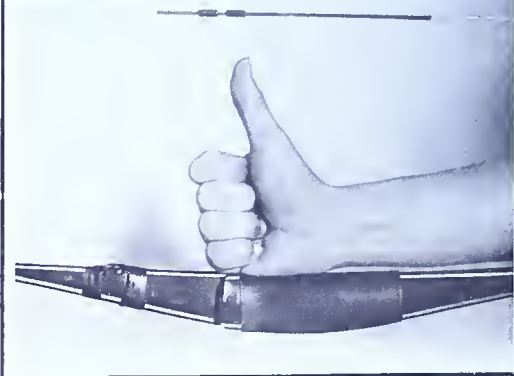
shore line of a river, the sights and sounds of summer are a nature lover's delight. And, each bend in the stream, or the shore line, promises something new for the close observer.

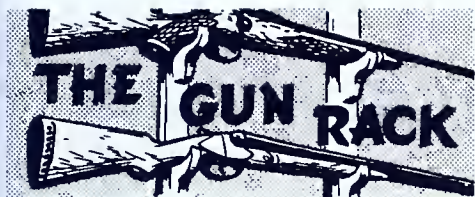
Try it.

Fistmele

The photo below demonstrates the use of *fistmele* in determining the proper distance at which a bow should be strung. This is a most interesting word, believed to have come from the English. However, it is seldom found in the average dictionary despite the fact that it has been a term common to toxophilites for many years.

As illustrated, it is a measurement formed by clenching the fist and extending the thumb. By placing the fist against the face or belly of the bow, it gives the approximate distance at which the string should lie when the bow is properly braced. Normally, this distance is about seven inches. Although this approximation was fine for the old long bows which were carved from a single piece of wood. Today's unorthodox and somewhat fantastic laminated shapes discount the value of this method of measurement. Today, most bow companies will send along a recommended *fistmele* distance for each bow.





SOME shooters claim that the market is already cluttered with too many duplications of calibers and varieties of firearms. It is probably true that we have an excess number of new varmint and big game caliber rifles, as well as pistols. In addition, many feel that the new models are not as good as older models which served them so well in the past. So the argument goes. If we pause to think about other modern revelations we may find this same trend of thinking applies to autos, electric equipment for the home, television, radios — yes, all the way down the line. It seems to be our American way of living. The endless search for new things by the purchasing public means the very existence of the manufacturer who is farsighted enough to keep just a little ahead of this elusive and sometimes fickle trend. Without going further, let's attempt to evaluate some of the new developments in big game and varmint rifles using the latest "Super-Duper" cartridges.

High Standard Mfg.

Taken in their alphabetical order let us start with High Standard Mfg. Corp., Hamden, Conn., who have always been known for their excellent target autoloading 22 caliber pistols and medium priced revolvers. One of their Olympic ISU Models won the Gold Medal Award during the 1960 Olympic Games in Rome. Today this aggressive firm has branched out and are making a complete line of 22 caliber pump action and autoloading rifles; a big-game bolt action Mauser



JIM VARNER, the author, holds a new model Remington 600 Carbine while **Gene Coleman**, Scranton Times sports columnist, checks some of the features on Remington's new model XP-100 single-shot pistol which uses the 221 Fireball cartridge.

type rifle in the popular 270 and .06 calibers, as well as a full line of slide action and autoloading shotguns. Their latest Flite-King Brush and Brush-DeLuxe is made with either 18, 20 or 26 inch barrels for buckshot or slug use. The DeLuxe Model in either length barrels is equipped with Williams receiver peep sight, leather sling attached with sling swivels and a rifle type front sight. Above arms should suit the most particular.

Ithaca Arms Co.

The Ithaca Arms Co. of Ithaca, N. Y., have, so far, never entered the varmint or high-powered rifle field. They do furnish a splendid slug gun on their famous Model 37 slide action. This gun is furnished with sling swivels and sling and rifle sights. Its 26 inch barrel is chambered and bored to effectively handle shot charges for small game hunting as well as the rifled slug for deer or bear. Interchangeable barrels in other borings are also available. One can always depend upon any firearm made by this

Modern Development in Rifles

By Jim Varner

reliable old firm. This writer would like to see them go back into the manufacture of a good American made double again.

Marlin Firearms Co.

The Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn., has produced a full line of firearms for years that have been popular with our sportsmen. The Model 336 in 44 Magnum pistol caliber announced a year ago became popular almost instantly. It is called the Magnum 44 and is a companion piece to their handy little Model 336 Marauder with the 16½ inch barrel which is made in 30/30 and 35 Rem. calibers. The 44 Magnum has a 20 inch barrel and full length magazine holding nine of the powerful 44 Magnum cartridges. While the Model 336 continues to be Marlin's big game rifle they have recently brought out a fine little varmint rifle which they call the Model 62 Levermatic. In the rim-fire calibers this firearm was called the Model 56 Levermatic when made to handle the 22 short, long and long-rifle cartridges and the Model 57M when adapted to the 22 Winchester Magnum caliber. The Model 62 is furnished in the new 256 Winchester Magnum, the 22 Jet and 357 Magnum pistol calibers. Both the Jet and 256 Winchester Magnum are capable of very fine accuracy, making it an excellent vermin rifle in restricted areas. Both the 256 Winchester Magnum and the 22 Remington, or S. & W. Jet, can be reloaded inexpensively. The 256 has a muzzle velocity of 2,800 feet per sec. The 22 Jet will do about the same with 40 to 45 grain bullets. Both make excellent wild turkey cartridges. Both of these cases are based on the 357 Magnum pistol case necked down in the case of the 256, and tapered more abruptly when formed as a 22 Jet. This is one reason why Marlin gives us a choice of the 357 Magnum revolver on this action which can be loaded to ballistics capable of being fairly satisfactory on deer in the hands



HIGH STANDARD'S new Flite King 12 gauge slug gun made with 18, 20 and 26 inch barrels. It has rifle sights, sling and sling swivels.

of a careful shooter and good marksman.

Remington Arms Co.

Remington Arms Co. of Bridgeport, Conn., is one of our oldest firms and are still producing firearms of outstanding quality. Since World War II, and especially, during the last two years they have practically revamped their entire line of 22 caliber rifles, high power rifles and shotguns with one unusual arm thrown in for good measure. We will mention it later.

Before we go into Remington's complete line of high velocity varmint and big game rifles a word about their Model 870 "Brushmaster" slug gun will be necessary because we are including slug guns with the rifles in this month's column. This is, indeed, a lightning fast slide action, mean looking, 20 inch barreled 12 gauge five shot repeater. Its special barrel, equipped with rifle sights, sling and swivels leaves little to be desired from a knock-down-drag-out standpoint where hunting big game in brushy terrain. With either our American made slugs or the German Brenneke slugs it is an accurate and potent big game arm. In Pennsylvania, any shotgun under 24 inches in length requires a firearms permit obtainable from chiefs of police or county sheriffs. A provisional firearms permit from the county treasurer will also make the 20 inch shotgun legal while hunting in Pennsylvania.

Remington's new model 700 takes

the place of their excellent older Models 721 and 722. At present it is made in 13 different calibers as follows: 222-Rem., 222-Rem. Magnum, 3MM-Remington, 243 and 270 Winchester, 280-Remington, 30/06 and 306 Winchester, 7MM Remington Magnum and 264 Winchester Magnum, 300 Winchester Magnum, 375 H & H Magnum and last but certainly not least the 458 Winchester African Magnum. This gives a shooter a selection which is difficult to beat. As you can see, they are including two of the older and well known 6-MM's in their list. These are the 243 Winchester (a 6MM caliber) and the 244 Remington (another 6-MM) which they now call the 6-MM Remington. The 244 lost popularity at the beginning of its manufacture due to a rifling twist some claimed was too slow for the heavier bullets. This has been corrected and sales are now normal on this long range varmint, antelope and deer 6-MM caliber. Personally, both of these 6-MM's have always appealed to me as fine all around calibers.

The most outstanding cartridge developed by Remington for their new 700 Model rifle is probably the 7MM

Magnum. This cartridge can be called a short case belted magnum as it is approximately the 300 H & H belted case cut to 30-06 length (63-mm) and necked down to 7-MM caliber. The factory loads it with a 150 grain pointed bullet to 3,260 feet per second and a 175 grain round nose to 3,020 f.s. These ballistics were obtained from a 26 inch barrel. A loss of some 125 f.s. can be expected when using the standard 24 inch barrel. This modern 7-MM Magnum probably offers more power than any other factory load under 30 caliber. According to reports of friends who are using this cartridge it is up to the factory's claims in accuracy, trajectory and lack of unpleasant recoil.

Remington's latest, and a most interesting firearm, is their Model 600 bolt action carbine in 222 Remington, 308 Winchester and 35 Remington calibers. This 5½ to 5¾ pound 18½ inch barrelled rifle is a new concept in featherweights. Pound for pound of weight it carries more power, punch and accuracy than anything we know of. This little arm is tapped for scope mounts and receiver sights and is equipped with a ventilated rib. We

NEW Model 700 Remington ADL-DELUXE grade (top) supersedes the 721 and 722. It is made in 13 different calibers. Bottom is the latest version of the Model 760 slide action in carbine length with 18 inch barrel. An excellent brush gun.

WINCHESTER'S latest model 70 in standard and magnum grade. The standard has a 24 inch barrel while the one made for 264, 300 and 338 magnum calibers has 26 inch barrels.



suggest you look it over if you are looking for a splendid brush carbine, a saddle rifle, or one that will fill the bill most anywhere.

Winchester-Western Co.

Last, but again not least, in the alphabetical order is that well known manufacturer of fine sporting arms in all fields except pistols — the Winchester-Western Co. of New Haven, Conn. They have been in business about a century and have always kept abreast of the times with up-to-date changes in their firearms. They have kept their product popular among the hardest to please sportsmen. Like the other manufacturers they have recently revamped their entire line in most models. They have two or three models like their famous Model 94 carbine, Model 12 shotgun and Model 52, 22 caliber target rifle whose popularity is so deeply embedded in the shooting public's mind they don't dare to change.

Winchester's most recent change, outside of their line of shotguns, which we are not discussing at this time, is their popular Model 70 which superseded their Model 54 in 1937. The new version is still called the Model 70. We might add over 500,000 of the previous Model 70's were sold which speaks for itself. The most noticeable difference between the old and new rifles is in the bolt assembly. The large spring extractor formerly used has been discontinued in favor of a small horizontal spring-loaded extractor in the face of the bolt. A plungerlike ejector operating through the bolt face like our M1 Service rifle is used. The bolt face is counterbored to enclose the head of the cartridge. The dual locking lugs extend to the end of the bolt head. The breech end of the barrel is not counterbored to enclose the head of the bolt. We suggest you see the rifle yourself and check the new features which are supposed to improve it over the older model. The

general shape and position of the bolt handle remain unchanged but the bolt sleeve has been fitted with a gas shield to cover the end of the cocking piece. This is a fine safety feature.

The new Model 70 is made in 10 highly efficient modern calibers as follows: 220 Swift, 243, 264, 270, 308, 30/06, 300 Winchester Magnum, 338 Win. Magnum, 375 H & H Magnum, and 458 African Winchester Magnum. This is a formidable array of modern high speed, long range and powerful numbers from which to select. The 220 Swift is still the highest velocity cartridge made commercially with its over 4,000 feet per second muzzle velocity. The 458 African will handle Africa's heaviest game with one shot of its over 2½ foot tons of energy. The Model 70 Target model consistently wins the Wimbledon 1,000 yard match at Camp Perry.

Winchester's 264, 300 and 338 Magnums are high velocity numbers of the short belted case type. They are based on the strong 458 African case and, like the 7MM Remington Magnum they give the shooter about the limit from a ballistic standpoint in their caliber. The 264 drives a 100 grain bullet 3,700 f.s. and the 140 grain bullet 3,200 f.s. The 300 Winchester Magnum drives a 150 grain bullet 3,400 f.s. and the 180 grain 3,070 f.s., while the 338 Mag. drives a 200 grain bullet 3,000 f.s., a 250 2,700 f.s. and a 300 grain bullet 2,450 f.s. There you have it fellows. You can handle anything from a woodchuck out 500 yards to an Alaskan Brownie with the right medicine.

In conclusion our readers can easily see one has a vast array of new models and "super-duper" calibers to select from if he decides to discard the faithful old "Thuty-Thuty" and go strictly modern. If you do change, promptly start reloading and shoot your new one economically and often enough to become familiar with its sterling qualities.

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1964

Pennsylvania

GAME NEWS

AUGUST, 1964

TEN CENTS



DOCUMENTS

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Published Monthly by the
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COMMONWEALTH OF
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LETTERS

Cover Painting
By Robert Kray

COVER: August 1 marks the opening of the dog training season and the first big step into the 1964 hunting season. Sportsmen who run their dogs throughout the fall find that the days to small game season suddenly begin slipping by quickly. August can be a mighty hot month and therefore often too warm for dogs to run well. However, the late afternoons begin to cool more quickly and offer hours of ideal temperatures for this activity. Like so many things in life, much of the joy of doing it is preparing. So, too, it is with hunting. Dog fans find that training their four-legged partners can be as much a sport as hunting them.

Published MONTHLY by the Pennsylvania Game Commission, South Office Building, Capitol, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** \$1 per year; \$2.50 for three years. **TO SUBSCRIBE:** Send check or money order payable to "Pennsylvania Game Commission." Do not send stamps; cash forwarded is done so at sender's risk. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Send both new and old addresses at least 45 days in advance of the issue with which it is to be effective. **PERMISSION TO REPRINT** any signed article may be granted provided advance permission is obtained from the author. No information contained in the magazine may be used for advertising or commercial purposes.

Printed by Times and News Publishing Co., Gettysburg, Pa.
Second Class Postage Paid at Gettysburg, Pa.

AN AMERICAN RIGHT

THE free individual, properly exercising his independence, is of paramount importance to the future of the United States of America. Our form of government is based on individual rights and depends upon responsible and informed citizens.

Those who prize the ownership and use of firearms must join together and convey their ideas and beliefs to other responsible people at the state and local level. The time has come to make a positive effort to overcome the ignorance and misunderstanding about firearms and about the people who use them for lawful purposes. Public officials and people in general must be told about the importance of firearms in American life; about the positive values of shooting and hunting; about the Pennsylvania Game Commission's Hunter Safety Program and about the National Rifle Association of America and its activities. Those who have most to gain or lose must convince their friends and associates that guns and shooting are an essential part of our priceless heritage which must be cherished and encouraged.

The first 10 amendments to the U. S. Constitution, better known as the Bill of Rights, were added as a protection of individual rights. The second of these amendments provides that "a well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed." The courts have interpreted this as a limitation on the Federal government, and there are some who maintain that it also is a limitation of state governments.

Unfortunately, there is a drift away from the basic principles that have built our great country. There is a tendency on the part of too many people to barter away one after another of our freedoms. Also, there is a disturbing tendency among volunteer organizations to dilute their effectiveness and to increase their problems of support by creating splinter groups.

It must be our goal to preserve the values inherent in our way of life, including the right to "keep and bear arms." It also must be our goal to do everything in our power to maintain a unified front in fighting restrictive firearms legislation. This is not a fight for the sportsmen or gun dealers alone, but for every American. With the united efforts of reputable gun owners at the local level, our right to keep and use sporting arms will be preserved. (Taken in part from the June 1964 *American Rifleman*.)

The Pheasant Trapping Trial

By
WILBUR M.
CRAMER



By Wilbur M. Cramer

ONE of the greatest game areas in the southeastern part of Pennsylvania in 1930 was the Fuller Estate north of Catasauqua. Colonel Fuller, the owner of this estate, was in the cement business and this was and still is, I presume, one of the major industries in that part of the Commonwealth. The Colonel had purchased a number of contiguous farms in that section to make a total area of approximately 1,500 acres. It was located partly in Allen Township, Northampton County, and partly in North Whitehall and Hanover Townships, Lehigh County. He did not permit public hunting but did invite some of his associates in the cement business to hunt with him from time to time. From what I learned of this hunting these men did little damage to the ringneck crop but their activities did benefit the ammunition manufacturers very much.

Colonel Fuller placed the farming operations on this land in charge of a Farm Superintendent, Jesse Krall, who lived with his family in a nice home on the estate. We became quite friendly with Mr. Krall and he was of great help to the Game Commission and its field employees. I presume we might have taken advantage of Jesse's friendship to secure permission to hunt on the Fuller Estate but we did not do that. In fact, I gave instructions to our men in the southeast area that we would not do any hunting on the estate.

The farms were posted against hunting by the public and it was Jesse's job to enforce the trespass laws there. They raised much alfalfa in addition to some other crops. The township road ran through the property and hunters would congregate along that road early in the morning and late in the afternoon to try to

shoot a pheasant flying from one side to the other, and have it drop on the road or its banks so that they would not need to trespass onto a field to get the fallen game. Krall was more active in patrolling at these times than other hours of the day, and they knew if he caught them on the land it would mean a fine for trespassing. We, of course, had no authority to enforce the trespass laws. There was also a railroad right-of-way through the property and this gave the hunters a better opportunity than the township road to get a pheasant without being caught for trespassing.

In the winter the pheasants on the land (even some birds from adjacent fields) sought the protection afforded by the fields, fence rows and wood lots of the large estate. I never saw greater concentrations of pheasants anywhere else in Pennsylvania or in Wood County, Ohio, which was that state's best pheasant area. This period was truly the heyday of the ring-necked pheasant in Pennsylvania and I don't believe our hunters will ever again see anything like this in our state in open country.

Dr. Thomas E. Winecoff, Head of the Game Commission's Division of Research at that time and a very colorful figure, came to Northampton County on a speaking tour. He had been an Episcopal Rector and for a while was a U. S. Marshal north of the Arctic Circle, so you can readily understand why he would be a very interesting public speaker. I met Dr. Winecoff in Northampton one day and took him to the Fuller Estate to observe crow and pheasant conditions. We flushed pheasants, especially at the edge of one or two wood lots, in flocks the size you would expect to see in a crow gathering. It was almost unbelievable to Dr. Winecoff

that there was a place like this in Pennsylvania and he acted like a small boy with a new toy at Christmas.

Through Superintendent Krall we secured permission to trap ringnecks from this estate for restocking elsewhere. On January 9, 1930, Game Protector Henry Ramsey, of Easton, and I went to discuss with Jesse Krall these trapping operations. We began the trapping as soon as we could secure the traps and get started. This project soon mushroomed into big business. Each winter after that for several seasons we would trap and ship from the Fuller Estate approximately 1,000 pheasants. They were nearly all hen birds, as Colonel Fuller didn't want us to trap and take away the cock birds, although Krall didn't mind if we took a few cock birds a winter. Anyhow, it was very difficult to get the cock birds into our small wire traps. They were far more wary than the hens.

We used a wire trap four feet square and one foot high. This was made of fencing wire of about 2" x 4" mesh. A movable funnel entrance was made and attached into a place cut in the wire at one end. The wires at the bottom of the funnel were bent somewhat so that when a pheasant entered the trap the funnel entrance would drop and the bird couldn't escape under the wires of the gate. There was an opening cut out of the top of the trap about one foot square and this was made into a door to lift open and remove the pheasants from the trap. Prior to the time the National Youth Administration constructed large numbers of these traps for the Game Commission our own officers built them and many of them were built at the Eastern Game Farm. It was soon learned at the Game Farms that this trap was very handy to use along the wire of a pheasant pen to catch escaped birds. It was also soon learned that because of this use it was advisable to place one of

those funnel entrances on each of two ends of the trap so that no matter which way the bird would come along the wire he would see the gate.

Baited With Corn

We used shelled corn as bait, scattering corn a few feet from the trap to the gate and then placing some corn in the trap as an extra inducement for the bird to enter it. If a pheasant approached the trap from one of the three sides where there was no entrance it would see the corn in the trap and go around the sides until it found the entrance. Sometimes we put a little brush or some weeds on top of the trap to help disguise it. The Game Protector made a preliminary study of the area to be trapped and would soon learn where the birds were feeding and place a trap there, usually along the edge of a wood lot, in some brush or in a ravine.

It was possible to take nine, ten or even more pheasants in a trap at one time. The trapper carried shelled corn in a packsack or in a bag slung over his shoulders. At times he would also carry a small shovel so that he could shovel the trap out of the snow or reset it at some place he had shoveled free of snow. It was soon learned that traps should be set where the trapper could approach closely to them without exciting the birds. It was necessary for the trapper to visit his traps twice a day—in the morning and at the end of the afternoon.

When Game Protector Ambrose Gerhart was transferred to Montgomery County in 1930, Deputy Harry Rickert, a licensed taxidermist living in Allentown, was placed in charge of the county until a competitive examination could be held. This examination was held September 27, 1930, and Mr. Rickert was the successful applicant and became Lehigh County's Game Protector. He is now retired and lives in Kutztown, Berks

"The Counties Stocked With Fuller Birds Are Today Top Pheasant Hunting Areas"

County. He had much to do with pheasant trapping and rabbit trapping and was one of the finest and hardest working Game Protectors the Game Commission ever had. I recall many happy and fine experiences associating with Harry in the game work.

It soon developed that neither the Northampton County nor the Lehigh County Game Protector would have time to devote to trapping pheasants on the Fuller Estate, so we had to look around for someone to do this work. We arranged to place Deputy Ed Jones, of Bangor, Northampton County, in charge of this trapping on a per diem basis. Jesse Krall said we could have one of several vacant farmhouses on the property where Ed could set up bachelor quarters. There was a kitchen range in the house in which he could use either wood or coal. Ed brought bedclothes from home and rigged up a bed. They found around the house and outbuildings some old chairs, and some things that could be used as a table, etc. Mrs. Rickert gave Ed some old dishes and other things and he brought a kerosene lamp, a flashlight, etc., from home, so he was soon established in his makeshift headquarters. The Game Commission paid for his food and Ed was good enough cook and housekeeper to make out very well in his Fuller apartment.

A Rendezvous

One time I made arrangements with Game Protector Rickert and Deputy Jones to meet them at this rendezvous to discuss our pheasant trapping work. I was driving a state car and parked it back of one of the sheds. Harry was a little late arriving and we didn't know he was there until he opened the door. After we had our conference I came out to leave and they followed me. When I turned on the ignition

there was a tremendous noise and banging, a terrific cloud of smoke came out from under the hood and there was a terrible odor. I thought surely the car had caught on fire or was going to blow up and I opened the door and came out of there "like greased lightning." There stood Harry and Ed having a good laugh and I knew then it was another of Harry's practical jokes. He had attached some kind of a firecracker to the wiring before entering the house. He was one of the greatest practical jokers I have ever known.

We had other problems in our pheasant trapping work. First, it was necessary to construct a pen of chicken wire in one of the outbuildings Jesse loaned us to hold the pheasants until we could make shipments. These birds had to be fed and watered regularly until shipped. During these early days the records show that approximately 40,000 cock birds were killed in a season in each of Bucks, Montgomery, Lancaster, Lehigh and Northampton Counties. They furnished the best pheasant hunting in the state. In 1930 Schuylkill County was attached to the Northeast Division and Lebanon, Dauphin and York Counties were added to the Southeast. While these three counties had some pheasant hunting they certainly were far from being considered comparable to the other southeast counties for pheasant hunting. It was decided to stock these three counties with the fine wild trapped birds from the Fuller Estate in addition to the Game Farm birds being supplied them. Pheasant crates holding ten pheasants each (five in each end of the crate) were borrowed from the Eastern Game Farm and birds were shipped to these other counties in large numbers. Today they are excellent pheasant hunting counties and I

sincerely believe that some of this is due to the wild trapped birds shipped there from the Fuller farms.

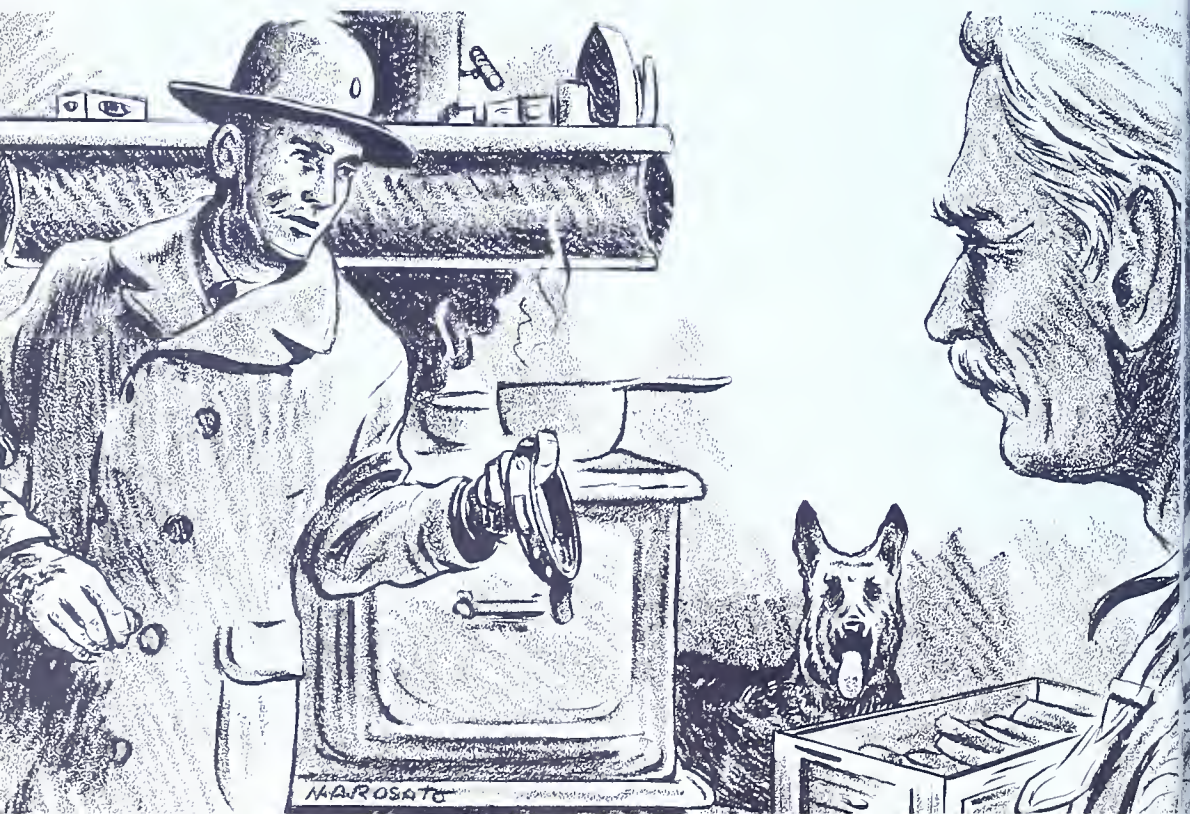
In addition, we received instructions to ship some birds to Lawrence, Mercer and Crawford Counties in the northwestern part of the state. During several years dozens of birds were sent to these counties. They have excellent pheasant hunting today, and again I believe part of this success is due to the wild trapped birds shipped them in addition to the stocking of birds from the Game Farms.

Another problem developed for us—as the pheasants increased on the Fuller Estate the owner apparently increased the acreage put into alfalfa. The first mowing of alfalfa is made early—at the time the pheasants are laying eggs and hatching—so we soon discovered many eggs were being smashed, many nests destroyed and some hens were being crippled or killed by the mower. This was a terrific loss. We again sat down with Jesse Krall to work out a solution to

our problem. He gave permission for one of the protectors to accompany or follow the mower, secure the eggs, save the hens where possible, and set up a small game farm on the estate. Very crude incubators were devised, with some things being purchased by the protectors, some donated by Jesse Krall, and some borrowed from the Eastern Game Farm. It was difficult to determine when the eggs would hatch—some almost hatched in the protector's hands, while some wouldn't hatch for a number of days. The experiment worked rather well and many birds were salvaged in this way, with the young chicks being given to sportsmen's organizations in Lehigh and Northampton Counties for rearing until old enough to release. There were also some rabbits trapped on the Fuller Estate but my records show neither how many nor the dates.

On February 5, 1934, Deputy Jones and I had to appear in court in Easton for the hearing of a case of killing and concealing two hen pheasants by

I THEN PULLED THE COLLAR out of my pocket and said, "I believe this is your dog collar." He said, "It is." The license number on the tag matched his license certificate.



an Allentown man. The case wasn't called early in the day so we spent the entire day in court. It was later than Ed usually checked his pheasant traps so I told him I would go over the route with him. We had a snow of about two or three inches that day and it started to get dark early. We soon saw the tracks of two dogs in the fresh snow—the tracks of a big dog and the tracks of a small one. We started to find dead pheasants. It was plain to see that as the dogs had approached the traps the birds had become excited and tried to escape. They would stick their heads out of the trap, either at the top or along the sides and the dogs would grab and decapitate them. Some pheasants would be killed by battling the heavy wire in an effort to escape from their attackers and killed themselves in that way. The last trap containing two more dead pheasants we saw in the funnel entrance a dog collar attached to the wires. It was the collar of the big dog and the license plate was on it, but no name plate. It was quite evident that the dog had tried to push the gate open but wasn't successful in his attempt and his collar caught in the wire. He then tried to back away but the collar pulled over his head and stuck on the wire funnel. It was a Lehigh County license. There were a number of hairs on the dog collar so we were careful not to lose them. We had a total of 20 dead pheasants.

We conferred with Harry Rickert and Jesse Krall at Ed's headquarters. Harry wrote down the license number to use in checking the owner at the courthouse in Allentown the next morning. I spent the night at Northampton and returned to the Fuller Estate in the morning. Ed and I went over the trap line and found six more dead birds that had been killed by the dogs. We missed two or three traps the previous evening in the darkness. We now had 26 dead pheasants.

Harry came out from Allentown and

told me that the owner of the big dog was Arthur Schwenk, let us call him, of Hanover Township, Lehigh County. Harry and I went to see Mr. Schwenk. We identified ourselves and asked if he had any dogs. He told us he had one and we asked him where the dog was. Schwenk said "he is lying back of the kitchen stove" and sure enough there he was, a big German police dog. We asked Schwenk if he had a license for him. He replied that he did and brought the license paper. We asked Schwenk where the dog collar and license tag were. We could see that the dog did not have a collar. He told us that the dog had come home late the previous afternoon and the collar and tag were missing. I then pulled the collar out of my pocket and said, "I believe this is your dog collar." He said, "It is." We checked the license tag number with the number on the paper he showed us and they were identical. We also noted that the hairs on the inside of the collar matched exactly the hairs around the dog's neck.

Told Him the Story

Then we told him our findings of the previous afternoon. The Fuller Estate was quite some distance from the Schwenk home. We told him about our pheasant trapping operations, about the tracks of two dogs in the fresh snow—the tracks of a big dog and the tracks of a small one. We related about finding dead pheasants the dogs had killed and that we found a total of 26 dead birds yesterday afternoon and this morning, and that the dog collar of his dog was found caught on the wires of the entrance or gate of the trap. Then we asked him to go along out to the car as we wanted to show him something. We showed him in the back of the car the 26 dead pheasants. He said, "Well, my dog didn't kill all of them." We said, "No, we don't say he did, but the two dogs did kill the 26 birds." We went back into the house. Be-

cause he was a farmer and furnished land for hunting we felt we wanted to be considerate of this fact, so we asked him if he wanted to settle with us for his dog killing two pheasants. He refused this plan to settle in such manner as authorized by the Game Law. We told him we would have to handle the case in another way, so we left and went to Alderman Gotthardt's office in Allentown, secured a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Schwenk and returned to his home, served the warrant on him and took him to the Alderman's office. He gave bail for a hearing on February 12 which was later postponed until the 17th. Mr. Schwenk was represented by an attorney at the hearing. We presented our evidence and Mr. Schwenk was found "guilty."

The attorney said he was going to take an appeal to court, which he did. This appealed case was heard in the Allentown courthouse on April 7 and

the Judge reversed the decision of the Alderman and found Mr. Schwenk "not guilty." The Judge made the statement that, "If a watch with either the name or initials of the owner on it were found beside the body of a murdered man, it would not necessarily mean that the owner of the watch murdered the man." I know this is true and I surely would not want to be on a jury convicting a person on such evidence alone. I know that when you are dealing with circumstantial evidence, you must have a complete chain of evidence as your proof. I thought we had such evidence and I still do not see the comparison between the watch in the murder case and the dog collar on the pheasant trap and the dead pheasants. We lost the case anyhow, but I felt sure Mr. Schwenk paid the attorney much more for handling this case on the two occasions than the fine and costs he might have paid.

State IWLA Convention Announced

State Izaak Walton League of America Convention will be held in Chambersburg on September 19 and 20 at the Hitching Post Inn. The locale is close to Caledonia State Park where delegates and their families may camp during the convention.

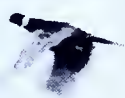
House Subcommittee Held Hearings on Tocks Island

Congressman Wayne N. Aspinall, Chairman of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, announced the Subcommittee on National Parks held hearings on three bills now before the House of Representatives to authorize the creation of the Tocks Island National Recreation Area.

The hearings, open to the public, were held June 8 and 9 in Room 1324, New House Office Building, Washington, D. C.

The proposed Tocks Island National Recreation Area would be located on the Delaware River about six miles north of the famous Delaware Water Gap. The National Park Service has recommended acquisition of about 60,000 acres. Planning has already been started on a dam which will create a lake some 37 miles long within the next ten years. Tocks Island, if authorized, would become the fifth national recreation area in the United States and the first in the East. Park Service officials predict it will become the most heavily used recreation facility under their jurisdiction. More than 30 million persons live within a 100-mile radius of the proposed site, placing it within a day's driving time of one-third the population of the United States.

Wingshooting . . .



The Instinct Method

By Lefty Kreh



Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III

FORTUNATELY THERE is an easy solution for teaching people to shoot well at moving game with a comparatively new idea conceived by a shotgun coach in Georgia.

I HAD a problem, and if you have a son, daughter or wife you want to introduce to the joys of hunting, you have one, too.

My problem began when my 12-year-old son wanted to begin hunting with me. Since the day I carried him home from the hospital wrapped in a bundle no larger than a hefty cock bird, I've been dreaming about taking him afield.

When he was six I introduced him to fishing. It was no casual thing. I

planned it down to the last detail. First, I rigged him a bamboo pole with a very short line to prevent him from snagging himself. To the line I attached a small hook and bobber. I scouted around until I found a farm pond teeming with sunfish. He caught the gluttonous sunnies one after another and couldn't wait to go again. He was hooked and I was happy.

I have seen many fathers take their sons into the field for the first time



Photos by the Author

REMOVAL OF THE SIGHTS is the first step in teaching the new method of shotgun shooting.

and many of these occasions were a sorry spectacle. The kid was not informed well enough to identify a hen from a cock bird, and didn't have any idea concerning the things he was expected to do, like safe gun handling, keeping close to and in sight of the other shooters, how to approach cover, etc.

The day was an ordeal for him. He shot at the wrong kinds of birds, missed everything he did shoot at, and was chastised and humiliated by his father. Being smaller and not as strong as his father he became exhausted by the strenuous exercise. He came home bitter, morose, determined to avoid hunting forever. His father had made a mess of things and couldn't understand why the kid didn't enjoy himself.

I was determined not to let this happen to my son. When he was only four years of age he could identify from color plates in my nature books most of the kinds of ducks, the male and female pheasant, grouse, quail, dove and several other common birds that he would likely encounter in the field. We talked about the things a grouse or pheasant would eat, where the birds slept, how they passed the day, and where the hunter could look for them. It wasn't technical stuff but

basic information about the game he would someday seek. We played a game. I would ask him what lives in the mountains, likes to eat grapes and flies very fast. His answer of a ruffed grouse gave me a lot of pleasure. But, I had a motive in all this that was to pay off when he would begin his gunning career.

The biggest problem with your son, wife or daughter is teaching him or her how to handle the gun safely and to hit what they are aiming at.

Women and youngsters are often afraid of a gun. The loud noise, the destruction it creates, and the recoil make them approach the weapon with some fear. If you are going to teach them to shoot well and to concentrate on the joys of hunting, then you'll have to get them to overcome their inhibitions about shooting.

Teaching them to shoot by beginning with a .410 shotgun is like asking them to start fishing with a barbless hook. A .410 is okay for the expert, but it certainly is not the tool to give beginners. They need all the help they can get when shooting at moving game. The feeble pattern of the .410 is of little assistance.

20 Gauge or Light 12

The answer then, is to start them on their first hunting trip with a 20 gauge shotgun or a light 12 gauge, with light loads, of course. But, teaching them to hit moving game with a scattergun is both expensive and time-consuming. They are more interested in how the gun is going to hurt them and the loud noise, than they are in learning to shoot. Besides, shot charges are all but invisible, even to the expert. The beginner usually shoots at the moving target and is informed that he shot behind it. He tries to make the necessary adjustments, but he really doesn't see what he is doing right or wrong.

Fortunately, there is an easy solution. You can teach them to shoot

"The Firearm to Use During His Instruction Is a BB Gun . . . Don't Laugh!"

well at moving game with a comparatively new idea conceived by a shotgun coach from Georgia. This man came up with a new idea that is remarkably simple and very inexpensive. It is a totally effective method of quickly teaching people to shoot well.

The firearm he uses during his instructions is a BB gun . . . don't laugh, it works. He removes the sights from the gun before he allows the beginner to shoot. This eliminates the act of deliberate aiming, a major fault with many field shooters. Don't smile if you have those fancy ivory or red plastic sights, we're going to prove they are not needed, or desirable.

This man suggested that after the sights have been removed that a drop of light machine oil be placed down the bore. This forms a seal around the BB, increasing the accuracy and velocity of the pellet. Aspirin tablets thrown into the air can be hit repeatedly with a BB gun, attesting to the accuracy of the weapon if the oil is placed down the barrel.

His system is called Instinct Shooting, and it is just that. Try something now before we go farther. Place a dime on the table at arm's reach from you. Have someone give the command for you to put your finger tip on the dime while you look at the coin with both eyes open. You'll find no trouble placing the finger tip on the coin. Now, close one eye, look at the dime, have someone signal you to quickly place your finger tip on the dime. Then try it with the other eye. You'll see that your depth perception even at this short distance is impaired if one eye remains closed. Yet, it is easy to touch the center of the coin with both eyes open. Apply this lesson to your shotgunning and keep both eyes open.

Essentially the new type of shooting means that you look and concentrate only on the target with both eyes open while bringing the gun to your shoulder and mounting it in the proper manner. You will instinctively point the weapon at the target if you look intently at what you want to hit. Like the man driving a car, he looks at the road ahead, not at the steering wheel (which compares to the sights on a gun). The trouble with this system is that it's too darn simple for our complicated modern world. If there isn't a lot of theory, data and technique involved most people feel it isn't up to date. Actually, I'm positive that all the famous shooters like Annie Oakley and others of a bygone era used this method of shooting.

Here's How It's Done

Here is how to teach someone to use the BB gun to learn wingshooting. A 35 mm. film can is an ideal target. Place it on a post, stool or something about eye level to the shooter. The target should be about 25 feet away. If possible have a light colored background such as the sky or a white wall. Have the gunner bring the BB gun to his shoulder, mount it in the normal manner, and make sure that the cheek is against the stock as it should be in conventional shooting. Tell them to keep looking at the film can with both eyes open. Insist they do so by saying over and over, "Keep your eye on the target." Then tell them to pull the trigger.

Now ask them immediately if they saw the BB pellet. They should have if they were concentrating on the target and the background was bright. If they didn't, ask them to shoot again, insisting that they look at the

target only, not at the gun barrel (remember the sights have been removed). Ask again if they saw the BB. If they have normal eyesight, concentrated on the target and had the proper background they will have seen the BB. Now keep them shooting again and again. You'll find they will unconsciously adjust the gun so the BB soon strikes the can. They will be delighted, and so will you.

Now begin the second phase of their instructions. This involves hitting a moving object. The trick here is to throw the film can into the air at the same height, at the same angle and from the same spot every time. The method allows the shooter to know exactly the path of the target and he can concentrate on gunning mechanics more fully. The sun should be behind the shooter so it will not interfere, and on bright sunny days it's a good idea for the beginner to wear sun glasses.

I like to toss the can about ten feet high, nearly over top and in front of the shooter so that it lands in front of him and at his feet. Stand on the same side each time, I prefer his right, and make each toss similar to the last.

If he has followed your instructions he will begin to hit the film can on about the third or fourth shot. After

KEEP BOTH EYES OPEN. This is one of the prime rules for instinct shooting.



he has become proficient at hitting the can reduce the size of the target. A penny makes a good substitute. Later, you can have him shoot at aspirin tablets . . . and he'll hit them, too. Even BB's thrown into the air can be hit!

A Common Fault

One of the common faults of shot-gunners trying to down flying game is they lead the bird, particularly on a crossing shot, pull the trigger, stop the forward movement of the barrel and, of course, shoot behind the bird. Because of this tendency, almost all game that is missed flying at a crossing angle is missed because the shot charge fell behind the bird. The method discussed here eliminates this error.

Remember, the big point to make here is that you keep both your eyes only on the target, nothing else. If you do this you'll eliminate the shooting behind the bird problem.

Here's what happens using the instinct method as a bird comes from your left going to your right. The gun is lifted and swung behind the bird, faster than it is going so the gun can catch up with it. At all times the shooter is looking at the bird, not the barrel or sights. The gun continues to come up behind the bird until it is on the target and the instinctive shooter knows he must now fire. He keeps his eyes on the target, not the sights, and because he does the gun continues on swinging, eliminating the factor of shooting behind the bird. Simple, it sure is, try it!

Let's examine what we have done so far. Because the shooting mechanics are so simple: look at the target with both eyes open, bring the gun up in the normal manner and pull the trigger, the shooter can follow the instructions with ease. You'll find the beginner meets with almost instant success, which will delight and encourage him or her. There are other

"The Important Point Is to Be Able To See the BB and Correct Your Fire"

benefits, too. BB guns are inexpensive, have no recoil to punish the shooter, nor is there any noise to distract them. It is impossible to shoot 50 cents worth of aimed BB's a day, a thought most fathers will appreciate. Because you are not searching for the sights, but looking only at the target, you'll discover that you can get doubles as quickly as you used to shoot singles. Of course, you don't have to go to a shooting range, since the pellet flight is fairly short. A good-sized back lot will do nicely, or you can make a simple pellet trap and shoot in your own basement. The most important point in teaching beginners, I think, is that they can actually see the BB in flight and understand immediately what they are doing wrong. This point can't be over-emphasized!

Removing the sights from a BB gun is simple. Usually all that is needed is a pair of pliers, or at most a hacksaw, although it is usually done with some apprehension. To prove that you don't need sights in field shooting try a simple experiment. After the shooter has learned to hit moving targets with a BB gun take him out at night near a street light, or some other artificial light. Throw a brightly colored film can into the air over his head. If it is dark it will be impossible for him to see the sights. Yet, you'll discover it has no effect whatever on his ability to hit either in day or night light . . . providing he can see the target well. So please don't leave the sights on the BB gun when you teach the shooter the basic steps. Sights will hinder him and the beginner will unconsciously try to use them.

During all the instruction periods you should constantly stress gun safety. Make sure they keep the gun pointed in the proper direction, are

sure of their background before they shoot, don't carry a loaded gun and have the safety on unless they are actually firing. These basic precautions will pay off in the field and you'll discover that you won't have to continue yelling at them, spoiling their and your sport. You'll notice, too, that they and you can concentrate more on the business of hunting, thus having a more productive day.

A Suggested BB Gun

What BB gun should you use? The Daisy Model 90 sells for about \$9 retail and does a fine job. I like the slightly more expensive "Spitting Image" Model 1894 Daisy BB gun. This more closely resembles the shotgun the person will be shooting in the field. Many BB guns are built for tiny tots and the extremely short stocks make it difficult to give proper instruction to larger people. The Model 1894 and 90 have a stock measurement from butt plate to trigger of about $13\frac{3}{4}$ inches, or about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch shorter than factory shotgun stocks. If the stock must be lengthened you can buy a slip-on recoil pad, small size, and if necessary add felt or sponge rubber inside of it to insure a better fit. The BB gun should fit the beginner fairly well for best results.

The idea explained here works. It works so well that I've been using it in hunting clinics throughout the eastern part of the country. Last fall in Washington, D. C., Philadelphia and Richmond, among many other places, hunters were amazed at the simplicity and effectiveness of the system. I have discovered exceptionally few shot-gunners who tried the BB gun with the instinctive method that didn't say it helped their shooting. During a hunting clinic at the Joseph Horne

Company, in Pittsburgh, last fall, I saw several in the group exhibit skepticism. I placed a 35 mm. can on an old shooting jacket at about 30 feet distance. I requested several of the audience to come up and shoot at the can. Everyone of them hit the can in three or less tries. It was their first attempt at the instinctive system. They went away convinced.

Tried It on Larry

I had my 12-year-old son in mind when I purchased a Model 1894 Daisy BB gun last summer. Taking Larry to a vacant lot I explained exactly what I wanted him to do. I removed the sights with a pair of pliers in front of him in an effort to emphasize that they were not necessary. I explained how a drop or two of light oil should be placed down the barrel before each shooting session. Handing him the gun I explained the basic habits of good gun safety. Pointing to a 35 mm. film can on the nearby post I asked him to shoot at it. I kept saying softly to him to look only at the target. He pulled the trigger and the can leaped from the post. Both of us were all smiles. He swung around toward me and I cautioned him again about handling the gun safely. He shot about a pack of BB's at the can and hit it quite a number of times.

I waited until the next day to try aerial targets. I wanted to keep him excited about the whole idea. He missed the first few, but soon began to hit them with regularity. Later, I took along one of his buddies and asked Larry to teach his companion. I did this for a reason. I found after ten years of basketball coaching and conducting fly casting and hunting clinics for many seasons that only when you teach do you begin to completely understand your subject. I wanted Larry thoroughly grounded in the mechanics of the instinctive system of shooting.

We spent maybe an hour an evening shooting the BB gun and his skill increased until the gun became a part of him. We often walked the fields, allowing him to shoot at grasshoppers, which he never hit. But, because he saw exactly the flight of each BB pellet he improved immensely.

By autumn I was ready to take him to the local skeet range. I had cut down a shotgun stock on my 20-gauge to 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches to fit him. With a small hand trap I threw several clay targets, allowing him to watch but not shoot at them. Then I loaded only a single shell in the gun, thoroughly explaining the operations and danger of the weapon. He missed the first several clay targets. I think maybe the weight difference between the BB and real gun, as well as the fact he was shooting a live weapon threw him a bit. But before the afternoon was over he was hitting many of the birds and I knew the kid had arrived. His safe handling procedure of the firearms was excellent.

Picked the Pheasant

Pheasant season came and I selected this bird for his first hunt since it is about the easiest of flying game to down. I knew a small cover patch that held several cock birds. I took Larry there. Loading only one shell in the pump gun, we started through the thicket. A hen flushed. I yelled hen, so did Larry . . . he knew the difference. The book lessons and games of a few years ago had paid off for us. A cock bird squawked and rose in front of us. I said nothing, holding my breath and half praying that he would hit the bird. The shotgun barked, the bird fell with a thud and I began to pound, a little too hard, on the back of my son. He ran to get the pheasant and brought it back proudly. A moment like this happens only once, your first bird, and we enjoyed it to the fullest.

We continued through the thicket



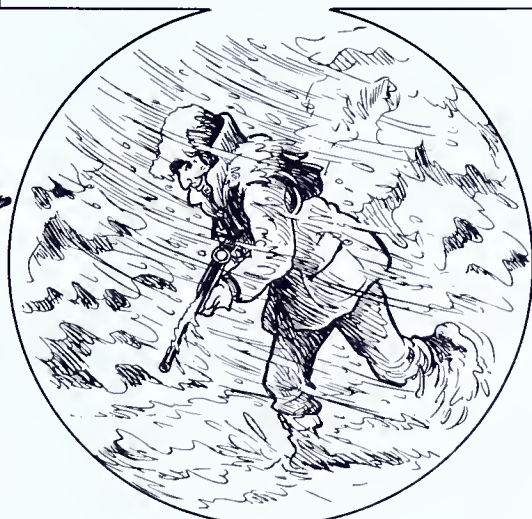
SUCCESS. Here Dad gets a close look at his son's first pheasant, downed because he used the new style of shotgunning.

and I wondered if maybe that last one had been a fluke shot. The second cock bird flushed to our right, Larry turned, shot and the bird tumbled to the ground. I was elated! We took the two birds and walked back to the car, my arm around him as he excitedly told me about the shooting.

I thought to myself of all the trips I've made to Canada, parts of this country and South America, this one I enjoyed most. The happy father and son who walked away from that thicket owed a major part of their joy to a BB gun . . . something many people regard as only a child's toy.



BUT EVERY DEER SEASON SINCE...



Idea submitted by Joe Janosik, Waterford, Pa.



NED SMITH



WALKIN' SHOES

By NED SMITH



Turkey Vulture—Repulsive Beauty

1. Is the turkey vulture similar to the turkey buzzard?
2. Are vultures considered birds of prey?
3. Vultures build bulky nests of sticks. True or false?
4. What do turkey vultures eat?
5. How can they soar for hours without moving their wings?
6. Are vultures attracted to their food by sight or scent?
7. A large bird soars overhead on wings that are stretched out flat. Could this be a turkey vulture?
8. Do turkey vultures kill living prey?

HIGH in the glassy August sky a turkey vulture floats in lazy circles, buoyed up by the invisible lift of rising air currents. His great wings are held stiffly at a constant upward angle. Their only movement is an occasional tilt from side to side to maintain balance and take advantage of each whim of the updrafts. Now he hangs motionless on a pillar of air; now he slants off on an effortless tack. Always his flight is pure poetry.

But the vulture is entertaining neither himself nor us. He is looking for food with eyes that are among the keenest in the animal world—many times as efficient as man's. Nothing on the countryside below escapes his notice. And should another vulture

suddenly spiral earthward toward a potential meal you can bet he'll see that, too. If investigation proves the dinner big enough for two he'll drop in uninvited.

On the ground the magic is gone. The master of the skies becomes an ugly, ungainly, untidy scavenger. His magnificent pinions, spanning six feet in flight, are folded awkwardly against a disheveled body. The somber black feathers, each edged in grayish brown, are coarse and disarranged. Protruding from the ruff of neck feathers are a repulsive head and neck, clothed in wrinkled, bare, red skin and tipped with a hooked bill.

Gone is the skyborne flowing grace. He strides slowly with a solemn, rolling gait, hopping grotesquely when short bursts of speed are called for.

The food that brought him to earth is the most unattractive in all outdoors—carrion. Any dead animal, fresh or otherwise, from snake or frog to farmer's cow, will appeal to a vulture. Such smallish canapes as mice and toads are swallowed whole. Larger creatures are torn apart with the sharp beak and eaten in pieces. Opportunists by necessity, vultures sometimes so overload their crops when feeding on a large carcass that they are unable to fly. At such times they hop about or break into a ludicrous sidewise canter when approached.



AT TIMES THEY WILL perch on dead trees or fence posts spreading their wings in the sun. It is then that they present a particularly ominous picture.

No carcass is too odiferous for these birds. It is a mystery how they are able to resist the poisons produced by putrefying animal matter, but they never seem to suffer any ill effects from the vilest of viettuals.

For years ornithologists have conducted tests to determine if the sense of smell played a part in helping the vulture to locate its food, but most are inclined to give full credit to the bird's incredible eyesight. Even in tests in which the bait was hidden from sight the convergence of insects was thought to reveal the bait's location to the sharp-eyed scavengers, rather than odor.

Repulsive as it seems, the vulture's role as a scavenger is of tremendous value in keeping the outdoors sweet, clean, and healthful, and he should be given strict protection everywhere. Crows, raccoons, possums, skunks, and various insects lend a hand in cleaning up the carcasses that would otherwise accumulate on our highways and the countryside in general, but no other creature does the job as efficiently as the vulture. In addition, he rarely harms a living creature, with the exception of a few insects. His feet are too weak and his talons too straight to make him a successful

predator, although scientists classify him as a bird of prey. So he must be content to wait for death to spread his feast for him.

Generally speaking, the turkey vulture and its relatives are southern birds, but the former extends its range over all of Pennsylvania, where it is commonly spoken of as a "turkey buzzard." It is most abundant in the southern portions of the state, and some birds even remain in the warmer counties all winter.

The bulk of the vulture population, however, heads southward during the months of October and early November, riding the thermals singly or in small flocks to the milder climates of our southern states.

They return in April, drifting across the state to find hunting ranges and mates. For nesting sites vultures usually choose a relatively inaccessible or well concealed spot. Their eggs, nearly always two in number, are laid on bare ledges, in caves among the rocks, in hollow logs and stumps, or sometimes merely beneath dense bushes. They are whitish, attractively spotted and blotched with various shades of brown and gray. As a rule no nest is constructed; at best some handy material is scraped together to receive the eggs.

Share Duties

Both parents share the duties of incubation, and after a period of about five weeks the young make their debut. Nearly bare when hatched, they quickly acquire a coat of white down that covers all but their feet and black faces. Quite unattractive at first, they grow uglier with each passing day, if that's possible. The first wing quills pose through the down at about two weeks of age, but not until the nestlings are nearly two months old do the wings attain their full proportions, and two or three more weeks elapse before they can fly.

From the beginning the young are fed by regurgitation. With flailing wings and bobbing heads they greed-

ily insert their bills into the gaping mouth of the parent bird and gobble up their repulsive repast. This method of feeding is apparently not completely abandoned until the young are fully grown.

Hiss and Snap

When approached or threatened the nestlings hiss loudly and snap their bills. Their trump card, however, is to suddenly disgorge the malodorous contents of their crops, a shocking measure that should guarantee their complete safety from any living thing. Old birds, too, indulge in that practice when annoyed. As far as vocal accomplishments are concerned, a low grunt and a sinister hiss complete the repertoire of both young and old, although the former are by far the most vociferous.

While more solitary than their southern cousins, the black vultures, turkey vultures often roost together in small flocks at night. On bright days following a cold night or a drenching rain four or six of the big birds can frequently be seen together, perched on a dead tree or on neighboring fence posts spreading their wings in the sun. At such times they present a particularly ominous picture, standing haughtily erect with wings held out rigidly at their sides. As when soaring, the wings are not moved, even when a bird pirouettes with mechanical stiffness or preens his breast and wing linings.

Though an effortless flier when underway, the vulture takes wing clumsily, trotting ponderously and unsteadily a few steps, then leaving the earth with a final hop or two.

In the air, of course, all clumsiness disappears. With stiff pinions swishing he climbs steadily, and quickly settles into the soar so characteristic of his kind. Under optimum conditions he'll set his wings and allow the updrafts to waft him into the blue. Under less favorable conditions he'll have to interrupt his soaring with varying amounts of flapping. A headwind



THE VULTURE'S FLIGHT is always pure poetry. His only movements are an occasional tilt from side to side to maintain balance.

makes lift-off instantaneous and effortless; dead air makes him work at it.

Many folks have difficulty identifying large soaring birds, but it helps to remember that all Pennsylvania hawks and eagles, with the exception of the osprey, soar with their wings held flat. The osprey shows a decided crook in each wing. Vultures, on the other hand, soar with wings raised above the horizontal, forming a shallow dihedral. This, coupled with the silvery gray under surface of the flight feathers, should assure you that the bird you are watching is a turkey vulture. Enjoy him to the fullest, for up there among the cottony clouds he is at his best. Though his mission is of inestimable service to mankind and to all other inhabitants of this earth his habits and countenance do not encourage a really intimate acquaintance. Long may he soar—up there. And I'll sing his praises—from down here!

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS

1. It is the same bird.
2. Yes, but they rarely kill their own prey.
3. False, they usually make no nest.
4. Dead animal matter.
5. They are buoyed up by rising air currents.
6. By sight.
7. No. Vultures hold their wings up at a shallow angle.
8. No, except in rare instances.



Рекорд

BLACK SPOT-CHUCK OR TRAGEDY

By Don Lewis

Photos by the Author

THE hunter whipped his car off the road, slammed on the brakes and grabbed for his rifle. He had spied a chuck belting out of a pasture field into the safety of some high grass along a creek.

Jamming a shell into his deer rifle, he sprinted across the dirt road, jumped up on the bank and shielded himself behind an oak tree. Breathing a little hard from his exertion and excitement, he searched the distant creek side for his intended victim. As the seconds ticked by he became aware of a black object at the edge of the field where he had last seen the chuck. Using the tree for some needed support he caught the patch of black in the 2½X scope and fired. A resounding thud across the creek told him his bullet had found its mark.

A smile creased his face as he surveyed the scene, and he was pleased at making such a difficult shot. Propping his rifle against the black oak, he hopped the fence and trotted toward the spot where he would find his kill. Reaching there, his happiness was short-lived as he stared in disbelief at the shattered remains of a baby lamb. Shaken and pallid he stood there helpless. Sickened with disgust and shame he started for his car when he noticed for the first time that the field held a number of sheep. A dozen feet from the lamb was a gaping hole that gave mute evidence of where his chuck had gone.

A poor hunter? utter carelessness? a freak accident? not necessarily. It's true this man broke some of the cardinal rules of hunting and failed miserably as a careful chuck hunter,

but a situation like this one is not an impossibility in any of our hunts. For one thing, car hunting produces a certain degree of haste and carelessness since the hunter is traveling while watching and stops just long enough to get off a quick shot. Under these conditions, he does not take the time to study the terrain or to acquaint himself with the fields and their contents.

Another thing to consider with any type of stop-and-shoot hunting is the matter of obtaining permission to hunt on a man's property. No one likes to hear shooting on his land and not know who is doing it or where it is taking place. It takes but a few minutes to drive into a farm and show your license and introduce yourself. You can ask for permission to shoot at the chuck you have seen and find out if there would be any danger in doing so. I have found out that there is a whole lifetime of friendship to be found at every farm where I have asked to hunt.

Of course not all accidents are caused by car hunters, and not all accidents are the results of haste, but the latter probably contributes heavily to many hunting accidents. This man was so intent on his quarry that he never saw a field full of sheep, and his moment of haste and the lack of safe hunting methods caused him the embarrassment and humiliation that can never be erased.

Chuck hunting is a grand and growing sport, and those who participate in it come from all walks of life. But for some unknown reason, it is prone to accidents. In Pennsylvania 22 per



AT 100 YARDS in poor light my head could look like a chuck.



A BRIGHT CAP and a white handkerchief leave no doubt that a person is behind the stump.

cent of all fatal hunting accidents in 1963 involved woodchuck hunters. Why? It is hard to say. Most chuck hunters have either binoculars or a scope, and this should assist them in determining exactly what they are about to shoot at. Since there is no real need to hurry, ample time should be taken to assure yourself that it is legal game you are watching and to thoroughly study the countryside for other human beings, domestic animals, and inhabited buildings. All of us must be vitally aware we are responsible to our fellow hunters, our farmer friends, their livestock and property. The courtesies that are extended to us and the trust that is placed in us must never be destroyed by our failure to place safety first in all our hunts.

Although we associate hunting accidents with the loss or crippling of human life, the honest truth is that it makes little difference as to what type of life or property is damaged. The failure on our part to recognize anything from what is legal game is a very serious mistake, and the responsibility is acutely the same. Our friend could derive some consolation from the fact that it was just a lamb, but he will always have with him the gnawing reminder that it could have

been a human being that he cut down with his hastily fired shot.

We can expect foolish things from some people, and we know they practically ask for a hunting accident, but this does not give us a license to be irresponsible, and it will make us no less guilty after we have been. Regardless of how it might appear on the surface as to the fault, we may find it hard to forgive ourselves for not taking all the necessary precautions.

No hunter should assume an attitude of being too good or too experienced to have a hunting accident, for this type of attitude will actually breed carelessness and will sooner or later be his downfall. There is not one of us, regardless of his age or years of experience, that is free from this constant menace, and as long as we take to the fields to hunt we will always have the dark shadow of a possible hunting accident as our unwanted companion.

Chuck hunters whose shooting ranges are so much longer than other hunters should be ever aware of this hazard, and they should utilize every available facility to make positive identification.

Ground-hog hunting is a precise,

methodical sport, and in it there is no need for hurry or quick shooting. Care and caution should be exercised to the utmost. This is the kind of hunting that requires the patience of a chessmaster, the skill of a watchmaker, and the sureness of a surgeon. It brings forth the best from the hunter and his equipment. It is not the snap shooting of grouse hunting, and it is void of the bolt-rattling crescendo caused by a high-tailing buck, for in its simplicity it blends into the quiet serenity of the summer evening and should reflect that the hunter is a man of trust and concern.

The crowning goal of a chuck hunter is bullet placement, the putting of the bullet exactly where he wants it and not just wild random shooting depending on sheer power and destruction to make the kill. It is not the distance we shoot nor the rifle we use that qualifies us as chuck hunters, for it is a sport that offers us the opportunity to be exact. Whether it be the snapping 22 long rifle at fifty yards or the belching magnum at 400 steps, the mark of a real hunter is clean precisioned kills. By taking the necessary time to accomplish such pinpoint shooting, there will be little chance of his making a foolish mistake.

Teach yourself not to hurry and practice patience. Study thoroughly every possible shot before you fire. Search the territory you are hunting in for other human beings, for farm animals, and whether there would be any danger if the bullet ricocheted. Even after you have done all this, there will be plenty of time to get off a slow accurate shot. Don't ruin your own hunting career by taking unwise chances, for it is far better to let a dozen chucks go than to shoot and be faced with the sad consequences of a hunting accident.

Wear a brightly colored cap and clothing that will be in contrast with the surrounding vegetation. Stay out in the open and away from fence rows. Don't hide in high grass or along the edge of a woods. If you do have to hunt in these places, use a flag or some distinct marking so you won't be mistaken for game. Do your part to help someone else. Perhaps it might sound wild, but part of my chuck hunting garb is a bright orange cap and a white sweat jersey that allows me to be seen for seven country miles any time of the day or evening. This might be one of the reasons that I've never been a black spot in someone's sights.

MY CHUCK hunting garb. Bright, but safe.

BRIGHTLY COLORED clothing stands out even at long ranges.



My Dog Nell

By George R. "Zeb" Stahl

MY DOG "Nell" is the most mule-headed, lovable, cantankerous, hard workingest, laziest, most unpredictable beagle that ever a man gunned over. On other occasions, she is so downright exasperating that I'd swear she is a child of Satan.

Like the time, one crisp fall morning when she flushed my crippled cock bird out of the corn and chased it across a bank high trout stream, finally catching it on the other side. "Fetch," I yelled, never dreaming that she would. Turning momentarily to quizzically survey me, she pranced through the surging waters and stylishly dropped the rooster at my feet. Dumbfounded with admiration, I lavished her with fond attention. To me she was the eighth wonder of the world!

Ah, this will be a memorable day, thought I as we again proceeded up the long rows of standing corn. Suddenly, her back bristling menacingly she started forward in a dead run, howling at the top of her voice like an old bear dog on a hot trail and out of the field leaped a startled buck, rudely interrupted from his morning snack. "No," my smart dog wouldn't chase deer, said I as her yelps grew fainter and my voice grew hoarser from commands of "Come back Nell." Three hours and three hundred uncomplimentary adjectives later, as I scanned the horizon from my back yard overlooking the valley below, I saw her familiar form moving slowly up the homeward trail and without so much as a backward glance trotted aloofly by me into the awaiting kennel.

So it goes, from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Take the time one year on the last day of the season when all the old

smart roosters were hiding in the thickest, orneriest cover imaginable, and we sallied forth for one more try. If you have ever hunted pheasants behind a beagle, you know that when a bird is trailed you usually have to follow on a dead run to keep up with the dog and get shooting at these cagey devils. Half way through a shoulder-high stand of twisted rhododendron, I saw Nell's tail wag and off she went in fast pursuit of a disappearing bird. Struggling to keep after, I was about to give up when I saw her on ahead, looking back as she waited patiently for me to close the distance. Then, as I drew near she started off again, on trail but moving slower with an occasional backward glance to check my progress. As we approached a clearing, I slipped and fell to one knee. With a loud raucous cackle ringing in my ears, I looked up to see a nice cock bird rise above the foliage. Getting off a fast, lucky shot, I tumbled the bird into the clearing. A half hour later and another bird to round out my limit and you can bet that I wouldn't have traded Nell for all the gold in Fort Knox.

Nor will I forget the first day of the season some years ago when all the factors indicated a perfect hunt for cottontails. The weather was clear and cold, the fields still damp from a soft rain of the previous day, and my faithful companion was trained to razor edge perfection from long days afield. Eagerly, we drove up the winding lane to the abandoned farm where the brier patches and high grass meadows abounded with these long-eared critters. As I released Nell, she bounded toward a tangled growth of honeysuckle which usually harbored some plump grouse. Hurriedly pump-



ing three shells into my Ithaca, I set myself for some fast shooting. Into the thicket went Nell, and out the other side exploded, not a fantail, but an old scarred, half wild tomcat, heading hell bent for the safety of a dilapidated wagon shed. Close behind with grim determination, I followed my trusty warrior and the two fast disappeared under the floor of the rotted building. The sounds that followed as

the cat trounced my heroine would do justice to a Boris Karloff thriller and when Nell reappeared tattered and torn, a more forlorn and humiliated canine you couldn't imagine. As I plodded through briars and brush the rest of the day, she trailed dejectedly at my heels, not to be coaxed, cajoled or cussed into doing her bit.

Yes, for a plugged nickel you could have bought her that day.

And the Short of It . . .

My Master Zeb

By Nell

MY MASTER, "Zeb," is the most obstinate, kindest, exasperating, stupidest, most unpredictable human that ever a dog hunted with. At times, he performs so super humanly that I could fairly shake my tail with joy. On other occasions he is so dad blamed disgusting that I could crawl in a hole and hide.

Like the time, one nippy fall morning when I was nosing around in my favorite clump of sumacs and I ran the two roosters past the sawdust pile where Zeb was stretched out eating his lunch. Grabbing his shootin' iron, he blasted both birds with a one, two double, as neat a performance as ever I've seen. Why I couldn't strut proud enough. This guy and I are a perfect combination, thought I.

Cockily, I figured that this would be a swell time to locate my old adversary, Mr. Granddaddy Longlegs, and bring him to his just dues. So, heading for the tangled brier patch where pappy hung out, I snooped and sniffed, back and forth, in and out, until my nose and ears were scratched and smarting from the pesky jiggers. Then, I saw a white tail bob out ahead and off in a flash went the old pro, heading for the scrub oaks on top of the ridge. Not to be outdone, I took

chase, tonguing, and yelling till my lungs nearly burst. Round and round we went, through the thickets, out across the stand of pines, back toward the hardwoods and finally I turned him down the ridge toward the brier patch. Ah, thought I, this time we have you, my fine furry friend, for I could see Zeb waiting silently by the big pine that bordered the thorny haven. With the first boom of the gun, Old Br'er took off like a jet. Two more shots and he was still going, flicking his tail in derision as he dove into the safety of the familiar ground-hog hole.

Nope, you just can't win for trying.

Looking back over the years, I can remember as a youngster how impulsive I was, getting myself in the damndest predicaments and Old Zeb always ready to lend a helping hand. The day he rescued me from the long nose stinky cat. Golly, he was so happy to get that critter out of my reach that he cried for joy, the tears streaming down his cheeks, when the bushy tail let fly. Though the Mrs. wasn't so joyful, for she made him bury his clothes and scrub in the duck pond before she'd allow him in the house. And the time I cornered Porky in the hollow log, he spent hours picking the needles out of my hide.

But now that I'm over the hump, he doesn't seem to care. Why, I recall one afternoon when it snowed and snowed until the drifts covered my kennel and I decided that the best place for me was back of the warm kitchen stove. So, grabbing the dead rat that I had buried under the porch, I ducked in the house and was having

a tasty snack when he grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and tossed me out into the cold. And later that night, after I had tangled my collar in the twisted willow root up in the hollow, I howled and howled for hours before he came out after me.

Yep, it's a dog's life I lead!

Game Commission Rejects Proposal For Exchange of Lands in Luzerne County

The Game Commission at its June 12 meeting in Harrisburg again unanimously rejected a request for an exchange of 5,000 acres of State Game Lands No. 187 in the southern part of Luzerne County for about 7,000 acres in the northern part of that county. Previously, the Commission had considered, and rejected, this proposal in January. Further review and study had been made at the request of the proponents of the exchange.

Those requesting the exchange envisioned construction of a year-round recreational resort area embracing skiing, water sports, cottage colonies, summer homes, year-round residences, and other facilities. The Game Commission in turning down the request reiterated the need for natural areas for hunting and fishing such as offered by this exceptionally popular area, State Game Lands No. 187. In commenting on the Commission's action, M. J. Golden, Executive Director, stated "There is a definite place and need in Pennsylvania's recreational outlook for preserving areas such as State Game Lands No. 187 for the sportsmen and citizens. Considerable sums of money provided from the sale of hunting licenses have gone into these lands. The Commission, in good conscience, had to reject the request and rule out any further consideration of exchange."

BOOK NOTES . . .

All About Camping

Anyone who has camped in one of our national or state parks during the summer knows that camping has caught the imagination of a good percentage of the American public. Like so many endeavors which catch on rapidly, there is a lot to be learned about camping and many a neophyte must learn the hard way. The Stackpole Company, Harrisburg, has a very complete book on this subject "All About Camping" by W. K. Merrill which should be of infinite value to anyone interested in this new sport. A U. S. Park Ranger, Merrill covers the whole field. The book contains useful facts and sage advice on auto and trailer camping, canoeing and camping, hiking, saddle and pack-outfit camping, desert camping, snow camping, camp and trail craft, pathfinding, camp cooking, food including dehydrated foods, equipment, first aid, survival and many other subjects such as safety, fire prevention, even a reminder list about stopping milk deliveries while you are away.

This book, in its second edition in two years, has 392 pages and is illustrated with line drawings. Cost: \$4.95.



THE CROWD begins to pour in as the Peter's Creek Coonhunters Association holds one of its popular Coon Dog Water Races at Valley View Lake, near West Newton in southwestern Pennsylvania. The auctioneer (right) extols the virtues of each entry as spectators bid on the right to temporarily own one of the dogs in that heat.

*A Different Trend in
An Old Sport . . .*

Coon Dogs Get in the Swim

By Eldy E. Johnston

Photos by the Author

IN RECENT years, a definite trend has been obvious in one of the oldest sports involving canine competition, coon hounds versus raccoon. What was once a nighttime sport, reserved for rugged men with dogs to match, has now become a very popular spectator sport as well. This has all come about as the result of daylight coon dog trials, including the spectacular water race. Attending such a trial by the Peters Creek Coonhunters Association, a southwestern Pennsylvania group, verifies this.

Held at Valley View Lake, near West Newton, a recent trial attracted several thousand spectators, hounds and handlers from four states. With entries not limited to full hounds in this particular trial, many breeds were in evidence besides the familiar

redbone, the two-tone black and tan and the brindle Plott hound. In the water race, the basic requirements are for a dog that can swim fast, run fast and bark tree. The full-toned musical baying, emblematic of the coon hound, isn't necessary nor entirely desirable. "A houn' can't swim and run fast while he's bawling his fool head off," said one handler. Though advertised as "any breed" competition, it was still surprising to see a boxer in one of the heats.

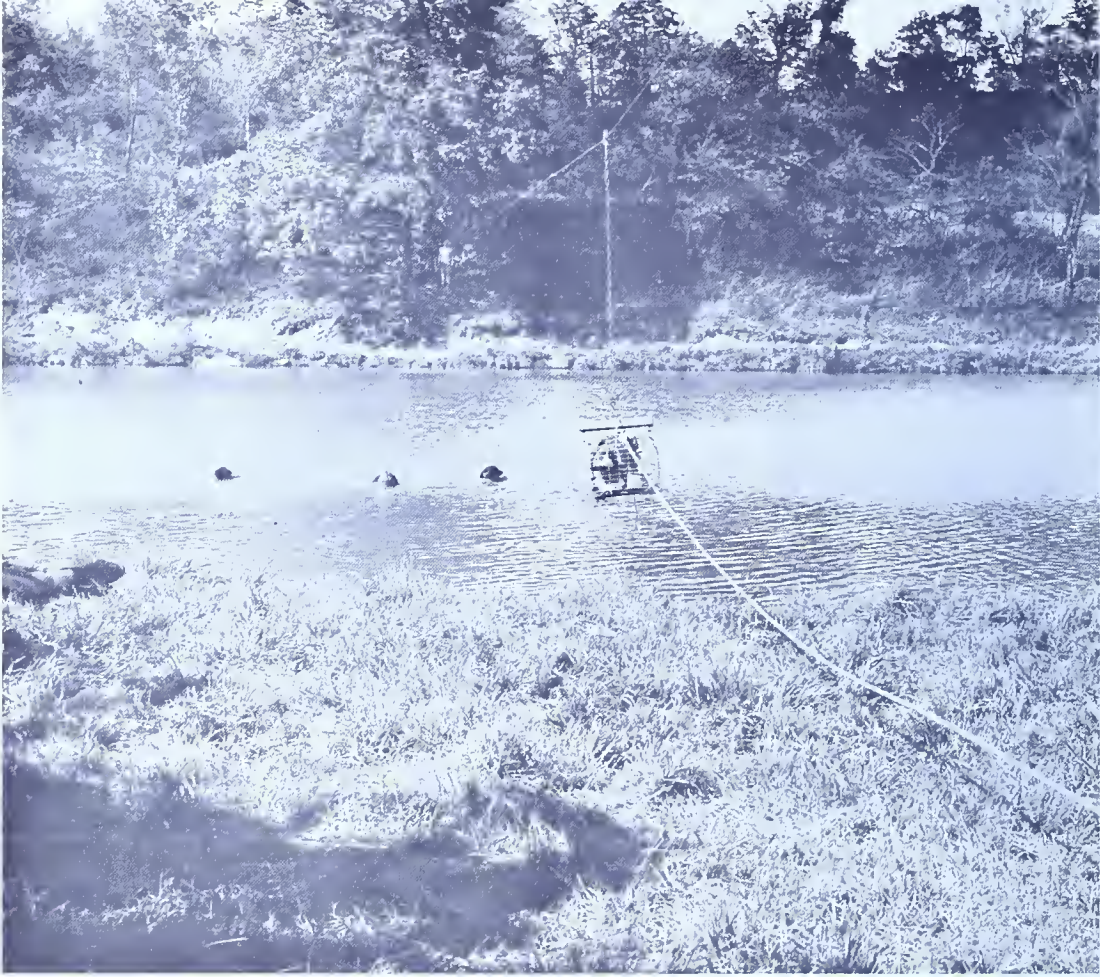
This particular water race was typical of the sport. Each heat consisted of four dogs drawn from the entry list. They were then auctioned off to the highest bidder. That is, the high bidder purchased the dog for that heat only. If his choice finished first or second line, first or second tree or



SAFE, SECURE AND SASSY, the caged raccoon snarls defiance at his pursuers. The ringtail is headed toward the far shore via the airlift as the dogs are released (right).

IT'S SINK OR SWIM, as the contestants near the middle of the 135-yard wide lake.





THE SWIMMING DISTANCE can be seen in this photo as the dogs head for shore. It should be clear now why they call this a coon dog water race.

both, he would share the winnings. And don't think for a minute that they bet blind, as most of the trial followers study the various dogs as does a horse-betting fan.

The first heat of dogs while held by the handlers on the edge of the 135-yard wide lake are shown the caged coon on the trolley above. The better dogs immediately show their hatred of Mr. Ringtail. At a given signal, the coon is pulled toward the far shore, the dogs are released and they take off in the water after their quarry. I clocked one of the faster dogs at about 80 seconds for the swim, not bad time for that distance, "swimming doggy style."

On the far shore, a rope stretched at right angles to the trolley course represents the "line." Stakes, lining up a path about ten yards wide, outline

the course. Within these boundaries the dog must stay to be credited with crossing the "line." First and second "line" winners are judged at this point. The "line" is probably 50 yards from the water's edge. At the end of the staked out course, about another 50 yards away, is the "tree," which in this case was a 20-foot high light pole. The caged coon, via trolley, is now perched at top of pole. The first dog that reaches tree and BARKS, is the winner. Next dog "barking tree" takes second honors. Waiting for the dogs to bark adds to the suspense and uncertainty of the chase. Quite often, a dog will easily outswim and outfoot his bracermates, then contribute to his owner's ulcers by refusing to give out with the one bark that is needed. Of course, these are the same dogs that were howling their heads off—before



THE COON IS TREED, safely out of reach of its frantically leaping pursuer. The dog must bark to get credit for the "first tree." The dog is timed until he gives his first bark.

the race. When the first and second tree dogs are identified, handlers make a frenzied dive for their charges. If not, a real free-for-all dog fight is almost a certainty. Winners then compete with other heat winners to determine the over-all money makers. When I voiced surprise at seeing one cur changing owners for \$500 cash, I was informed that a constant winner once went for \$4,000, with the original owner sharing a per cent of the hound's future winnings. This of course was an exceptional transaction, as it is possible to purchase a good coon dog at a reasonable price, by shopping around a bit.

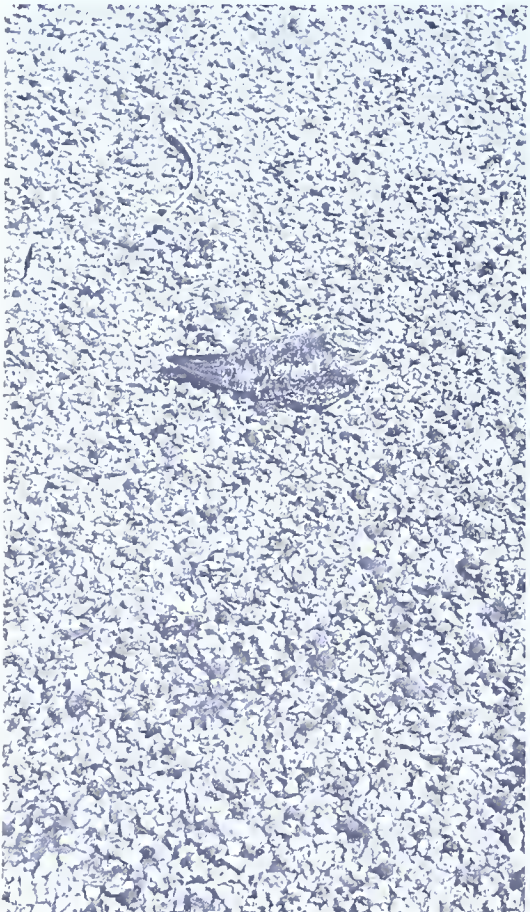
The Worm Turns

CLEARFIELD COUNTY — One morning during May, Deputy Cloyd Hollen and I were hunting crows along Gazzam Run near Ansonville. Cloyd shot a crow in the wing and it fell about 40 yards away in a thicket. We called and continued to shoot for a few more minutes. Suddenly we heard something thrashing in the brush near where the first crow fell. Slowly we crept up to get a closer look, both of us thinking it was a predator of some kind after the crow's carcass. Imagine our surprise at what we saw! The crow was hobbling along the ground at what to him must have been top speed. He was somewhat hampered, however, by a large turkey that had straddled him and was flogging him with his wings as they crashed through the undergrowth. Mr. Crow may outclass the turkey when it comes to flying, but there was no contest at all when it came to leg work. Perhaps the turkey was getting even for a nest the crow might have raided in the past. — District Game Protector Lawrence A. Kuznar, Ramey.



THE FIRST of two eggs in the nighthawk's normal clutch. Notice how much like the cinders it looks.

FROM HIGH LEVEL, looking down on the cinder bed, the bird sitting on her "nest" almost disappears from view.

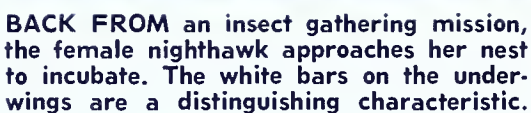


MAMA AND SON. Taken shortly after hatching the world for the first time. Its downy plumage impossible to see.

BULLBATS A

MOST game birds, and songsters to fulfill their missions in life. Not a nighthawk, is neither a bull nor a bat attracted to barren cinder beds or graveyards safely on these open, waste flats. The bird, on a railroad track or highway berm. It lays two eggs each spring. The eggs so closely resemble the cinders that it is impossible to distinguish the grayish-white and purple eggs from the cinders then.

So well camouflaged are parent birds that they settle on this open cinder flat. Perhaps at dusk, high above the trees and fields, they use their wide, scoop-shovel mouth. But if you are hunting during the daylight hours, look closely at the ground one spring day this year. The bird will be all over the world, but appearing to be a mirage, for this bullbat, immensely in camouflage, is no easy bird to uncover. Right now, it is these center pages.



THE NIGHTHAWK CHICKS run all over the sun-warmed cinder bed pleading for an insect handout from Mother and Dad.



INDER BEDS

er
lot

d, secretive areas to live, frolic and
ullbat." This bird, whose real name is
relative to the whippoorwill. He is at-
ends most of the daylight hours perched
a be your driveway, a flat roof build-
among the coarse cinders that it lays
e cinders that it is difficult, if not im-
booted and blotched with gray, black

oo vanish before one's eyes, as they
en this night prowling bird flying, at
ects which it strains from the air with
lered where the bird disappears dur-
er bed that you encounter, as I did
n the rough cinder surface, exposed to
r itself! But take along your 20/20
un in controlling the hordes of insects,
e camera has done this for you, on



FIELD NOTES



Ugly New Sport

LUZERNE COUNTY—During the month of May, I had a new type of hunting starting in my district. One night someone shot a few arrows into a Black Angus steer in my district, but failed to take it with him. Last week another group shot 4 sheep in a farmer's field and let them lie. The sheep may have been shot at night because three of the sheep were shot between the eyes and the fourth shot in the shoulders. Seems as though we have a new sport opening in Luzerne County.—District Game Protector Edward Gdosky, Dallas.

Big Show

CLINTON COUNTY—Every spring for the last four or five years a female bear with a cub or two has made her appearance on a steep power line at the upper end of Renovo. Passersby and local residents had a ringside seat every evening and enjoyed the bears' antics. This year, the old girl outdid herself and has been making her appearance showing off her family of four cubs.—District Game Protector Charles Kciper, Renovo.

Dowager Chuck Hunter

LEHIGH COUNTY — Recently while on patrol on State Game Lands No. 205 checking ground-hog hunters, I was very pleasantly surprised to see an elderly person with walking stick in hand and a rifle over the shoulder, glassing a multiflora hedge-row for a ground hog. Upon further investigation of said senior citizen out enjoying the sport of hunting at that age, I found the hunter to be a delightful elderly lady, beyond retirement age, equipped with a .220 Swift rifle with a 12-power scope and a walking cane that could be made into a tripod, that she stated she used for her usual 200, or better, yard ground-hog shots. She also stated she keeps in physical shape this way and that she never shoots at ground hogs less than 200 yards, that it isn't sporting to walk up close to them. Mrs. Senior Citizen is the head of the music department at one of the colleges here in the Lehigh Valley. I personally extended my delight in seeing such a person enjoying a fine sport on our Game Lands and many more years of enjoyment for her. — District Game Protector K. L. Hess, Allentown.

Green Cookies

GREENE COUNTY — The home gardens of this area are growing great this year. They are also producing large litters of rabbits. On one lot I located two nests, and each contained a litter of seven. A garden to a rabbit is like a cookie jar to a child. Sooner or later they are sure to be found.—District Game Protector Theodore Vesloski, Carmichaels.

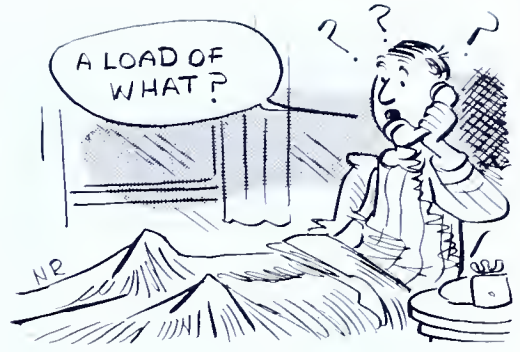


Transplanted Ducks

CENTRE COUNTY — While in the State College district, I've received calls to remove raccoons from roof tops, squirrels from attics, a duck from a chimney, even a skunk from a freshly dug grave. On May 22, I received a call from a State College resident concerning a number of ducks in her garage. Upon arriving at the scene with my son Vince, who was armed with his trusty butterfly net, we found a female wood duck with her brood of day-old ducklings. With the assistance of Vince and his net, we managed to catch Mother and ten frisky ducklings and transferred same to a farm pond belonging to Edgar Hess, a safety zone cooperator in Harris Township. From the latest word received Mother and young have taken very well to country living. This transfer seems to have satisfied everyone involved. The State College garage is free of ducks, Mr. Hess has the joy of seeing wild ducks on his pond, the ducks have a safe place with abundant food to live and Vince and I have the pleasure of knowing we gave wildlife the hand it sometimes needs.—District Game Protector Joseph Wiker, Pine Grove Mills.

Strange Things

BLAIR COUNTY—Unusual in this district for one-month period I had one beaver hit by an auto, one 18-pound tom turkey hit by an auto, a call from a hospital to identify a snake that had bitten a boy, and investigated a close call of a boy that had picked up a cub bear and the mother bear had struck at him tearing his T-shirt to shreds. This was in addition to the hundreds of rabbit damage complaints, red squirrels building nests under the hood of a Cadillac, plus many anonymous phone calls and letters covering all topics. — District Game Protector Paul Miller, Bellwood.



An Honest Mistake

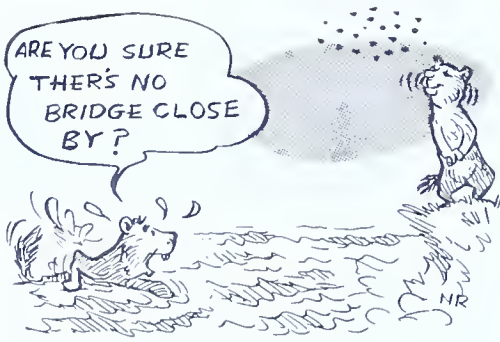
WESTMORELAND COUNTY—During the time that I have been a Game Protector, I have had some very unusual calls by individuals. During the hunting season a mother called and reported her son for hunting unaccompanied as he was not yet of age to hunt alone, and wanted me to pick him up. A father reported his son for disturbing rabbit traps and wanted him reprimanded. But the one that really threw me was when a lady called and wanted me to sell her a load of manure. For a minute I wondered what the "gimmick" was, but after a brief conversation, learned it was an honest mistake. — District Game Protector Joseph Maholtz, Mt. Pleasant.

Prints in the Sand

CENTRE COUNTY—While on foot patrol in Burnside Township on May 15, I observed the tracks of a bear, turkey, red fox and a deer, in the sand of a 10-foot section of a forestry road.—District Game Protector Charles M. Laird, Pleasant Gap.

Great Pheasant Year

BERKS COUNTY — The spring pheasant population is the greatest that I have ever witnessed. All hens seem to have a male in the vicinity. If weather conditions are right this could mean a large population of birds next fall.—Land Manager S. C. McFarland, Centerport.



Chuck Defects

WAYNE COUNTY—On Saturday evening, May 23, John Sedam, Division of Minerals Chief, and I were engaged in some shad fishing at Long Eddy on the Delaware River, when we saw a full-grown chuck swim 50 yards from the New York bank to the Pennsylvania bank of the river. Neither John nor I have ever witnessed a chuck swimming. We decided that the chow in Pennsylvania must be mighty enticing to lure a woodchuck 50 yards across water.—Land Manager Wilmer Peoples, Hawley.

A Smiling Beaver

POTTER COUNTY—I had a story related to me the latter part of May that concerned two fellow officers. It seems a Game Protector (no names mentioned) and his Deputy, who, in the course of their duties, had a beaver damage problem solved by the use of a live trap. As the story goes, they caught the beaver okay, however, when they went to remove the trap and beaver from the water, they lifted the trap from the water upside down and out swam Mr. Beaver. As if to add insult to injury, Mr. Beaver swam to the opposite side of the pond, crawled up on the bank and sat down to look back at his would-be capturers. The question asked of me was, "Can a beaver smile?"—District Game Protector H. Richard Curfman, Coudersport.

Rabbit Shortage

BUTLER AND LAWRENCE COUNTIES—During the former part of May, young cottontail rabbits seemed to be very scarce in Butler and Lawrence Counties, presumably due to the heavy rains and flooding of the low lands. However, during the latter part of May and early June I observed some increase in the young rabbits. I think as the summer progresses the picture will look brighter.—Land Management Officer W. E. Portzline, Slippery Rock.

Power of a Mother

CRAWFORD COUNTY—A local farmer was plowing and plowed out a fox den. He glanced back and saw three small fox pups in the furrow. He stopped the tractor and went back to pick them up. As he was about to pick them up, he heard a snapping and growling close by. He turned around to see the female coming as fast as she could come. By the way she was acting, she meant business, so the farmer gave ground and quickly fled to the safety of his tractor. She then picked up the pups and left for a new home.—District Game Protector John Miller, Meadville.

Need Bug Dope

FRANKLIN COUNTY—I have read all the articles on predator calling by the experts. I finally gave it a try with very little hope of killing a fox but on my fourth stop I killed a male gray. I am still wondering how all the experts missed the most important piece of equipment in the articles. If anyone is trying it for the first time, don't go without a good supply of insect repellent. It sure is difficult trying to keep perfectly still with 40,000 mosquitoes sitting on your exposed parts.—District Game Protector Edward Campbell, Fort Loudon.

Streetcar Killed Deer

ALLEGHENY COUNTY — Deputy Otto Slater of Broughton advised me that he picked up a deer that was hit by a Castle Shannon streetcar in Bethel Borough around the first of May. It seems they're even starting to kill deer in this area with streetcars now.—District Game Protector James W. Way, Coraopolis.

Called Away

POTTER COUNTY — During the past archery season, I watched a pair of gray foxes mousing on three successive afternoons. On the fourth afternoon, I armed myself with my shotgun and a hand call (squealing rabbit type) and called for approximately half an hour with no luck. I put the shotgun back in the car and continued to patrol on foot. Approximately one and one-half hours later, I observed a gray fox feeding. I was well concealed and there was no wind blowing; the fox was approximately 150 yards away from me. I thought this would be an excellent time to observe the effectiveness of the call. I put the call to my lips and as the first note of the call started to sound, the fox took off as though he had been shot at. He was moving so fast that he made a complete somersault as he ran, without breaking his stride.—District Game Protector Richard W. Ruths, Galetton.



Raided Icebox

CENTRE COUNTY—Bears are beginning to appear in the area and causing some disturbance. On one occasion a bear appeared at a home in Madisonburg and tore a bed sheet off the clothesline, then decided to lie down and rest in the flower bed. On another occasion, one visited some hunting camps dumping the garbage cans and, at one camp, opened a refrigerator on the porch and proceeded to have a lunch of cured bacon that had been stored inside. — District Game Protector Lester Harshbarger, Millheim.

A Little Paint

BEDFORD COUNTY—One of the crosswalks used mostly by children here in Everett has recently been marked by an old highway DEER CROSSING sign. A little black and yellow paint has been dabbed here and there and it now reads DEAR CROSSING.—District Game Protector John Troutman, Everett.

Ducks-a-Multiplying

NORTHAMPTON COUNTY—The mallard duck population in Northampton County appears to be increasing in good numbers. Large broods of young ducks have been sighted on East Bangor Dam, Saucon Creek and the Bushkill Park area.—District Game Protector R. W. Anderson, Easton.

Wild Entertainment

ELK COUNTY—On May 22, Delley Green and Bob Rice, caretakers for the Speer Carbon Co. Lodge on Trout Run, R. D., St. Marys, were entertaining some company guests from out of town. During the evening a large black bear appeared on the lawn. As the bear did not appear to be shy, the guests thought the bear to be tame and part of the entertainment. They lost no time feeding and fussing with it. When the caretakers returned, the guests were informed that the bear was wild and definitely not part of the program. All guests headed for the kitchen. The bear decided to go with them. The guests decided to entertain the bear while Green went after a trap. He appeared after a short time with a trap made from a large steel tank on runners, with a sliding steel door. The trap was placed behind the kitchen and the door was tied up with a piece of clothesline. They then coaxed the bear to the trap with some maple syrup, but it would not go in. Finally, one of the guests stayed at the rope with a knife, one coaxed the bear to the trap, another swatted it across the rear end with a broom. In went Mr. Bear—down came the door. Results: one trapped bear, two dumbfounded caretakers, free entertainment and about a dozen scared, excited guests with an experience of a lifetime.—District Game Protector Leo E. Milford, Portland Mills.



Good Food Crop

FOREST AND WARREN COUNTIES—I do not think I have ever seen as many seeds on the ash and maple trees as I have seen this year. One day I observed the seed pods falling from the maples just like rain. The ash trees in my front yard are loaded so heavily with seed clusters that the limbs are actually bending. These two trees provide a lot of feed for grouse, turkeys and squirrels.—Land Management Officer William Overturf, Youngsville.

Night Work

BLAIR COUNTY—One morning in the early part of the month I was talking to a farmer who was complaining of having trouble getting a pasture started for his horses. Seeing him recently he informed me that he had been reading an article in the NEWS concerning the planting of trefoil by the Commission. He thinks we may be on the right track as a night check on his troubled pasture revealed 60-odd deer on the ten acres.—District Game Protector Jack L. DeLong, Roaring Spring.

Supermarket Duck

FRANKLIN COUNTY—A mallard hen has selected the evergreen display of a supermarket as her nesting site. The store front is of grass construction and the hen can be observed from inside the store as she incubates her eggs. Perhaps she intends to do some window shopping to break the monotony of setting for 28 days.—District Game Protector Kermit Dale, Chambersburg.

Quads

LUZERNE COUNTY—A report from Chase Institution informs us that one of the tower guards saw a doe deer drop four fawns. No wonder our herd is increasing more rapidly than we expected.—Supervisor Roy W. Trexler, Dallas.



CONSERVATION NEWS



PGC Photo by D. L. Batcheler

GAME COMMISSION HEARING for 1964 hunting seasons and bag limits. On June 13, the Commission heard the interests for sportsmen, farmers and conservation agencies in Harrisburg before they established the 1964 regulations. Shown testifying is Bob Steele, Research Director, Pennsylvania Farmers' Association.

More Antlerless Licenses, Other Regulations Outlined . . .

1964 Hunting Seasons Announced by Game Commission

A two-day state-wide antlerless deer season with 70,350 additional licenses allocated lead the list of news items resulting from the June 12 and 13 meeting of the Pennsylvania Game Commission meeting in Harrisburg.

Also of great interest was the extended antlerless deer season in parts of four southeastern counties, and the description of the types of firearms

and ammunition to be used in these four counties. Also a post deer season for archers in Allegheny and a number of southeastern counties was declared.

Antlerless Deer Season Set for December 14 and 15

The allocation of 274,800 licenses on a county basis for the 1964 antler-

less deer season in Pennsylvania is the largest number of licenses since 1959 when 371,550 were allocated. The increased allocation is designed to harvest more of the increment to the deer herd to stabilize deer numbers. Bad weather in parts of the state limited harvests the last several years and consequently the overall herd size has increased. In accordance with its policy on deer management, the Commission is dedicated to regulate hunting and the deer herd to provide maximum recreational opportunities compatible with range conditions and consistent with other land uses.

The two-day state-wide antlerless season is set for December 14 and 15. An additional four days was set for designated parts of Bucks, Chester, Delaware and Montgomery Counties. This is the same area in which the Commission has prescribed the use of bow and arrow and shotguns with buckshot only for the taking of deer.

As in the past, all antlerless deer licenses will be issued by County Treasurers, as provided by the Game Law. Applications for these licenses will be available from issuing agents and Game Commission Offices at the time the 1964 hunting licenses go on sale, about mid-August. Antlerless licenses will go on sale much later, probably early in October.

Annually, representatives of the County Treasurer's Association and the Game Commission meet to confer on the sale of antlerless licenses. At the present time, there are no specific guide lines or provisions in the Game Law directing sale of these licenses, except that County Treasurers shall sell them and that an antlerless license may not be sold to a nonresident of the Commonwealth in advance of thirty days prior to the season. Many sportsmen, the Game Commission and some County Treasurers have indicated that specific guide lines in the Game Law for sale of the licenses should be considered by the Legislature in 1965.

Special Deer Hunting Regulations Southeastern Pennsylvania

Buckshot will be legal for taking deer in a small part of southeastern Pennsylvania in 1964. These special regulations apply in the area of extreme southeastern Pennsylvania within those parts of Bucks, Chester, Delaware and Montgomery Counties south and east of the following highways, beginning at New Hope on the Delaware River west on Route 202 to Route 309, north on Route 309 to its junction with Route 113, southwest on Route 113 to Route 422, northwest on Route 422 to Route 100 at Pottstown, south on Route 100 to the Pennsylvania line. These special regulations were adopted in an attempt to control excessive deer numbers in this semiurban area of the state, where landowners and residents have frowned on the use of high-powered rifles. An amendment to the Game Law has given the Game Commission authority to prescribe the type of firearms and ammunition and bow and arrow to be used in any designated area of the Commonwealth.

In this designated area the use of any rifle or handgun discharging a single projectile and the use of a single ball or rifled slug in a shotgun for taking or attempting to take deer is prohibited. Deer may be taken only through the use of the long bow and arrow and with shotguns not smaller than 20 gauge with shot not smaller than No. 4 buckshot.

State-Wide Archers' Deer Season— October 3-30, Post-Season in Parts of State

The 1964 October archers' deer season is set for October 3-30. A post-season, January 4-9, 1965, has been established for Allegheny County and that part of southeastern Pennsylvania between the Delaware and Susquehanna Rivers and south of Route 22. These seasons were established in line with the Game Commission's desire to provide maximum recreational opportunities through hunting.

Pennsylvania Official 1964 Open Seasons and Bag Limits

The Pennsylvania Game Commission, in Harrisburg, on June 13, established the following seasons and bag limits for resident game and fur bearers for the 1964 hunting license year which begins September 1.

Open season includes first and last dates listed, Sundays excepted, for game. The opening hour for small game, migratory game birds and other wild birds or animals on October 31 will be 8:00 a.m., EST. On other opening days, and otherwise during the season for upland and big game, the shooting hours daily are from 7:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., EST, excepting from June 1 to September 30, incl., 6:00 a.m. to 7:30 p.m., EST, and the hours for the October archers' deer season, which are 6:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., EST. (Federal Regulations for seasons, bag limits and shooting hours on migratory game birds will be announced later.)

SMALL GAME

	Daily Limit	Season Limit	DATES OF OPEN SEASONS --	
			First Day	Last Day
Rabbits, Cottontail (not more than 20 in combined seasons)	4	20	Oct. 31	Nov. 28 AND Dec. 2
Squirrels, Gray, Black and Fox (combined) (not more than 30 in combined seasons)	6	30	Oct. 31	Nov. 28 AND Dec. 2
Ruffed Grouse (not more than 10 in combined seasons)	2	10	Oct. 31	Nov. 28 AND Dec. 2
Wild Turkey—Counties, and parts of, not listed below	1	1	Oct. 31	Nov. 14
—Counties, and parts of, listed below*	1	1	Oct. 31	Nov. 21
Ring-necked Pheasants, males only	2	8	Oct. 31	Nov. 28
Bobwhite Quail	4	20	Oct. 31	Nov. 28
Hares (Snowshoe Rabbits)	2	6	Dec. 26	Jan. 2
Raccoons (hunting or trapping)	Unlimited			No close season
Woodchucks (Ground Hogs)	Unlimited			No close season
Grackles	Unlimited			No close season
Squirrels, Red (Closed Oct. 1 to 30, incl.)	Unlimited			All months except Oct. 1-30, incl.

BIG GAME

Bear, over one year old, by individual	1	1	Nov. 23	Nov. 28
Bears, over one year old, by hunting party of 3 or more	2	2	Nov. 23	Nov. 28
Deer, Archery Season, any deer—State-wide			Oct. 3	Oct. 30
—Counties, and parts of, listed below**			Jan. 4	Jan. 9
Deer, Antlered, with 2 or more points to an antler or a spike 3 or more inches long	1	1	Nov. 30	Dec. 12
Deer, Antlerless—State-wide			Dec. 14	Dec. 15
—Counties, and parts of, listed below***			Dec. 14	Dec. 19

FUR BEARERS

Skunks and Opossums	Unlimited			No close season
Minks	Unlimited		Nov. 14	Jan. 17
Muskrats (traps only)	Unlimited		Nov. 14	Jan. 17 AND Feb. 13
Beavers (traps only)—Certain Counties listed below****	6	6	Feb. 13	Mar. 14
—Remainder of State	3	3	Feb. 13	Mar. 14

NO OPEN SEASON—Hen Pheasants, Cub Bears, Elk, Otters, Hungarian Partridges, Chukar Partridges, Sharp-tailed Grouse.

SPECIAL REGULATIONS

- * *Wild Turkey Season*—Oct. 31 to Nov. 21 in the Counties of Cameron, Clinton, Elk, Lycoming, McKean, Potter, Sullivan, Tioga, Union, and in those parts of Forest and Warren Counties east of the Allegheny River, and in that part of Venango County south and east of the Allegheny River and north and east of Route 322, and in those parts of Clarion, Clearfield and Jefferson Counties north of Route 322, that part of Centre County east of Route 322 north of Philipsburg and east of Route 350 south of Philipsburg, that part of Blair County east of Route 350, that part of Huntingdon County east of Route 350 north of Water Street and north of Route 22 east of Water Street, that part of Mifflin County north of Route 22 west of Lewistown and north of Route 522 east of Lewistown, and that part of Snyder County north of Route 522, and those parts of Bradford, Columbia, Luzerne, Montour, Northumberland and Wyoming Counties north and west of the North Branch of the Susquehanna River.
- ** *Archery Deer Season*—Jan. 4 to Jan. 9 in Allegheny County and in that part of southeastern Pennsylvania between the Susquehanna and Delaware Rivers and south of Route 22.
- *** *Antlerless Deer Season*—Dec. 14 to Dec. 19 in extreme southeastern Pennsylvania in those parts of Bucks, Chester, Delaware and Montgomery Counties south and east of the following highways, beginning at New Hope on the Delaware River west on Route 202 to Route 309, north on Route 309 to its junction with Route 113, southwest on Route 113 to Route 422, northwest on Route 422 to Route 100 at Pottstown, south on Route 100 to the Pennsylvania line. This is the area designated for the use of bow and arrow or buckshot only for all deer hunting, rifles prohibited.
- **** *Beaver Season*—Feb. 13 to Mar. 14 in the Counties of Bradford, Lackawanna, Monroe, Pike, Sullivan, Susquehanna, Tioga, Wayne and Wyoming.

Game Commission Declares Two-Day State-wide Open Season To Hunt Antlerless Deer—December 14-15, 1964

The Pennsylvania Game Commission, by resolutions adopted at its meeting on June 13, 1964, and pursuant to authority conferred upon it by law, declared an open season for the hunting, taking and killing of antlerless deer (deer without visible antlers or horns), regardless of sex, size, age, or camp limit, except in Game Refuges or Propagation Areas (other than on any of the latter which the Commission may later specifically declare open to deer hunting), and prescribed the type of firearms and ammunition to be used in a designated area of southeastern Pennsylvania. Antlerless deer will be legal on December 14-15, 1964, throughout the entire Commonwealth (except as noted above), and from December 14 to 19, inclusive, in extreme southeastern Pennsylvania in those parts of Bucks, Chester, Delaware and Montgomery Counties south and east of the following highways, beginning at New Hope on the Delaware River west on Route 202 to Route 309, north on Route 309 to its junction with Route 113, southwest on Route 113 to Route 422, northwest on Route 422 to Route 100 at Pottstown, south on Route 100 to the Pennsylvania line. In the above designated area of southeastern Pennsylvania, the use of any rifle or handgun discharging a single projectile and the use of a single ball or rifled slug in a shotgun for taking or attempting to take deer is prohibited and deer may be taken only through the use of the long bow and arrow and with shotguns not smaller than 20 gauge, with shot not smaller than No. 4 buckshot.

During this season antlerless deer may be hunted and taken only in the manner prescribed by the provisions of the Game Law and the resolutions and regulations of the Commission.

The quota of Antlerless Deer Licenses for each county in 1964, as made available by action of the Commission, is as follows:

NUMBER OF LICENSES ALLOCATED FOR ISSUANCE BY EACH COUNTY TREASURER

		Number			Number
County	County Seat	of Licenses	County	County Seat	of Licenses
Adams	Gettysburg	2,300	Lackawanna	Scranton	2,550
Allegheny	Pittsburgh	1,450	Lancaster	Lancaster	2,800
Armstrong	Kittanning	2,700	Lawrence	New Castle	1,450
Beaver	Beaver	1,250	Lebanon	Lebanon	1,900
Bedford	Bedford	6,050	Lehigh	Allentown	1,400
Berks	Reading	4,400	Luzerne	Wilkes-Barre	5,300
Blair	Hollidaysburg	3,500	Lycoming	Williamsport	9,350
Bradford	Towanda	5,900	McKean	Smethport	7,200
Bucks	Doylestown	3,100	Mercer	Mercer	2,150
Butler	Butler	3,500	Mifflin	Lewistown	3,100
Cambria	Ebensburg	3,200	Monroe	Stroudsburg	5,650
Cameron	Emporium	3,500	Montgomery	Norristown	3,000
Carbon	Jim Thorpe	4,900	Montour	Danville	850
Centre	Bellefonte	7,000	Northampton	Easton	1,500
Chester	West Chester	3,050	Northumberland	Sunbury	2,150
Clarion	Clarion	4,750	Perry	New Bloomfield	5,150
Clearfield	Clearfield	6,700	Philadelphia	Philadelphia	—
Clinton	Lock Haven	6,400	Pike	Milford	5,850
Columbia	Bloomsburg	2,950	Potter	Coudersport	11,200
Crawford	Meadville	4,550	Schuylkill	Pottsville	7,450
Cumberland	Carlisle	1,700	Snyder	Middleburg	1,550
Dauphin	Harrisburg	2,700	Somerset	Somerset	5,100
Delaware	Media	500	Sullivan	Laporte	4,400
Elk	Ridgway	8,000	Susquehanna	Montrose	4,600
Erie	Erie	3,700	Tioga	Wellsboro	8,000
Fayette	Uniontown	3,850	Union	Lewisburg	2,000
Forest	Tionesta	7,100	Venango	Franklin	5,450
Franklin	Chambersburg	2,800	Warren	Warren	8,850
Fulton	McConnellsburg	2,850	Washington	Washington	1,950
Greene	Waynesburg	1,750	Wayne	Honesdale	5,700
Huntingdon	Huntingdon	7,400	Westmoreland	Greensburg	4,350
Indiana	Indiana	4,300	Wyoming	Tunkhannock	2,750
Jefferson	Brookville	5,650	York	York	3,000
Juniata	Mifflintown	3,650			
TOTAL					274,800

IMPORTANT—Applications for antlerless deer licenses will be available wherever hunting licenses are sold. DO NOT MAIL APPLICATION TO PENNSYLVANIA GAME COMMISSION OR DEPARTMENT OF REVENUE, HARRISBURG. Antlerless deer licenses will be available at County Treasurers' Offices only.

Pennsylvania has more licensed bow hunters than any other state. In general, most bow hunters travel to the "big woods" for their sport. The post-season will give bow hunters who failed to bag a deer in the October season or in the regular deer season another opportunity to go afield outside the "big woods" country.

In addition to the regular hunting license, an archery license is required to hunt in the October archery season or the January post-season for archery deer hunting. Archery licenses are sold by the Miscellaneous License Division of the Department of Revenue (fee \$2) and by County Treasurers who, according to law, receive an additional fifteen cents for issuing an archery license.

BUCKSHOT will be legal in the marked area during the 1964 deer season. This same area will have an extended antlerless deer season December 14-19.

PENNSYLVANIA
SPECIAL DEER HUNTING
REGULATIONS AREA
FOR 1964



Prior to establishing the 1964 seasons, the eight members of the Commission met last June 13, with representatives of state-wide organizations and agencies interested in Pennsylvania's wildlife resources. Only twelve of the twenty-four groups invited to appear at the meeting to offer recommendations were represented.

The antlered deer season of two weeks and one-week bear season are the same as last year.

Small Game Opens October 31

Small game seasons and bag limits for 1964 are similar to 1963. The area for the longer season on turkeys, October 31-November 21, was modified slightly and is now completely defined by highways and rivers instead of partly by county lines. This should make it easier for hunters to observe the prescribed boundaries. The shorter season, October 31-November 14, was again set for the more accessible turkey range in order to maintain ample wild breeding stock to support future hunting. The extended season, December 26-January 2, 1965, was again listed for cottontail rabbits, squirrels and grouse. During this same period, snowshoe hares will be legal and in contrast to the last several years, there are no counties closed.

Trapping Seasons Similar

Trapping seasons for fur bearers are similar to last year. The liberalized beaver harvest in certain counties was continued to control flat-tail numbers and alleviate damage complaints.

A summary of the 1964 Pennsylvania hunting and trapping seasons is found on page 41.

**Additional Acreage Acquired
For State Game Lands**

Other business conducted at the June meeting included the Commission's acceptance of options on seven tracts of land for additions to existing State Game Lands in Clarion, Colum-

Map of Pennsylvania showing county boundaries and names. A shaded region covers the central part of the state, including counties from Luzerne to Berks and from Luzerne to Berks. The shaded region is labeled "OCTOBER 31 - NOVEMBER 21 INCLUSIVE". Major roads are shown as solid lines, and major cities are marked with dots. The map also shows the Susquehanna River and the Delaware River.

OCTOBER 31	--- NOVEMBER 14	INCLUSIVE
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bia, Huntingdon and Venango Counties. The 761 acres in these tracts will cost the Commission \$22,643.

Another tract of 672 acres was optioned at a price of \$20,160. This acreage is situated in Venango County and will be the nucleus for a new tract of State Game Lands.

Protection Removed From Squirrels in Certain Municipalities

Additional areas were included with those in which protection has been removed from squirrels of all species. Damage to personal property has resulted in many complaints. Lawful hunting is severely restricted by the urban nature of these areas. Squirrels of any species killed in the following municipalities may be disposed of in such manner as the persons taking them deem best, except they may not be sold at any time: The entire County and City of Philadelphia; in the County of Montgomery, the Borough of Norristown, the Townships of Abington, Cheltenham, Lower Merion, Upper Merion, Lower Moreland, Upper Moreland, Springfield and Whitmarsh, Hatfield Township and Hatfield Borough, Towamencin Township, Lansdale Borough, Lower Providence Township, and the Townships of Worcester, Upper Gwynedd, Lower Gwynedd, Horsham, Montgomery, W. Norriton, E. Norriton, Whitpain, Plymouth and Upper Dublin; the entire

County of Delaware, including cities and boroughs, excepting the Townships of Bethel, Birmingham, Concord, Edgemont and Thornbury; in the County of Dauphin, the City of Harrisburg, the Borough of Penbrook, and the Borough of Paxtang.



Photo by Vannucci

APPARENTLY THIS ROBIN can't read. Either that or she felt that this sign is for humans only. Regardless, this robin family of Williamsport remained undisturbed.

Earlier Opening Date Certified for All Regulated Shooting Grounds

Regulated Shooting Grounds, both commercial and private, will get off to an earlier start this season. The opening day approved at the Game Commission meeting in June is set for September 15. Previously the season opened about October 1 for commercial areas and for private areas in non-pheasant range. Private areas in pheasant range had to wait for the opening of the regular small game season. Regulations for these areas provide that not more than 75 per cent of the released birds may be taken. Most operators seldom come close to recovering 75 per cent of the birds released, hence adjacent areas benefit.

The shooting season for Regulated Shooting Grounds will run through March 31, 1965, Sundays excepted.

Photos in the News...



PGC Photo by Kish

TURKEY STOCKING on State Game Lands No. 57 in Luzerne County. Shown are District Game Protectors in Luzerne County Edward Gdosky (left) and Howard Bower (right) and Glenn Spencer (center), president of the Harveys Lake Rod and Gun Club.



FIRST PLACE at the recent Venango County Recreation Show was a nice set of deer antlers taken a couple years ago in Clarion County by Meade R. Kifer. Shown are District Game Protectors in Clarion County Jack Lavery and Jim Hyde.



PGC Photo by Parlamen

CONSERVATION DAY in Brockway. On May 14 some 140 sixth grade students in the Brockway Area Schools traveled to the Pennsylvania Game Commission Training School to witness several demonstrations on game and fur-bearing animals, snakes and songbirds. Here they are shown a firearms demonstration.

ORPHANED FAWN is comforted here by District Game Protector Jack Lavery of Clarion County and his son at their home in Clarion. Hundreds of fawns like this one are picked up annually in Pennsylvania and taken from their mothers by well-meaning people.

PGC Photo by Parlamen



Photo by Thomas N. Borgeson

FFA WILDLIFE habitat improvement award winners at Troy High School in Bradford County. Steve Kish, Conservation Information Assistant in the Northeast Division, presents a \$50 check to James Dunkenberg, 1st place (3rd year in a row) in the Northeast Division, and Larry Van Horn, 2nd place. S. T. Davey, Vo-Ag instructor, is on the right.

FIRST HUNTING LICENSE ever issued in Susquehanna County was sold to Dana Watrous (right) on September 2, 1913. Here Watrous shows his keepsake to District Game Protector in Susquehanna County Donald Day.

PGC Photo by Kish



SAYS THE COURT

The Game Is Yours if It Is Legally Killed

“AS LONG ago as 1799 it was held that the carcass of a wild deer was the subject of larceny.”

So says the Court, in the less venerable but still cited case of *Commonwealth v. Kimmel*, 14 D&C 161 (1930) in which Kimmel appealed a larceny conviction for taking a deer which another had shot.

President Judge Fleming's opinion in Centre County Court referred to *Pennsylvania v. Becomb*, Addison's Reports, 386, in which the defendants had stolen deer-skins, bearskins, deer tallow, bear and deer meat, etc., from the Indians.

“Whether the Indians were trespassers or not,” the jurist quoted from that decision, “the authorities cited proof that they were not thieves. Their labor in killing the deer and bears, *ferae naturae*, gave the Indians a property in the skins, meat and tallow of those animals.”

Judge Fleming dismissed Kimmel's argument that this property right in game did not exist prior to

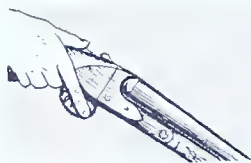
1929, when the Legislature wrote it into the Game Law.

“In this particular instance we have firsthand knowledge of the legislative intent moving the enactment of the Act of 1929, *supra*,” he wrote. “The defendants having raised the above objections at the trial in February, 1929, we determined it to be expedient, living in a county wherein, were such not to be the firm and established rule, great confusion and disorder might occur during the hunting season, entailing loss of property and possibly loss of life, and we personally interested members of the Legislature to reaffirm by statutory enactment, that which had long since, both by decision and necessity, been the rule in such cases.”

The property right exists, of course, only in legally killed game. It has long been legally established that the state owns the wild game and fish within its boundaries, so that they can become private property only with the state's permission as evidenced in its fish and game laws.—*John Sullivan*

National Parks—Top Tourist Attraction

Washington, D. C.—National Park rangers are bracing themselves for another record-breaking influx of visitors this summer. George B. Hartzog, Jr., Director of the Federal agency which administers some 200 national parks, monuments and historic sites, predicts total visits this year will exceed 98 million, four million more than last year. By 1966, the 50th anniversary year of the National Park Service, there will be an estimated 108 million visits. Most popular park destination for tourists last year was the Blue Ridge Parkway in Virginia and North Carolina with more than seven million visits.



HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



PGC Photo

CERTIFICATE OF COMMENDATION for their hunter safety course is given to South Huntingdon County High School Principal John O. Yetter by District Game Protector in Huntingdon County Richard Furry.

School Receives First H-S Certificate

By Carolyn Welch

A newly acquired addition to the display case at Southern Huntingdon County High School is a Certificate of Commendation from the Pennsylvania Game Commission to the school, one of the first ones given in the Commonwealth.

It was awarded after the completion of a hunter safety course sponsored by Southern, which from now on will be an annual affair.

The purpose of this course is to cause people to become more safety conscious and to help prevent hunting accidents.

The instructors for this class were Joseph Chick, Game Commission Conservation Information Assistant in the Southcentral Division; Richard Furry, District Game Protector; Paul Miller,

District Game Protector; and William Gorman, archery enthusiast.

Other schools have conducted classes in this program after school and on Saturdays but Southern is among the first to schedule the classes during school hours. Classes were in session for one and a half hours every week for four weeks, and all grades were invited to attend.

A test consisting of 20 questions was given at the completion of the course with the passing grade set as 70. Out of 215 students who started the course, 178 completed it and passed the test. Those who did so received a wallet-size certificate stating their proficiency as a safe hunter.

DuBois Student Body Instructed on Hunter Safety

The Pennsylvania Game Commission Hunter Safety Course was given the entire student body of DuBois Area High School in December under the supervision of District Game Protector Donald Benner, assisted by Game Protectors Lawrence Kuznar of Houtzdale and Guy Waldman of Clearfield.

Approximately 1,000 boys and girls received instructions in the auditorium of the new high school building.

The high school is one of the few in the State of Pennsylvania to undertake the program for the entire student body.

Pa. Game Commission
Hunter Safety Certified
To Date:
Instructors—5,366
Students—62,842

The Kentucky Derby of Beagledom

By Roy Czambel

Photos by OUTDOOR PEOPLE

"TALLY-HO" rang loud and clear throughout the woods of Southwestern Pennsylvania for a solid week when the 1964 International Futurity and Derby Stakes were run from May 3-11 in the Pittsburgh area. For the twelfth year in a row beaglers from all parts of the United States and Canada have enjoyed the beauty and the rabbit population of Allegheny County, where the Kentucky Derby of beagling is held. The Tri-State Beagle Association played host.

The International Beagle Federation Stake is the largest single breed event held annually under the rules of the American Kennel Club. It is similar to the Kentucky Derby in that it is a breeders' stake. Litters of puppies have to be nominated for the I.B.F. within three months of their birth. Two continuations have to be paid before the beagles reach their second birthday, and a post entry fee is paid when the hounds are entered in the competition.

The beagles are entered into six classes according to sex, size, and age. The classes are: 13-inch futurity dog class, 13-inch futurity bitch class, 15-inch futurity dogs, 15-inch futurity bitches, 13-inch combined derby class and a 15-inch combined derby class. In the combined derby classes the hounds are not separated by sex and both male and female compete in the same stake.

This year saw a total entry in the six classes of 531 hounds. Beaglers from 32 states and parts of Canada began arriving at the Imperial Beagle Club near McDonald and started kenneling their dogs on Saturday, May 2.



GRAND WINNER George Nixon of Springfield, Mo., holds his ribbon winners: Pearson Creek Gem—13-inch bitch winner; Pearson Creek Count II—15-inch winner; Pearson Creek Stub—15-inch derby winner; and Pearson Creek Wade—15-inch derby 4th place winner.

They came in trucks and buses as well as cars, and a few flew their hounds into the Greater Pittsburgh Airport, renting cars at the airport to transport their hopefuls to the Imperial Kennels.

One of the first to arrive was the Myrick family from Houston, Texas. John, Billy Jean, and their two children, Carole and Tommy, really enjoyed the rolling hills of Pennsylvania as a contrast to the Texas landscape near their home town, and were thrilled at the sight of all the apple trees in bloom.

Jim Savigny from Welland, Ontario, arrived shortly after the Myricks with several hounds from up North. There

followed beaglers from Mississippi, Missouri, Georgia, Tennessee, Indiana, Ohio and many other states.

Three of the country's finest beagle clubs each year take the responsibility for the handling and running of this huge event. Chartiers Valley Beagle Club, located south of Bridgeville, Pa., handled the running of the 13-inch and the 15-inch futurity dog classes. Imperial Beagle Club, located near McDonald, Pa., played host to running the 13-inch futurity bitches and the 13-inch derby classes. Coraopolis Beagle Club, near Clinton, Pa., conducted the running of the 15-inch futurity bitches and the 15-inch derby classes.

These three clubs maintain excellent facilities. All have modern club houses and their own farms of well over a hundred acres each. All three clubs take advantage of the food and cover program offered by the Pennsylvania Game Commission. After several years of planting food strips and cutting cover in accordance with Game Commission plans, the grounds are happily blessed with one or two rabbits in every thicket. To say that game was adequate for the stakes would be an understatement.

The clubs were assisted in planning for this event by the Game Commission. Game Protectors Jim Way and George Szilvasi of Allegheny County were on hand each day watching the program and ready to help.

Russel (Buzzy) Carlson of McKees Rocks, Pa., is the secretary-treasurer of the I.B.F. and has done a skillful job of promoting and engineering this "trial of trials."

Another Pennsylvanian who played an important role in this year's I.B.F. was John Pape of Punxsutawney, Pa. John was one of the four judges selected to pick the winners. The other judges were the Estes brothers, Harold and Madison, of South Carolina, and Paul Verhines from Dearborn, Mich.

The weatherman cooperated fully



AL WILLIAMS of New Eagle with his second place 15-inch derby winner Sundell Pebbles.

and the beagles competed in some of the finest spring weather on record. There was plenty of sunshine and temperatures hovered in the mid-70's most of the week.

The State of Pennsylvania even produced the feed that kept the beagles happy while at Imperial. Best Feeds & Farm Supplies, Inc., producers of Joy Dog Food at Oakdale, Pa., mixed over a ton of feed during that memorable week!

With such stiff competition at this trial, Pennsylvania beaglers were hard pressed to keep some of the coveted trophies and ribbons in home territory. State beaglers were unable to cop any of the prizes in the 13-inch dog class, the 13-inch bitch class or the 15-inch dog class, but they came close to making a clean sweep in the 15-inch bitch class.

In that event the beaglers in the Carnegie area joined forces to make True Blue Candy the 15-inch futurity bitch winner. Candy is owned by William Dillon of Carnegie, Pa., was bred by George Drexler of Carnegie, and was handled to her win by Norma Mowen of Carnegie.

The second place in this class went

to a hound from Kentucky, but the rest of the ribbons were won by the Pennsylvania beagles. Ruby of Hilltop placed third. Ruby is owned by Paul Kohut of Webster, Pa., and was handled by Chuck Watson of Glassport, Pa. Boogerette of Hilltop, also owned by Paul Kohut took the fourth place award. She was handled by Nancy Watson. The N.B.Q. (next best qualified or fifth place) ribbon was awarded to Reeds Jill, owned by Vick Reed of Titusville, Pa., handled by Jack Samuelson.

Sundell Pebbles, owned by Al Williams of New Eagle, Pa., kept local interest riding high as the trial drew to a close. Pebbles ran in the 15-inch derby class with 90 other hounds and won the second place ribbon.

Altogether there were 30 ribbons awarded in the six classes. Pennsylvania beaglers accounted for five of them. However, the entire Pennsyl-

vania entry was almost read out of the running by one individual breeder named George Nixon.

George traveled to the Pittsburgh district from his home in Springfield, Mo., with 10 of his Pearson Creek hounds that he bred, raised, and trained himself. He left Pittsburgh with three first place ribbons and one fourth place ribbon. He also left 1,000 green-eyed beaglers and a record that will take some doing to match or surpass.

This wonderful week of beagling activities will be repeated again next year. The Tri-State Beagle Association will again be the host group for "the International," and it will be run on the same three training areas. If you are interested in the sport of beagling, or just like good old-fashioned hound work, why not make plans now to attend the 1965 Stake. You'll be glad you did.

THREE PENNSYLVANIA hounds that placed in the 15-inch Futurity Bitch Class: First was True Blue Candy, posed by Norma Mowen; third was Ruby of Hilltop, posed by Chuck Watson; and fourth was Boogerette of Hilltop, posed by Nancy Watson.



Bowmen Net \$1,750 for Charity

By Robert D. Breth

Editor, Mark 5-3

Well, the Keystone Federation of Bow Hunters did it again—in spades. Did what?

Proved that a bunch of what some archers consider to be “nuts” (because they like to hunt and shoot at animal targets with a bow without sights) are a hard-working, enthusiastic but soft-hearted bunch when it comes to some desperate, help-needing retarded children — that’s what!

Why?

Because of the Annual Charity Shoot which the Federation held for the Retarded Children’s Association of Montgomery County, Pa., on May 31, at the Wapiti Archers home course at Fort Washington, Pa.—that’s why.

How come?

Because the Shoot made \$1,750 net, clear, hard, cold cash dollars for the Retarded Children’s Association. And because 385 bow hunting and target shooters laid their money on the line to sweeten the kitty. These figures exceeded last year’s Shoot by \$650 and 110 archers respectively.

The Shoot was unique in that it used a combination of 14 Safari targets and 14 Prehistoric animal targets. Novelty events included a three-dimensional bear and a running deer.

The \$1,750 turned over to the

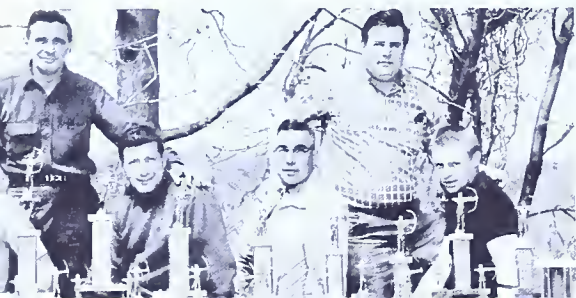
charity by the Federation is the largest single donation which the Association receives each year. And the 385 registration is the largest single Shoot attendance figures for charitable purposes in the East, or perhaps even the West.

Archery and archers, generally, are not usually considered to be a prime source for benefit funds, as are golf, ball games, bazaars, card parties, raffles, bingo and whatnot. To enlarge on the generalization, outdoors sportsmen and archery hunters in particular, do not indulge in spectator sports which draw large crowds. It is, therefore, rather remarkable and an achievement well worthy of praise when a four-club group of archers can be the largest single source of fund donations in a large and prosperous semiurban county adjacent to the fourth largest city in the country.

The Keystone Federation of Bow Hunters is composed of Wapiti Archers, Lower Providence Rod and Gun Club, Wyn-Glen Feather Twangers and Lenape Bowmen. Each club holds a Shoot once a month, with all targets being of the straight animal type, scoring being five in the “kill” area hits and three in the “wound” area hits. On the fifth Sunday which pops up every three months, the Federation holds the Charity Shoot just mentioned, an All-Federation Championship Shoot and two Federation money-making Shoots.

The Federation’s official publication is “MARK 5-3.” Printing is donated by Charles Minguez, Wapiti member, and print shop foreman. “MARK 5-3” is distributed free to all shooters attending official Federation Shoots. A copy may be had by writing to 7445 Andrews Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. 19138

SEVERAL WAPITI ARCHER officials behind the trophies given at the Annual Charity Shoot for retarded children. Shown are Bill Doyle and Andy Damica, Wapiti directors; John Poleri, Vice-President; Herb Thamer, President; Jack Devitt, trophy donor; and Bud White, director.



Danny Learns Axemanship

By Don Shiner

Photos by the Author

COOKOUTS held by his parents on their tiny country acreage beside the sparkling, cool, hemlock-cloaked Huntington Creek were bright moments in Danny's life. He liked the families and their children that were invited to spend the summer day outdoors cooking meals on the fireplace, picnicking in the pavilion, fishing and swimming in the stream. Much to Danny's joy, a cookout was planned for this weekend. Firewood needed cutting and stacking. Paths, too, through the small wood lot required widening, pruning of brush and low-hanging limbs. These two jobs were a day's work for one person. With Danny's help, the chores could be speeded greatly. The problem facing his father, however, was whether Danny was or was not old enough to learn axemanship.

The boy had asked to use the short-handled axe a number of times. Thinking it too dangerous a tool, he always said no. But the boy had grown considerably since those early requests. If he were to handle an axe safely in the future, perhaps he should be taught now under close adult supervision rather than with boys his own age bent on exploring the use of an axe by blazing into every tree in sight. Cutting firewood for the cookout, coupled to cleaning paths through the wood lot would offer an excellent op-



IT WAS AN important day for Danny when he learned to handle an axe safely.

portunity to teach Danny axemanship.

This day, after breakfast, father announced, "Danny, we need to cut firewood for tomorrow's cookout. Limbs and brush, too, must be cleared from the paths. I think you had best help with this work. It's time you learn how to safely use an axe in the woods."

"Oh boy!" Danny exclaimed. "You mean I can help cut trees?" This, he thought, would be fun, not at all work.

His father handed him a small, short-handled, sheathed camp axe while he himself took a long-handled axe for heavier work. They climbed into their waiting car and quickly sped over the highway in the direction of their camp. The camp was a good half hour's drive from home, so they spent the time discussing safe han-



dling of the axe by outdoorsmen.

"A boy who carries an axe," his father began, "shoulders responsibility. He must learn to use the axe in a safe manner so as not to injure himself. He must learn, too, to control the impulse to chop into every tree in sight. The axe can destroy in minutes what nature took years to create. A tree cannot be restored once it has been chopped into or cut down. This is true too for the axeman's toe or hand!

"There are basically two kinds of axes," said Father. "There are (1) the short-handled camp axe, which you will use this morning, and (2) the long-handled axe which needs two hands and a wealth of experience to use.

"The short-handled axe is best used to prune limbs, cut down small scrub trees and cut limbs into firewood. The longer handle model, either single or double edged, is for heavy tree work. The double bitted model is dangerous and should be used only by a skilled woodsman."

Danny listened attentively and carefully examined the small sheathed axe while his father related the merits of the two types of cutting tools.

Subject Changed

Just then a butter-fat woodchuck dashed across the road, disrupting the conversation. "Hey! Look there! See that chuck," Danny exclaimed. Wildlife was plentiful and apparently much of it was active by the roadside this morning. Danny asked several questions about woodchucks and hunting this hayfield inhabitant. But the older sportsman steered the conversation back to the topic of the camp axe.

"We've got to use some rules when handling a sharp axe," his father stated. "When we chop wood for the fireplace, we must have firm footing and hold the axe tightly in hand. It is always a good idea to swing the axe carefully at arm's length before actually chopping, to learn whether or not twigs or branches will be in the

way. A slight touch from these objects can misdirect the axe, deflecting the bit off course and cause serious injury. We must never swing an axe when someone is standing or kneeling beside us.

"We place a saw blade directly on a chosen mark and saw straight down through the wood. Not so with an axe, Danny. We never strike wood at right angles to the grain, that is, straight down against the wood grain. To do so causes the bit to cut shallow and bounce back toward you. Instead, chop a wide notch in the log. When this notch reaches midway in the log, turn the log to the underside and chop another notch to match the first one. The resulting cut in the log is like a pointed pencil. Most choppers fail to make this notch wide enough. When they reach the log's mid point, they are chopping straight across the grain. You should try various size notches this morning while we're cutting small logs.

"Be on guard, too," his father explained, "for a glancing blow of the axe, sometimes caused by striking a hard knot. Hemlock and pine knots will cause the axe to glance into something you did not intend to hit—your leg or foot. Then, too, knots put nicks in the bit, spoiling the cutting edge.

"This morning we will also prune trees in the wood lot. In this work, remember to cut branches from the underside. Whether the branch is part of a length of firewood or a growing tree, chopping is always accomplished in this manner. To do otherwise tears the wood, often makes the main trunk look bad. Bark quickly heals over a clean cut."

The Boy Was Excited

Danny was naturally excited about this first work with a small camp axe. The significance in the sheathed model which lay beside him on the car seat was the trust which his father placed in him. It spoke, too, of the fact that he was rapidly growing into a young,

responsible man.

As they descended the tall hill, at the foot of which lay the Huntington Creek and their camp, Father asked, "Danny, do you have any pointers to offer on how an axe should or should not be handled?"

The boy was quiet for several moments. "I guess," he replied, "one should never hold the piece of wood in his hand while chopping. If the axe missed the mark, it could cut your hand."

"Good thinking, son," his father remarked, pleased that Danny was giving serious thought to handling a small axe safely. "Have more good suggestions?"

When Danny failed to answer, his father handed him a slip of paper containing a list of do's and don't's on axemanship which he hastily compiled before breakfast. He asked Danny to read and memorize the rules.

The car's jostlings over the road made reading difficult, but Danny managed to read aloud the list of rules.

UNDER HIS FATHER'S supervision, Danny learns how to fell small, undesirable trees.



The first question that flashed to Danny's mind when he had finished reading the twelve rules for good axemanship was, "How do you sharpen an axe?"

"A file," Dad said, "will remove nicks from the bit. Then a fine grained sandstone will hone the edge to knife sharpness. Most skilled lumbermen carry a small pocket file. They take time out several times a day to sharpen the axe bit, keeping it bright, shiny and free of nicks."

Turning the car into the old farm lane which led directly to their camp, they drove the last 200 yards in silence, mindful of the potholes in the road bed. As they drove onto the camp premise they parked near the stand of young evergreens planted last year. They walked briskly, axes in hand, toward the pavilion. They checked the fireplace, brushed several nut hulls, left by squirrels, from the picnic table, then continued toward the edge of the creek where they glanced wishfully for feeding trout.

Right there Danny was put to work

NOW THERE is sufficient wood for the family cookout. As a bonus Danny learns axemanship.



Rules for Axemanship

1. Stand with feet firmly on the ground and away from object being chopped.
2. Always strike wood at an angle, never cross grain.
3. Be constantly on guard for a glancing blow that might send the axe where you did not intend it—in your leg or foot.
4. Keep the axe sharp. A sharp axe is less dangerous than a dull one since it will cut where intended rather than glancing from the wood.
5. Avoid cutting into knots. Cut below or above these hard, tough areas.
6. Never dig holes in the ground with a fine axe.
7. Never run with an axe in hand that is not sheathed.
8. Never throw an axe. It may hit stones or some nearby person.
9. Never use an axe which has a loose handle. The head may fly off the handle and hit someone. Wedge a sliver of wood between the axe head and handle.
10. Don't swing an axe when someone stands near you.
11. In cold weather, warm axe head with mittened hands before chopping. Cutting always keeps the axe blade warm.
12. Don't chop into trees you do not expect to fell, and then only into trees which the landowner has given you permission to cut.

fell a five-inch gum tree. His father watched him closely, advising him to slant his axe more when chopping and keeping his feet and legs spread sufficiently far from the tree. Chips flew from the soft gum tree. Within min-

THAT EVENING Danny sharpened the small camp axe by stroking the bit across a sandstone.



utes the tree fell with precision. Danny then set to work cutting the butt log into fireplace lengths.

Only once during the morning's work did his father need to warn the lad to be more careful of his standing position in relation to the object being cut. Otherwise the lad handled the small axe very well. He trimmed trees, cut and split wood for the fireplace without incident.

Toward noon, with paths cleaned and firewood stacked by the fireplace, they prepared to call it a day. "Danny," said Father, "looks like you have learned to safely use an axe. But I think it best that you use it only when we're together. Should you see other boys using an axe carelessly, blazing into good trees, tell them what is right and wrong. An axe is no plaything."

As a bonus to the preparatory work for the cookout, Danny gained respect for the small camp axe, an important rung in the ladder leading to maturity.

Shots From Across the Border

By Keith C. Schuyler

"WE LOVE your state. To us, it is one of the prettiest. You are doing a wonderful job on building up your turkey population. Saw enough turkeys this year in flocks to make you think you are at a turkey farm."

When a letter like this comes in from out-of state, along with a renewal to the Pennsylvania GAME NEWS, it is certain to make you want to hear more. Your curiosity is further aroused when you learn that the writer of this note is a member of a husband and wife team which has killed 10 deer in Pennsylvania in the past five years.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Hall, 402 Sherry Lane, Berea, Ohio, were featured in the *Cleveland Press* last year after each of them had scored again in Pennsylvania before the ban was imposed on hunting because of the drought. Their joint feat occasions a look at why out-of-state hunters flock to Pennsylvania to hunt deer.

Unfortunately, there is no breakdown on how many nonresident licenses are issued solely, or partly, for the sport of bow hunting. Nevertheless, it can be assumed that a considerable number come here to hunt only with the bow and arrow. Despite the fact that Pennsylvania has the sixth highest license fees required to hunt with a bow and arrow for deer, many out-of-staters are willing

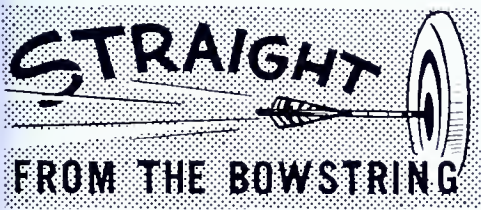


THIS FAIR-SIZED doe was downed by Mr. Hall with one arrow in 1960. The deer traveled about 60 yards before dropping. His wife also collected a doe that year.

to stand the cost for a crack at Keystone whitetails.

Only the serious-minded archers, however, are likely to cross the border. Despite the success ratio of only about one in 50 hunters, those who take their hunting seriously enough to pay the tab are given an excellent chance of scoring. This is proven by the much higher ratio among resident bow hunters in what might be considered deer hunting areas. Both resident and nonresident hunters have much better odds favoring them in this state if they really know their business.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall are a case in point. This is why his letter aroused



more than passing interest. Non-resident hunters are, for the most part, real devotees of the sport. They are healthy for the state's economy aside from the expenditure of license fees. Bow hunting has already proven its worth, from an economic standpoint, by bringing extra revenue to those who depend to a considerable degree on the hunting sports for their livelihood. This group is confined primarily, of course, to those who rent lodging facilities, sell groceries, etc.

Although we maintain that any good archer has an excellent chance of collecting a deer with a bow and arrow in Pennsylvania, Mr. and Mrs. Hall must be regarded as an exception because of their unusual record of 10 deer in five years. Consequently, I corresponded with Mr. Hall to find out how he and his wife could do so well. Some of his thoughts on the sport are certainly worth passing on to resident hunters who have been having trouble getting to the target during the deer season.

The Halls are both employed at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in Cleveland, and they take their vacations to fish and hunt. Mr. Hall started hunting small game with the bow at the age of 15, but he and his wife didn't get started hunting deer until 1956. His first kill was a large doe in Michigan. His wife drew a blank. Neither made out in Michigan the second year.

Then, in 1958, he made a solo trip to Pennsylvania to look the country over. He saw plenty of deer but returned empty-handed. In 1959, he brought Mrs. Hall to Pennsylvania. Each of them downed a deer over the next five years, including last October.

They start practicing at home in September, shooting only at deer cut-out targets from offhand shooting positions. When they are scoring consistently at 45 yards, they feel that they are ready to go hunting.

Of the 10 deer killed in Pennsylvania, three have been bucks—one



MARGE HALL stands beside a nice doe she shot with a bow and arrow in Pennsylvania in 1962.

button, one spike buck and, the finest, an eight-pointer. The rest have been does. The largest deer taken was a doe of 116 pounds, field-dressed, and the smallest was 68 pounds. The one deer taken in Michigan was a doe of 214 pounds, field-dressed.

Mr. Hall uses a pair of Bear bows for his hunting. He carries a 48-pound Bear magnum in the morning and a 50-pound Grizzly in the afternoon when the shooting is usually a bit farther. Mrs. Hall hunts with a 40-pound Grizzly. Both prefer compressed cedar shafts and use the super hiltbre four-bladed hunting tips. All but three shots have been complete pass-throughs, and only two deer required extra arrows to stop them.

Mr. Hall confirms my own experience that a deer drops just as quickly with a good lung shot as it does with an arrow through the heart. Four of their Pennsylvania deer were shot in the heart, and each took off fast and had to be trailed for a considerable distance.

Both hunters wear camouflaged suits, gloves and head nets. They use a concoction which includes such ingredients as muskrat musk, oil of cedar leaf and skunk musk to destroy human scent. Mr. Hall recommends that hunters be particularly careful about leaving human odors in the immediate hunting area. He uses facial tissues along the outside of deer trails to "funnel" the deer into his stand. Just a small bit of tissue, enough to attract the deer's vision, tends to keep them from straying off their direction. Tissue is also used to mark the trail after a deer is hit. The Halls will not hunt in the rain because there is too much chance that a blood trail will be washed out in the event a deer does not drop within sight after being hit. The best areas to hunt are determined by scouting after shooting hours (without hunting equipment), and plans are made for the next day's hunt. The Halls always seek a slope, or hill, to do their hunting so that they can catch the deer either coming or going.

Proved by Visitors

The experience of these two visitors provides interesting proof to both resident and nonresident hunters alike that Pennsylvania has plenty to offer the deer hunter. If the Halls are exceptions, they only prove the rule that practically everyone who can take a deer with a bow is an exception. It takes a real love for the sport of hunting and the attendant pleasures that come in October to bring even the natives out into the woods with primitive hunting equipment. Those visitors willing to pay the \$27.15 required for all licenses necessary to hunt deer during the special archery season have a special desire to share in what the state has to offer in the out-of-doors.

Of course, once the initial expenditure is made to hunt in the special archery season, the licenses required make it possible for the nonresident

to enjoy all of their hunting in Pennsylvania.

Since visitors to this state are most likely to come from adjoining states, it is interesting to note what is required for Pennsylvanians to cross their own border to hunt on neighboring territory.

According to *Archery World*, West Virginia permits nonresident archery deer hunting for a fee of \$5.25. The success ratio in Virginia, in 1962, was one out of 33 tags issued. In Ohio, where hunter success ratio is roughly that of Pennsylvania, nonresidents pay a total of \$17.50 to hunt.

In New York State, to the north, the license cost to nonresidents is \$20.75. There, in 1962, the success ratio was one to twenty hunters. In New Jersey, to the east, visiting bow hunters pay \$15.15 to hunt with the bow for deer. Most recent figures available show that the success ratio there has been one deer to 21 hunters. Maryland, to the south, charges \$23.00 for nonresidents who want to hunt deer with the bow. In 1962, one hunter out of 30 filled his tag with a whitetail.

It can easily be seen from these figures that our neighboring states are willing to share their hunting at a cost to nonresidents which is most certainly fair by comparison. Residents who fill their Pennsylvania tag, but have not had their fill of deer hunting, are able to step across the border and enjoy an extra season. The total cost is either less, or a little more, including their Pennsylvania license, than visitors pay in the Keystone State.

Make Them Welcome

Consequently, visitors should be made welcome, and they should get every consideration that a paying guest has under other circumstances. In this day of modern and fast transportation, it is nice to have good neighbors—it is better to be one.

Next month, SHARP BUT SAFE.

That Famous 1895 Winchester

By Jim Varner

Photos by the Author



FOR SEVERAL DECADES the model of 1895 was the favored big game rifle wherever one found American sportsmen who appreciated reliable powerful firearms.

OUR Powwow in the GAME NEWS camp for this issue will feature the rifle most of us referred to as "Old Pelican Pouch" with its box magazine arrangement. This box magazine readily distinguishes the Model 95 Winchester from all other American made lever action rifles.

The Model 95 was designed by the famous inventor, John Browning, about the time our first so-called high-powered cartridge, the .30-30, made its appearance. This rifle was called the Model 94 Winchester and is still as popular as ever. The 1894 to 1900 era was at the time smokeless powder came into its own, and we were breaking away from the big black

powder cartridges with their limited velocities to faster, cleaner propellents that required metal jacketed bullets to withstand the very much increased pressures and velocities.

In fact, the first Model 95 Winchesters were chambered for two black powder cartridges little known today. They were the .38-72-275 and .40-72-300. One is probably correct in saying these two long symmetrical cartridges were the last attempt by any firearm manufacturer to obtain high velocity with black powder.

The immediate adoption of the .30-40 Krag cartridge placed this arm in the highest power category of the time. Its long action was suitable for such long cartridges and it became popular with the British by being adapted to their well-known .303 British cartridge, a near duplicate of the .30-40 Krag.

In fairly rapid succession it was chambered for the rimless .30-03, our first version of the .30-06, except it had a longer throat and would not work in a .30-06. Later it was chambered for the .30-06 and so made until taken off the market.

After the turn of the century, the Model 95 was made for the efficient .35 Winchester cartridge and finally, king of them all, the well-known .405 Winchester. This latter cartridge was the most powerful one adapted to any American firearm for many years, until the Model 70 Winchester came along chambered for the .375 Magnum. The rapid firing .405 caliber in the 95 will be mentioned a great deal later in this column.

Thousands of Model 95's were made for different governments which used them for military purposes. The Czarist Russian regime purchased

thousands in musket form during World War I. One finds many of these old "beat up" salvage rifles being sold today for a few dollars. All of these arms were chambered for the 7.62 mm. Russian cartridge. Lever action firearms do not adapt themselves to military use due to the unhandiness of firing from the prone position, but both the Model 94 and 95 have seen their share of military use. Their reliability was one big factor in their favor as well as compactness in the carbine models.

An Old Catalogue

Winchester's 1897 catalogue No. 59 quotes the Model 1895 in .38-72 and .40-72 with 26-inch standard steel round barrel at \$19.50 and the same arm in octagon barrel at \$21, while the then newly adopted .30 army (.30/40 Krag), with 28-inch nickel steel barrel was listed at \$25. You see this was before the other calibers had been adopted. Shortly afterward they dropped the .38-72 and .40-72 and concentrated on the big smokeless cartridges with special nickel steel barrels. Their strict adherence to the best in metallurgy was a tremendous factor in their success. About the only feature that one can criticize in this arm, as well as a lot of other heavy recoiling Winchesters, is the company's habitual use of a small-boy sized butt stock with a sharp crescent shaped butt plate. This style of stock assembly can be disagreeable enough in the Model 94's in .30/30 and almost unbearable in one of .35 Winchester or .405 caliber.

Many of you own this rifle in .30/40, .303 British and .30-06 and find no trouble obtaining ammunition. It's the fastest lever rifle ever made and does as good on any game as the most modern we have. How about the fellow who has a fine condition 95 in .35 Winchester caliber. These cartridges are difficult to obtain. We solved the problem as you will see by using new .30-40 Super X cases. We measured



out 20 grains of Hercules 2,400 and filled the shell to the top with Wheatena, then put a wad over that and fired them in our .35's. This gives you a splendid .35 Winchester case to reload and your loss due to splitting is almost nil. The case is probably 1/16 of an inch shorter than the original .35, but seat your bullet out to correct length and you have a supply of excellent .35 Winchester cases to load.

The .405 user is not so fortunate, but he can obtain cases now that are made and sold by Connecticut Cartridge Corp., Plainville, Conn.

Be careful and do not do like some of our careless shooters have done by trying to shoot German 8 mm. armor piercing cartridges in their Model 95-.30-06's. Of course, this wrecked the action of a fine rifle. In many cases the Model 95's action was condemned despite such misuse. We know of no case where this rifle's action gave trouble with proper use.

Canadian Cartridge

I believe the Dominion Cartridge Company of Canada still makes .35 Winchester cartridges. The last .405's I purchased in Canada were made by Kynoch of England. The .405 was quite popular for years in the British Empire. It was a favorite for Indian and African big game. They chambered their fine double rifles for it.

Theodore Roosevelt and many other celebrities used the 95 in .405 for the heaviest of game. Teddy called it his lion medicine, although he was forced to use it on the toughest of Africa's big game. Charles Cottar, native of Oklahoma, who took up guiding big game expeditions in Africa, depended



AUTHOR'S LIFETIME HUNTING THRILL was when his 13-year-old son, William, bagged his first buck. He did it with his favorite .30-40 Winchester Model 1895.

on his old .405 to handle everything, even to protecting his life and the life of the one he was guiding.

Many of you have thrilled to the first motion pictures taken by Osa Johnson and her husband in Africa many years ago. Their cameras were clumsy compared with today's, and their experiences dangerous. Osa was a slight, but sturdily built woman. She carried a .405, but they tried to prevent killing as they were only interested in pictures. However, quite often they had to be ready to protect their lives when an uncooperative lion, rhino or elephant decided to erase them from the African scenery. It was amazing to note the coolness displayed by this game little woman and the confidence she had in her reliable old .405 Winchester. Often it looked like she waited until the charging animal was not far from the lens of her husband's camera. She must have been well versed on the anatomy of the beast as they all seemed to crumple

with one shot as though hit by a 90 mm. cannon, apparently all brain shots.

The greatest hunting thrill of my life happened back in 1933 when my son, William, insisted on hunting deer against the wishes of his mother. The only rifle he wanted to use was a sawed off Model 95 in .30/40 caliber. He loved that particular arm in my collection despite it being heavy for a 13-year-old boy. Noting his determination to use this one firearm, I commenced a rigorous summer and fall training, starting with woodchuck hunting with a light load and leading to full military and factory load. I drilled him in all phases from long range careful shooting to rapid fire on the 200-yard military target. By the time deer season came around he was capable of scoring "military expert" over the 200-yard course.

The first drive was ready to get under way the first morning of the season. I placed him in a little rock

swale facing the wind and a well worn trail. Then I moved down an old log trail to take my stand not far away. It was an overcast, quiet, chilly morning that foretold snow. A few minutes later I could hear the booming voice of his friend, Tom Phillips, and the houndlike bark of his Uncle Gus start the drive on the other side of the mountain. They must have immediately disturbed the big buck that came down the trail as it seemed less than five minutes before I heard the heavy report of the short barreled Model 95 break the stillness twice in rapid succession. The event left me sort of numb as I began to worry what might have happened to a 13-year-old lad using a rifle with enough power to virtually tear him in two if he made a mistake with it.

I broke the rules and left my stand immediately to go back and see what happened. William still sat on the rock as I left him with "Old Pelican Pouch" across his knees looking up the trail where a beautiful 8-pointer lay. He held up five fingers on one hand and three on the other, retaining silence all the time. He told me afterwards the big buck came off the

mountain in a canter and it was all over with in two or three seconds. The first shot had entered the sticking place and the deer leaped upward and was driven backward by the 180 grain S. P. bullet's impact. Bill gave it the second shot so rapidly the next bullet hit the middle of the neck and ranged upward, crushing the skull so badly it made mounting difficult.

Bill was the hero of the hunt that day, not only to his father, but to the crowd of some of the best deer hunters in the state. The Model 95 will be in my collection as long as I live. Money would not touch it.

In conclusion, I will say if I was in a dangerous position and the chips-were-down, I would prefer my .405 caliber 95 to any firearm in my collection. When one can throw nearly one and three-quarter tons of energy in less than two seconds for five successive rounds, little is left to be desired. Collectors, big game hunters and all sportsmen—don't discount the efficiency of the Model 95 Winchester.

Homes for Woodies

LUZERNE COUNTY — Recently a local sportsman group, the Flint Hill Conservation Club, has begun another step in a long series of conservation projects. During the past years some of their annual contributions have been planting of thousands of seedlings, raising and distributing pheasants in the Commission's day-old chick program, purchasing rabbits for stocking in the Thornhurst area, and a progressive winter feeding and browse cutting program. This sportsman group also owns its own farm implements and cultivates numerous acreage in a three-county area solely for the benefit of wildlife. This past spring the club engaged in the process of building and distributing wood duck nesting boxes for the benefit of our local waterfowl population. — District Game Protector Howard Bower, Jr., Wilkes-Barre.

HARD TO GET .35 caliber Winchester cartridges made easily from new .30/40 Super X cases. Left to right are factory-loaded .35 cal.; same cartridge fired; .30/40 factory-loaded; new .30/40 case before firing and formed as advised; the blown up .30/40 loaded with standard .35 Winchester 250-grain Hornaday bullet to factory velocity.



Letters . . .

Liked the Sentiments

On behalf of our more than 800 members I wish to congratulate the Pennsylvania GAME NEWS for its article "You Don't Have to Kill 'Em" by Bob Bell in the June issue.

The sentiments expressed in Mr. Bell's article reflect the right approach to hunting and the enjoyment of the outdoors. I hope that articles of this kind will replace those in which size and number of the killed are accented and boasted about.

Allston Jenkins, President,
Philadelphia Conservationists, Inc.

Bites the Tree That Protects Him

Being as I am one of your faithful readers, I am just starting on my new 3-year subscription this month, I am taking this opportunity to relate an experience I just had.

My father-in-law recently was hurt on the road job he works for, so, I took off Friday and went up home (April 17) to Hazleton, Luzerne County, to see him. That afternoon I went down into Oley Valley to the State Game Lands, little Neseopeek Creek, to scout the area where I would fish on Saturday morning. I had to walk about 1½ miles to the creek, and as I approached the creek I saw a sight I really got a big laugh out of. I only wish I had a camera but I didn't so I'll just tell you.

There was a tree about 8 inches in diameter with a sign on it so I walked over to read the sign. It said "Beaver Trapping Prohibited." The funny part of it was a beaver had the tree all chewed up but about 3" diameter and it was ready to fall down. So I guess he was a fellow who would bite the tree that protects him, so to speak.

Riek Karpowich
Middletown, Pa.

GAME NEWS in Liberia

I am currently serving as a member of the United States Peace Corps in Liberia. I receive the regular issue of the Pennsylvania GAME NEWS and find it very interesting and informative.

Several of the features contained in the magazine would prove valuable assets in the teaching of reading and biology. They not only prove interesting, but also relate to animals found here in Liberia, West Africa.

If possible, I would like to obtain permission to reprint features of this nature such as the one in the March, 1964, issue entitled "Assorted Rats and Mice" by Ned Smith. The reprints would be used for educational purposes and credit to the author and source of publication would also be included.

Merrill A. Meneeley, PCV
Peace Corps
Box 707
Monrovia, Liberia, W. A.

This Beats Canada

Editor's Note: The following note was received with Mr. Wells' big game report card last winter. He killed a spike buck in Huntingdon County on December 5.

Enclosed herewith is "stub" from my license. As the operator of a Sportsmen's Resort in the Tweed District of Ontario for 14 years let me assure you that you have hunting *second to none*. Amongst the many guests Mosque Lake Lodge has many times eatered to is Earl Smith of your office in Harrisburg. We have good fishing but dear me, by way of comparison, your hunting is a "Hunter's Dream" come true. Congratulations, we hope to be back in your state again next fall.

Russ Wells
Ottawa, Canada

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IT'S THE LAW



NOT ALL GAME LAW VIOLATIONS ARE INTENTIONAL. AS A SERVICE TO COMMONWEALTH SPORTSMEN, GAME NEWS, IN COOPERATION WITH THE DIVISION OF LAW ENFORCEMENT, TAKES THIS MEANS TO BRIEFLY CLARIFY SOME OF THE MOST FREQUENTLY MISUNDERSTOOD OR LEAST KNOWN GAME LAWS.



QUESTION:

MUST I HAVE A HUNTING LICENSE TO SHOOT STARLINGS AND ENGLISH SPARROWS?

ANSWER:

UNLESS YOU ARE QUALIFIED TO HUNT WITHOUT A LICENSE YOU MUST HAVE A LICENSE TO HUNT ANY WILD BIRD OR ANIMAL.



QUESTION:

CAN I BE FINED IF MY DOG KILLS A DEER?

ANSWER:

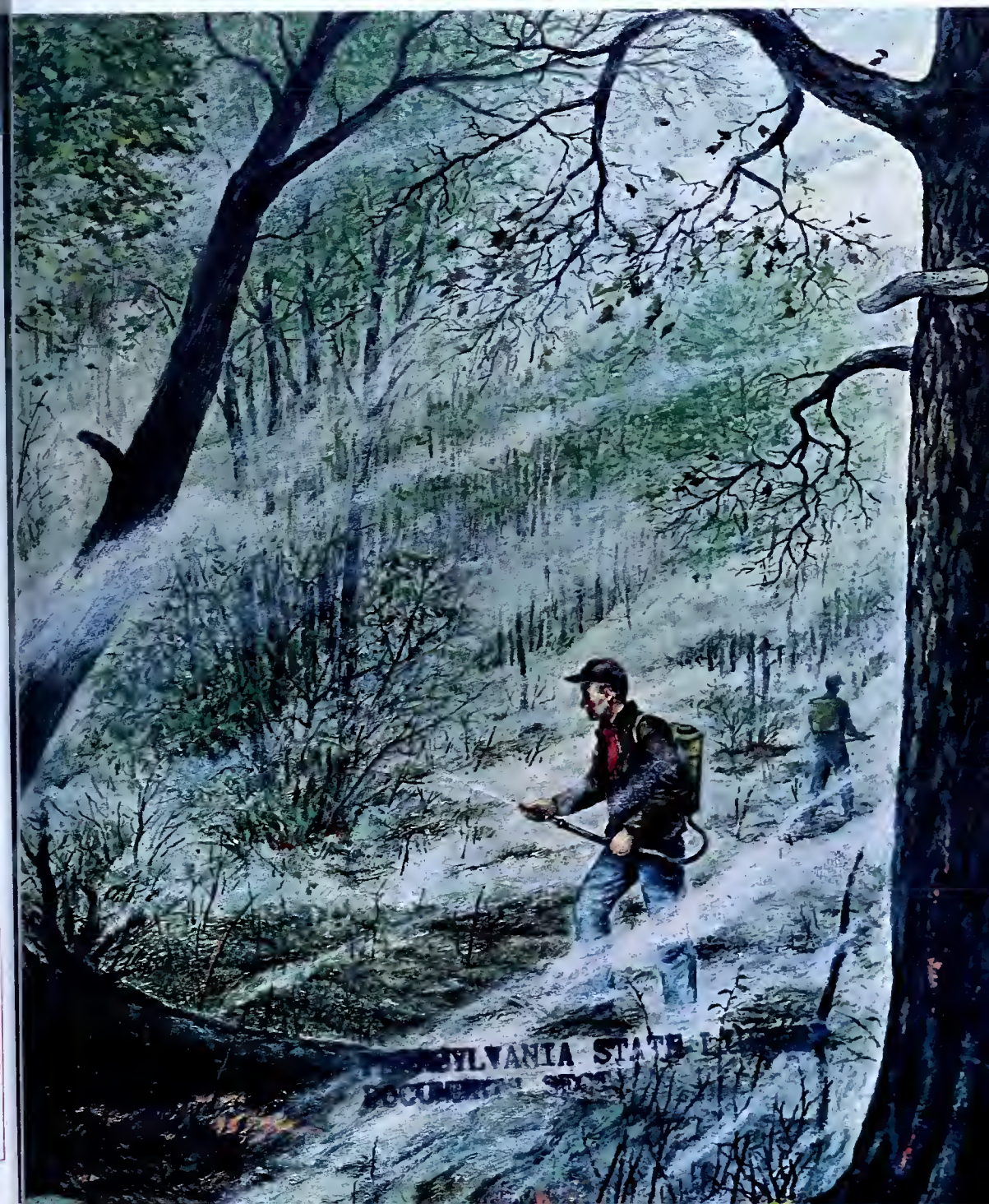
YES. IN FACT, YOU CAN BE FINED IF YOUR DOG SO CLOSELY PURSUES A DEER THAT IT ENDANGERS THE LIFE OF THE DEER.

AUG 31 1964

Pennsylvania **GAME NEWS**

SEPTEMBER, 1964

TEN CENTS



PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY
DOCUMENTS SECTION

PENNSYLVANIA GAME NEWS

Volume 35 • Number 9

SEPTEMBER, 1964

Published Monthly by the
PENNSYLVANIA GAME
COMMISSION

COMMONWEALTH OF
PENNSYLVANIA

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Cover Painting
By Vic Stephen

COVER: Fire! Fire! One minute a lush and sweet smelling wooded glen, the next minute the same place is a smoldering, smoking prison of death and destruction. Fire under control is one of man's most useful tools, but out of hand one of the most feared threats to his existence. Because of Pennsylvania's normally great amount of precipitation, our woods do not burn as dramatically as most western fires, nevertheless, the results are nearly as serious to all forms of wildlife and vegetation. Some of the more fortunate forms of life have legs, wings and muscles to escape the oncoming inferno. But most must stand and meet their burning fate. Recent Septembers and Octobers have been dry and our green landscape has been threatened. Your conscious efforts to protect the dry woods from fire is the only way to assure its beauty and productivity for the future.

Published MONTHLY by the Pennsylvania Game Commission, South Office Building, Capitol, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** \$1 per year; \$2.50 for three years. **TO SUBSCRIBE:** Send check or money order payable to "Pennsylvania Game Commission." Do not send stamps; cash forwarded is done so at sender's risk. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Send both new and old addresses at least 45 days in advance of the issue with which it is to be effective. **PERMISSION TO REPRINT** any signed article may be granted provided advance permission is obtained from the author. No information contained in the magazine may be used for advertising or commercial purposes.

Printed by Times and News Publishing Co., Gettysburg, Pa.
Second Class Postage Paid at Gettysburg, Pa.

Rain

WE HUMANS are strange creatures particularly when it comes to complaining about the weather. To hear us fret over a rainy day, resent a rainy weekend or vacation, one would think we really meant it.

Rain is wet. We prefer sunshine, for a rainy day is dull and damp and uncomfortable.

But too much sunshine makes us fret too. Take last fall when Pennsylvania experienced a rather serious drought. Fret we did. Everyone was upset. The farmer whose crops were parched, the lumberman whose forests were endangered, the hunter whose sport was in jeopardy. The gardener, the water commissioner, the fisherman, and all others who were in some way affected by the lack of rain were praying for it. The Governor's ban on the use of the woods was felt by many. Have we forgotten already?

Yes, without rain we perish. Yet water is one of the enduring constants of our environment. Nearly 70 per cent of our planet's surface is covered with water, but the oceans are salt and briny. The sea must be distilled before we can drink or use it, and rain is the product of that distillation. The sun draws water vapor from the ocean, clouds of that vapor cool and freshen the air and temper the sun's own heat, and from them comes the sweet source of all the flowing water we know.

Water is a giver of life. It comes in many forms. Be it showers, snow, sleet, hail, dew, fog or mist, it is essential to our existence.

Indeed, rain is wet, but like it or not we should be thankful for every drop. The next time you find yourself complaining about the rain that ruined your hunt, your picnic, your plans, just remember how terrible it would be without it.—G.H.H.





*Those Gray and Brown Speed Merchants
Can Easily Make a Fool of a Good Shooter . . .*

FEATHERED BULLETS

By Brooke Focht

Outdoor Writer, Reading Eagle

AN ERRANT breeze starts the nearby cornstalk leaves to rustling as you stand there on the hillside within sight of Reading or perhaps Lancaster or Allentown.

You grin to yourself as you contemplate the peaceful rural scene. Suddenly some swiftly moving shadows slide between you and the sun. There is a muffled whistle of wings as a small flock of mourning doves sneak by. You take a quick shot, miss and ruefully shake your head as you poke another shell into the magazine of your semi-automatic. Those doggone gray and brown speed merchants have made a fool of you again!

Early this fall thousands of twisting, darting mourning doves will be downed by enthusiastic shotgunners within sight, quite often, of many of the state's largest cities. Although these sporty birds thrive best in good farming country where there are cornfields interspersed with other grain fields and streams, thousands of them are hatched each summer right in Suburbia.

Unlike such other native Pennsylvanians as the bobwhite quail and cottontail rabbit which find life is getting tougher since the widespread use of modern farming methods, the dove seems to thrive under today's conditions. Many wildlife experts believe it's because the mechanical corn pickers and other harvesting machines leave behind so much waste grain which provides the doves with an overstocked larder.

Dove season this year opens on September 1, at 12 noon, EST. That's the between-times period of the year

when there will be warm weather in the early afternoon but a tinge of autumn's coolness as the sun slowly sinks about an hour before sunset. It's generally shirt sleeve hunting, but it's smart to include a sweater or light jacket in your gear.

An experienced dove hunter may have a surprising amount of equipment although all you really need is a shotgun, shells (lots of them!) and a knowledge of where the birds should be.

There are always some fellows who try to think of everything. These guys might have the family car loaded, during dove season, with a sack filled with dove decoys, a folding stool, sweater, light rain gear, any number of shotgun shells, sunglasses, a thermos bottle filled with cold water, a camouflage suit and cap, even a dove call. The equipment, of course, varies with the type of gunner.

Owners of retrieving dogs overlook a good bet if they leave Old Rover at home during a dove hunt. The little brown and gray birds are hard enough to hit but are even more difficult to find once they are downed, especially in a standing cornfield. Cocker, springer or Brittany spaniels or Chesapeake or Labrador retrievers are excellent for this job.

Conservation-minded dove hunters withstand the temptation to try for doubles unless they are shooting in fairly open fields. Once you take your eyes off a downed bird it is very difficult to relocate.

Another earmark of the experienced dove hunter is the plastic bag which he'll take from his shooting jacket



Photo by Karl H. Maslowski

THE MOURNING DOVE is the object of the tender tears of many do-gooders. Perhaps it is due to its reputation as a bird of peace or maybe its benign appearance. However this bird is far from helpless in front of even the best hunting gun.

after he has cleaned his birds. These bags are good for carrying home the cleaned dove meat. After the day's hunt, many "dovers" walk to an isolated spot and pluck their birds. Remember, this year's regulations require that one fully feathered wing remain attached. Those who like to clean their birds by pulling the breast away from the carcass will have to wait until they get home. If plucking your birds in the field be sure to walk deep into the woods or standing cornfield to perform this chore. The surest way to wear out your welcome on a farm is to strew the landscape with dove feathers and empty shotgun hulls. Thoughtful hunters "police the area" in true Army style before leaving for home. That insures a welcome the next time around.

Many farmers who are reluctant to permit hunting on their land during the regular small game season don't mind dove hunting. Although we have a hunch they entertain the unvoiced thought that anyone who will waste expensive shotgun shells on a few ounces of bird ought to have his head examined!

Who can tell another dove hunter just how to consistently hit the flying brown steaks? These sporty birds never seem to fly at the same speed very long. They are past masters at the change of pace. For instance, you'll be standing along a tree-lined fence row on a good flight lane when you spy a dove just loafing along over the mowed grain field. You swing on him when, suddenly, he shifts from low into passing gear and you miss him with two or maybe three shots. This happens time after time. Believe me, anyone who can go out day after day and bag a limit of doves with less than a box of shotgun shells is a real sharpshooter.

Doves, I firmly believe, possess the sharpest eyes and quickest reflexes of any living thing. The way they change their pace and weave, duck and dart certainly bears this out.

It's surprising how the birds can slip up on you from out of nowhere. They can be over your head and on their way to the next county before you hear their whistling wings—and then it's too late. Some days they're too high, too low, too far, too fast or even too slow. Another time you'll be proudly nursing a streak of four or five straight kills and get a little cocky. That's when you're headed for a fall, brother, because you may not connect again for the remainder of the day. Only grouse hunting provides more difficult and "impossible" shooting opportunities.

Reputation and Appearance

Maybe it's because of their reputation as the bird of peace or perhaps it's their benign appearance, but the mourning dove is the object of the tender tears of many do-gooders. Just casually drop word in a mixed social group and you can sense an immediate coldness aimed in your direction. You are immediately placed in the same category as wife-beaters or some such characters. Boy, if you could just get some of these well-meaning but misguided people out on

a dove hunt, they'd soon change their minds about the poor little bird's helplessness!

Dove hunting offers many more benefits other than wingshooting practice. Unless you happen to be a golfer you probably haven't walked enough to keep in shape all summer long. Dove hunting, especially if you like to jump shoot during those periods when the birds aren't flying, will soon get your legs into shape for the approaching small game and deer seasons.

Then, too, you've forgotten how satisfying it is to get away by yourself for a while. You probably haven't been REALLY alone since the last day you waited on a deer stand last winter. So you have a golden opportunity to gather your thoughts, relax and day dream while on watch along your favorite dove flight lane. Don't get too immersed in your dreams, bud, because those pesky doves have a habit of sneaking through just any time!

Never Boring

There is the added bonus of observing various wild creatures as they carry on their normal everyday activities around you. If you're lucky you may see a family of ground hogs, a bouncy cottontail or even a lordly cock pheasant while you wait motionless on your dove stand. Life never gets boring if you keep your eyes open while in the great outdoors.

If you know your country and dove habits you'll generally get all the action you want while the birds are flying. Doves feed and drink early in the morning, then loaf during the heat of the day. They again feed and drink a few hours before sundown before moving into their roosting places. A few days' scouting before opening of the season will generally locate a flight lane or two.

There are several good brands of dove decoys on the market. They are often a big help in luring the birds into range if the gunner remains motionless and well hidden. A dove call,



Photo by the Author

A STATE TRAP SHOOTING champion, John W. Miller of Kenhorst, is accompanied by his Brittany spaniel, Jill, as he places dove decoys in a Berks County field just before "flight time."

used sparingly with decoys, seems to help on some days. Other times, though, the call seems to have no effect on the birds.

Spread your set of decoys on the ground at the edge of a harvested grain field interspersed with corn strips. Hide in the corn within gunshot of the decoys and prepare for action. Another trick is to place the decoys on the bare limbs of a walnut tree. The birds really love to sit on walnuts or old chestnut trees.

A hilly cornfield along a flight lane usually produces good shooting. Many hunters spot roosts, generally a stand of pine trees, and wait there for the birds to fly in. Too frequent shooting at these roosts, though, will drive the flocks from that neighborhood permanently. Smart dove hunters have three or four shooting spots and rotate them, "resting" the others so the wary birds won't change their flight pattern.

Just for the fun of it, the next time you see doves sitting on the dead limbs of an old tree try to sneak within shooting range. Dollars to doughnuts, the birds will slip away on the other side of the tree just as you're a step or two from sure killing range.



Photos by the Author

JILL, WITH DOWNED DOVE in mouth, heads for her master carrying the first bird of the day.

A GRIN OF PLEASURE is shown by Jill after delivering the dove to Miller at the edge of the Berks County corn strip.



They're like a crow in that respect.

Unlike small game hunting, the more gunners afield after doves the better. In Pennsylvania we are limited by law to five hunters for small game. Get four good buddies and spread out around a known dove feeding area. When the birds start flying, the shooting at one spot generally sends the birds circling within range of another gunner if you're scattered in the logical places. One or two gunners are generally not enough for this type of dove hunting. Better get prior permission, though, because all that shooting may bring the farmer on the run to see what's going on.

One of the biggest secrets of dove hunting is to learn the effective range of your own gun. Like some waterfowl gunners, many dove hunters seem to think they can kill any bird as long as they can see it. Range is something you'll have to figure out for yourself. And it will cost you plenty of shells before you get reasonably proficient.

I use my 12-gauge Winchester semi-automatic with an improved cylinder barrel 26 inches long. This is a fine gun for shooting pheasants, quail and grouse over pointing dogs but I wouldn't say it's the ideal dove gun. A 28-inch modified gun would be more like it. I often have to pass up birds which companions with modified bored guns easily down. The full choke gun, though, is certainly not for the average dove hunter. Just how many of those birds you kill at 50 or 60 yards are you going to find?

The choice of shotgun shells varies with hunters but I've found that No. 8 or 9 shot in regular traploads works best for me. Some fellows go to 7½'s or 6's but I'll settle for finer shot with denser patterns.

There's no doubt about it, dove hunting is one of the best ways to teach a young boy the fundamentals of hunting. In one dove season the average lad can learn more about gun handling than in a lifetime of other hunting because he'll get so many more shooting opportunities.

There's still another pleasurable side to dove hunting. It's in the eating.

As I mentioned before, we keep only the breast because there is little meat on the legs or wings. Dipped in flour, salt and pepper, then fried in an old-fashioned iron skillet, dove is fit for kings.

Dove Potpie

A favorite among Berks County hunters is Pennsylvania Dutch potpie. Take a bunch of the birds and cook them with salt, pepper, parsley, potatoes and potpie dough. Cook in covered boiler until thoroughly done—and then dig in.

Perhaps the most satisfying way of all is barbecued dove. A bunch of fellows I know have an opening day ritual. When all five have filled and cleaned their limits, they go to one of the gang's back yard and grill the birds over charcoal, basting them all the time with a mixture of melted butter, salt and pepper. Add a salad, baked potatoes and some cold brew and you have to fight off the neighbors to get your share!

Whopping Playground

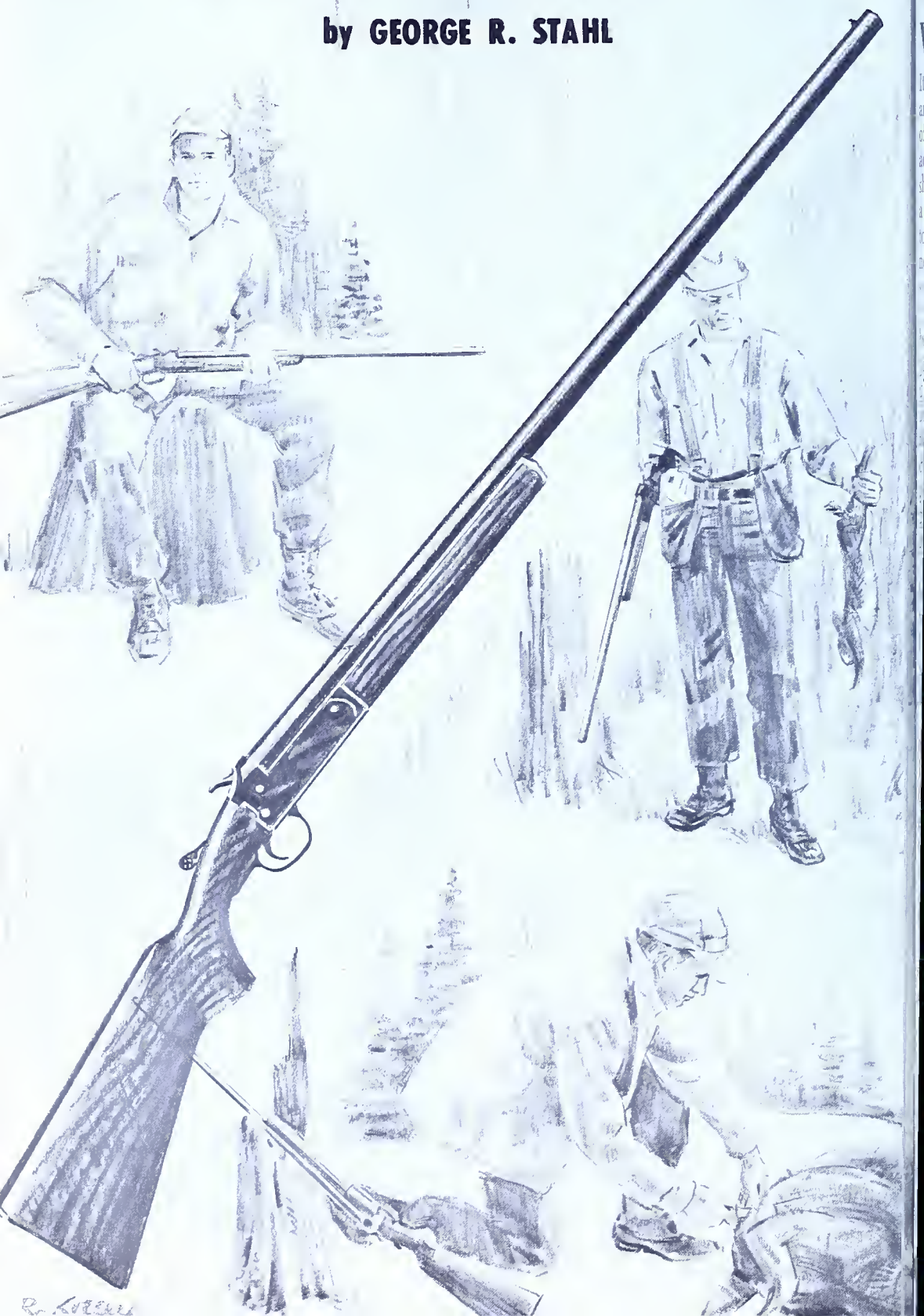
Government—Federal, state, county and municipal—owns 234 million acres of rural public recreation areas, consisting of land and water. Such an area exceeds in size by 3.5 million acres the combined area of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, Delaware, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin. When properly developed, these lands will be more than adequate to serve the growing nation's outdoor recreational needs. The Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission describes these lands as "publicly owned land and water management projects upon which some form of outdoor recreation is a specifically recognized use." No less than 42 million acres of these lands are located east of the Mississippi.

One Buckless Year

There has been only one year in Pennsylvania history when it has been illegal to kill a buck deer. In 1938 the Game Commission closed the season on antlered deer but set a one-week state-wide antlerless deer season from November 28 to December 3. The kill totalled 171,662 animals.

12 GAUGE-RETIRED

by GEORGE R. STAHL



R. Stahl

***Strange How the Old Retired Single
Barrel Looked at Me in Silent Protest . . .***

WHAT a smooth handling beauty, I thought, as I swung the new Ithaca Featherweight on the path of an imaginary bird. After many months of scrimping and saving, I had finally accumulated enough to buy a new shotgun, and with hunting season only a few days away, I could hardly wait to try it out on those elusive ring-necks that hid in the thick honeysuckle bordering the nearby cornfield.

Strange, how the old retired single barrel seems to look out at me in silent protest from its resting place in the glass enclosed cabinet. Am I imagining, or is it actually saying, "After all these years, you set me aside to collect dust, I who have been a faithful companion, who came through when the going was roughest, have you forgotten so soon?"

"No, old friend, those hunts will long be remembered, stored away and treasured for years to come." Guiltily, I exchanged the shiny pump for the scarred long-bore and sighted down the length of its old worn barrel.

How vividly I can recall, as a boy, my first hunt with that now ancient 12-gauge. On that memorable fall day, the air was crisp and clear and every grass-stubbed field held expectant thrills as the fast darting cottontails sprang out from underfoot. Rabbits were plentiful and before long the belching smoothbore had taken its toll and two fat blue-bellies hung at my belt. Flushed with success, I managed to miss the next three hoppers in rapid succession, but to a fledgling nimrod, this only served to whet the appetite. As I angled up a pine-covered ridge, a fan-tailed blur of feathers bolted by me with such a thunderous exit that I froze open-mouthed in amazement. Finally, recovering my senses, I managed a quick shot and was surprised to see the fast

disappearing grouse somersault to the ground. Truly, a lucky shot, but a proud moment it was for a young hunter.

With the passing years, the old 12-gauge saw hard usage on all types of game from ground hog to deer. In those days money was scarce and whatever game the hunter was able to bag was a welcome supplement to the daily diet. Since funds were limited, the average sportsman was unable to afford several guns and had to make one do for every occasion. However, the old single barrel performed its task with lethal authority, whether it was on quail or on whitetail. A pumpkin ball at close range was a deadly combination for an unwary buck. My last deer hunt with the old gun bore witness to this fact.

It happened during my school years at State College. Married and with a family, I had quite a financial struggle to make ends meet. So, naturally, the approaching deer season found me more than anxious to add some prime venison to the larder. When the first day opened, I was eagerly on watch by a well-traveled trail deep in the Pine Barrens of Centre County, a sector well named, for it is a dense, uninhabited thicket of second growth scrub oak and pine that extends over a vast area. Desolate, though it may be, the deer find this jungle to their liking and travel to its impassable areas when hard pressed. So, I knew my chances for shooting were better than average, if I had the patience to wait until they started to move. During the night an eight-inch snow had covered the trees with a ghostlike mantle. As day broke the overcast sky turned darker and soon the swirling flakes blotted everything from view. I huddled deeper in my Woolrich and concentrated on focusing my

snow-filled eyes on the trail. As if by magic, a red fox stepped into view, neither looking right nor left, but hurrying along the path. It was a tempting shot, but my better judgment told me to let him pass. Several minutes later, the shadowy form of an old muley-looking whitetail appeared on the scene cautiously picking her way to safety. Then another and another until 12 does had passed by me. For what seemed like hours, I waited. Then, another form came sneaking by, head down, and there was my buck. At the roar of the gun the buck leaped and crashed to the snow, a lifeless heap. Hurriedly, I dressed out the deer and started the long drag back out of the Barrens, but several hours later I found myself completely lost. Snowing as it was with visibility near zero, I had made a wide circle and was heading in the opposite direction. I discovered this when another hunter happened by and clued me in as to where I was. By the time I reached the car it was dark and my muscles

AS IF BY MAGIC, a red fox stepped into view, neither looking right nor left, but hurrying along the path.



FOR WHAT SEEMED like hours, I waited. Then another form came sneaking by, head down, and there was my buck.

ached from the long haul. However, the aches vanished when I contemplated the tasty venison that would augment our depleted food supply.

As I set the old 12-gauge back in its place on the rack, I breathed a sigh of regret, for I knew that we, too, grow old and useless, and then the memories of bygone hunts are all that remain to ease the passing of time.

Use Your ZIP Code Number

All GAME NEWS subscribers, be they new ones or old-timers who are renewing their subscription are asked to use their zip code number.

The GAME NEWS section is waging a full scale war in the zip code army to "zip" all 135,000 subscriptions. The job is tremendous and any help from subscribers will be most welcome.



SOME OF THE CROWDS at the 1963 Forksville Bow Hunting Festival. Here archers proceed to retrieve their arrows after shooting at the running deer target. Arrows on the hillside are all misses.

Three-Day Parley in Sullivan County . . .

All Arrows Point to Forksville

By Fred Perozzi

Photos by the Author

ON SEPTEMBER 18, 19 and 20 the little village of Forksville, Sullivan County, Pa., located 30 miles north of Williamsport on Route 87, will have a population explosion that will increase its population of 191-26 times—and the population of Sullivan County which is about 6,000, almost double.

Forksville is the site of the Pennsylvania Bow Hunters Festival organized eight years ago by a group of Sullivan County residents to provide fun for those who love archery and to also promote Sullivan County. Over 1,400 ardent archers registered for the 1963 festival making this annual spectacular the largest participating archery event in the United States.

The festival provides three days of fun for the archer and his family and they pour into Forksville from as far away as Hawaii. For the archer who

likes to hunt there are the wild boar and coon hunts and for those who want to test their skill there are numerous target shoots on the festival grounds, which are operated under strict supervision to prevent accidents. There are even target areas for the small fry.

The festival's main event is the two-day wild boar hunt. Eight wild Russian boars caught in Florida are brought back to Forksville in heavy wooden crates and on the day of the hunt released about 10 miles from the festival grounds in very rugged terrain. The boars were once described by one discouraged archer as, "having the disposition of a lemon grove." He lost part of his trousers scrambling up a tree after being chased by a boar!

After the boars are released the hunters armed with bow and arrow stalk the woods in search of the boars.



THE ANNUAL SHIRTTAIL cutting ceremony for those who missed the boar. Here 1963 Festival Queen, Miss Donna Lee Rau, 22, of 8632 Deer Lane, Philadelphia, cuts the shirt of an unsuccessful boar hunter.



THE YOUNGSTER'S LINE at the Bow Hunters Festival. Children under 16 use this area to shoot at silhouettes of squirrels, deer, raccoons and other game-like targets.

FESTIVAL WINNERS in the game and predator calling class are Louis Horvath, Hellertown, fox calling award; Don Frey, Shunk; Lawrence Frey, Shunk, deer calling award; and Ed Cox, Lock Haven, turkey calling award.

PGC Photo by Kish



FOUR HUNTERS AND THE BOARS TI St. Clair, 23, of Sonestown. The judges Eiswerth, 27, of 1032 Hepburn Street, W

The lucky hunters keep the boar they have bagged. A great deal of excitement is created when the boars are brought back to the festival grounds, hung from a nearby tree, and the happy archers who have shot a boar pose for pictures.

Not all the boars that are released during the festival are taken with bow and arrow. Every year at least one boar escapes to roam the Sullivan County forests until the opening of the Pennsylvania Small Game Season in late October. It is then that the last boar is usually shot by a lucky hunter. One boar is still loose somewhere in the county. He escaped during the



the 1963 Festival. Left to right are Clayton Merrill, 17, Montoursville, and James men inflicted fatal wounds in the boar they display. Also sharing a boar are Joe Duane Perozzi, 16, of Mildred.

1962 festival and has not been taken as yet.

Saturday evening the selection of the Bow Hunters Queen is held. The 1963 winner was Miss Donna Lee Rau, 22, of 8632 Deer Lane, Philadelphia. The "Deer Lane" address brought down the house.

Want to eat? Meals are served on the festival grounds and there are also snack bars on the grounds.

About 5,000 people attended the 1963 festival and a larger crowd is expected for the 1964 festival. Profits from the festival are given to a number of charitable organizations in Sullivan County.

THIS RUNNING DEER TARGET developed by Richard Holcombe of Dushore is made of a secret material. This particular target is a great attraction at the festival and is operating about 15 hours a day.



Litter Bugging Bears

By Laurence E. Stotz
Allegheny National Forest

ALL the "litter bugs" on Allegheny National Forest aren't people. Black bears are becoming an increasing problem on the recreation areas.

A typical picnic area after bruin has cut a swath through it looks like a small corner of Dante's Inferno. His targets are the garbage cans which he rifles in search of goodies. Not content to just reach in with his paws and remove the edibles, he disdainfully belts each can a stunning blow that rolls it over on its side. Then he goes to work pawing over the contents. Bottles and cans are tossed about. Plastic liners are torn to shreds and scattered over the ground; papers and cartons share the same fate.

Bears are very methodical in their depredations. Not a garbage can is missed. So if you should visit one of our campgrounds or picnic areas after bruin has had a field day, please forgive us for the mess that you find it in. We can only police the areas twice a week, and you may get there before we do.

But if bears occasionally do become public nuisances, their intentions are honorable. They are not hard core "litter bugs" when they scatter the contents of garbage cans around. They are motivated by a voracious appetite.

Bears are a part of the woodland scene, and we would not have it otherwise. An occasional raid on the garbage cans in a recreation area is a small price to pay for having with us the largest game animal in Pennsylvania.

Our real problem is the human "litter bug," and he is a growing menace. A bag full of household garbage



Photo by J. S. Seibel

ONE OF THE ALLEGHENY'S leading litter bugs. A park bear can put even the best human litter bug to shame.

and tin cans scattered along the roadside marked the trail of the "litter bug" of twenty years ago. Now he has become bolder. Wornout davenport, refrigerators, and even junked automobiles are being dumped on private and national forest land.

We think big in America today. Everything must be on a colossal scale, including roadside and streamside garbage dumps. On the one hand we spend thousands of dollars building municipal sewage disposal plants to clean up our streams. On the other hand we foul up the banks of these very streams with raw garbage, broken bottles, tin cans, wornout furniture, old tires, bed springs, and junked cars.

Local Chambers of Commerce and municipalities vie with one another to attract tourists to their particular



PGC Photo by Fred H. Servey

MOTIVATED BY A VORACIOUS APPETITE, bears sometimes become a public nuisance. When practical, Game Commission personnel will trap and transfer bears which are causing damage. When District Game Protector Fred H. Servey of Elk County arrived at the Twin Lakes Camping Area on the Allegheny National Forest to trap a nuisance bear, he found that she had cubs and decided not to split up the family. Mrs. Bruin and one cub were on hand to greet the officer and his would-be bear trap.

areas. Yet they do nothing effective to curb the enemy within—the fifth columnist who forms the hard core of the “litter bug” problem. For the “litter bug” needs to be recognized as the enemy within, and properly dealt with as a menace to the health and prosperity of the community in which he resides.

He is usually a local citizen who outwardly may appear to be useful and law abiding. But some quirk in his make-up has warped his sense of community responsibility and fair

play. In the dark of night he goes out to dump his raw garbage and trash upon other people’s property, and then expects tourists to be attracted to the area.

If the native black bear has become a “litter bug,” he merely reflects the careless and unsocial habits of the people he is forced to associate with. If the most advanced civilization in the world can’t set a good example for the dim-witted native black bear, it is already on the one-way road to history’s scrap heap.

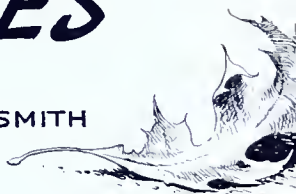


NED SMITH



WALKIN' SHOES

By NED SMITH



The Hawk That Fishes

1. Does the osprey eat only fish?
2. Is the osprey a good diver?
3. What is the difference between a fish hawk and an osprey?
4. Do ospreys nest in Pennsylvania?
5. When flying overhead how can an osprey be distinguished from an eagle?
6. Do ospreys use the same nest more than one time?
7. How do ospreys dry their feathers after plunging into the water to catch a fish?
8. Can ospreys see fish in the water a hundred feet below?

IT'S hard to imagine a more inspiring place to spend the golden days of autumn than on Hawk Mountain's craggy brow. From the middle of August through much of November the birds of prey pass in review on their southward migration—some days a few stragglers, on other days a few thousand. The flights begin imperceptibly with a few marsh hawks, sparrow hawks, a smattering of broadwings, and an occasional bald eagle. By mid-September on a good day the broadwings fill the sky like autumn leaves in a whirlwind. Hundreds are in view at one time; two or three thousand pass the lookout in a single day! Gradually they are replaced by sharp-shinned hawks until by mid-

October the latter are the most prevalent species. Meanwhile the giant red-tails are increasing, and to their numbers are added Cooper's hawks, more marsh hawks, red-shoulders, and occasional pigeon and duck hawks. When Old Man Winter finally draws the curtain a few golden eagles, a rare goshawk or two, and a party of tardy red-tails are usually the last to slip through.

It's an impressive show, a spectacle for which the Schuylkill County mountaintop has become world famous. Fifteen species of hawks, eagles, and vultures annually pass the rocky promontory, each in the special weeks that seem to have been allotted to it. One bird, however, more conspicuous than most others, can be seen with dependable regularity from late August until November. It is the big osprey, or fish hawk. During the first two months of the hawk flights it is a rare day indeed when at least one osprey is not spotted by the hawk watchers, and in late September as many as thirty or forty have been recorded in a single day.

The ospreys that pass Hawk Mountain come from widely scattered points, for these birds nest all over the United States and much of Canada, wherever conditions are suitable. Pennsylvania has a small population of resident birds, chiefly in the vicinity of lakes and large streams where the

fish upon which they feed are abundant.

Ospreys are large birds, measuring two feet in length. The tremendous wings, which in flight reveal a characteristic "kink," span nearly six feet in a large specimen.

Even on a smaller bird the osprey's plumage would be striking. The underparts are immaculate white, relieved only by a sprinkling of dark tear-drop spots on the chest. The head is white except for blackish brown streaking on the crown and a patch of similar color behind each glaring, orange eye. The upperparts are nearly black, with many of the feathers, especially those of the inner wing, narrowly edged in a lighter shade. The dark bill is formidably hooked. The long legs are tightly clothed in feathers down to the bare, bluish-gray shins. To aid in capturing and holding slippery fish the osprey is equipped with large, strongly curved talons actuated by powerful toes that are lined with spiny, non-slip scales. The outer toe can be reversed to grasp from the rear.

The osprey's voice is the big surprise. Instead of a harsh, full-throated

scream the large and fierce-looking osprey utters an inappropriate clear, whistling "Cheep, cheep, cheep." It is piercingly shrill, but a whistle just the same. Another common utterance is an excited "Ick, ick, ick." Ospreys are particularly vociferous in the vicinity of the nest.

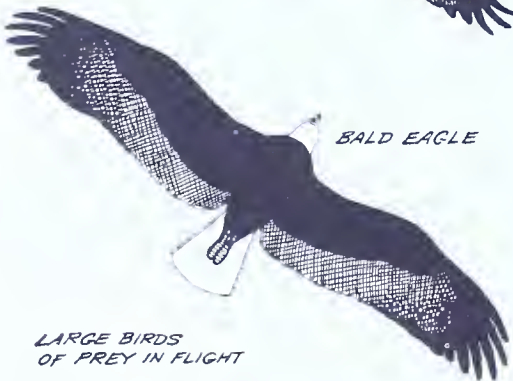
Lunch on the Wing

Most of the osprey's flying time is taken up with looking for a meal as he circles high over lake or stream. His eyesight must be phenomenal, for at an altitude of 150 feet or more he'll suddenly pull up and hang in mid-air on hovering wings. He has seen a fish and is "drawing a bead," so to speak. At precisely the right moment he half folds his wings and, tipping forward, drops like a stone to the water below. Feet first he disappears in a shower of spray, but emerges a second later, triumphantly bearing a flopping fish in his talons. Clear of the water, he shakes himself in mid-air like a dog after a swim, then continues his flight to a nearby tree.

The osprey doesn't actually dive for his prey. His ability is limited to grabbing fish that are in shallow water or cruising close to the surface. However, the force of his descent or possibly the depth of the fish frequently causes him to momentarily plummet beneath the surface, eager talons thrust out before him and long wings held aloft. Those wings are kept high and dry as possible, for they are needed to pull him and his prey from the water.

Unlike the other birds of prey, the osprey's plumage is quite oily, and a vigorous shaking flings the droplets from every feather. It is interesting, too, to note the manner in which the fish is carried—head first, to offer the least resistance.

Rarely do ospreys dine on anything but fish. And to their credit they feed mostly on coarse fish, although I doubt that the birds intentionally plan it that way. It's simply that these are the



LARGE BIRDS
OF PREY IN FLIGHT

fish that are most easily captured in shallow water, and predators of all kinds are quick to take advantage of the most readily available, easily obtainable prey species.

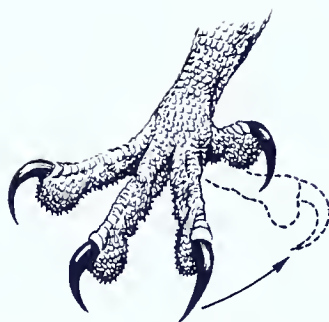
On the Susquehanna, where I do considerable smallmouthed bass fishing, we often have occasion to watch an osprey feeding. Usually it is a fall-fish that winds up in his relentless grasp, but on two occasions the bird hovered above a hooked bass we were playing and I'm sure it was only our own proximity that kept the osprey from stealing our catch. Apparently it was the obvious helplessness of the fish that so sorely tempted the fish hawk.

We never found where "our" osprey nested, but ordinarily an osprey nest is the most conspicuous feature of the landscape. It is usually placed high in a treetop, unless the area be treeless, like some of the coastal regions. Then the birds will build on utility poles, towers, buildings, or on the ground. Where food is plentiful ospreys sometimes nest in large colonies numbering a hundred or more pairs.

The Nest Is a Large Structure

The nest is a bulky affair to begin with, and as the pair returns to the same nest year after year and annually adds more material, older nests are tremendously imposing structures. Many exceed six feet in diameter and are nearly as deep. They are composed mainly of sticks, some three or four feet long, the cup chinked and lined with chunks of sod, weed stalks, or evergreen twigs. However, Mrs. Osprey builds with reckless abandon, and it is not unusual to find such weird materials as cornstalks, tin cans, boards, rope, broken oars, and old boots utilized in making the old home more livable.

The eggs, usually three in number, are laid around the end of April or early May. They are quite variable, but are generally white or pinkish buff overlaid with mottling in some shade of brown.



FOOT OF AN OSPREY SHOWING REVERSIBLE OUTER TOE.

ENLARGED VIEW OF SPINES ON TOE PAD.



The female does the incubating. She leaves the nest occasionally to feed, but her mate also brings her food, oftentimes tearing it apart for her as a properly solicitous father-to-be should do.

About a month later the young emerge. At first they are clothed in short down, buffy-pink beneath patched with brown on the back and wings. They are surprisingly helpless and weak when first hatched, and do little more than sprawl on the floor of the nest for the first week or so. Like many other helpless young wildlings, however, they "freeze" at a signal from their mother. Their stillness, combined with their protective coloration, probably saves many a young osprey from detection by an enemy from the air.

The youngsters are fed only a few times a day. While they are still quite small the male brings in most of the food but the female does the actual feeding, tearing the fish into small chunks for each nestling. When they are old enough to handle such tasks the parent birds merely place the food before them and let them tear it apart themselves.

As the time approaches for them to leave the nest the young ospreys spend increasingly more time exercising their wings, standing on tiptoe and flapping for long periods of time. At about two months of age they begin making short trial flights, but unlike most other birds, they return to the nest between trips. Indeed, several weeks of training flights elapse before the old homestead is vacated for good.

The presence of other large birds of prey would completely panic the small birds of the neighborhood, but the osprey's innocuousness is apparently well known. Grackles and English sparrows often build their own nests in the interstices of the fish hawk's bulky home. Only two birds normally annoy the osprey. One is the crow, whose egg-eating propensities are too well known to tolerate. The other is the comparatively rare bald eagle. The latter's appetite for fish is not matched by his ability to catch them, although when pressed by hunger he can manage to capture enough to keep body and soul together. But being both bigger and lazier than the

osprey he much prefers to let the fish hawk do the fishing, then swoop threateningly on the successful fisherman until he is forced to drop his prize. With a final plunge the eagle deftly snatches the fish out of the air. The osprey banks and turns once more toward the fishing shoals.

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS

1. Only rarely does it eat anything but fish.
2. The osprey does not dive, but merely drops a foot or so beneath the water, usually from a great height.
3. They are different names for the same bird.
4. Yes.
5. The osprey has white underparts; the eagle has dark underparts.
6. Yes, they usually return to the same nest each year.
7. Most of the water is removed by shaking themselves in mid-air.
8. Yes. There is evidence that they can do so at nearly twice that distance.

BOOK NOTES . . .

Handbook for Recreation

The newest RECREATION TRAVEL GUIDE is ready to tell sportsmen where and how to find a favorite fun spot. The new 202-page guide reports on 900 hunting areas in the northeastern part of the country, as well as 450 camp sites, 1,000 fishing waters and 1,300 other sports recreational areas. A state by state survey of Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and Vermont includes such information as fees, costs, location of game preserves and public hunting lands, types of game present, hunting seasons, licensing and regulations. A map for each sports activity is supplied for each state, and the maps are keyed to towns where detailed information is listed. An asset to every sportsman's paraphernalia, this paperback retails for \$1.50 and is available at book stores and newsstands, and from Recreation Travel Guide, 15 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Family of Bird Banders

By Anne Stewart
Meadville Tribune



Graphic Arts Photos

SOME BIRD BANDERS wear gloves, but Ronald Leberman takes his chances bare-handed as he removes a cardinal from the nearly invisible nylon net. Cardinals are particularly hard on ungloved hands.

It All Started When Two Brothers Joined a Club . . .

TWO brothers joined a school club for the ride. Membership meant the birth of a vocation for one, a hobby for the other and a full-time responsibility for the whole family. Robert Leberman is a naturalist for the Pittsburgh's Carnegie Museum. His brother Ronald and their mother, Mrs. C. J. Leberman, are licensed bird banders. And the father of the family is a fascinated onlooker at the bustle and rustle of wings in the yard of the Saeger Hill home.

All this nature study activity came about because the boys joined the Junior Audubon Society at Meadville's East End School. They had heard the rumor that the club made interesting field trips. The Leberman family didn't own a car in those days; here was an opportunity for birding trips to Pittsburgh, Erie or wherever.

Before they realized what had happened, Robert and Ronald had become interested in the club per se. East End School teachers who spon-

sored the group—Miss Sarah Flaugh and the late Miss Clara Schutz—encouraged them in their interest in the feathered fliers.

At Museum and at Home

For seven months of the year Robert is stationed at the Powdermill Nature Reserve near Ligonier where the museum operates a wildlife lab-



BIRD BANDERS BOOKKEEPING. Ronald Leberman, licensed bird bander, weighs a small bird in a man's sock. All vital statistics are recorded. Ronald's mother, Mrs. C. J. Leberman, adjusts leg band on a warbler before releasing the songster.

oratory. He bands migratory birds and records their statistics so that ornithologists may trace their migrations. From November through March he is at home on the hill reading and studying.

Meantime a similar laboratory is open all year at home where Ronald and his mother, who didn't pay much attention to birds until her sons became interested, hold the fort. Actually it's Mrs. Leberman who is on the job most of the time because Ronald works in Meadville five days a week.

Nets Catch Birds

The high hill beside and behind the house is peppered with nets, spread out to catch passing birds. The nylon nets are so nearly invisible that an unwary bird on the wing is snared before he can brake to a stop and change his tack. He is caught in a pocket of the billowing nylon, unhurt but tangled so that he can't extricate himself.

The bird banders patrol the area every hour freeing the captives and taking them to a weighing-in table, outdoors under the trees in summer, in the house during the winter.

Vital Statistics Logged

The migrant's vital statistics are entered in a log which has recorded some 20,000 of this kind since the Lebermans became official (unsalaried) bird banders in 1958. Records are kept in triplicate—the date, the weight, wing spread measurements, age (adult, immature or nestling), sex, unusual markings or defects (such as a broken leg).

The fat count is recorded too. If a bird is thin he has been traveling for some time; if he is fat he has been resting in the area for a spell. A numbered band is clamped on his leg and he is set free to fly away.

To be weighed, a bird is placed in the foot of a man's sock and the leg of the sock folded over him to calm him and to keep him still.

Some banders wear gloves, Ronald says, when they extricate their charges from the nets. The precaution is mostly for cardinals or grosbeaks which will clamp a human finger like a cherry seed between points of their beaks. They don't really bite or draw blood, according to Ronald, just raise a small blister.

Records are all filed with the Department of the Interior, Fish and Wildlife Service. Ronald often discovers where his birds finally roost when someone finds a Meadville-

banded bird and forwards the information to the Service which in turn sends the information to the Lebermans. For instance, he banded an evening grosbeak January 31, 1962. Several months later an IBM card in the mail told him the bird had landed in Chisholm, Minn., April 18.

First Permits in Area

The family were bird watchers for a number of years before the boys and their mother became the first in this part of the state to be granted netting permits. They must have licenses from the state and Federal governments to carry on the work.

It's an expensive hobby, Mrs. Leberman admits, because they buy all their own equipment except the bands—some small enough for a warbler, others large enough for a goose—which are furnished by the government.

They make no attempt to catch such game birds as wild ducks, geese and pheasants, but if any stumbles into the nets by accident it is banded and sent on its way. Of course they don't aim to snare squirrels or chipmunks either but occasionally one is found cupped in the nylon.

Starlings and Sparrows Wary

Word must have gone around among the starlings and English sparrows that banding is going on at Lebermans because none will come any nearer than the neighbor's apple tree, Mrs. Leberman reported. As for the other species, not quite so clever, some are caught over and over again, as many as six or seven times.

The most common birds in these parts are the bluejays, catbirds and robins, say Ronald and his mother. The songbirds winter in the south—the seed-eaters stay put.

All the nets must be furled at night, mainly because a bird caught in the dark would be helpless against its night-prowling arch enemy, the cat.

Trap Used in Winter

During the winter snows the nets, which necessitate tramping all over the high hill, are abandoned and an "Australian crow trap" is used in their place. This is a large chicken-wired enclosure with a roof that slants from both sides toward a board in the center. Below holes in this board is food which entices passing birds inside the



BLACKPOLL WARBLER assumes a resigned expression of a patient in the dentist's chair as Ronald Leberman bands his leg. It was one of 20,000 birds of passage recorded by the bander since 1958.

coop. Once inside they can't find their way out again because of an intricacy of wires hanging from the board.

The difficult part for the Lebermans is yet to come. One of them must enter the coop through the door and catch the trapped birds in order to band them.

Full-time Occupation

The hobby is a full-time occupation, according to Mrs. Leberman, especially when she is alone with the charges. When the weather is cold and the nets are still up, her hourly rounds occupy nearly an hour each.

By the time she has donned coat, boots, hat and gloves and climbed over the hill checking each of the seven nets—some of them 40 feet long—banders are allowed ten altogether—and returned to the house, it's almost time to start out again.

Poor Year for Birds

Only 1,778 birds of 100 species were banded by the Lebermans in all of 1963, a poor year for birds, they maintain. The only reason they can assign for the low total is last year's long



A LICENSED BIRD BANDER herself, Mrs. C. J. Leberman shows the technique of holding a small songbird. This magnolia warbler was trapped at Saeger Hill in Meadville as it was migrating south last fall.

drought in summer and fall.

Arrival of the evening grosbeaks last fall was expected to help the year's poor showing but only 32 of the species showed up at the Leberman property.

This year, as of June 10, Ronald and Mrs. Leberman already have banded 1,342 birds of 68 species. In startling contrast to last year, 540 evening grosbeaks have been recorded so far.

The situation, however, was the same everywhere in this area last year. In late September Ronald and his mother made a field trip to Presque Isle and the Pymatuning area with other bird banders. All told they tallied only 104 species as compared to the 130 or more they usually find at that time of year. The trip was made worthwhile by their sighting two unusual birds, a Hudsonian godwit and a knot, each a member of the sandpiper family.

Robert is the official voice of federated bird clubs in Ashtabula, Ohio; Erie and Meadville in his capacity as editor of the *Sandpiper*, a quarterly magazine which keeps its subscribers informed as to the latest doings and the latest count among the birds of passage.

Protected Hawks

All hawks are protected during September and October in the following area:

Beginning at Easton, Pa., and extending in a southwesterly direction along U. S. Highway Route No. 22 to the Susquehanna River at Harrisburg; thence extending in a northerly direction along the Susquehanna River and the west branch thereof to a point where State Route No. 405 transverses said river at Muncy, Pa.; thence in a northeasterly direction along State Route No. 405 to Hughesville, Pa.; thence extending in an easterly direction along State Route No. 118 to the junction of State Route No. 29 at Pikes Creek, Pa.; thence in a northerly direction along State Route No. 29 to the Pennsylvania State Line; thence in an easterly direction and thence in a southerly direction along the Pennsylvania State Line to Easton, Pa., the point of beginning.

***A Little Pre-Season Preparation
Could Make the Difference in a Shot . . .***

Sighting for a Hit

By Don Lewis

Photos by the Author

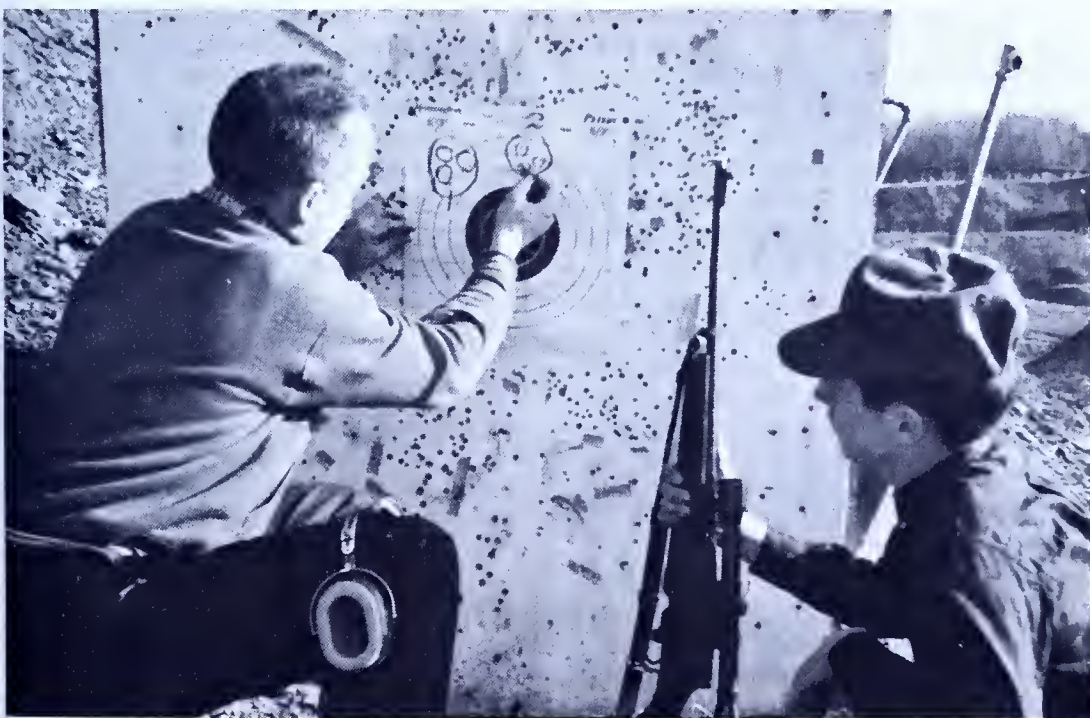
The 1963 Pennsylvania deer season is ancient history, yet to many a hunter the pangs of anger and humiliation are still very fresh in his mind. It is hard to forget the easy shot that was missed or the bitterness that imbeds itself deep in the soul when several opportunities are blown by poor shooting.

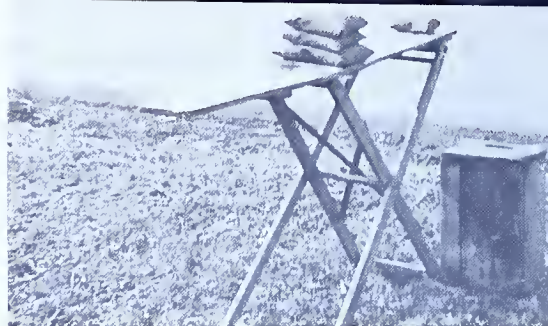
By now our hunter friend has convinced himself to sell the old rifle, go back to pumpkin balls or give up hunting altogether. In his distress and embarrassment, he is blaming his equipment or his own poor shooting when the simple truth might be that

his only fault was not having his rifle properly sighted in. This is a hidden danger in every rifle and yet it is one that receives very little attention from the average deer hunter. For some strange reason, the belief seems to be that a rifle is factory sighted and stays that way or once it is adjusted and tightened it can't move.

First, all guns regardless of caliber or sighting device must be occasionally sighted in. Anything from a fall or sharp blow to a severe change in temperature could affect the sighting alignment on your rifle. Even leaning a rifle in a corner for a long period

DO NOT WORRY where the rifle shots are hitting on the first group of three. The important thing is to determine where the rifle is actually placing the shots in relation to where you are aiming.





TO GET THE BEST RESULTS, you should shoot from a good rest and out of a comfortable position. An old collapsible ironing board and a folding camp stool are easy to transport and they make a perfect portable combination.

of time can change the point of impact and constant shooting of a new rifle or newly stocked job will hammer it deeper in the wood and have some effect on its bullet placement. Simply tightening the screws around the scope or on the rifle itself or removing the action and barrel out of the stock could change the sighting arrangement enough to make you miss a precision shot at distances of a hundred yards or more. Never take it for granted that a rifle is sighted in until you fire a few shots to prove it.

Secondly, the rifle should be sighted in by the person who will use it. Since this is not practical in many cases or facilities are not available, it's no reflection on your shooting ability to have someone who is competent do it for you. If your rifle is equipped with open sights, it is next to impossible for another person to precisely shoot it in for you. Perhaps it can be lined up for windage but very few people look through or over iron sights the same way. I usually sight the rifle in for my own sight picture and then help the owner adjust the elevation for his own particular style of shooting. Scopes are a little different since you have but one factor, the reticule, to consider. In most cases a scoped rifle can be shot in by one person and successfully used by another. Here again the rifle should be fired by the user and adjusted to his way of shooting.

Several advantages will be gained by doing some extra shooting to make certain the rifle is sighted in for you. Along with assuring yourself where the rifle is hitting, you will get the

feel of the trigger and will more or less familiarize yourself with the gun in general. The cost of several dozen shells in shooting under these conditions will more than pay for themselves when you take to the woods.

You don't have to be a dead shot to shoot a rifle in. You can easily shoot your rifle in by following these few instructions. To get the best results, you should shoot from a good rest and out of a comfortable position. An old collapsible ironing board and a folding camp stool are easy to transport and they make a perfect portable combination. Other items you will need will be several small sacks of sand or sawdust, a hammer and blunt punch, a screwdriver or two and, of course, some targets. For open sights, use about a 9-inch black bull and for scopes about a 4-inch bull and if possible tape the targets on a large piece of cardboard. In case your rifle is really off and you miss the entire target paper you will still be able to see where the bullets are hitting in the cardboard. A distance of 100 yards is adequate and by all means shoot where there is a good backstop for the bullets to strike.

When you set up, place the forearm of the rifle on a stack of sandbags and not the barrel. If you desire, you can place a small sandbag or reach back with your left hand under the "toe" of the stock for extra support in holding the rifle. By gripping the toe of the stock with the thumb and first two fingers you will be able to keep the rifle from canting or leaning.

Above everything else in shooting in a rifle is the sight picture and the

trigger pull. To overcome these two problems, it is best to get into position and dry fire using the same techniques you would use in actual firing. Get a good sight picture, hold your breath and slowly squeeze on the trigger until the hammer falls. Repeat this little drill over and over and it won't take long to get a good feel of the trigger.

When you commence hot firing, don't fire too rapidly since most hunting shots are taken from cold barrels. Space your shots so the barrel does not become overheated.

Ready to Begin

Now that you are ready to begin firing, fire three shots using the same sight picture and steady trigger pull every time. Do not worry where they are hitting for what you are trying to do is to form a group that will prove to you where the rifle is actually placing its shots. Do not make any adjustments during this firing. Circle or tape these holes so you won't get them confused with later shots and measure approximately how far you are from the center of the bull. If this group formed a foot low and six inches to the right, you will have to raise the back sight and move it to the left. The rear sight is always moved in the direction you want the bullet to move and the front sight in the opposite direction. A word of caution would be to move the sight a little at a time. On iron sights that have no adjustment marks you can scratch a line down the center of the sight onto the barrel. This will show you where you began and when you are adjusting, it will indicate how far you have moved it. When you have made your first adjustment, fire another group of three shots and if you are taking the same hold every time and getting off a good pull the group should have moved closer to the bull. From here on, it is just a matter of shooting and adjusting until you are satisfied that your rifle is shot in. If you have a

problem where the bullets are striking high and the rear sight is down as far as it will go, you will have to put on a higher front sight and if the bullets strike low and there is no adjustment on the back sight you can file off the front sight. Make all adjustments carefully and never file too much at one time. Shoot another group to see how you are coming.

With scopes you will find they have metering knobs on them and an arrow will tell you which way to turn to move the bullet. On hunting scopes each click will move the bullet about one inch at 100 yards. If the crosshairs move away off center or if the scope runs out of adjustment before the bullets are in the bull you will probably have to use the service of a gunsmith. He will center your crosshairs and rework your scope mount until the scope is actually on the center of the rifle action.

The essential things to remember would be: use a rest, shoot from a comfortable position, shoot groups of three each time before adjusting, use the same sight picture every time and use caution in making your adjustments.

Worth the Trouble

In summing it all up, you might find that you have gone through several boxes of shells but you will also have the firsthand knowledge that your rifle is shot in and that you know the proper sight picture to take to make a precise shot and it won't be guesswork either.

It's a shame to spend money on license, guns, camp and supplies and then hunt with a rifle that will cause you to fail. A rifle needs to be shot in before every major hunt. Some wise old hunter once said that if you had only four shells it would be smart to shoot three of them to sight the rifle in and from my experience and a number of years of shooting, I'm inclined to agree. . . .

EARLY MORNING HUNT CROW

By
DAVID S. BAIRD



N.A. ROS

It Was the Dark, Dark of the Night Just Before the First Light of Dawn . . .

YOU could see the headlights and hear the motor about a half mile downhill. It was the dark, dark of the night, just before the first light of dawn. No traffic yet. Here and there a bedroom, then a bath, and a kitchen light went on, in a half hour the shop men would be going to work. Dave was waiting for Bill. They were storekeepers and the stores didn't open until nine o'clock. Plenty of time for an early morning crow hunt. Dave was seated on the top step of his front porch. He heard the cock crow, the night bird wing by, the rustle of a small mouse, the odd noises that man can't always identify. Dave felt the night and the dawn to come with their cold dews and damps. He cocked his ear, Bill's car was slowing down for his driveway.

Dave moved off his top step and grabbed his 12-gauge, single barrel, long tom. It looked so long that he could have used it for anti-aircraft. He'd picked it up at an auction for \$11 and it would pick off a blue jay in a tall oak tree. It shot like a rifle really, held a pattern, and had a full choke. Guys that had laughed at that cheap single barrel had tried to buy it. It wasn't for sale. Dave's hunting license was in the middle of a beat-up Duck's Bak mud-colored coat. He had on old Army pants, rubber-footed boots with leather tops.

Bill had an L. C. Smith field grade, red and black wool shirt, duck pants, and high hunting boots. These were small town men going early morning crow hunting. They were dressed for the job, warm and comfortable, good boots, good weapons, all set. No one would ever have taken a picture of them for a fashion magazine.

Dave opened the station wagon door, "Hi, nice morning."

"Boy, you're really ready," Bill an-

swered. "Where do we go from here?"

As Dave got in he replied, "Bill, we want to get into that woods right over there, but we have to sneak in, we don't dare cross the open field, they're in there. I watch them fly out every morning when I shave. I can see them from that bathroom window here in the front of our house. We should be able to get some shooting if we're careful. Let's go over to the Williamson's road and park at Mack's barn. I've got Mac's permission, he knows we're coming and that we're going to crow hunt his woods."

Bill looked right, then left, no lights coming, then he backed out on the highway and headed out of town toward Mac's farm. A mile down the road he turned left on a dirt road and a mile later he turned into Mac's driveway and parked behind the barn. One thing about a small Pennsylvania town like Greenville, you may not make a million dollars but you are only ten minutes away from legal country hunting. On the short trip over, the men made small talk. The kind the wives always wonder about. If the wives were mice in a corner they would have heard something like this:

Dave: "How's the family?"

Bill: "Fine."

Dave: "Did your dog make a fuss when he saw you going hunting with the gun and gear?"

Bill: "No, I snuck out the front door and the hound didn't see me."

Dave: "How about the boys?"

Bill: "They didn't think much of me going crow hunting when they had to go to school."

Dave: "The wife's shook about me. She claims I can't hear an alarm clock but by some strange feat of magic I can always get up on time to go hunting. She doesn't understand it. It's

just a mental alarm clock. We're here."

Now the sky was changing to a dirty gray, no longer black, and not yet light, but glowing lighter all the time. Bill and Dave got out of the car. Nothing moved at Mac's house, too early. Bill locked the car.

Bill looked at Dave, "Where do we go from here?"

"Well, Bill, I'll tell you, we walk down the edge of this field and take cover along that brush row, we'll go into the woods along a tractor trail, through the thorn bush, and into the oak woods. The trees in there are over two hundred years old. Never been an axe in there, some of the big ones have blown over from the high winds. It's always the big trees that go down, never the little ones. The big trees are top heavy with leaves just like a big sail. When we get a high wind, the trees are vulnerable. The crows are in the top of those big oak trees. We'll look for droppings. Before we take this walk, we better load and lock. One click in that woods and good-by crows. I enjoy talking and you're the quiet type so if we have anything to say we'll have to say it now. Once we leave this yard I've got to keep my big mouth shut."

Bill looked at Dave and said, "Let's go."

Two Silent Men

Did you ever stalk crows in the early morning light, with the dew under your feet? Two silent men took advantage of the cover and walked down the pony path into the thorn thicket, here they took the tractor trail through the thorns. And not a word was said. They moved like slow shadows. Their feet were silent on the dew covered grass. Nothing else made any noise. If you want to hear nature in a field or woods you must sit still for 20 or 30 minutes. When man is quiet, nature will resume its noisy work. When a 200-pound man moves through a field all nature stops, holds its breath, until man walks by. The

field lay quiet. Bill and Dave entered the virgin woods. Now they watched their feet and moved very slowly. They looked for crow droppings and dead sticks. Step on a dead stick and the hunt would be over. It would sound like a pistol shot. A third of the way into the woods they found the droppings but they couldn't see a single crow. The oak and maple trees were big and tall, there was a faint stirring in the leaves, could be a breeze, could be a flock of crows still in bed. A hunter doesn't shoot at a breeze, or at something he can't see; this just isn't done.

What to Do?

Bill looked at Dave and shrugged his shoulders and looked up, Dave looked at Bill and pulled a black rubber crow call out of his pocket and held it up with a questioning glance. Bill nodded, "Yes." Not a word had been spoken. Within 15 minutes the two men had gone back 2,000 years. The same two could have crawled out of caves and gone on an early morning hunt with bows and spears. Not a word had been spoken, yet there was communication. Dave put the crow call between his teeth, sucked air into his belly, and from deep down grunted out three fighting CAWS CAWS CAWS like an injured young crow call, he then spat out the rubber crow call and whistled high and shrill through his teeth—a hawk call.

The tree tops exploded with fighting crows. Bill made a double on the first pair of low flying scouts. Dave's 12-gauge blasted number 5's at a diving black bomb. There was a rumpled distortion of black feathers. Three down and wild reloading. Wild cawing on the crow call. Wild whistling the hawk call. Wild shooting at crows just out of range and getting farther out of range fast. Thirty seconds and the hunt was all over. HOW do you explain a crow hunt to a wife?

You might tell her you traded two hours early morning sleep for 30 sec-

onds of shooting. She won't understand that. You might tell her that once that morning you went back into time 2,000 years ago and stalked game and made a kill. She won't understand that. You might tell her that crows eat farmers' corn. She won't understand that. You might tell her that crows rob bird nests and eat duck eggs. She will understand that.

Time to go home to a good breakfast then off to a day's work, open the store and think of the morning.

Now Bill and Dave were noisy . . .

Bill: "That call really worked!"

Dave: "Yeah, that was a nice double you made, did you see them haul tail out of here?"

Bill: "Might as well go back."

Dave: "Sun looks good, hate to work inside on a day like this."

Bill: "There's a hunting cat."

Dave: "Looks like Mac's barn cat, see the spots."

Bill: "Don't look too hungry."

Dave: "Naw, it just hunts to hunt."

Dave: "Better leave it be."



THIRTY SECONDS and the hunt was all over. How do you explain a crow hunt to a wife?

Bill: "Yeah, Mac wouldn't take too kindly to us shooting it."

Bill: "Let's go home."

About Killing Dogs

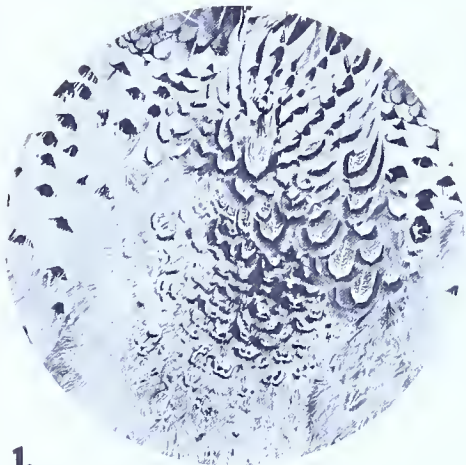
Occasionally a valuable dog will pursue the trail of a deer and is destroyed by a well meaning person. Hunters are cautioned to exercise care and discretion. The law now requires that a person destroying a dog must report the killing to the owner of the dog or a Game Protector within five days.

Fires on Game Lands

It is unlawful to build fires on, or cut or remove trees, shrubs or vines from State Game Lands, or camp thereon. Penalty \$25.

Revoking of Hunting Rights

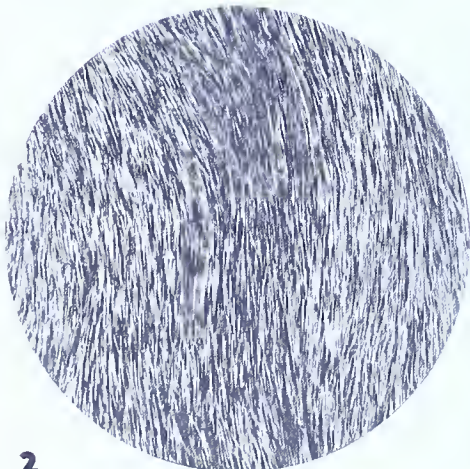
In addition to the payment of fines for infractions of the Game Law, the Game Commission may also deny any person the right to hunt or trap in Pennsylvania.



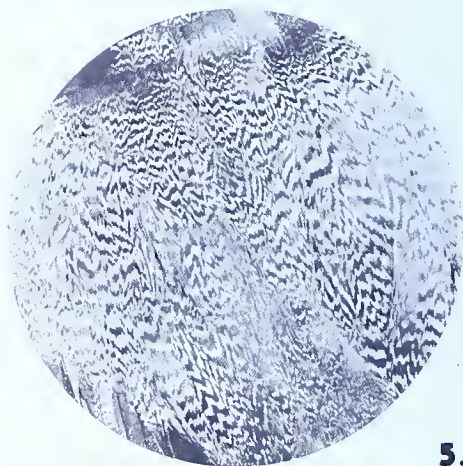
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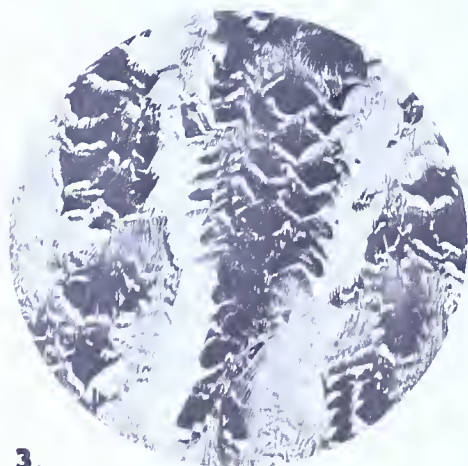


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WILDLIFE

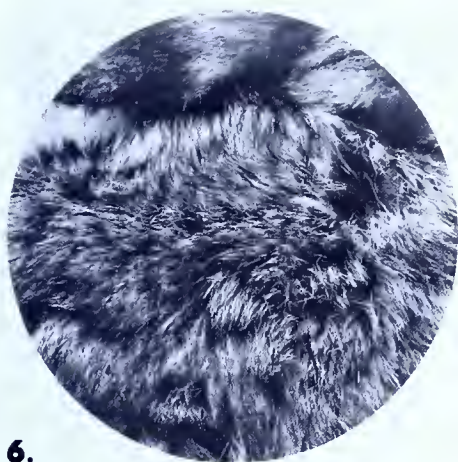


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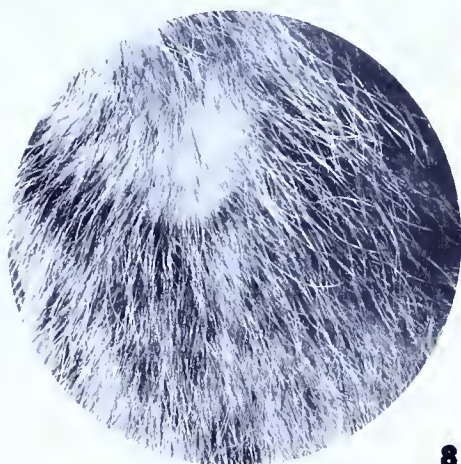
GARMENTS of wildlife serve a many purposes. Feathers provide both good insulation and also permit body heat to dissipate. Plumage withstands severe wear and tear. Horns and antlers are outcroppings and rarely take on a shape.

Further, the feathers of fowls and mammals are in a variety of colors and patterns encountered by predator or man when they are in the field, or a bunny sitting snugly in a hole.

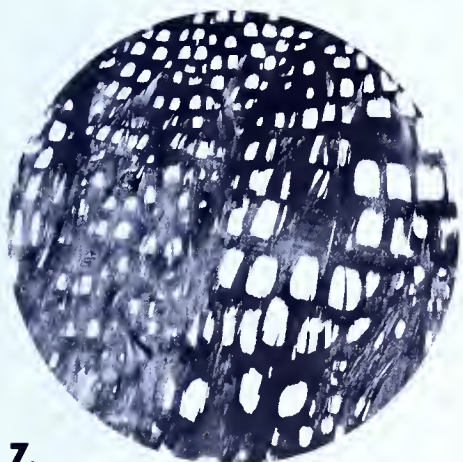
Lastly, the furs and plumage provide protection for the creatures. And that's what we are after in the display of furs and feathers. If you have spent much time in the field should be able to identify some garments. See Answers on Page 33.



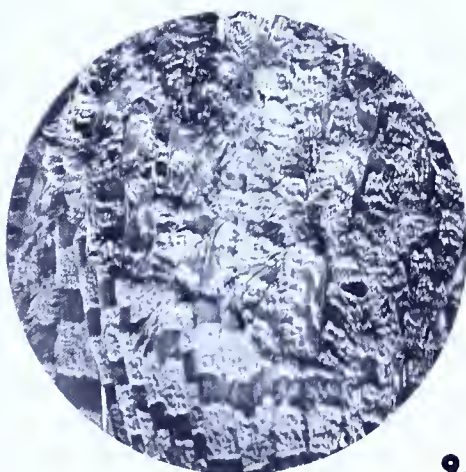
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MENTS

their owners. Thick furs and downy
sary warmth during winter weather,
g the hot summer months. These gar-
ged bark of trees and sharp rocky
ce.

mals, each tinted with unusual mark-
ative camouflage. Picture the difficulty
a woodcock nestled in fallen alder
lement!

keys to the identification of our wild
here. Pause for a moment and glance
Without hesitation, those who have
tly identify the owners of these hand-



10.



FIELD NOTES



Adoption

LYCOMING COUNTY — During the month of June, Food and Cover Corps employe Ernest Wilson and I were releasing 5-week-old ducklings on the Susquehanna River near Jersey Shore. We put ten ducklings on the river when suddenly an old mallard hen appeared and after going through some strange antics, immediately adopted the ten ducklings and swam up the river with the ducklings following. A short time later we saw her leading the ducklings into a nearby cornfield. — District Game Protector Michael Evancho, Jersey Shore.

Little Villain

FAYETTE COUNTY — The rabbit damage complaints this spring and early summer on flowers and shrubbery doubled over last year's same period. However, this year two such complaints were annulled by the same complainants. In both cases, chipmunks were observed eating the flowers and shrubs for which the cottontails would have been blamed.— District Game Protector Alex Ziros, Connellsville.



Curtain Time

CLEARFIELD COUNTY — Last month I took two very good friends of mine, Mr. and Mrs. James Kelbaugh from Maryland, on a tour of some of our Game Lands. At one point in the tour we followed a dirt road that passed through the heart of the Game Lands. I'm afraid I did a little boasting on the variety of wildlife to be found here. Deer, turkeys, bears and even rattlesnakes were mentioned by me as being quite abundant. If the Kelbaughs were at all skeptical in the beginning, I'm sure they weren't by the time the tour was over. We were fortunate to see several deer and rabbits and kill a three-foot rattlesnake as it tried to cross the trail. As we paused at a food plot to view the fine plantings done by our Food and Cover Corps, a large turkey hen bolted from the vegetation only a few feet in front of us. She was followed rapidly by her brood of 14 chicks. In addition to the wildlife we actually saw, we found tracks in the dirt where foxes, raccoons, grouse and even a bear had passed before us. So well did my little boast come true, I began to feel that the animals were hiding behind bushes awaiting their cues to perform.— District Game Protector Lawrence Kuznar, Ramey.

Doe With Antlers

FULTON COUNTY—On June 25 I picked up a road-killed antlered doe deer two miles west of Warfordsburg on U. S. 70. She had nursed a fawn or fawns, but we were unable to locate them. She had spikes about 1½ inches long in bulby velvet. In all probability they would have reached 3 or 4 inches by fall.—District Game Protector Carl E. Jarrett, McConnellsburg.

Snapper Attack

BUTLER COUNTY—On June 19, accompanied by my wife Sandy and my son Todd, I was releasing four-week-old ducklings along the south branch of Slippery Rock Creek on Farm-Game Project 188. As we turned out the final ten ducklings, we paused a few minutes to watch them swim about and drink, as they had been in the crate en route from the Waterford Farm most of the day and seemed quite thirsty. As they swam down the creek, one of the ducklings fell behind the rest and began raising quite a commotion. I thought perhaps its leg band had become tangled among the vegetation that grew in the water, but as its cries became more pitiful, I began to wonder. My wife asked me if I couldn't help the "poor thing," so pants, shoes and all I waded into the waist-deep water. Immediately I saw that a huge snapping turtle had caught the duckling by the leg and was trying to pull it under. As I couldn't see the snapper's tail (the only safe place to hold one) I picked it up by the shell. It released the duckling and began snapping at my fingers. Not caring much for this idea, I threw the turtle as far up into the bank as I could from my awkward position. Before I could get out of the water to head him off, he toppled back down the bank into the water, and to my knowledge is still there. At last report, he has not had any further luck as far as ducklings are concerned.—District Game Protector W. Ned Weston, West Sunbury.

Little Frost Damage

LUZERNE COUNTY — Numerous areas have been checked to determine amount of frost damage. According to the fruiting, we suffered very little damage. Beech, oak and ash are carrying a fine supply of food. Grape and apple will have ideal fruiting.—Supervisor Roy W. Trexler, Dallas.

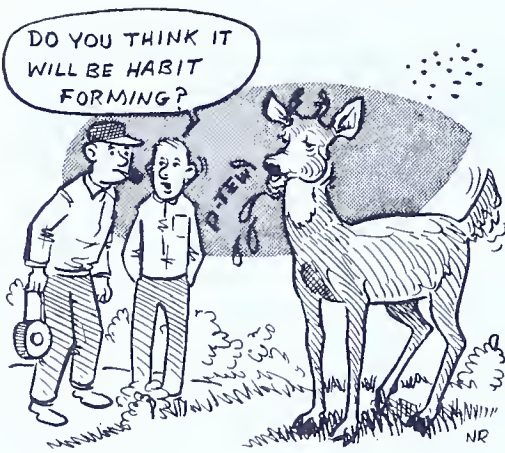


Coon Caller

CLEARFIELD COUNTY — Paul Failer, Game Commission Predator Control Agent from Harrisburg, was up one day with his electronic caller. I had never used one to call gray foxes. In this one area we set up the caller and sat down beside it. The record played about a minute when the ferns began to shake. No, it wasn't a fox coming to the call, but one mad mother raccoon. She tried to fight the speaker and had to be pushed away. I still haven't seen a fox come to an electronic caller, but if you want an old, mad coon after you, I know how to do it.—District Game Protector Guy W. Waldman, Morrisdale.

Tragic End

BEDFORD COUNTY—It is very apparent that game is constantly losing the battle of survival to the modern farming machinery as is illustrated by the experience of Perry Morgart of Bedford. Perry relates that while mowing a small patch of hay near his barn he mowed over four ringneck nests. Normally one would expect the birds would renest this early in the year. But the real tragedy lies in the fact that three of the hens flew off and left both legs lying on the nest.—District Game Protector John Troutman, Everett.



Tobacco Chewing Buck

JEFFERSON COUNTY—The following incident was related to several of my deputies by an employee of the Pennsylvania Gas Company of Jefferson County. When the Gas Company employees were checking and gauging wells in a certain location, a small male deer would come to them for a serving of Prince Albert pipe tobacco which he thoroughly enjoyed. At one particular time last winter when Milt Lindemuth was gauging a well and had his back turned to the cold wind, he felt a nudge on his elbow and turning, found his friend there for a helping of pipe tobacco. But the payoff came recently when the buck made his appearance at the same location this summer and stood still long enough to have his antlers measured—they were in the velvet and measured exactly four inches. — District Game Protector George Miller, Sigle.

Double Header

CARBON COUNTY—While checking fox traps on State Game Lands No. 141, I came to one with a skunk in it. I got a surprise when I got closer and saw two heads instead of one. I had caught a female and a young skunk, both in the same trap at the same time.—District Game Protector David L. Moyer, Jim Thorpe.

Maskless Coon

CENTRE COUNTY—On June 10, I received a call from Leslie Meckley, a local poultry farmer, concerning the loss of a number of chickens believed to be caused by raccoons. That evening I set several traps in and along possible routes these bushy-tailed marauders might travel and asked Mr. Meckley to check the traps and call me if any more help was needed. The following morning I was again called to the Meckley farm to identify an animal caught in one of the traps. The culprit was a large female raccoon, lacking the black mask or the rings on the tail, and was completely blond in color. After stopping at the *Centre Daily Times*, this robber without a mask was taken to the Wildlife Extension at Penn State University, where there is an interest in color phases of various animals and where the stomach contents could be examined. Anyone care to guess as to the outcome of the examination?—District Game Protector Joseph Wiker, Pine Grove Mills.

An Ill Wind

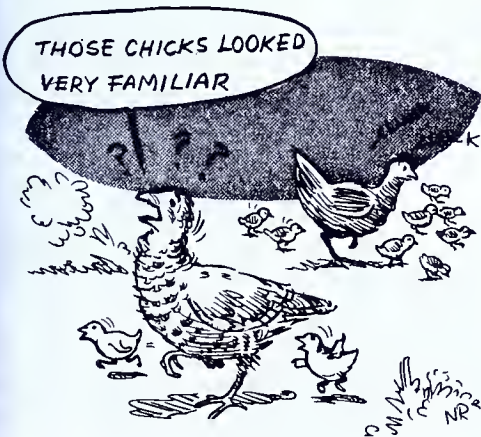
POTTER AND TIOGA COUNTIES—An infestation of fall canker worms has defoliated many trees on the Weimer Hollow section of State Game Lands No. 59, Potter County, also some acreage on the Castle Hollow area of State Game Lands No. 204, Potter County, has been damaged by these worms. The extent of the damage is unknown at this time but some of the affected trees will recover without apparent damage. I have noticed grasses and other vegetation have grown to good size in the areas where the leaf cover of trees has been removed by the worms. This will provide some food for wildlife, at least deer should benefit to some extent. To prove an old adage: "An ill wind," etc.—Land Manager Gerald W. Cyphert, Westfield.

Adventure Is His Job

MONROE COUNTY — Besides the usual Game Commission work which is never routine, since I have been in this district I have helped in murder and bank robbery investigations, the disastrous flood of 1955 and now the explosion of a truck carrying 30,000 lbs. of explosives that killed six people, injured 10 others and demolished a reptile farm either killing or freeing over 100 poisonous snakes.—District Game Protector John H. Doebling, E. Stroudsburg.

Mother Mix-Up

SOMERSET COUNTY—On June 9 while on patrol with a Farm-Game Manager, I checked a call received from a Rockwood area resident. This man discovered a grouse nest near his property and put two banty eggs in the nest; the banty eggs hatched out first and the grouse left with the banty chicks. This man then took the grouse eggs and placed them under the banty hen. All nine eggs hatched and we observed the banty hen with the nine grouse chicks working and picking through the woods. At last reports the grouse was seen about one-half mile away with the two banty chicks; and the banty hen still has the nine grouse chicks. — District Game Protector Edward Cox, Somerset.



Nudists Find Fawn

GREENE COUNTY — The boundary line of a recently acquired Game Land in my district joins a nudist colony in a well secluded area. On June 5, I received a call from a nearby resident to pick up a fawn deer. This person informed me that some nudists had picked up the "LOST" fawn, which was all alone in the big woods. Now I often wonder how these nature lovers would take it if I found one of their "LOST" sun-tanned beauties and took her home.—I know for sure how my wife would appreciate this sort of rescue. — District Game Protector Theodore Veslowski, Carmichaels.

A Mouthful

PIKE COUNTY — On June 4 as Elmer Wering, owner of the Coffee Shop in Milford, was returning to his home just across the Delaware River in Sussex County, N. J., he observed a red fox standing along the edge of a cleared field with a large object in its mouth. When the fox saw the car stop he dropped what he was carrying and took off. Wering went over to investigate and discovered that the fox was carrying one small woodchuck, one half-grown rabbit and four baby rabbits which were still hairless and evidently only a couple of days old. That's what I call a mouthful.—District Game Protector Daniel S. McPeck, Jr., Matamoras.

Hooked Duckling

POTTER COUNTY—Upon returning to my office one evening during the past month, I found a message awaiting me that a duck was tangled in a fish line in a beaver pond. I went to the pond and after some hunting, located the bird. It was a young mallard about three weeks old and it was hanging with just its tail and feet touching the water. I waded out to it and found that a fisherman had fouled a line on a dead limb and had broken it off. The hook was hanging about 18 inches above the water and had a worm on it. The duck had jumped up and grabbed the worm and the hook had caught it through the upper bill. When released, the duck did not seem any worse for its experience but would have certainly died if it had not been found.—District Game Protector William Neely, Austin.

Desire to Learn

VENANGO COUNTY — Stan Forbes, Commission Biologist, and myself witnessed an unusual sight at the Ross Leffler School of Conservation recently. A ground hog was observed sitting on the steps of the classroom building—facing the closed door as if waiting to enter. There were thirty men inside listening to a lecture on wildlife research—he was interested, too.—Conservation Information Assistant Robert Parlamen, Franklin.



A Meat Eater

GREENE COUNTY — In the early part of June I was on patrol in Jackson Township and noticed a ground hog in the middle of the road. The hog ran as I came near and I stopped to check what the ground hog was doing, and much to my surprise I found that herbivorous chunky was feeding on a dead rabbit.—District Game Protector Leslie V. Haines, Waynesburg.

Spared Pheasants

BEDFORD COUNTY—Due to the farmers getting in touch with me when they mow into a pheasant nest we will have quite a few extra pheasants in Bedford County this year. One of my deputies has gone to the trouble to hatch these eggs and withstood the expense of feeding them after they have hatched. These birds were turned out in late summer.—District Game Protector Dale L. Stitt, New Enterprise.

Good Grouse Year

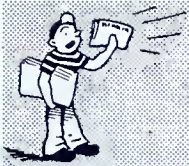
CLARION COUNTY — This looks like it should be a good year for the grouse hunter; I have been seeing quite a few grouse chicks this spring.—District Game Protector Jack Lavery, Clarion.

Lots of Food

CAMBRIA COUNTY—Food conditions are the best in my district for several years. Oaks, cherry are all producing. All the shrubs are full of fruit.—District Game Protector Louis Mostoller, Johnstown.

Rabbits Abundant

SNYDER COUNTY—June 22 while driving approximately 2 miles of roads on State Game Lands No. 194 I counted 24 full-grown rabbits. Most of them were in the road through alfalfa and grass strips.—Land Manager Raymond Holtzapple, Middleburg.



CONSERVATION NEWS



PGC Photo by Bob Parlamen

GEESE WILL BE HONKING by the thousands again soon at the Game Commission's Pymatuning Goose Management Area in Crawford County. Those who would like to hunt on the controlled area are encouraged to make application for a blind between September 1 and October 1. These four Franklin hunters had a successful day on the Goose Area last fall. Left to right are Dick Bell, Ralph Bell, Dave Frazier and Carl Edwards.

Pymatuning Goose Blind Applications Accepted Sept. 1

Goose blind applications for the Pymatuning Goose Management Area will be accepted between September 1 and October 1, announced the Pennsylvania Game Commission recently.

Forty blinds will be used during the 1964 season accommodating about 4,000 gunners (one reservation holder and three guests in each). This is the same number as last year.

Seasons and bag limits have not yet been set by the Federal Government at GAME NEWS press time, but these dates are usually announced in August.

The Commission is hopeful of open-

ing the Goose Management Area on or around October 12.

During last season, the second for the controlled Goose Management Area, 2,122 geese were killed throughout the Pymatuning Area. This compares to 500 killed during peak years prior to the opening of the controlled shooting. A total of 1,383 geese were killed on the controlled area.

The public is invited to witness the drawing of the winning blind reservations on Saturday, October 3, at the Registration Building on the Goose Management Area between Linesville and Hartstown.

The following rules and regulations will be used in applying for reservations:

1. Applications available through any Game Protector; Field Division Office; Pymatuning Goose Management Area, R. D. 1, Hartstown, Pa.; or Pennsylvania Game Commission, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120.

2. Reservation requests on official application forms must be submitted to the Pymatuning Goose Management Area, R. D. 1, Hartstown, Pa. Applications are now available. Such requests must be postmarked not later than October 1. Applications which are postmarked after the above date will be rejected. Applications will not be accepted prior to September 1. Your current hunting license number and letter must be listed on the application.

3. Only one official application per person may be submitted. Anyone submitting more than one (1) application

for a reservation will have all applications rejected.

4. Selections of mailed application forms will be made by random drawing from all eligible applications submitted. Drawing for reservations October 3.

5. Reservations are not transferable. The person whose name appears on the reservation must present the reservation in person at Pymatuning Goose Management Area headquarters. A reservation will entitle the applicant to bring not more than three (3) guests with him. (Guests must be present and register.)

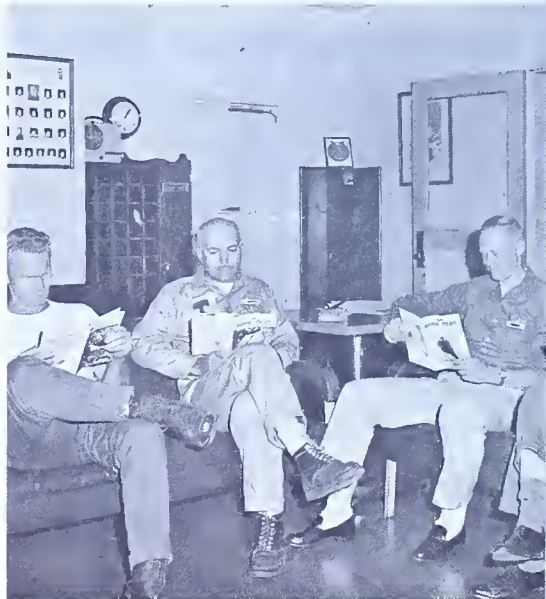
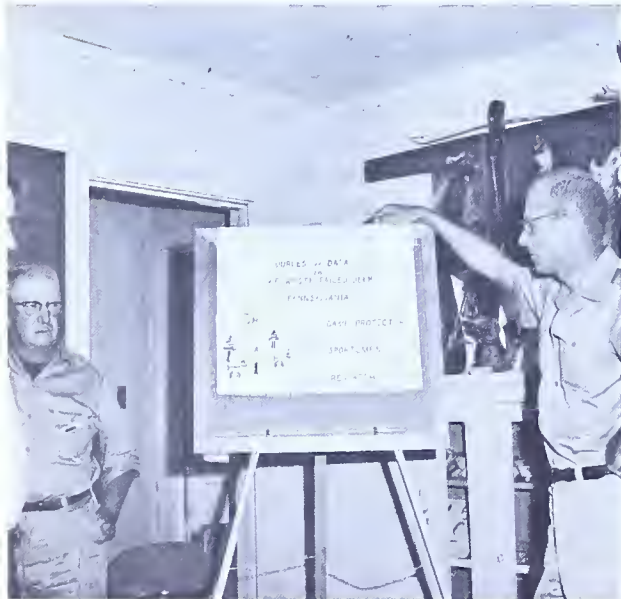
6. An individual may hunt only two (2) days per season as a reservation holder, or as a guest of a reservation holder, or by applying early each morning for unclaimed reservations.

7. All reservations for any one day will be valid only up to one-half ($\frac{1}{2}$) hour before shooting time.

Deputies Train at Conservation School

DEPUTY CLASS BREAK on June 25 at the Game Commission's Training School near Brockway. Questioning Game Biologist Stanley Forbes (right) are Deputies Joseph N. Faunce of Pipersville and Kenneth D. Thompson of Boyers. Reading in the lounge at the school are Deputies John W. Royal, Hartstown; John J. Salinsky, W. Pittston; Edward Schmatz of Warren; and Robert J. Rea of Franklin. Twenty-six deputies attended the third of six two-week courses held at the school this summer.

PGC Photos by Bob Parlamen



APPLICATION FOR HUNTING ON THE
PYMATUNING GOOSE MANAGEMENT AREA

Current Hunter's
License Number

Preferred Dates (List Two) Yes No (Check One)
I will accept any other dates available.

DO NOT WRITE ON THIS LINE:

Assignment Date:

Only one application may be submitted per person. Applications must be postmarked September 1 thru October 1. *Only successful applicants will be notified.* Shooting days--Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of each week.

DO NOT ENCLOSE ANY CORRESPONDENCE WITH THIS APPLICATION
(Do Not Tear Off)

RESERVATION FOR HUNTING ON THE
PYMATUNING GOOSE MANAGEMENT AREA

Registration Center located on Rt. No. 285 between Hartstown and Linesville approximately four (4) miles north of Hartstown, Crawford County, Pa.

APPLICANTS PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS

DO NOT WRITE
IN THIS SPACE

TO:

Date

Blind No.

The above date has
been reserved for you.

SEND COMPLETED APPLICATION
IN AN ENVELOPE TO:

PENNSYLVANIA GAME COMMISSION
PYMATUNING GOOSE MANAGEMENT AREA
R. D. 1
HARTSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

(State) (City)

(Address)

(Name)

FROM:

(Do Not Tear Off)

INSTRUCTIONS FOR RESERVATION HOLDERS

Present this reservation at the Registration Building on date shown on reverse side. You are urged to arrive at least 1 hour before shooting time to allow for the issuance of permits. Before presenting this reservation at the check station, fill in the information requested below for you and your guests. Hunting licenses must be personally presented at the check station. Under no circumstances can reservations be transferred or the date changed. *This reservation is void if not presented ½ hour before daily starting time.*

PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT

(Hunter With Reservation and Guests)

Name

Address

City

State

Hunting
License No.

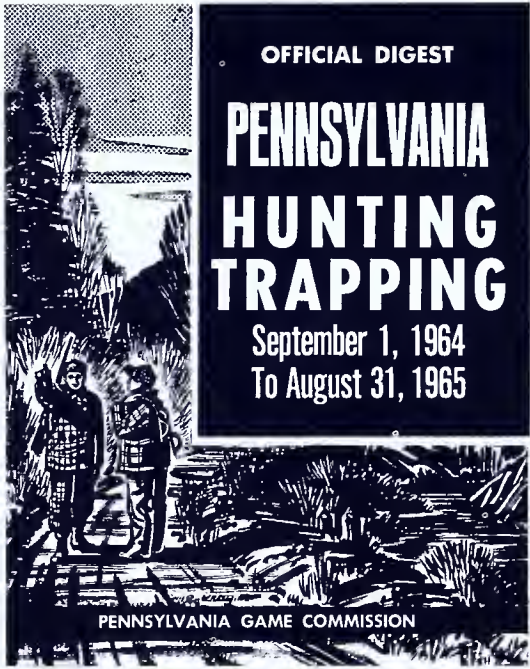
Dove, Woodcock Seasons Set

Season dates and bag limits on mourning doves, rails and gallinules, Wilson's snipe and woodcock were announced recently by the Pennsylvania Game Commission. Bag limits and the season framework for these and all other migratory birds are established by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service in Washington, following annual surveys of breeding populations.

The 1964 mourning dove season will open at 12 noon, EST, Tuesday, September 1, and close at sunset, November 9. Daily shooting hours will be 12 noon, EST, to sunset. The daily bag limit will be 12 doves with a possession limit of 24 after the first day. Last year the daily bag limit was 10 doves. The 1964 survey indicated a slight increase in mourning dove breeding populations and this is reflected in the increased bag limit. The length of the season and shooting hours are the same as last year.

The season on rails and gallinules also opens on September 1 and closes November 9. Daily shooting hours are sunrise to sunset. The daily bag and possession limits on rails and gallinules are 15 and 30, singly or in the aggregate of all species. In previous years, the daily bag for sora rails was 25 but a continuing loss of sora rail habitat and a significant downward trend in the sora population are reflected in the reduction in the daily limit from 25 to 15, singly or in the aggregate with other species. The length of the season is the same as in the last several years.

Wilson's snipe or jacksnipe may be hunted during the period September 21 to November 9, inclusive. Shooting hours will be sunrise to sunset. The daily bag and possession limits are 8 and 16. Population data on snipe indicate slight increases in each of the past three years. This is reflected in five additional shooting days in 1964 and in allowing a possession limit of 16 instead of 8.



A MUST FOR ALL PENNSYLVANIA hunters is the 1964-65 Official Digest for Hunting and Trapping. Available with every hunting license sold, the new pocket guide to seasons and bag limit, rules and regulations will be helpful to all sportsmen. Printed on yellow paper using black ink, the attractive digest is full of information about all phases of hunting, trapping, dog training, firearms regulations and safety tips. These handy pocket guides are also available free from the Pennsylvania Game Commission, Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pa., 17120, or any of the six Game Commission field division offices.

Woodcock season will begin October 10 and end November 28, with a daily bag limit of 5 and possession limit of 10. Shooting hours for woodcock will be sunrise to sunset. The 1964 singing ground counts of woodcock showed only a slight increase over last year and rates of reproduction have remained constant for the past three years, thus the 1964 season length and bag limit are the same as last year.

M. J. Golden, Game Commission Executive Director, reminded hunters that on October 31, 1964, the opening day of the general upland small game season, no wild bird or animal may be hunted prior to 8 a.m., EST. On the

opening day of the 1964 duck season, to be announced after mid-August, shooting hours for rails, gallinules, snipe and woodcock will be set back to 12 noon, EST, the opening hour for duck hunting.

Golden also pointed out that according to Federal regulations, one fully feathered wing must remain attached to all migratory game birds while being transported from the place where taken to the abode of the possessor or between the place where taken and a commercial preservation

facility. This means that hunters who pluck or dress migratory birds, including doves, away from the place where they will be consumed or stored, must allow one fully feathered wing to remain attached to each bird, so as to permit species identification. Previously, except for doves, Federal regulations required that the head and feet of migratory birds remained attached while being transported.

A summary of the 1964 migratory bird seasons, except waterfowl, follows:

<i>Species</i>	<i>Open Season</i>		<i>Daily Bag Limit</i>	<i>Max. Possession Limit</i>
	<i>First Day</i>	<i>Last Day</i>		
Mourning Doves	Sept. 1	Nov. 9	12	24
Rails and Gallinules	Sept. 1	Nov. 9	15*	30*
Wilson's Snipe or Jacksnipe	Sept. 21	Nov. 9	8	16
Woodcock	Oct. 10	Nov. 28	5	10

* singly or in the aggregate of species.

SHOOTING HOURS:

Doves — 12 o'clock noon, EST, to sunset.

Rails, gallinules, Wilson's snipe or jacksnipe, woodcock — Sunrise* to sunset.

* Except October 31 when the opening hour will be 8 a.m., EST, and 12 o'clock noon, EST, on the first day of the 1964 duck season to be announced after mid-August.

MISCELLANEOUS REGULATIONS FOR MIGRATORY BIRDS

FEDERAL MIGRATORY BIRD HUNTING STAMP ("DUCK" STAMP) NOT REQUIRED TO

HUNT DOVES, RAILS, GALLINULES, SNIPE OR WOODCOCK.

BOW AND ARROW, SHOTGUNS NOT LARGER THAN 10 GAUGE PLUGGED TO NO MORE THAN 3-SHELL CAPACITY ARE LEGAL. RIFLES AND PISTOLS ARE PROHIBITED.

NO HUNTING ON SUNDAY. ONE FULLY FEATHERED WING MUST REMAIN ATTACHED TO EACH MIGRATORY BIRD WHILE BEING TRANSPORTED.

Hunting Accident Report

If you are involved in a hunting accident, either as a victim or the person causing the accident (including self-inflicted injuries), you must REPORT WITHIN 72 hours. Obtain forms from Game Protectors or County Treasurers, fill them out in duplicate, and return them to any salaried field officer of the Commission or mail them to Pennsylvania Game Commission, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120. It is a violation of the law not to submit this report, or to flee, fail or refuse to render immediate and full assistance to the person injured in a hunting accident from firearms or bow and arrow.



PGC Photos by Bob Parlaman

1964 NATIONAL SCOUT JAMBOREE AT Valley Forge saw the Pennsylvania Game Commission taking an active part in firearms instruction and hunter safety. Game Protector in Cumberland County, Dorsey Smith (left), ran the .22 shotgun range while Perry A. Hilbert (right), Game Protector in Lebanon County, instructs Scouts in the use of a .22 shotgun. Some 35,000 Boy Scouts participated in the hunter safety and firearms instruction at the July Jamboree.

A-N-S-W-E-R-S to Quiz photos on
Pages 32 and 33.

1. Ringneck Pheasant
2. Rabbit (Cottontail)
3. Woodcock
4. Porcupine
5. Scaup Duck
6. Raccoon
7. Loon
8. Opossum
9. Great Horned Owl
10. Muskrat

Changing Your Address? Don't Forget GAME NEWS

The Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage and we cannot replace lost copies. **SO PLEASE . . .** at least six weeks before the first issue to go to the new address, send us your name, new address including zip code, and your old address. Mail to **GAME NEWS**, Pennsylvania Game Commission, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120.

First Woodchuck Hunting Fatality of 1964 . . .

Boy, 13, Dies from Shotgun Blast

A 13-year-old Fredericksburg R. D. 1 boy was killed accidentally on June 30 by a shotgun blast while he and his brother were hunting ground hogs.

Bethel Township Chief of Police Herbert Rhoades, the first officer at the scene, identified the boy as Timothy Peters, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Peters.

The youth was dead on arrival at Lebanon Good Samaritan Hospital at 7:22 p.m., a hospital spokesman said.

Chief Rhoades said the victim and his brother, Christopher, about 15, were on the roof of a farm building at their Meckville home, about 3½ miles north of here, looking for ground hogs when the accident occurred.

He said Christopher, carrying a 12-gauge shotgun, saw a ground hog and drew the firearm up to shoot. As he pulled the trigger, the younger boy apparently stood up to point out the animal and was struck in the back of the head by the shot, according to the chief.

Antlerless License Applications Accepted on September 21

The County Treasurers' Association announced recently that applications for Pennsylvania Antlerless Deer Licenses will be accepted by county treasurers on or after September 21. The date of license issuance, however, is not until November 9.

Counties are accepting the applications in three different ways: in person only, by mail or in person, or by mail only (See below for breakdown of county method of acceptance).

Applications must be accompanied by cash, check or money order in the amount of \$1.15. If applying by mail, an additional 10c should be enclosed.

Sale of these licenses is handled completely by the county treasurers' offices. The only involvement by the Game Commission is the establishment of the antlerless season and the number of permits to be available in each county. The total allocation for the state this year is 274,800 licenses. The 1964 two-day antlerless season is December 14 and 15.

PROCEDURE FOR APPLYING FOR 1964 ANTLERLESS DEER LICENSES

In Person Only

Fulton	(2)
Snyder	(1)
Venango	(3)
Wayne	(6)

*By Mail** or in Person*

In these counties licenses issued over counter or by mail.

Allegheny	(2)
Beaver	(6)
Bedford	(3)
Chester	(6)
Delaware	(6)
Erie	(6)
Juniata	(6)
Lawrence	(6)
Lebanon***	(1)
Mercer	(6)
Montgomery	(6)
Sullivan	(6)
Warren	(1)
Washington	(3)
York	(4)

In these counties ALL licenses will be mailed.

Adams	(4)
Cameron	(6)
Columbia	(6)
Dauphin	(6)
Elk	(6)
Fayette	(1)
Forest	(6)
Greene	(6)
Huntingdon	(6)
Jefferson	(6)
Lancaster	(6)
Lehigh	(6)
Lycoming	(6)
McKean	(5)
Mifflin	(3)
Montour	(6)

Northumberland	(1)
Pike	(3)
Potter	(6)
Susquehanna	(6)
Tioga	(5)
Union	(3)
Wyoming	(6)

*By Mail** Only*

Armstrong	(6)
Berks	(1)
Blair°	(1)
Bradford	(6)
Bucks	(6)
Butler	(6)
Cambria	(3)
Carbon	(1)
Centre	(1)
Clarion	(4)
Clearfield	(1)
Clinton	(1)
Crawford	(6)
Cumberland	(1)
Franklin	(2)
Indiana	(1)
Lackawanna	(6)
Luzerne****	(6)
Monroe	(1)
Northampton	(3)
Perry	(4)
Schuylkill	(4)
Somerset	(1)
Westmoreland	(2)

* Selection will be made by drawing.

** Letter must carry return address and be marked "ANTLERLESS DEER LICENSE APPLICATION."

*** Family units to same address will be accepted in same envelope. Licenses will be assigned by drawing.

**** Will accept applications on or after September 7.

ALL APPLICATIONS WILL BE ACCEPTED ONLY ON AND AFTER SEPTEMBER 21, 1964. LICENSES WILL BE ISSUED ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1964.

Numbers in parentheses indicate number of applications accepted by the County Treasurer in each county.

ANTLERLESS DEER SEASON—DECEMBER 14-15, 1964

TOTAL NUMBER OF ANTLERLESS DEER LICENSES IN STATE—274,800
(an increase of 70,000 over the 1963 total)

COUNTY TREASURERS' ASSOCIATION

GAME NEWS Story In JFK Library

An article appearing in the May, 1964, issue of GAME NEWS entitled "The New Pinchot Institute" will be added to papers to be preserved in the Kennedy Memorial Library.

The author, Gene Coleman, staff writer for the *Scranton Times*, was notified of the selection by Congressman Joseph M. McDade who had been told by Walter Robertson of the National Archives Service.

The GAME NEWS story dealt with Mr. Kennedy's last appearance in Pennsylvania at the dedication of the Pinchot Institute in Milford.

Mr. Robertson informed Congressman McDade that, "The article by Gene Coleman in that issue, which deals with President Kennedy's interest in conservation, is, as you suggest, eminently appropriate for deposit in the John Fitzgerald Kennedy Library.

"Such materials are now being retained here pending the construction of the library building and we are happy to be able to add this interesting item to the collection," Mr. Robertson said.

The late President Kennedy made the Pinchot Institute in Milford the first stop on a nationwide tour which began last September in the interests of conservation.

SAYS THE COURT

Wildlife Abuse Is Unlawful

Section 942 of Pennsylvania's Penal Code, making cruelty to animals a criminal offense, applies to "wild" as well as "domestic" animals, although prior acts as a general rule applied only to domestic animals.

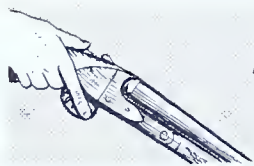
Columbia County Quarter Sessions Court so held in Commonwealth v. Vonderheid, 28 D & C2d 101, reported November 19, 1962.

The case involved a roadside menagerie keeper accused of mistreatment of animals used for exhibition. The Court, in an opinion by Judge Kreisher, found that the law was applicable but that on the facts the charge had not been sustained and the defendant was not guilty.

The Court also held that the policing of roadside menageries which must be granted a permit by the Game Commission "rests with the Pennsylvania Game Commission" and "is not a matter for our criminal courts."—*John Sullivan*

MEMBERS OF THE CLARION COUNTY Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs gathered for a regular meeting at State Game Lands No. 63 near Elk City in June. Game Commission officers made this State Game Lands building available for the event and also conducted a tour of the tract before the meeting. PGC Photo by Bob Parlamen





HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



PGC Photo by Steve Kish

SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY HUNTER SAFETY INSTRUCTORS are pictured after being certified at the Park View Hotel, New Milford, early this summer. A total of 54 completed the Game Commission's course sponsored by the Susquehanna County Chapter of 4-H and conducted by a number of instructors from Lackawanna County.

54 Instructors Certified in Susquehanna County

Recently certified by the Pennsylvania Game Commission were 54 new Hunter Safety Instructors from Susquehanna County who will participate in a fall program of hunter safety training to boys and girls interested in learning about safe hunting principles.

The Hunter Safety Instructor's course was sponsored by the Susquehanna County Chapter of the 4-H under the leadership of County Agent Doyle Thomas and Assistant County Agent William Messersmith, both of whom completed the course.

Three evening sessions of instructions were held at the Park View Hotel, New Milford, by the Scranton

NRA instructors under the direction of Michael Rinaldi. These certified rifle and hunter safety instructors traveled 50 miles one way for each class to get Susquehanna County under way in hunter safety training. Gene Coleman, noted sports columnist for the *Scranton Times*, was on hand to give the instruction on safe handling of archery equipment.

District Game Protectors Jack Alt-miller, Lackawanna County, and Norman Forche, Donald Day and Casimir Stanis of Susquehanna County, were on hand to complete the Hunter Safety Program for the new instructors. Steve Kish, Conservation Information Assistant in the Game Commission's Northeast Division, presented the opening remarks.

In addition 11 Deputy Game Protectors attended and were certified and five previously certified instructors took the course for the second time.

Pa. Game Commission
Hunter Safety Certified
To Date:
Instructors—5,468
Students—63,649

A Philadelphia Story

By George McCann

President, Pennsylvania State Fish and Game Protective Association

On May 7, 1964, Paul D'Ortona, President of Philadelphia City Council, sponsored Council Bill No. 330, requiring the registration of all firearms, including antiques.

The Pennsylvania State Fish and Game Protective Association, an established leader in its field, during an emergency Executive Committee meeting, authorized an all out fight against this bill.

The National Rifle Association was contacted and they supplied a wealth of information that was later used in the preparation of a statement of opposition. The NRA through special mailing alerted all Philadelphia members.

George McCann, President, and Frederick H. Starling, III, Esq., Secretary, planned to present our statement of opposition at the public hearings. Sufficient copies of our statement of opposition were prepared for distribution to members of council and the press.

On May 18, several hundred gun enthusiasts had jammed council chambers by the time the hearing started.

Police Commissioner Howard Leary, the first witness and the only one in favor of the bill, stated that he thought it would help prevent crime.

Over 75 witnesses registered to testify against the bill. Tempers flared on both sides several times before The Pennsylvania State Fish and Game Protective Association, the fourth witness, was called to testify.

Mr. Starling's expert presentation was greeted with favorable response from both council and the spectators. Upon completion of our presentation, Mr. D'Ortona, the bill's sponsor, con-



Photo by Phillips Studio

FREDERICK H. STARLING, III, Secretary of the Pennsylvania State Fish and Game Protective Association, presenting argument against Bill No. 330 before Philadelphia City Council.

gratulated The Pennsylvania State Fish and Game Protective Association on its well-balanced arguments against the bill and stated that he would at this point terminate the hearings and withdraw the bill. Needless to say this announcement was greeted with rounds of applause. Thus we saw the demise of another piece of anti gun legislation.

Our experience has convinced us that legislators who favor this type of legislation are seldom aware of the harmful effects until they are pointed out. Sportsmen must carefully prepare their case and put up a united front. Arguments must be factual and ob-

jective. Individuals must contact their legislators by phone, letter, telegram or otherwise and voice their objections. There must be a centralized agency such as the NRA who alerted every Philadelphia member.

Yes, Bill No. 330 was defeated but there will be other Bill 330's and constant vigilance is necessary.

Here is Mr. Starling's statement:

I AM Frederick H. Starling, III, representing the Pennsylvania State Fish and Game Protective Association. We are the oldest hunting, fishing and conservation organization of its kind in the world. Our headquarters have always been in Philadelphia and we enjoy an enrolled membership of 500. Our roster, which consists mostly of Philadelphians, includes many well-known personalities and experts in the various areas encompassed by our fields of interest.

The Pennsylvania State Fish and Game Protective Association being composed of decent law-abiding citizens is in sympathy with any efforts to eliminate crimes of violence and have always cooperated with legislative and law enforcing agencies to attain these ends. Bill No. 330 in no wise can be considered in the category of legislation that will help attain these desired results.

History has shown that after each major crime of violence, such as occurred last November, a wave of hysteria develops and numerous legal devices are manufactured in the hope of preventing a reoccurrence. Legislation as proposed here always has a high emotional appeal at first glance but in taking a deeper look, it not only loses its appeal but is shown for what it really is—useless towards attaining the desired ends—highly objectionable.

It is to be remembered that weapons in themselves do not commit a crime. Neither do decent law-abiding citizens. Therefore, any legislation against the weapon or against the law-abiding citizen is a fallacy.

Registration laws make it more difficult for the honest citizen to obtain arms for recreational use and personal defense. They do not appreciably increase the difficulties encountered by a criminal in obtaining weapons. Zip guns and other homemade weapons used in the commission of many crimes will not be registered. If the only purpose of gun registration is to prevent crime and keep weapons out of the hands of criminals, then we might reasonably expect the proposal of subsequent legislation to register kitchen knives, pocket knives, axes, cap guns, starter pistols and the multitude of other instruments used in crimes of violence.

As in the case of automobiles, most of the weapons used by criminals are stolen. The Federal Bureau of Investigation has reported over the years hundreds of thefts from government armories and military piers. These reports do not begin to indicate the total number of instances and the quantity of guns stolen from Federal, state and other police installations. The above facts indicate the fallacy of the statement that gun registration will help in solving crimes by tracing the weapon used. Since all guns were stolen in the first place, the trail can only lead to the government arsenal, police department or honest citizen from whom the gun was stolen. A citizen who has been away on a business or vacation trip, may have his house burglarized and his registered gun stolen. Later that night it may be used in a holdup and left at the scene of the crime. When the citizen returns home he will be met by a police delegation demanding that he establish an alibi to prove that he did not commit the crime.

A case in point, of which we are all familiar, occurred several years ago. A highly respected citizen, whom we all know, had a pistol of great sentimental value, which was properly registered under the Uniform Firearms Act (an act of Pennsylvania Leg-



Photo by Phillips Studio

CONGRATULATIONS—George McCann, left, president of the Pennsylvania State Fish and Game Protective Association, and Secretary of the Philadelphia County Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs, congratulated Frederick H. Starling, III, after his testimony. John Reeder, Vice President of the Pennsylvania State Fish and Game Protective Association and a member of the Association's Legislative Committee, is at the right.

islature), with the very police who are proposed to administer Bill No. 330. While enjoying a vacation trip at the shore, his home was burglarized and his prized pistol stolen. Who can say that this weapon was not subsequently used in the commission of a crime. Had this gun been picked up near the scene of a crime, can you imagine the embarrassment of former Police Commissioner Thomas Gibbons, who we all highly regard and who owned the gun, having to establish an alibi that he did not commit the crime.

Privately owned and held firearms are one of the greatest secret weapons this free country has at its disposal. It was the right to maintain arms without infringement that made this country free in the first place as any school boy knows and these arms have kept us free. No country has

ever been taken over by a dictator that did not first have gun registration. Registration paves the way for further restriction and ultimate confiscation. It is to be pointed out that this statement of fact is by no means a reflection upon the intent of our council members, whom we are sure are sincere in their efforts to promote only healthy legislation. However, we feel that registration is not a realistic approach to the problem at hand.

The Second Amendment of the Constitution as well as the Constitutions of 36 states guarantees against infringement of the right to keep and bear arms. There are those who say that this Amendment is obsolete but there are also those who say the entire Constitution is outmoded. We strongly feel that any infringement of the basic rights as stated in the Second Amendment, even though innocently conceived, would be aiding and abetting those who advocate more drastic changes or even worse. We are for a strong America, a free America where free men do not have to get police permission in order to enjoy the innocent recreational value of firearms.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation publishes in its Annual Uniform Crime Reports, a list of those factors which in its opinion affect the crime rate in any community. These facts include population, its composition and economic status; social cultural facilities; ratio of police to population and standards governing appointments to the police force; policies of law enforcing agencies and the courts; attitude of the public towards enforcement problems and the efficiency of the law enforcement agencies. There is no indication that firearms controls have any impact on crime.

These facts are clear: 1. No firearm by itself ever committed a crime. 2. If the criminal does not have or cannot easily acquire a firearm, he will then use some other implement to accomplish his crime.

Informed persons who have studied the matter are aware that this type of legislation does little or nothing to deter crime, therefore the only result is objectionable legislation that harasses and inconveniences the law abiding citizen while leaving the criminal free to do as he pleases as heretofore. This type of unpalatable legislation accomplishes nothing, is difficult to enforce and burdens the already over-worked police.

We would suggest as an objective alternative that full use be made of existing statutes, which are adequate if properly used, and that realistic penalties be assessed against those who commit crimes rather than restrict the decent law abiding citizen. This is the American way.

At this point several questions are in order and we would like these to become a part of the record.

Just what is the purpose of this bill? What do the sponsors expect to achieve?

How would the bill be administered by the Police Department?

Would it take much needed officers from the street or would additional help be hired?

It is unrealistic to assume that the voluminous paper work could be handled by existing personnel!

Where would the additional funds come from?

Is it contemplated to charge a registration fee? If so how much?

What guarantee would we have that criminals or those looking for a particular type of weapon would not in some manner have access to the list thereby pinpointing sources of weapons so eagerly desired by them?

Thank you for the opportunity to offer our objection.

Day of Yore



A TRAPPER'S CATCH IN 1921-22. Shown is Earl B. Yerger with part of his fur catch during the winter of 1921-22 along the Northkill Creek in Berks County. Mr. Yerger is now over 70 but still does a little trapping near his home in Bernville. (Photo courtesy of his son, Dean C. Yerger, Bernville)

**A Highly Successful Experiment
On Leach Range Near Scranton . . .**

Hi-Powered Juniors

By William P. Varner

Photos by Jim Varner

FROM the pits of Leach Rifle Range on a mountaintop overlooking Scranton, one could hear the following conversation one day last June:

"Now, Billy, before you hear the actual report you will hear the snap of the bullet overhead first. You keep your eyes on the target and when the bullet hole suddenly appears, perhaps with a little piece of the paper drifting down, you pull your target down and put the disc in the hole. Run your target back up and place your marker right over the hit. If it is a V, wobble the marker, white side out; if it is a 5, hold the marker white side out. For the 4's and 3's just use the marker red side out. Now, do you have the idea?"

"Yeah, but I don't know whether I want to stay," was the uncertain reply from this youngster who had practically no idea about what we were going to do.

The bright sun was shining from a cloudless sky, creating a perfect late afternoon in June for an experiment I knew would be highly successful. The Junior Rifle Club of Scranton had been active since the September reorganization and the members, while working on their National Rifle Asso-

This month's gun column has been authored by William P. Varner, son of Jim Varner, who has written this GAME NEWS column for years. Jim was temporarily hospitalized at deadline time and asked his son to fill in for him. We are grateful to Bill for pinch-hitting for his dad, but we look forward to Jim's early recovery.



THE PIT CREW did a man size job at the king size targets.

ciation qualifications, had gone into position shooting almost immediately. Scorekeeping showed how well this paid off. A green 13-year-old would at first have his hits all over the target in sitting or kneeling or standing positions. However, development of position, trigger squeeze, breathing and concentration was uniform and actu-



ally the learning process was better than with a lot of early "belly" shooting often employed just to get through NRA qualifications.

With the satisfactory indoor 50-foot small-bore program in progress, permission was obtained to use the Senior club's military M1 rifles for an indoctrination in big bore shooting. The Leach Range is owned by the 109th National Guard Infantry Unit, but is often used by sportsmen. An afternoon was selected and the instructors went to work. The four M1's were checked for operation, fresh 200-yard targets were pasted on the cloth, target carriers greased, range phones installed, shooting pads and spotting scopes readied for this new experience.

If you consider that these juniors, ages 13 to 17, are going to be the Pennsylvania deer hunters of the future, and I mean the near future, why shouldn't we let them find what a big bore will do at the longer ranges. The M1 rifle is a self-loading firearm and not legal for anything but target shooting in Pennsylvania. But, the introduction to high power rifles is ideally accomplished with the superb M1 Garand. Actually, the recoil of the 30-06 cartridge is softened

RELAY NO. 1 on the firing line. Each junior had an experienced NRA shooter coach.



through the operation of the M1 and for the 13-year-old Bobby and 14-year-old Mary, this proved to be a big help.

The range phone in the pit buzzed, so pit officer Jimmie answered. He relayed to us, "If the pit is ready, Mr. Trent says to take the red flags down and raise the targets."

I answered, "Jimmie, tell Mr. Trent the pit is ready—and now, fellows, put your helmets on." Helmet liners and steel pot helmets borrowed from the 109th National Guard Infantry are heavy enough on a grown G. I., but this young detail looked to be "all helmet." We weren't playing war; the headgear was to protect us from the low shot that could possibly shower us with stone from the top of the target pit.

Back at the firing point, Mr. Trent acted as range officer and doubled on the spotting scope. For each of the four young shooters we had an instructor-coach. Doing it this way, we only had one pinched thumb for the afternoon. Our decision for course of fire was five shots for sighting from prone position and ten shots for record from prone position. We decided that the rifles would be loaded singly for safety purposes; hence, we needed a coach to load and close the action. If you have fired the M1 rifle you are familiar with the process of pushing the magazine follower down with your thumb while you draw the slide back slightly with the side of your hand and then release slide and simultaneously remove your thumb. Always RETRIEVE THUMB, n'est pas?

Club instructor, Cy Stine, issued the ammo and range officer, Jim Trent, called the commands, "Ready on the right—ready on the left—ready on the firing line—if I command 'Cease Fire,' you will immediately unload your firearm. Now, commence firing." This wasn't Army "chicken"—this was safety and these youngsters are used to it. In fact, we do not sanction any fooling and in our years of training, there has been only one who wouldn't listen.

Shooters Artie, Mike, Mary and John had previously slipped into the rifle slings and lay relaxed in the prone position just as if they were wrapped around their .22 caliber model 513's or 52's. The coaches checked to be sure the thumb of the trigger hand was pointing down the stock. If it was around the small of the stock, said thumb would have punched their noses. Then the firing started.

As I had described to Billy in the pit, "you hear a SNAP-BANG. At 200 yards the 150-grain bullet, at 2,500 feet per second, is heard piercing the target before the sound of the muzzle blast reaches the pits. The SNAP you hear is the air coming together behind the bullet, because behind that bullet is a vacuum."

Billy squinted up at the target from under the helmet and sure enough there was a hole in the 4 ring at 8 o'clock.

"Pull the target down, Billy, and put the spotting disk in," I told him. The disk to which I refer is four inches in diameter and is mounted on a tapered dowel and it looks very much like a toy top. It is reversible with a white and black side. For color contrast you plug the disk, white side out, into the bullet hole in the black portion of the target, and vice versa. You can see this spotting disk at 200-yard range without optical assistance. Billy slipped the disk, black side out, into the .30 diameter hole in the white 4 ring and ran the target up. Then he raised his marker to cover the 8 o'clock shot.

And so it went, the five sighters and ten shots for record were recorded in the club's book for trophies. The coaches throughout the firing suggested sight changes and kept the shooters calm and cautioned against flinching with quiet instructions to squeeze. The whole secret to any score on target or game is a good trigger squeeze.

Mary Ragona, Secretary-Treasurer



COACH Jim Trent helps Mary Ragona find a good shooting position at Leach Range. The eardrum protectors on Trent's head are lowered over the ears when shooting starts.

of the club, and 14 years old, has been shooting with the club less than a year. She posted a 43 out of a possible 50 with two shots in the V ring. The recoil did not bother her because she had learned to concentrate on trigger squeeze. Mary probably scored better than could 50 per cent of our adult big game hunters. Her ability is due to a thorough introduction to what makes a rifle tick, and hours of practice in the use of sling, trigger control and sight alignment, not to forget the Pennsylvania Game Commission Hunter Safety course and the NRA Rifle Training course.

As the shadows began to lengthen and the light dimmed the contrast of the black and white target, we stored the target frames and repacked our equipment. Each junior shooter had had a chance to fire and to work the pits. Artie Edmondson was high in the expert class with a 49 and 6 V's; Steve Stine was high in the sharpshooter class, also with a 49 and 6 V's; and Bill Carwile was high in the marksman class with a 45.

How about it? Was it worth the effort? A solid "YES" vote from the juniors. The minutes of the club now show a motion that at least one high power indoctrination course be scheduled each year.

Danny's 'Coon Skin Cap

By Don Shiner

Photos by the Author

THE blackened landscape, overhead bowl of twinkling stars, odor of kerosene lanterns, cadence of howling hounds and the soft, furred ringtail which he held in his hands were all part of an adventure that Danny will remember a lifetime. This was Danny's first 'coon hunt. It was a climax to his father's nightly reading session about David Crockett, the Indian fighter, Army Scout, Congressman, pioneer, explorer and 'coon hunter from the pages of the old West.

Each night for several weeks his father read Crockett's adventures to Danny at bedtime. What captured Danny's imagination most was Crockett's manner of dress. His buckskin shirt, moccasins, leather shot pouch, powder horn and finally that important 'coon skin cap struck a responsive chord. Danny asked, as his father closed the book and reached to turn off the desk lamp, "Could I have a 'coon skin cap like the one Davy wore?"

"Guess so, Danny," his father answered. "Every now and then some store has raccoon caps for sale. Not many people wear ringtail caps anymore."

Long after the lights were extinguished, Danny lay in bed quietly thinking of Crockett and his 'coon cap and powder horn. He wished he had these articles to take with him when exploring the pine woods near his home. Morning, when he awakened, he continued to think of these wonderful articles. At breakfast he spoke of the furred cap. Could he have one for his birthday?

When the lad persisted in talking about Crockett's 'coon cap for the next

few days, an idea sprang to his father's mind. Why not, he thought, take Danny on a real 'coon hunt. He knew a farmer living on the outskirts of the next town. This farmer owned two big Redbone 'coon hounds and ran ringtails regularly. Perhaps if he spoke with this farmer he could arrange to take Danny on a raccoon hunt. If they were able to bag a 'coon during the hunt, perhaps the farmer would give Danny the skin. They could have the hide tanned and fitted into a cap for the boy. It would be an expensive hat, but the entire adventure would introduce the lad to another important phase of outdoor sport.

That evening after work, Danny's father drove to the Hess farm with the express purpose of arranging a 'coon hunt. On his arrival, he found

A 'COON CAP on the hoof. The object of the hunt showed clearly in the big tree as the lights shone upon him.



Mr. Hess walking toward the barn to tend his large dairy herd. One of the big Redbone 'cooners gave a deep bass howl and trotted toward him across the lawn.

"Nice herd of cows you have," the boy's father commented as the two men entered the big dairy barn. For ten minutes they chatted about price of milk, hay, the weather and current corn crop. Finally Danny's father came to the point for his visit.

"My older son has expressed interest in a 'coon skin cap. Thought maybe he'd like a real 'coon hunt, and I must confess I'd like the excitement too. Haven't hunted 'coons since my old Buck died some 15 years back."

"Be glad to take you and the boy along," Mr. Hess replied. "Matter of fact, my neighbor and I figured on a hunt this coming Saturday night. You available then? You come, say, about nine o'clock. I'll have my chores finished by that time and we'll take Spot and Britches, my two 'cooners, pick up my neighbor and the four of us can mosey down to the creek flats. Part of my corn still stands there. Coons have been working the field

DANNY'S HEAD LANTERN is adjusted, ready for his first 'coon hunt.



this while back. The ringtails are more plentiful in this area than I'd like them."

Danny leaped with excitement when told he was included in a 'coon hunt, and might get a real raccoon cap after all! He thought of nothing else during the next several days. Finally, Saturday, the night of the hunt arrived. At sundown the two drove out the highway to the Hess farm. They talked about raccoons, hounds and 'coon hunting in general during the 30-minute drive.

"'Coon hunting," the older hunter explained, "is a native American sport, equivalent to the famed English fox hunts. Long about August or early September, hunters, hounds too, get 'coon fever, and run the varmints until freeze up."

"Well, how do you hunt raccoons," the boy interrupted.

"The mechanics of the hunt is quite simple," his father answered. "Men take their hounds into the woods at dusk, turn them loose to sashay around fields and wood lots. When they pick up a warm trail, they run it, singing a musical chorus. The chase usually ends by treeing the little masked bear.

"A 'coon can give a hound a lot of trouble," his father continued. "Not only can a raccoon fight off several dogs at one time, but if it takes to water, a 'coon will jump on the hound's head and drawn it. Many a 'coon hunter lost his prized hound in this manner.

"Years ago," the older hunter continued, "I had a big 'coon hound named Buck. If I failed to run 'im at least once during the week, Buck

would generally break through his pen's wire enclosure and be off chasing 'coon half the night. I had to grab a lantern, strike out across the fields, yelling my head off for 'im. One big 'coon, named 'Old Ringtail Ghost,' must have weighed 40 pounds or more, homed in a big hollow maple on the river bank. This 'coon eluded hunters for years. It was big, fast, smart and trounced many a dog. Its favorite trick was to drop down from a tree and land right smack on a dog's back, then claw and bite the hound something fierce. Critics of 'coon hunting say raccoons are defenseless against a pack of dogs. This is anything but true!

"This big 'coon lured Buck into the river one night. Before I was able to locate them, the 'coon nearly had old Buck drowned. I waded into the water, lantern in one hand, club in the other. One poke with the club sent the 'coon spinning. Old Buck survived the ordeal, but it was his last 'coon hunt. I hated to lose 'im, but he had lived a full life. Buck was the best cooner that any 'hound-dawg man' could expect to own."

"Are raccoons plentiful in Pennsylvania?" Danny asked.

"Yes, they are, son. Years ago when big, bulky fur coats were the height of fashion, the raccoon's pelt was in demand. Now that short hair furs are the rage for milady's apparel, the 'coon skin is about worthless. Hunted now only for sport, the 'coon has staged a remarkable comeback. You know, Danny, the raccoon is only found in North and Central America."

"Well, why don't we see more of them in the woods?" the lad asked.

"Raccoons sleep during the daylight hours," his father replied. "'Coons are one of the most nocturnal of all North American mammals. They den in hollow trees, logs during the day, emerging at twilight to fish small streams for crayfish, frogs and fish. When cold weather sets in, 'coons retire to a tree, curl up and sleep during the severest

part of winter. After warm nights in February or March, one can begin to find ringtail tracks in the snow."

When the two hunters pulled into the farm lane, Farmer Hess was standing on the porch, kerosene lantern in one hand, rifle under his arm, and straining with his other hand to hold the leashes to his two big hounds.

"Been expecting you any minute," Mr. Hess commented. "Let your car sit right there. My neighbor will be along any minute." Then, directing his attention toward Danny, Farmer Hess remarked, "Here, son, you take one of the hounds. Hold back on the leash till we cross the highway. Then un-snap the chain and let Spot go. If any 'coon scent passes his nose, you'll hear the sweetest music this side of heaven."

Danny moved shyly toward his father as they moved down the lane and into the black countryside. A bowl of stars twinkled overhead. "Dad," Danny quipped in almost a whisper, "why does Mr. Hess carry a steer horn? For his gun powder, like Davy Crockett did?"

"No, son," his father answered. "That's a horn, used to call in his hounds."

At the edge of the cornfield, they untied the two hounds, Spot and Britches. The dogs sashayed around, then disappeared into the black night. They could hear dry cornstalks crack as the running hounds slammed into them.

Sam Arrived

Just then a Bluetick hound ran past them. They turned to look back toward the farmhouse and saw a lantern moving toward them. "That'll be Sam," the farmer said, adding, "Hurry Sam. We've got to get a 'coon cap tonight for this here boy."

Just then one of the hounds spoke with a long, drawn out bay. "That's Britches," Mr. Hess said, "he's found a ringtail trail." A steady cadence of baying commenced as all three hounds took up the trail. "Listen to that music,



THE 'COON WAS PINPOINTED and Dad's .22 rifle responded. Danny's 'coon skin cap was assured.

son," Mr. Hess said to Danny. "That's the sweetest thing you'll ever hear in your life. Folks who ain't heard a hound-dawg howling just haven't lived!"

The baying was like ghostly voices speaking from nowhere in the ink blackness. It was a little frightening. The lad nudged closer to his father, gripping his hand tightly.

Farmer Hess stopped to look at a half-eaten ear of corn. They knew they had a ringtail going. The hounds were traveling south. Suddenly they swung back, moving fast in an up-creek direction. Just as suddenly the baying changed to a series of high sounding wails or howls. "Sounds as though they've got the 'coon treed," Danny's father remarked.

"Yeah, they do," Farmer Hess replied. "Let's move, quick . . . over this way, to the fence row. It will lead us down over the hill to the creek."

The four hunters sprinted through the darkness, with lanterns swinging, dimly lighting their path. They found the hounds attempting to climb the big oak tree, and howling at their full long power.

"You and the boy shine your light high in the tree," Mr. Hess directed. "If you see glowing eyes, that's the ringtail. Aim right for the eyes and shoot."

Both Danny and his father shined their light into the tree and pinpointed the masked varmint. "There

he is," Dad announced, excitement ringing in his voice. At the same instant, he quickly aimed the .22 rifle. When the rifle cracked, the 'coon rolled from the tree, hit the ground with a thud. All three hounds instantly pitched in to grab a mouthful of fur. But there was no fight left in the 'coon. The farmers pulled off the hounds and handed Danny the raw material for his 'coon skin cap.

Two hounds persisted in howling and climbing that oak tree. "Bet there's another 'coon up there, Farmer Hess mentioned. He swung a big five-cell flashlight into the tree. "Yep. There's another one . . . looks bigger."

Sam, the neighboring farmer, took careful aim, but he hesitated too long. The 'coon jumped, disappeared into the night. "We won't get him now. That rascal will travel half a mile or more in those tree tops," he said, his voice disclosing disappointment.

Danny's light caught the outline of an opossum running timidly along the old fence row.

Two hours and another 'coon later, Danny and his father thanked Farmer Hess for the exciting evening and 'coon pelt too. They climbed happily into their wagon and began the drive homeward. As they backed through the farm lane, Danny piped, "Dad, could we get a 'coon hound? Will any dog chase 'coons?"

"Guess we could get one, Danny. A good one—Black & Tan, Bluetick, English, Redbone or Treeing Walker would cost between \$100 and \$150. These hounds, part English foxhound, Irish staghound, Newfoundland, and maybe some water spaniel mixed in do a fine job. Just any dog wouldn't perform like those hounds did this evening."

The older hunter stole a glance toward Danny who was sitting quietly next to him, stroking the soft fur on the raccoon. The boy obviously was impressed with 'coon hunting and would certainly long remember the origin of his 'coon skin cap!



Despite Hazards, Bow Hunting Ranks As . . .

A Safe Sport

By Keith C. Schuyler

Photos by the Author

THE first thing that strikes you, when you check the safety record relative to bow hunting, is the extremely low number of mishaps which have occurred. In fact, the record is so good that the tendency is to ignore the dangerous aspects of the sport. Nevertheless, until archers can establish a perfect record of safety, it is well to take a close look at the hazards involved.

As a grim case in point, we must take note of the first recorded fatality charged to bow hunting. According to records of the National Rifle Association, William Lee Ingram, 21, of Danville, Va., was killed on October 16, last year, when he was shot in the neck with a broadhead released by a 19-year-old hunting companion.

While this single fatality points up the excellent safety record established by bow hunters, it does emphasize the terrible killing power of an arrow. In this lone instance, the arrow cut through the jugular vein, windpipe and the carotid artery before lodging in the shoulder.

Because of relatively few mishaps, statistics on bow hunting accidents are tough to come by. Pennsylvania Game Commission has maintained a

breakdown since 1957. Since this state ranks as one having the most bow hunters by far, a fair picture can be established from Commonwealth records. This is particularly true when you consider that the heavy foliage of eastern states presents one of the greatest hazards from a safety standpoint.

As there have been no fatal hunting accidents with a bow and arrow in the State of Pennsylvania, we'll concern ourselves here only with non-fatal mishaps. For *all* hunters, there is roughly about one out of 2,000 each year involved in a nonfatal shooting accident. Bow hunters have accounted for, during the past seven years, on an average of only 3.2 per cent of the total nonfatal accidents for all forms of hunting.

During the past seven years, the Game Commission has issued 465,678 bow hunting tags. There have been a total of 107 nonfatal bow hunting mishaps. Consequently, only one out of each 4,657 archers has been involved in a shooting accident. This is a good record.

We can make the record better. And, it has been improving.

As bow hunting increased rapidly

in the late '50's, there were 15 accidents in 1957 among 55,589 bow hunters. Bow hunting's worst year was the next season, 1958, when 72,937 bowmen caused 27 mishaps. The record has improved every year since that, going down to only eight reported accidents last year among 64,385 hunters.

This was only one mishap for each group of 8,048 hunters!

Certainly, this would indicate that hunting with the bow is probably safer than taking a bath. Nevertheless, to rest on this record invites trouble. An arrow, particularly a broadhead hunting arrow, is a terribly dangerous instrument. It can, and has, killed practically every species of big game including Kodiak bears and elephants. A broadhead is made for only one purpose—to kill.

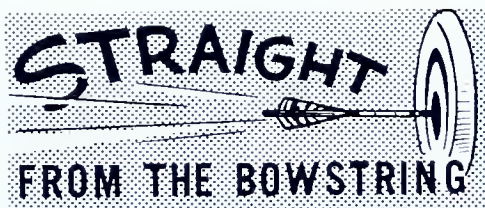
Learned Through Experience

Education is always the answer. This is indicated by the fact that the army of bow hunters, which includes a hard core of hunters who buy the special tag year after year, has learned through experience to avoid hazardous habits which can lead to injury, if not tragedy.

A review of the eight reported mishaps last year will pinpoint some of the more common hazards.

The one in which a hunter was injured by a companion occurred when a hunter walking in single file accidentally discharged an arrow which struck his brother in the leg.

It is interesting to note that there were no two similar incidents in which hunters injured themselves. One jabbed himself with a broadhead while climbing a tree to make a stand for deer. Another grabbed a splintered arrow to finish off a deer and messed up his hand when the shaft broke. One fellow cut himself near the knee when he jabbed a broadhead into his own leg. Another bow hunter cut himself badly with a broadhead in a fall. Still another was hurt by an arrow when he jumped a ditch.



Probably the most unusual mishap occurred when a bow hunter injured himself while straightening an arrow. The remaining mishap will forever have a question mark over it. The hunter involved cut himself with a broadhead in the excitement of killing a deer. In fact, he was so excited he didn't even realize how he did it.

Note that none of these mishaps directly involved the actual shooting of, or at, an animal.

Probably the relatively few mishaps which have occurred result for the same reasons in which hunters are killed, or wounded, by "unloaded" guns. A broadhead is an innocent appearing thing as long as it is motionless. Yet, most mishaps are caused by bodily contact with the arrowhead rather than in the reverse. Therefore, we must consider that a hunting head is *always loaded*.

In the illustrations accompanying this article, we have attempted to show some of the more common situations which might result in an accident. Hazards incident to bow hunting

ONE OF THE GREATEST hazards when walking single file is that of jabbing the person ahead of you. Maintain the proper distance between you and the next person.





ALL ARROWS should be in the quiver when jumping a ditch or engaged in any violent maneuvers which present a special hazard.

are closely duplicated when shooting field courses. True, a target head is less dangerous than a hunting head, but each is capable of inflicting a painful and/or a serious wound.

One of the most innocent looking mantraps is simply a splintered shaft. Even though the damage is merely a hairline crack, the shaft should be discarded. Better yet, break the arrow so that some innocent person doesn't attempt to shoot it. The tremendous force exerted by the string causes a shaft to buckle momentarily. Although this happens so quickly that it is not visible to the naked eye, this flexing can cause a damaged wooden shaft to splinter and drive the pieces through the hand of the shooter.

A fall is always dangerous. And, if an arrow is on the string, it can easily be knocked loose and fall in a position to impale its owner. It behooves any archer to remove the arrow from his bow at any time an obvious hazard exists. When ascending a steep bank, jumping a ditch, or crawling over an obstacle, extreme caution should be exercised. Those who use bow quivers

should insure that the points of their broadheads are properly shielded. Those using a back or a side quiver should return the arrow to it under such circumstances.

Arrows should not be shot straight into the air except during a regular clout shoot, or clout practice. Even then, extreme care is in order since it is extremely difficult to follow the flight of a vertically shot arrow. Most certainly, an arrow should *never* be sent vertically unless the area is completely clear of trees. It is bad enough trying to determine where such a shaft will light. And, if it touches a twig, or even a leaf, it may not come down anywhere near the expected spot.

Caution on Snow

A special caution is in order when snow is on the ground. Heavy snow crust will deflect an arrow and send it skidding for hundreds of feet beyond where it would normally bury itself under the leaves or in the ground. This was drastically illustrated to me last year while hunting rabbits. We frequently had to travel far beyond the point of impact to find arrows which bounced off the heavy snow crust.

One of the greatest hazards, when hunting with a group, is that of jabbing the person ahead of you when traveling single file with a nocked arrow. Everyone likes to be at the ready when in deer country, and there is nothing wrong with having an arrow ready to release at a moment's notice. Nevertheless, this does necessitate the precaution of maintaining a proper distance between yourself and the hunter ahead of you.

There is nothing wrong with flexing a bow with an arrow on the string on cold mornings to loosen up your bow and your arms. And, it is well to have an arrow on the string so that you don't overdraw the bow. But, it is most necessary that the arrow be pointed in a direction where it can do no harm in the event that numb

fingers cause an accidental release.

Occasionally, some joker will stick a broadhead into his hip pocket in lieu of owning a proper quiver. We won't elaborate on the type of damage that can be inflicted this way, but it should be sufficient to note that it should never be done. There are pocket quivers for those who like to travel light, but I don't recommend them for hunting.

Tree stands make excellent platforms from which to hunt deer. However, getting into position involves certain hazards. The safest way is to carry a bit of rope and tie it to your equipment. Climb the tree with the rope, and then pull your arrows and bow up after you. You not only risk damage from arrows, but you might ruin a good bow doing a Tarzan act. This process should be repeated in reverse when descending the tree.

No matter how many precautions we come up with, there will be some ingenious clown who can think up a new way to damage himself or his companion. About all we can do is say a prayer for this foolish fellow and try to stay out of his way. I've actually seen it happen where a hunter became so excited that he went running after a deer while arrows were whizzing all around. Then, there is the "I got him" kind who will keep sending shafts as long as the target is on its feet regardless of the situation.

A Careful Lot

Fortunately, and this can be proved by preceding statistics, archers are a cautious lot. And, the record gets better every year. Certainly some of the credit belongs to the Hunter's Safety Program sponsored by the Pennsylvania Game Commission which is given in various schools, clubs and other organizations throughout the state. Some archery clubs have been active in this program, such as Lukens Archery Club, at Coatesville, where



NEVER PLACE a spare arrow in a hip pocket. The results can be dangerous as well as embarrassing.

22 club members were certified as hunter safety instructors.

In fact, the Game Commission *needs* the services of qualified instructors in the field of archery. Archers are urged to make arrangements with their District Game Protector to attend a Hunter Safety Instructor's course. There is no separate program for archery safety, but the course is combined to teach total sporting arms safety, recreational hunting and an appreciation for the out-of-doors.

The purpose here has been to encourage participation in archery by emphasizing the safe aspects of the sport.

Whether engaged in shooting at targets or game, there is no more challenging outdoor sport available for men, women and children. The excellent record of safety in a sport which has obvious hazards is most certainly a credit to the participants as well as those who formulate and promulgate rules of behavior on the range and in the field.

Let's continue to play it safe.

Next month—SHOOT TO KILL

Pennsylvania Official 1964 Open Seasons and Bag Limits

The Pennsylvania Game Commission, in Harrisburg, on June 13, established the following seasons and bag limits for resident game and fur bearers for the 1964 hunting license year which begins September 1.

Open season includes first and last dates listed, Sundays excepted, for game. The opening hour for small game, migratory game birds and other wild birds or animals on October 31 will be 8:00 a.m., EST. On other opening days, and otherwise during the season for upland and big game, the shooting hours daily are from 7:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., EST, excepting from June 1 to September 30, incl., 6:00 a.m. to 7:30 p.m., EST, and the hours for the October archers' deer season, which are 6:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., EST. (Federal Regulations for seasons, bag limits and shooting hours on migratory game birds will be announced later.)

SMALL GAME

	Daily Limit	Season Limit	DATES OF OPEN SEASONS	
			First Day	Last Day
Rabbits, Cottontail (not more than 20 in combined seasons)	4	20	Oct. 31	Nov. 28 AND Dec. 26
Squirrels, Gray, Black and Fox (combined)	6	30	Oct. 31	Nov. 28 AND Dec. 26
Ruffed Grouse (not more than 10 in combined seasons)	2	10	Oct. 31	Nov. 28 AND Dec. 26
Wild Turkey—Counties, and parts of, not listed below	1	1	Oct. 31	Nov. 14
—Counties, and parts of, listed below*	1	1	Oct. 31	Nov. 21
Ring-necked Pheasants, males only	2-	8	Oct. 31	Nov. 28
Bobwhite Quail	4	20	Oct. 31	Nov. 28
Hares (Snowshoe Rabbits)	2	6	Dec. 26	Jan. 2
Raccoons (hunting or trapping)		Unlimited		No close season
Woodchucks (Ground Hogs)		Unlimited		No close season
Grackles		Unlimited		No close season
Squirrels, Red (Closed Oct. 1 to 30, incl.)		Unlimited		All months except Oct. 1-30, incl.

BIG GAME

Bear, over one year old, by individual	1	1	Nov. 23	Nov. 28
Bears, over one year old, by hunting party of 3 or more	2	2	Nov. 23	Nov. 28
Deer, Archery Season, any deer—State-wide			Oct. 3	Oct. 30
—Counties, and parts of, listed below**			Jan. 4	Jan. 9
Deer, Antlered, with 2 or more points to an antler or a spike 3 or more inches long	1	1	Nov. 30	Dec. 12
Deer, Antlerless—State-wide			Dec. 14	Dec. 15
—Counties, and parts of, listed below***			Dec. 14	Dec. 19

FUR BEARERS

Skunks and Opossums	Unlimited		No close season
Minks	Unlimited		Nov. 14
Muskrats (traps only)	Unlimited		Nov. 14
			Feb. 13
Beavers (traps only)—Certain Counties listed below****	6	6	Fch. 13
—Remainder of State	3	3	Feb. 13

NO OPEN SEASON—Hen Pheasants, Cuh Bears, Elk, Otters, Hungarian Partridges, Chukar Partridges, Sharp-tailed Grouse.

SPECIAL REGULATIONS

- * *Wild Turkey Season*—Oct. 31 to Nov. 21 in the Counties of Cameron, Clinton, Elk, Lycoming, McKean, Potter, Sullivan, Tioga, Union, and in those parts of Forest and Warren Counties east of the Allegheny River, and in that part of Venango County south and east of the Allegheny River and north and east of Route 322, and in those parts of Clarion, Clearfield and Jefferson Counties north of Route 322, that part of Centre County east of Route 322 north of Philipsburg and east of Route 350 south of Philipsburg, that part of Blair County east of Route 350, that part of Huntingdon County east of Route 350 north of Water Street and north of Route 22 east of Water Street, that part of Millin County north of Route 22 west of Lewistown and north of Route 522 east of Lewistown, and that part of Snyder County north of Route 522, and those parts of Bradford, Columbia, Luzerne, Montour, Northumberland and Wyoming Counties north and west of the North Branch of the Susquehanna River.
- ** *Archery Deer Season*—Jan. 4 to Jan. 9 in Allegheny County and in that part of southeastern Pennsylvania between the Susquehanna and Delaware Rivers and south of Route 22.
- *** *Antlerless Deer Season*—Dec. 14 to Dec. 19 in extreme southeastern Pennsylvania in those parts of Bucks, Chester, Delaware and Montgomery Counties south and east of the following highways, beginning at New Hope on the Delaware River west on Route 202 to Route 309, north on Route 309 to its junction with Route 113, southwest on Route 113 to Route 422, northwest on Route 422 to Route 100 at Pottstown, south on Route 100 to the Pennsylvania line. This is the area designated for the use of bow and arrow or buckshot only for all deer hunting, rifles prohibited.
- **** *Beaver Season*—Feb. 13 to Mar. 14 in the Counties of Bradford, Lackawanna, Monroe, Pike, Sullivan, Susquehanna, Tioga, Wayne and Wyoming.

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Pennsylvania **GAME NEWS**

OCTOBER, 1964

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LETTERS

Cover Painting
By Ned Smith

COVER: At sunrise on October 10, the 1964 woodcock season will begin. Although a rather common bird in the Keystone State the woodcock or timber doodle is very difficult to find. This gamy little bird proves to be most illusive and is best hunted with a good dog. The problem is not one of killing them after they are flushed, but of finding them in the first place. The bag limit this year is five a day and 10 in possession. For more information on this migratory game species read "Hunting the Woodcock" on page 14, the sixth and final story in the series entitled "The Pennsylvania Woodcock Study," by Game Biologist Steve Liscinsky.

Published **MONTHLY** by the Pennsylvania Game Commission, South Office Building, Capitol, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** \$1 per year; \$2.50 for three years. **TO SUBSCRIBE:** Send check or money order payable to "Pennsylvania Game Commission." Do not send stamps; cash forwarded is done so at sender's risk. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Send both new and old addresses at least 45 days in advance of the issue with which it is to be effective. **PERMISSION TO REPRINT** any signed article may be granted provided advance permission is obtained from the author. No information contained in the magazine may be used for advertising or commercial purposes.

Printed by Times and News Publishing Co., Gettysburg, Pa.
Second Class Postage Paid at Gettysburg, Pa.

Be Sure You're Ready

ON OCTOBER 31, nearly a half million Pennsylvania small game hunters will don their woods togs and head for the brush.

An unbelievable number of these weekend Daniel Boones haven't been in the woods since last hunting season. A great many first-day hunters have been sitting behind a desk, in a truck cab or in front of a piece of machinery for 12 months. Are they physically fit to endure a hard day's hunt? Is every hunter ready for the rigor of the woods and the additional weight of the gun, shells, heavy clothing, game in the bag(?), etc.? We think that many of them are not. Our belief is substantiated by newspaper accounts of persons who have heart attacks or serious falls while hunting.

This editorial is not intended to discourage anyone from hunting. It is written merely to remind sportsmen that hunting can be so much more enjoyable if one is not suffering from fatigue.

A common failure of many sportsmen is that they do not adequately prepare themselves for the opening day of the hunting season. Just as they take their shotgun or rifle from its resting place the night before the opener, so, too, do they take themselves from a resting place and expect their bodies to respond efficiently to a hard day afield.

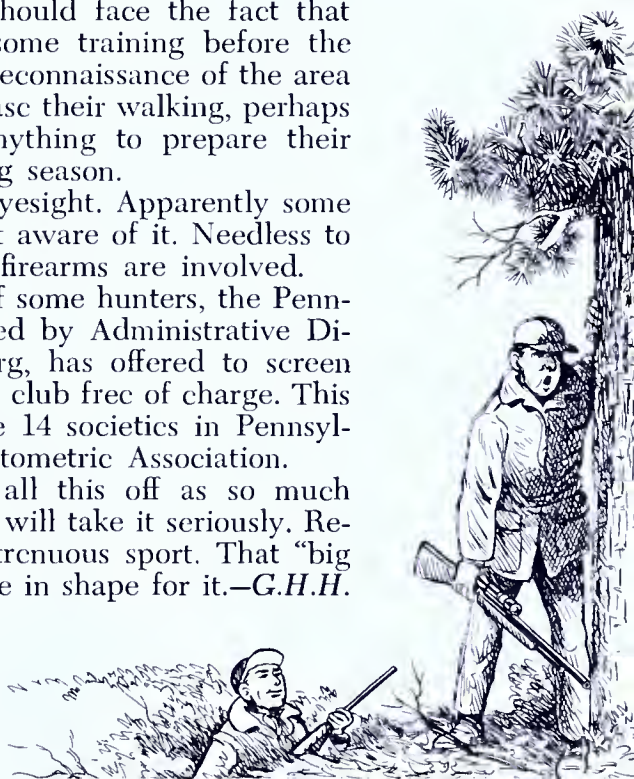
We all know that the first crack of the gun should not be aimed at game, but at a practice target to get the "feel" of the gun or to sight in the rifle. If this is true, why shouldn't the first surge across a cornfield or up a mountainside be made with physical fitness in mind prior to the hunting season?

Hunters who lead sedentary lives should face the fact that they are physically "soft" and need some training before the opener. They should make some early reconnaissance of the area they intend to hunt. They should increase their walking, perhaps ride a bicycle, do some exercises; anything to prepare their bodies for the challenge of the hunting season.

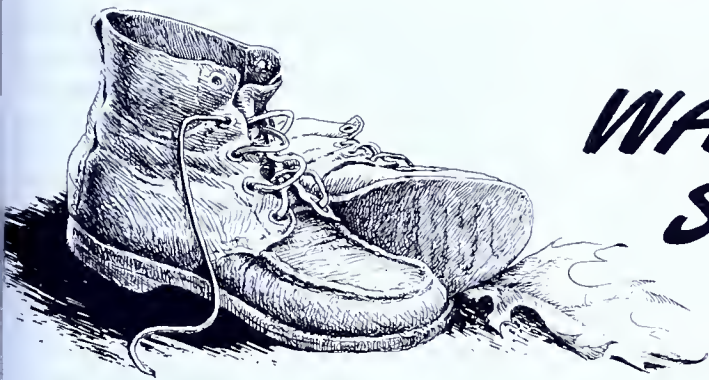
Something else to consider is your eyesight. Apparently some hunters have poor eyesight and are not aware of it. Needless to say, this is an unsafe condition when firearms are involved.

In an effort to correct the eyesight of some hunters, the Pennsylvania Optometric Association, headed by Administrative Director George Gottschalk of Harrisburg, has offered to screen the eyes of members of any sportsmen's club free of charge. This service is available through any of the 14 societies in Pennsylvania comprising the Pennsylvania Optometric Association.

Some readers will probably shrug all this off as so much "poppycock," but it is hoped that some will take it seriously. Remember that hunting can be a very strenuous sport. That "big day" will be so much more fun if you're in shape for it.—G.H.H.







WALKIN' SHOES

By NED SMITH



The Mallard—Cosmopolitan Dandy

1. Mallards are poor table birds. True or false?
2. Are mallards classed as puddle ducks or diving ducks?
3. What is a duck's speculum?
4. Do mallards spend the winter in Pennsylvania?
5. Wild mallards sometimes attain a weight of five pounds. True or false?
6. Do mallards eat acorns?
7. Mallards run across the surface of the water before taking off. True or false?
8. Is it true that some ducks can't fly during part of the summer?

(Answers on Page 60)

JUST above the shore line treetops a pair of wild ducks coursed out over the river, racing ahead of the wind with shallow, but powerful wingbeats. Nothing about the female invited a second look, but even against the stormy sky the drake's ashen plumage, contrasting sharply with a dark green head and mahogany chest, marked him as a mallard.

They skipped a few wingbeats as a tree-studded island passed beneath them, then turned and made a wide sweep over the far shore. Circling, they returned, made a tighter pass around the island, and let down the flaps over a quiet eddy on the downstream side.

The river was the Susquehanna in Pennsylvania. It could as easily have

been a stream in France, or perhaps in Iceland, or North Africa, or China, or Korea, for "our" beloved mallard makes his home in practically all of the Northern Hemisphere below the Arctic Circle.

In perfect plumage a wild mallard drake is a handsome bird, crowned by an iridescent green head and neck that glow with blue and violet highlights in the sunshine. His haughty chest is a rich purplish chestnut, set off from the neck by an immaculate white collar.

The body plumage is chiefly gray—pale and finely vermiculated on the underparts, brownish above. The tail is whitish; the black central upper tail coverts are curiously curled.

The wings are chiefly gray-brown except for the speculum, a rich, iridescent blue patch bordered in front and behind by a band of black, then a band of white.

The bill is yellow with a black nail; the feet and legs are orange or vermillion.

The hen is a nondescript mottled buff and gray-brown, considerably darker above. Her bill is dull orange with dusky spotting. Her wings are similar to the drake's, but duller.

Wild mallards are smaller and more streamlined than their domestic counterparts, the drakes averaging a shade less than three pounds. Domestic birds, on the other hand, frequently weigh a pound or two more.

Mallards are notoriously noisy, the female in particular being a loud and persistent quacker. The drake is quieter, and even when alarmed he seldom raises his voice below a low, murmuring quack.

The mallard is classified as a "puddle duck," as are the pintail, baldpate, black duck, wood duck, the teals, and several other species that usually feed in shallow water. They seldom dive, and then only with apparent effort. Much of their feeding is done



MALLARD
"TIPPING"

by "tipping," literally standing on their heads in the water with bottom ends protruding above the surface, and feet treading sporadically to maintain balance. Mallards get around quite well on land, and think nothing of foraging for hours in a cornfield or open forest.

Usually more than ninety per cent of the mallard's diet consists of vegetable matter, mostly pond weeds, smartweeds, wild celery, and other aquatic plants. Waste grain—especially corn—is eagerly eaten on land or in flooded fields, and fallen acorns are picked up in bottomland oak woods. Animal food consists chiefly of aquatic insects and their nymphs. In periods of low water they are said to feed to some extent on fresh-water snails, which local hunters blame for giving their usually delicious flesh a fishy flavor.

The mallard, being a typical puddle

duck, springs from the water like a jack-in-the-box with a single downward thrust of his powerful pinions. Combined with the hen's raucous quacking, this explosive blast-off makes jump shooting mallards an exceedingly tricky and disconcerting game.

Once underway, the mallard's flight is deceptively fast. His wingbeats are downright sluggish compared to those of a scaup or redhead, and his size adds to the illusion of leisurely flight. However, that "leisurely" flight will peel off fifty miles in an hour, and a mallard in a hurry can boost that to sixty. With a romping good tail wind his top speed is anybody's guess.

The greenhead has always been the gunner's favorite. He's a "just right" duck, not impossibly wild, and certainly not dumb, either. He decoys well if the setup is right, but is quick to spot anything phony, especially after dodging a few number fours. On the other hand, few ducks respond as well to good calling. His rocket-like leap from the water and speed awing make him an exceedingly sporting target. He's common enough throughout the season to provide fairly reliable hunting, and on the table he's a gourmet's delight.

There's no best way to hunt mallards. Living along the broad Susquehanna, one of the state's best puddle duck flyways, I number among my acquaintances quite a few duck hunters. No two hunt exactly alike.

Some of them merely toss out a bunch of blocks alongside an island, throw up a rough blind, and take their birds coming in. This is adequate on opening day, but as the ducks become educated continued success depends completely upon a thorough knowledge of their habits.

Many of the fellows use sneak boats. Those made from cut-down canoes and equipped with a blind and foot-operated rudder are popular.

A few gunners still use the old-fashioned turn-over type boat, a craft I've never seen used anywhere but on

the Susquehanna. Somewhat round-bottomed, with a low slit blind along the left gunwale, the turn-over boat is usually a two-man craft. Both men sit smack on the bottom of the boat to the right of the center, tipping it on its side, with but a few inches of freeboard to keep out the slopping waves. Crouching low and keeping the blind and the raised left side of the boat between them and the ducks they are "running," they shorten the distance with a pair of stubby paddles. Then the man in the bow silently puts away the paddle and picks up his shotgun. At the crucial moment the paddler "opens the boat"; that is, he swings the bow to the left, bringing his companion into the clear for a shot.

It's an ancient technique here on the river, but an effective one—once you get the hang of it. The first time I tried it I neglected to pivot at the waist, and swung right on by the nicest pair of greenheads ever, shooting far to the left. In my haste to make good I sent the other two shots wild, too, and learned in one short lesson that shooting from the bottom of a duck boat is not as easy as it looks.

Jump shooting is great sport, too, and many a mallard is kicked out by hunters in hip boots pussyfooting around the islands or drifting through the winding cuts in a canoe. Floating the larger creeks in a canoe is an effective method that is just catching on.

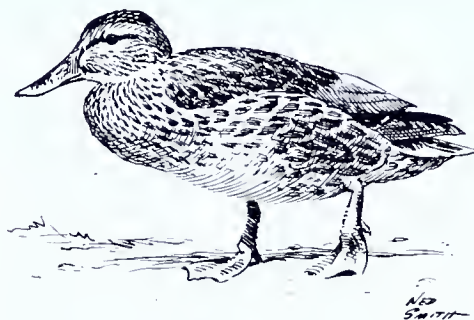
Hunting season is also migrating season for the mallards and their relatives. The greenheads we miss early in the season soon move south and are replaced by northern birds that continue to dribble southward well into December. A few spend the winter with us—loafing about suitable open water, often in company with a number of hardy black ducks. Both birds are fond of corn and can be seen dropping into harvested fields just before dark.

Few birds are as eager to get back

to the nesting grounds as the greenhead. As early as late February there is a noticeable increase in the local population and by the second week in March the migration is usually in full swing. Birds that spent the winter in Florida and other southern states are now tipping in Pennsylvania creeks and ponds, basking on sandbars, or flocking to fields flooded by spring rains.

Many of the birds are already paired up, but the sight of a madly

MRS. MALLARD



quacking hen in headlong flight, closely pursued by a string of muttering bachelors, is proof enough that some mallards do their courting en route. On the water the latter try to impress the unclaimed one by following her about, dipping the bill in the water with accompanying mechanical bows. Occasionally one will stand erect, drawing the bill up over his bulging breast, then dropping to the water and raising his tail. The whole display looks pretty silly to human eyes, but is apparently acceptable behavior for an amorous mallard.

Rejected suitors are not necessarily out of luck, for they have no compunctions about mating with more receptive ducks of another species. In fact, mallards are notoriously promiscuous and have been known to hybridize with practically all of the puddle duck clan, particularly blacks, and even a few divers.

Usually before the new leaves have appeared on the trees, the female mallard sneaks off to build her nest, a shallow depression sparsely lined with available vegetation and more or less concealed among weeds, grass or sedges. Occasionally she nests in a hollow stump or on a muskrat house. Down plucked from her breast is arranged around the rim of the nest, and more is added as incubation progresses.

8 to 12 Eggs

The grayish buff or greenish buff eggs usually number between eight and a dozen. Incubated by the female, they hatch in a bit less than four weeks.

The young, when dry, are the cutest little balls of yellow and brown fuzz that ever pipped an egg. Within a day or so of hatching they follow their mother to the nearest water, buzzing along like wind-up toys, tripping over weed stalks and tumbling over the uneven ground, until at last they launch themselves fearlessly upon the first water they have ever seen. It is immediately obvious that they do not have those little webbed feet just for laughs. The way they can paddle over the water must make even their mother envious.

Are Preyed Upon

Naturally, they are vulnerable to predation. Mink, weasels, raccoons, crows, and, to a lesser extent, snapping turtles, large pike, and a few hawks are all natural enemies. But in spite of their helpless mien, ducklings have a few tricks up their fuzzy sleeves. When danger threatens they can rear up and scamper across the surface of the water at a speed that would amaze you. Scattering in the cover of rank vegetation on the shore, they hide as ably as baby quail. Surprised on the open water, they often dive and grasp submerged plants to

keep their buoyant bodies from bobbing to the surface.

They grow rapidly, but do not begin to lose their downy plumage for several weeks. By the time they are two and a half months old both sexes somewhat resemble their mother. Another moult begins almost immediately, and by early winter the males acquire the green heads, mahogany chests, and other attire of the adult mallard drake. The young females, likewise, are carbon copies of their mother.

While all this was going on the adult drakes were undergoing some unbelievable plumage changes of their own. Even as the females incubated their eggs the males were gradually shedding their colorful feathers, replacing them with drab plumage of buff and sooty brown. When the moult was completed the effect was incredible. They now looked almost identical to the females! This female-like stage is called the "eclipse" plumage, and for some unaccountable reason is confined to ducks of the Northern Hemisphere, even in species that have representatives both above and below the equator. As though this were not humiliating enough, they later shed all flight feathers simultaneously, and were incapable of flight for several weeks. The flight feathers soon reappear, though, and the eclipse plumage is very slowly replaced by the familiar adult male plumage—green head, chestnut breast, and all. The entire transformation takes several months, and many drakes bagged early in the season are not yet in perfect plumage. But by late fall or early winter every drake in the flock has completely recovered from that degrading experience. Green heads glisten in the sunshine with a silken sheen, brown chests are glossed with violet, black feathers are really black, white ones really white. Once again mallard drakes are truly the dandies of the bottomland.



Photo by Grant Heilman

IF YOU ARE THE KIND of pheasant hunter who sees most of your targets flush too far in front to shoot, read this article to find out how to bag two roosters in a hurry.

Fast Approach Pays Off . . .

ROOSTER RUNDOWN

By Bob Carter

ARRIVING at one of our favorite bird-hunting spots several falls ago, my brother Ben and I found that we had been "out-earlied" by three other carloads of eager hunters. Although it was well before shooting time on the small game season's opening Saturday, such competition for cover was no surprise in heavily-hunted Washington County.

After a short conference with the landowner, we decided to drive around to the rear of the farm and work back, hoping to be first into some of the cover and avoid a jam up of hunters as long as possible.

The farm of our choice is good pheasant terrain, always well cultivated and offering from three to five large cornfields. Nearby untillable hill-sides are blanketed with dense blackberry thickets, good ringneck escape cover.

As we thanked our farmer friend and piled back into the car, we noticed that the hunters waiting in the barnyard were well stocked with frisky beagles, a favorite of hunters in south-western Pennsylvania.

We circled the farm and prepared to hit our first cover, a large wood's-edge cornfield. "The corn hasn't been picked yet," Ben observed happily. "The birds'll be in there!!"

Following a well-worn hunting pattern, we entered the corn at starting time, experiencing that foolish tingle that hits every hunter on the first day out. There was no need for strategy discussion—Ben and I had worked pheasant bailiwicks together for many a season.

We were hunting without a dog, not by choice, but because neither of our city residences offered room to keep one.

In the first forty minutes we had covered the big field three times, flushing birds on almost every pass. Most were hens, but one big rooster exploded in front of Ben when he ran out of the cornfield, and dropped like a stone from a well-placed load of fives. Another cock flushed from open grass well beyond the corn's edge and we held our fire, not wanting to risk a cripple with no dog handy. This second rooster headed over the rise toward cornfields near the farmhouse where our many competitors were working the cover.

"Let's follow him up," Ben suggested. "There may be a cornfield bare of hunters by now so we can go to work."

Clearing the hilltop, we checked fields near the farmhouse and saw with pleasure that they were all empty of hunters, although several red caps showed up in nearby ravines and weed patches.

Takes the Edge Off

The knowledge that cover has been hunted ahead of you always takes some of the edge off, but we hit the closest corn at the ready. Moving fast, we took a long pass, making plenty of racket and holding shotguns high to keep clear for a shot. As we neared the end of the patch we broke into a trot, and in the last hundred feet, a hard run. Glancing to the next field I saw a hunter watching us with an expression of mild astonishment.

Hitting the last ten feet of corn—which butted into a strip of short clover—we stopped dead in our tracks, and pheasants erupted all around. I swung on a cackling rooster to my right and dumped him quickly. Ben missed a climber, shooting too soon, but connected with the second shot and knocked the bird spinning into the open field. The rooster took off, running and dipping with a broken wing.

Ben burst from the corn like a 100-yard dash man, closing on the flustered bird before he could collect his

wits, and busted him from 20 yards, holding a little high.

"That was going to be a runner if I ever saw one," he grinned, getting in his explanation before I could come up with a comment about hunters who shoot their birds sitting.

We took a short sitdown puff before heading for the next cornfield, and I noticed that the nearby hunter was still keeping a wary eye on us.

Needing one rooster to complete the day's take, we aimed for a small hilltop patch overlooking the farmhouse that was always good for a flush. It was half truck garden including some standing bean poles, and half sweet corn, now brown and breaking over from the effect of several hard frosts.

Circling to put our backs to the farm buildings and keeping well outside the safety zone, we hustled through the patch, primed by good shooting for more of the same. As we started to break out of the cover birds went in all directions again! Not one, but three cocks, along with a half dozen hens burst into the air, heading pell-mell over the woven wire fence. Picking the best shot, I threw a load at a long-tailed cock, hit too far back to stagger him in midair, then nailed him hard with the second charge. He hit with a thump on bare pasture ground, and we had our bag limit of ringnecks for the day with hunters all around us! Ben watched pensively while the other birds sailed toward a wood lot across the pasture—not being able to shoot with his pair in the bag.

Headed for the House

We picked up my bird, field dressed the bunch, took another good breather, and headed for the house, to cut the dust with a drink of cool, sweet well water.

As we approached the gate our hunter friend from the adjacent field aimed the same way, with a pair of fine black-saddled beagles bouncing along behind.



Photo by Ed Van Dyne

WE ALWAYS HUNT from the thickest end of cover toward the thinnest, crowding the birds, if we can, to a point where they must fly to escape.

We met by the pump, and while the tin cup made its rounds our new acquaintance looked us over, still obviously wondering why we hunted like maniacs.

"You fellows killed a couple birds, huh?" He knew we had.

"Yeah," Ben replied with his usual modesty afield, "we got our limit so we can go grouse hunting early." Then, rubbing salt into the wounds as more hunters entered the yard for a drink, he dug out our bag and spread the four fat cock birds on the grass.

A quick census among eight other hunters, all with dogs, showed that we had bagged the only ringnecks taken that morning, although most of them had one or more rabbits to his credit.

"Do you always get ringnecks around here?" our first greeter asked.

Expansive after good shooting, Ben reported that this had been a typical day for us. This was a "hunter's truth" of course. Nevertheless, we were both dismayed that these fellow hunters, working all around us had killed not a bird. What's more, we realized that none of them shared our system for rooting out rooster ringnecks. "We hunted that big patch first thing,"

said one, "and those ringnecks sure didn't show while we were around."

Not one to tell trade secrets, Ben smiled and gathered up the birds—my signal to look dumb and head for the car.

"They saw how we get 'em," he said as we waved thanks to our farmer friend, "but they never get the idea. Why work to convince them when we want to chase the rest of these roosters next weekend?"

I've had similar experience with pheasant hunting time after time, before and since. *Most hunters look for ringnecks just as they look for rabbits, instead of herding them to the edge of cover.* In this case they had stood around the edges of cover while the dogs worked it, and had been in and out of the cover, but never made a hard drive through it.

We got our system started years ago in a season when rabbits were occurring at a rate of about one to the square mile. Concentrating on ringnecks, we soon began to notice that most of the birds we spotted were flushing far ahead and out of range.

We decided to fight this ringneck strategy and began to hit cornfields fast, increasing the pace as we moved



Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III

IN SOME CASES, it is best to spot a man at the end toward which you are driving. He can pick up any roosters scooting along the ground and with little effort flush them for a shot.

until we were running at the end of the field. It worked because, at least according to our theory, the birds began moving for the end of the field at approximately our pace when they first became aware of invasion. By the time they realized we had added speed in the crucial last hundred yards, we were on top of them and had thus closed the gap on long-flushers.

We began to kill more pheasants, and, to our delight, began to see more pheasants. Further advancing our

theory, we decided that we were seeing more birds because we no longer gave them time to choose the best escape route. We were actually herding and hustling them toward the end of the field, where they had to get airborne in a hurry or get stepped on.

In the course of getting experience with ringneck psychology we have added a good many refinements to our system.

We always hunt from the thickest end of cover toward the thinnest, crowding the birds, if we can, to a point where they must fly to escape. Occasionally, even on well-farmed land, you will find promising cover that merges into denser cover. In these cases it is best to spot a hunter at the end toward which the drive is aimed. If he keeps a sharp eye he will catch roosters scuttling along the ground and can make a short rush to flush them before they reach thick cover.

When you spot an end man in this manner it is *essential* that nobody shoot unless he knows where his companions are. The end man should stay at a corner of the field so that everyone can shoot safely.

With our system, we expect every piece of cover to harbor birds, and visualize them sitting in the cover ahead—then we take aim and start herding. This kind of concentration has you ready to shoot when and if birds materialize.

Even the best job of pheasant herding is not going to push every bird in a field ahead and out. As every hunter who's tried to run down a cripple knows, a cock pheasant, with his long, springy legs, can easily outrun you any time he makes a fair try—so you have to fake him out and get him rattled. Covering fields a second and third time with the same speed often produces roosters that have broken around your flanks or been smart enough to squat unseen as you barreled by. Usually, after a couple ex-

posures to rampaging hunters, even these wise characters lose their nerve and break for the end of the field in full rout.

When we finish a field we look over the surroundings. If there are brushy fence rows leading from the cover they offer ideal escape routes for the smart fellows. We jump to them upon finishing a cornfield and quickly walk them out until we run out of cover. Many a cock bird hangs close until he reaches the last sparse bit of grass, then accepts the inevitable and flushes.

Ben and I have outlined this rooster rundown system to lots of hunting friends, but rarely sell it. In a state of good rabbit hunters, most shotgun toters can't break the habit of slowly working every vestige of cover, kicking brush piles, looking under grass tufts, and being *thorough* rather than *unnerving*.

The next time you spot a rooster ringneck in his home cover while you aren't hunting, try this. Walk toward him. If the cover is fairly thick he will duck his black head and walk away from you. Trot toward him. He will trot away from you. Run toward him and he panics and flushes.

It works the same way in cornfields, weed patches, and truck gardens. If they hear you first they walk, trot, or take any gait necessary to keep a comfortable distance until they can dope out your intended direction and purpose. They rarely fly until they see that you are going to press the point. Unless you have taken their

thinking time away by overrunning them, they have lots of time to flush wild or quietly work around you and head the other way.

So you say, "Okay, great for cornfields, but how about the briar tangles where it's tough to walk, let alone sprint?"

Forget 'em if you're hunting without a dog. Any ringneck worth his salt will run circles around you in dense cover and never show a feather. Occasionally you will trap one off base and flush him, but not often enough to be worth the scratches and cussing that head-high briars bring on.

Another good rule—make plenty of noise when you hit cornfields—this gets them moving before they have time to consider alternatives. Shut up when you start to move fast and get ready to shoot. Many times I've found myself at the end of a cornfield with frantically scuttling pheasants rushing around, tangling in ragweed, and bumping cornstalks as they try to get the heck away from the thundering herd behind.

Shooting is fast and furious when it comes, but how much nicer than seeing those big cock birds sail away out of range while you are still in the shank of the field. And how very much better than never having seen them at all!

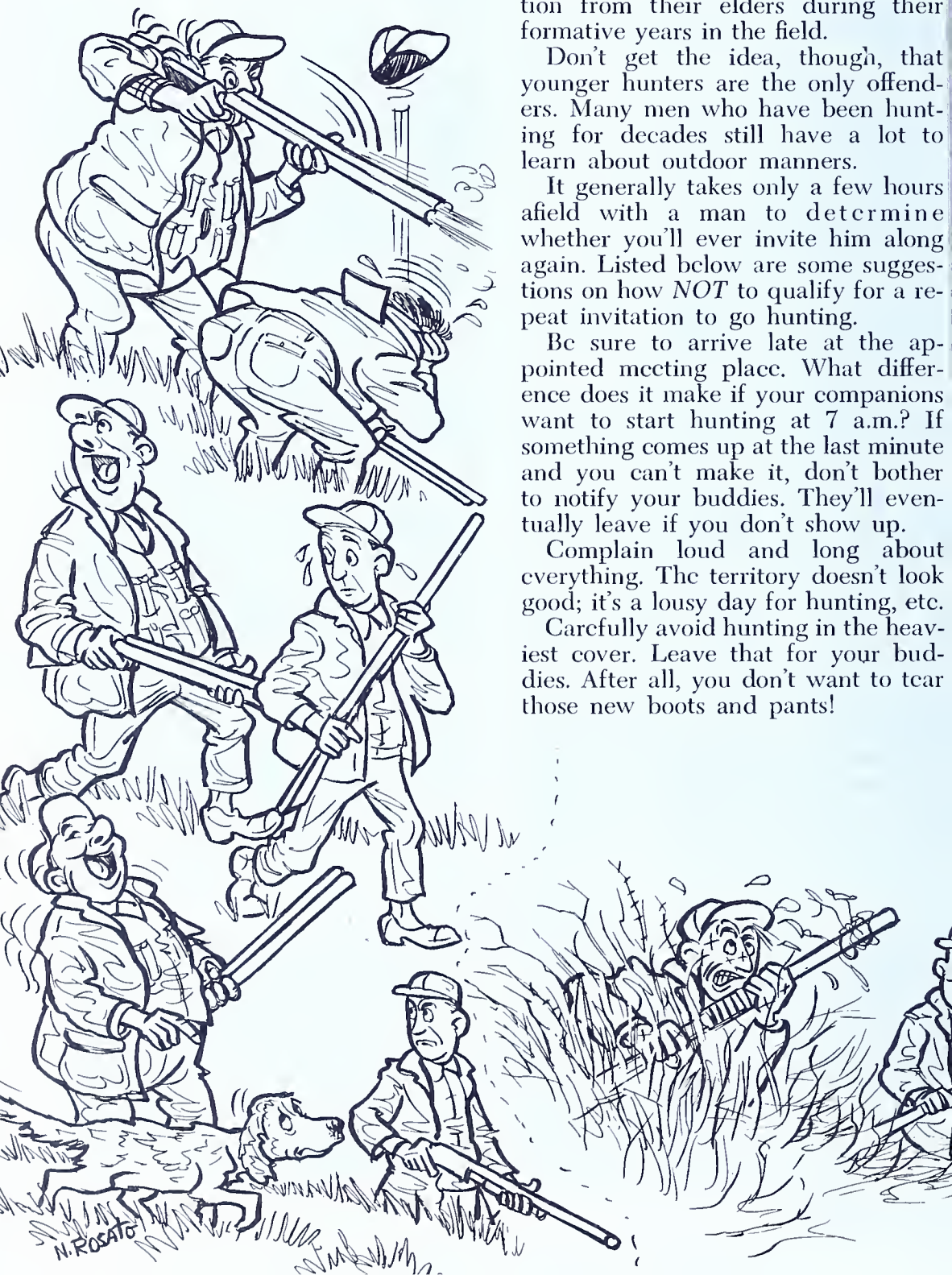
Try it next time out—you just root into the cover, run 'em down hard, and shoot quick and straight—a great no-dog pheasant formula!

Picnicking Habits

Research by the U. S. Department of Agriculture showed picnickers in Pennsylvania seldom use tables more than 250 feet from a parking area, indicating that people prefer to remain near their cars while enjoying an outing in the woods. The USDA survey showed that even in extremely crowded conditions, there was very little use of picnic tables located more than 300 feet from parked cars. Tables beyond 400 feet were not used at all. In Oregon, the agency found 91 per cent of wilderness visitors were Oregonians or their out-of-state friends, who walked into the area in groups of two to five, stayed for just a day, and returned to their homes less than 100 miles away.

A MANNER OF HUNTING

By~
BROOKE FOCHT



IN RECENT years there seem to be more violations of ethics, safety precautions and the sportsmanship code in the hunting fields.

Perhaps it's because the army of nimrods is growing. Or—and I suspect this is the principal reason—younger hunters are not getting proper instruction from their elders during their formative years in the field.

Don't get the idea, though, that younger hunters are the only offenders. Many men who have been hunting for decades still have a lot to learn about outdoor manners.

It generally takes only a few hours afield with a man to determine whether you'll ever invite him along again. Listed below are some suggestions on how *NOT* to qualify for a repeat invitation to go hunting.

Be sure to arrive late at the appointed meeting place. What difference does it make if your companions want to start hunting at 7 a.m.? If something comes up at the last minute and you can't make it, don't bother to notify your buddies. They'll eventually leave if you don't show up.

Complain loud and long about everything. The territory doesn't look good; it's a lousy day for hunting, etc.

Carefully avoid hunting in the heaviest cover. Leave that for your buddies. After all, you don't want to tear those new boots and pants!

It Takes Only a Couple Hours Afield To Get to Know the Man Well . . .

Although you won't bother to keep a hunting dog of your own, be very critical of your companions' dogs. Be sure to mention that the dogs range too far, should have pointed that last bird or figured out the last "check" during that rabbit chase.

Take along only a few shells. You won't get many shots anyway and it's more convenient (and cheaper) to "borrow" ammunition from your buddies. The same goes for sandwiches and candy bars.

Disregard all safety rules. This will keep your companions on their toes all day and liven up the hunt.

Assure your buddies that you have permission to hunt that posted farm and it isn't necessary to ask the farmer. It's a lie, of course, but the farmer won't call you on it. If he does you can probably talk your way out of the situation.

Do your best to "wipe the eyes" of your fellow gunners. Crowd into the best shooting position on every point or chase. You must preserve your reputation as a real sharpshooter. And, anyway, it's every man for himself these days. If, perchance, you both fire simultaneously at the same target, claim the downed game as yours.

Just as soon as you get your limit

start pressuring to go home or to the nearest tavern.

Even though you knew beforehand that you couldn't hunt all day, don't tell your buddies so you can travel in separate cars. They should be ready to quit around noon anyway.

Start complaining if your buddies get all or most of the shooting. Even though this is controlled by the fickle fingers of fate, complain anyway.

Ignore all game laws, especially the one about shooting near buildings. What do you care if you never can hunt that farm again?

Don't offer to share your game at day's end. After all, you have a large freezer and there are some people you want to impress by giving them a bird or rabbit.

Even though your buddies took you to their favorite hunting spots with the tacit understanding that they would remain their secret, be sure to return to these coverts as often as possible and take others with you. The heck with the gentlemen's code!

These are some of the behavior tactics which can ruin a day's hunting for your companions. If you are guilty of several of them don't wonder why you must do most of your hunting alone.



The Pennsylvania Woodcock Study

(Sixth and last in a series)

By Steve Liscinsky
Game Biologist



IN PENNSYLVANIA, the hunting pressure in relation to the number of woodcock and the amount of woodcock habitat is greater than in most other states and provinces.

Hunting the Woodcock

DUE to its unique behavior and rather restricted habitat requirements, the woodcock can be easily subjected to overharvesting. In other words, excessive or ill-timed gunning pressure extending over several seasons can have a detrimental effect upon local breeding populations. Under certain circumstances hunting pressure plays a more important role than habitat in limiting woodcock numbers. As will be explained in the remainder of this article, the extent to which woodcock populations are influenced by hunting depends on the number of gunners, daily bag limit, timing of the hunting season and the size and accessibility of woodcock coverts.

Hunting Pressure

The fact that locally reared woodcock constitute an important part of the hunters' bag has been overlooked

for many years. There is now reason to believe, however, that many of the so-called fall "flights" (groups of woodcock migrating across Pennsylvania from regions to the north) are, in reality, concentrations of locally produced birds. Banding records, discussed at length in a preceding chapter, serve to substantiate this fact. We do not know, unfortunately, the exact proportion of the total kill made up of locally produced woodcock.

Indications are that here in Pennsylvania the hunting pressure in relation to the number of woodcock and the amount of woodcock habitat is greater than in most other states and provinces. On this basis, a season opening prior to migration causes excessive pressure on "resident" stock. In order to allow sufficient time for the migrants from the north to arrive and mingle with our local birds, the Pennsylvania woodcock season seldom

opens before mid-October. In this manner greater protection is afforded locally produced birds and the return of adequate breeding stock is assured.

Studies have been made to show the effect of gunning pressure on woodcock. One of these investigations was made in central Pennsylvania. The study area, approximately one-half mile by 25 miles in size, contains about 3,000 acres of suitable woodcock habitat. Breeding population surveys and bag checks were conducted here from 1953 through 1961. Both the spring census and the hunting season kill indicated a reduction in numbers from 1953 to 1957. A reversal of this trend was evident from 1957 to 1961. (See Fig. 1.) Note the change in opening dates from early October to mid-October, and the change in trend.

More recently (1956-1960) an experiment to determine the effect of gunning pressure on woodcock was conducted in Luzerne County. The area, a portion of which is State Game Lands No. 187, had a history of growing and persistent hunting pressure with a corresponding decline in

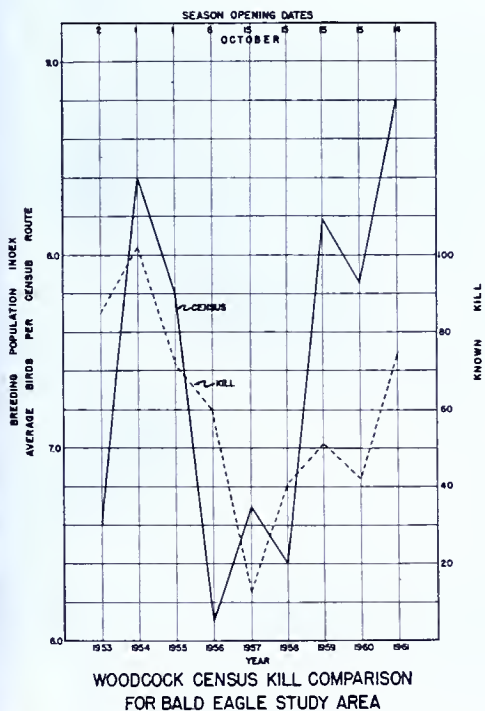


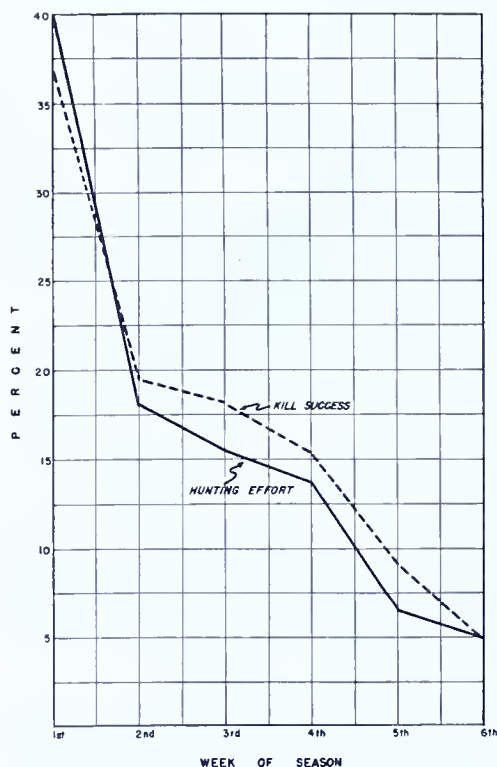
THE BIG PROBLEM in woodcock hunting is not missing them after the flush, but to be able to find them in the first place.

the woodcock population. In 1956 hunters were requested to refrain from shooting woodcock on the study area. Personal contact and posters were used to achieve this end. The response to this request was indeed gratifying. No violations were detected. During the four-year period in which the area was closed the spring breeding population increased from 6 to 24 and the fall population increased from approximately 18 to 60 woodcock. In 1961 the area was reopened to hunting. Since that time the seasons opened in mid-October, instead of October first as was the former practice. To date (1964) the number of breeding woodcock and the number of woodcock bagged have remained stable at a rather high level.

Vulnerability to the Gun

That woodcock are quite vulnerable to the gun is seldom disputed. Recent state-wide studies show that approximately 40 per cent of the woodcock which were flushed were bagged. The reason for this high kill success stems to a large degree from the fact that, once found, woodcock are rather easily followed if not shot on the first rise. The bigger problem, on the part of the hunter, is to find the woodcock



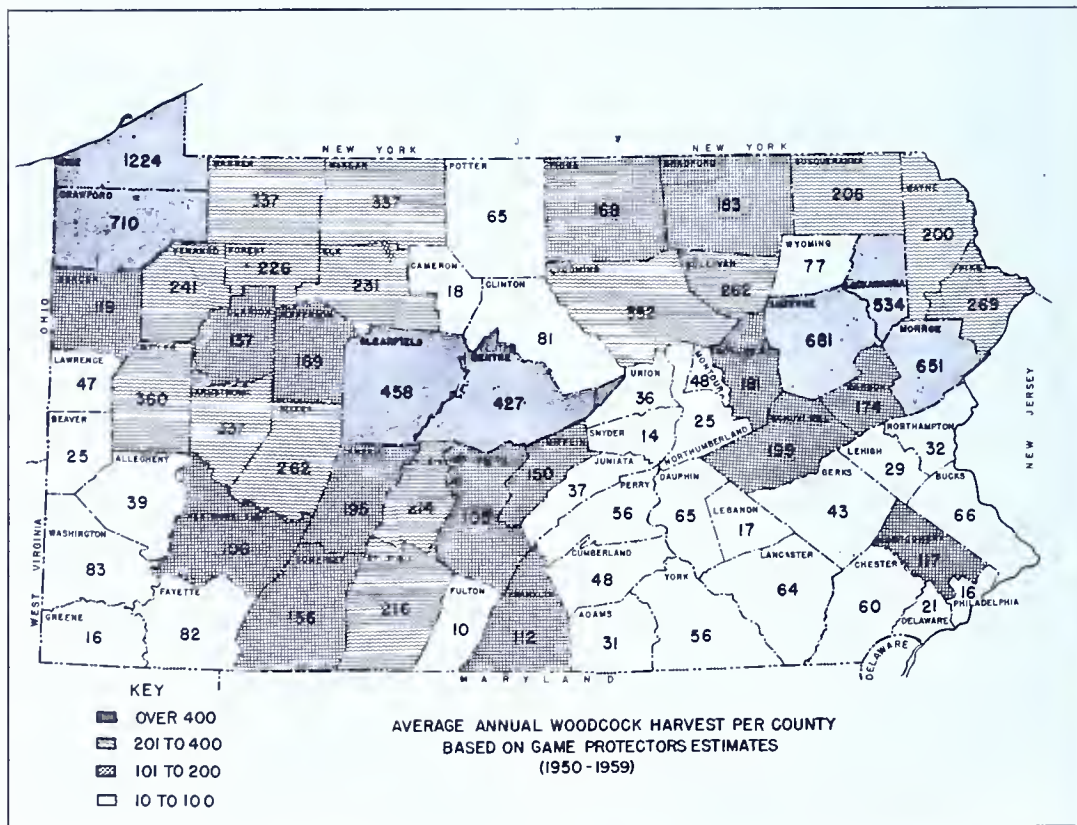


WEEKLY TREND IN WOODCOCK HUNTING EFFORT
AND KILL SUCCESS, 1953-1956

in the first place. It is interesting to note that this requires an average of approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours for each bird. Bringing it to bag requires an additional $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours of hunting.

Hunting Success

The relationship of hunting effort to kill success varies throughout the season. Based on an early October opening, success for the amount of hunting effort is less the first week of the season than during the second and third weeks. This is primarily due to the fact that there are more "once-a-season" woodcock hunters afield on opening days. Their inexperience is reflected in the fact that they do not know the whereabouts of the locally reared birds, nor do they realize that full-scale migration has not yet begun. Later in the season, usually the last week in October, local woodcock begin to congregate, and migration begins in earnest. Woodcock hunters knowing these habits and habitats reap greater returns for their efforts.



This is graphically illustrated in Figure 2. It should be mentioned that the season opening dates for the 4 years this survey was conducted were in the first week of October.

Hunting Tips

Here are a few suggestions to help you get more enjoyment and sport from your trips afield.

1. Become more acquainted with woodcock habits and habitats. Observe them throughout the seasons—spring through fall. If you haven't observed woodcock courtship behavior there is a treat in store. Ask anyone familiar with this activity to show you. Such observations can give you an index of woodcock numbers in your favorite areas. Dual flights, without the typical courtship displays, are not uncommon during summer months. These twilight flights, plus trips afield during dog training season will enable you to keep track of local populations. Except during droughty seasons and in areas readily affected by dry spells woodcock seldom change their habitats. Keep in mind the basic habitat requirements mentioned earlier.

2. Regulate your shooting to coincide with the number of woodcock in a particular covert. This is difficult, but remember—you may be shooting the last few local birds from a particular area. Know your coverts and don't begin shooting until you are fairly sure you are not pursuing the remnant stock. A good rule to follow: shoot only those birds pointed by your dog until you are satisfied there are enough birds in the area. Another tip—the last week in October and the first week of November are usually the best times to find concentrations of woodcock. At this time local birds are gathering for migration, and larger groups are migrating across the state.

3. Try a little habitat improvement work yourself or talk a local group of sportsmen into helping you. In many cases a minimum of work will produce big profits. This series of articles should help to guide your efforts. And



PGC Photo by Lincoln Lang

A GOOD BIRD DOG is one ticket to a successful woodcock hunt. Here an English setter holds a point on a woodcock in typical woodcock habitat.

more information can be had by contacting Game Commission personnel.

Future Prospects for Woodcock Hunting

The question of future prospects of woodcock hunting is often asked. At present the pattern of land use in Pennsylvania is toward larger but fewer farms, toward increasing pasturelands, and toward pole-stage and saw log stage forests. This trend, generally speaking, indicates that we are losing more woodcock habitat than we are gaining. In the face of a growing human population and more intensive land use, it behooves us to put more emphasis on the management of our present coverts.

This can and is being developed and being put into practice on several State Game Lands. These practices should be extended. In addition, seasons and bag limits are being adjusted to maintain maximum benefits. Population inventories are conducted annually. The Fish and Wildlife Service has recently stepped up its program of woodcock research and management.

Progress is surely being made and there is little reason to doubt that we cannot perpetuate the woodcock and the fine sport it provides for future generations of hunters.

"OLD NIG'S



Re Kray

LAST HUNT

BY R.N. HAMILTON

ONE day near the end of last October I stopped in at Jack Snyder's barber shop. I didn't particularly need a haircut. But Jack Frost seemed to have been busy with his magic paint brush and had bedaubed the countryside with all the brilliant, gaudy colors of autumn. Coon hunting time was here once more. And I knew if Jack, who is best known to his coon-hunting friends as "Carbide," had been out after old Mr. Ringtail I'd hear all about it. With a bit of ingenious hinting, I thought, an invitation might be offered to go along on the next coon hunt. That is what I really wanted.

Jack can spin in detail a mighty good yarn about any fishing or hunting trip. Today was no exception. It was a real dilly of a coon story—all about his young dog Julie. It seems that Julie was old Nig's daughter, and old Nig was the coon dog who made an enviable reputation through Central Pennsylvania for many years. "What about old Nig? Where is he?" I asked.

"Nig has had it. He's getting too old. He tries, but he just can't cuff it any more," Jack replied.

I was sorry to hear this for Nig was one of the best coon dogs I had ever followed. He was half bloodhound and half black and tan, with a super-sensitive nose and as good a bawl-mouth as I ever hope to hear—real musical.

Before I left the shop we had plans formulated for a coon hunt the coming Saturday night. We planned to hunt our favorite spot—Blue Spring Hollow. It was a rough place to hunt but we always found coon there. And Jack said, "If Nig is able, we might take him along."

It rained almost all day Saturday but started to clear up about 4 o'clock and gave promise of being a "crackin'" good night for coon hunting. Old Nig appeared to be in good shape and was rarin' to go. Because we would have to quit hunting at 12 o'clock, due to the fact that the Pennsylvania Game

Law prohibits hunting on Sunday, Jack said, "We'll take him along."

At 8 o'clock that night we were parked in Fowler's meadow—at the bottom of Blue Spring Hollow. Ten minutes after we turned the dogs loose, we heard a long, low, whining moan, like the muted rumbling of the gears of a heavily loaded truck on a distant highway. It was old Nig's trail song. Soon Julie joined in with her shrill soprano. Ah! That was music to quicken the heartbeats of any red-blooded outdoorsman, particularly if he happens to be a night-hunting hound man. But it was of short duration. They soon changed the tune and were barking treed. Julie seemed to be yelling in her high soprano, "Come, come and get it; come and git it."

But you can bet we got there as quickly as possible. They had a nice yearling up a small red oak. As Jack shone the light on it he said, "Be sure you make a good shot, and knock it dead. I don't want my dogs chewed up."

I took careful aim an inch above the coon's shining eye and squeezed the trigger. I had my first coon of the season—a nice fat yearling, and just the right size for baking.

Did you ever eat a prime baked coon? "Don't know how to bake it?" you say. Well later in this article I'll tell you my favorite recipe for baked coon. I think you will enjoy it.

Twenty minutes later we had another chase going; this time it headed into the swamp with Julie leading all the way, her high soprano making the echoes ring and bounce off Bald Eagle Mountain. Old Nig wasn't doing much singing. He was too busy trying to keep in the chase with Julie. It was lasting a long time but didn't appear to be going any place. The way they were playing around in the swamp and brambles, I had my doubts about its being a coon. I knew that Nig was a 100 per cent cooner. But Julie was young and I wasn't so sure about her. If this was a coon it was acting more

like a big swamp rabbit or an old crippled gray fox. I mentioned this to Jack but he said, "Nuts. You've hunted enough with Nig to know that he would never give tongue on anything but a coon." But Nig wasn't having much to say. His rumbling moans were few and a long time apart.

Finally Jack said, "Let's go and help the dogs chase it out of the swamp (said swamp being 12 or 14 acres in area)." I shivered at the thought. I had hunted ducks and woodcock in that swamp many times. I knew how tough it was to get through in daylight, with its tangles of greenbrier, swamp alder, wild crab apple, spring runs, pot holes, rocks, etc. I almost chickened out when I thought what it would be like at night with only a three-cell flashlight to see where I was going. Jack was better equipped than I. He wore a miner's hat with a big carbide lamp on his head (That's why his friends call him "Carbide."). He says he has both hands free and can see where he is going. He has something there. At least he could go through the swamp better than I.

"THE COON LEFT the tree like a dive bomber and hit me about the same way."



We must have worried old Mr. Coon, for after stumbling around in the swamp for 10 or 15 minutes, Julie barked treed only about 50 yards from where I was stumbling. And was I glad! I got to the tree before either Nig or Carbide. It was pitiful to see old Nig come staggering in. He tried his best to stand up on his hind feet at the tree and bark up with Julie but he just couldn't do it. The coon was up a medium-sized swamp elm, the top of which was a mat of wild grape vines. We couldn't see the coon but the dogs said it was up there and that was good enough for us. Jack wiped the mud and water from old Nig with some dry grass and leaves, and made him a bed with his coat. We looked for the coon again but couldn't see it. Jack stuck my .22 pistol in his belt, handed me his carbide light with instructions to shine the light on the tree above him. Then he went up that elm tree like he was second cousin to a wild cat. Suddenly he said, "I see it or I think it's the coon. Get a hold of Julie. I'm going to shoot it down."

"O.K., I'm ready," I said, but I wasn't. I never really could have been ready for what actually happened. I was stooped over, holding Julie's collar with my right hand, and had Jack's carbide light in my left, shining it up the tree for him. I don't think Jack hit the coon at all, for when he shot, the coon left that tree like a dive bomber and hit me about the same way. I saw it coming straight at Julie and me and I tried to get out of the way, but it hit my left shoulder and knocked me spinning. Jack's carbide light went flying into the night. The coon, Julie and I all ended in a pile in the same puddle of swamp water. It was darker than the inside of a black cat's belly on a stormy night. And what a bedlam of sounds. Jack was yelling for me to get a light, the coon was snarling, Julie was growling and I was "cussin'."

"Carbide" said later that I was do-

ing a pretty good job. The truth was that I had lost my hold on Julie's collar, and she and the coon were having a tooth-to-fang battle in my lap. I didn't know how soon one of them might take a "holt" of me.

At last I got untangled from Julie and the coon, and found Jack's carbide lamp. It wasn't damaged and soon I had it lit, and we could see what was happening. The coon had left the water hole (It wasn't deep enough to be of any help to it) and was on its back up against a big rock. With four feet, each armed with murderous, sharp claws and a set of needle-sharp teeth, it fought the dog. A dog might just as well jump in and try to grab hold of a buzz saw as tackle a coon in that position. Julie had learned her lesson and was keeping her distance. She jumped around, barking and bluffing rushes at the coon, but she never got close enough for it to catch her with its sharp claws and fangs. We could see that she had paid a big

WITH FOUR FEET, each armed with murderous sharp claws and a set of needle-sharp teeth, the coon fought the dog. The dog might just as well have grabbed hold of a buzz saw.



price for her lesson. She had a big piece torn from her right ear, and her face, neck and front legs had been ripped in deep gashes with those murderous claws. Jack quickly loaded the gun (a single-shot .22 pistol with a tip-up barrel) and took a shot at the coon. With the crack of the gun it turned over and started to run. I was afraid it was going to get away and I yelled for Jack to shoot again. But before he could reload the gun, out of nowhere staggered old Nig. He seized the coon by the back of the neck, and fell on it, pinning the animal to the ground. We could see the muscles of his neck and shoulders strain as he worked those powerful bloodhound type jaws of his. Then we heard the bones crack and knew it was the end of the trail for the coon. Old Nig tried to stand up to shake the coon and carry it to Jack as he had done so many times before, but his legs were too weak. He couldn't do it. "All right, old fellow, you keep it while I fix up Julie," Jack said.

We washed the blood and dirt from Julie's wounds with our handkerchiefs, patched her ear with band-aids and greased all her bites and scratches with a salve made from an old Indian recipe (more about it later).

When we had finished doctoring Julie, Jack took the coon from old Nig and dressed it. It was about the same size as the first one, possibly from the same litter. Jack washed it out in a spring and we started for the car. Old Nig had had a pretty good rest and went along all right for a while. Then he played out, and we had to stop and rest him for ten minutes or more every 50 yards or so. The distance he could go kept getting shorter and the rests longer, till finally he couldn't get up when Jack asked him to "come on." He would only whine and look so sad at Jack as if to say, "Sorry, boss, I can't do it." Jack said, "We'll have to carry him."

We decided to carry him on my coat. It was much larger than Jack's. Boy, did we have a time! That's one trip I'll not soon forget. Next morning I was so stiff and sore and every bone and muscle in my old carcass ached for a week. I soon realized the value of the carbide light on Jack's head. He was in the lead and picked the path. We had quite a load consisting of an 80-pound dog, and two coons 10 to 12 pounds each. We had to stop often to rest our arms.

It was nearly 2 o'clock on Sunday morning when we at last reached the car. I was scratched, skinned, bruised, soaking wet with perspiration and swamp water and darn near "pooped." To top things off, a District Game Protector and two of his deputies were at the car waiting for us. He asked, "Don't you fellows know you're to be out of the woods by 12 o'clock on Saturday nights?" Jack replied, "Yes, we know all that, but this old fellow played out and we had to carry him out of the swamp." Then Jack gave the officers a graphic description of the hunt as only Jack could do. He was doing so well that before he was half through I knew we were not in trouble.

"Guess you couldn't leave an old bone-digger like him out in the swamp," the Game Protector said. "Besides he might get to chasing deer and that would be more work for me." Jack said that "Nig would never bother deer." The Game Protector laughed and replied that that was the least of his troubles, but we sure had fooled him. Jacklighters had been killing deer in Blue Spring Hollow, and were carrying out only the choicest cuts of meat, leaving the rest to feed the varmints. And when he saw us coming out of the swamp, carrying old Nig, he was sure he had the violators with the evidence to convict them. I read in the local paper that he caught the culprits a few nights later, with the parts of two deer.

The salve we used on Julie's wounds



BUT BEFORE HE could reload the gun, out of nowhere staggered old Nig. He seized the coon by the back of the neck and fell on it pinning the animal to the ground.

is so good that every outdoorsman should know about it. I have never seen a description of it in print and I would feel amiss if I didn't tell you how to make it as Sammy Littlefox, a Seneca Indian trapper, told it to me. Cook a pint of crushed calamus root (sweet flag) in a pint of bear or coon grease for 30 minutes, then add one-half pint of deer or sheep tallow, and one-half pint of pitch pine gathered from jack pine trees. (I use powdered resin. It's easier to get and it's just as good.) Boil for ten minutes more and strain through cheesecloth into containers of a convenient size to carry. I do a lot of water trapping in the winter and my hands take an awful beating, but this salve keeps them smooth and free from chapping. I've used it for more than 40 years and wouldn't be without it.

Now comes the sad part of the story. Old Nig is dead. He died five weeks to the day after this hunting trip. I don't know if dogs have a

happy hunting ground to go to or not, but if they do, I hope old Nig has a lot of coons to chase there. I never knew a dog that would deserve it more than Nig.

Thinking of Nig, I nearly forgot to give you my recipe for baked coon, but here it is:

Skin coon and cut in pieces. Remove the brownish yellow kernels of fat from under shoulders and small of back, scrape off all the fat you can. Wash well in cold water. Put in salt water and set in cold place or freeze until wanted. Put a kettle of water on the stove, add two small onions, a

couple of carrots, a stick of celery, six whole cloves and one or two bay leaves. When the water is boiling put in the meat and parboil until tender. While the meat is parboiling, wash and core six or eight large cooking apples and fill with butter and brown sugar. When the meat is done, remove from the kettle, scrape off any fat you can. Place your coon in a large roasting pan with half an inch of water in it and stand apples around through the meat. Bake in a slow heat without a cover until the apples are done and the meat is a crusty brown on top.

Day of Gore



Photo by Thomas H. Knepp

THE SAND SPRINGS HUNTING CAMP in New Lancaster Valley, Snyder County, in 1919. The men of this camp were from McClure and other nearby villages and farms. A bus would bring in food and supplies to the men who remained at the camp until the limit of six deer was killed. This sometimes took the full two weeks. Shown are (standing left to right) Joseph M. Wagner, Samuel Spigelmyer, William Wagner, Arthur Arnold, Frank S. Wagner, Daniel R. Hassinger, Calvin Goss, Hurley Goss, Jasper Spigelmyer and Arthur Goss. Kneeling are John Snyder, Charles Mattern, Pharus Baker, Steward Boonie, Russell Wagner, P. L. Hassinger, Elder Wagner and Charles Fry.

Grouse Hunting In Defined Coverts

By Jim Hayes

Photos by the Author

FROM the bend in the road where we parked the car we had a perfect view of the countryside. Framed between two jackpines was a quilt-work of wood lots, fields, and rolling hills. "Looks like great grouse country," Bill said. You couldn't help but agree.

We hunted the wild grape thickets. We made two sweeps through a hill-side of scrub oak. We hunted out the pine and laurel on the far ridge. We climbed rocky draws where clusters of fox grapes hung heavy on the vines, and we marched up one fence row and down another.

Finally, on our way back to the car, we headed up a little quarter section opening off the main valley. One flank was in fields overgrown with sumac, hawthorne, dogwood, and chokecherry. This led to a squirrel woods with a border of shrubby edgings on the lower side.

We had just left the field and started into the woods when birds started going up. Within five minutes, after flushing a dozen grouse, we had our brace apiece. This after two hours of hard hunting.

If you are a grouse hunter the experience may sound familiar. You hunt for hours and put up only a random single or brace. Much of your shooting comes in flurries. You walk and walk until abruptly, in some corner or pocket, you are knee-deep in grouse. And you ask yourself, "Why didn't I try this place first?" The point is that you should have.

During the past 15 years most of my grouse hunting has been done in



THIS GROUSE FLUSHED from a vine tangle where he'd been feeding on frost grapes. Scattered patches of wild grapes are ideal because they offer both food and cover. At least four different kinds of grouse food are shown in this picture.

a limited number of well-defined coverts (vegetative or other shelter for game). From time to time I scout new terrain, as Bill and I were doing that day. But invariably I return to my old haunts. Because I know those places so well, having hunted them for years, I find that they yield more flushes per hunting day.

This may sound axiomatic, but locating birds is the essential thing in grouse hunting. You do not expect to get shooting at every bird you flush. Nor do you scatter feathers on every shot. That means you must put up enough grouse, and burn enough shells, to make your brace. Unless you do your hunting within the coverts you may hike many a weary mile before your game bag acquires that comfortably weighted feeling.

Parenthetically, I should state here that it is not essential to the success of a grouse hunt that you fill your limit. But when the limit happens to be two grouse, when you figure that grouse are one of our most under-harvested species of game, and because a brace in the bag represents a real sporting achievement, then, say I, try for your brace. Nuff said!

One afternoon Bill and I were walking back from the morning's hunt when we met another hunter with two handsome English setters. When we showed him our birds, he stared in disbelief. "Where did you get those?" he said. "In the past three hours we've found exactly two points."

When we asked what areas he'd covered, it turned out that he'd been everywhere but in the right places. This is very easy to do. As Bill observed, "It's surprising how few hunters are 'covert-minded.' They think that if they walk long enough they'll get some shooting. Most of them recognize the grousy-looking places. But they don't mentally partition their hunting territory into a series of little islands, or coverts, which it really is. And they do a lot more walking than they have to."

Which says a lot of truth. Continuous and unbroken though it may appear, grouse range is actually made up of a series of individual coverts, some of them fairly isolated, others overlapping. Each covert is the home territory of one or more broods of grouse. In size a covert may vary from 15 to more than 150 acres. How-

ever, those areas frequented by the birds at any season of the year are much smaller. During the hunting season their wanderings may be confined to a five- to ten-acre area, and during the extended season they restrict their range even more.

By hunting a covert regularly it is not difficult to determine where the grouse will be at various seasons of the year and under different weather conditions. And by noting the location of flushes you can get a good idea of the size and perimeters of the covert itself.

The shape of a grouse covert is determined by the arrangement of the cover blocks and also by the total area used by the birds on a year-round basis. Some coverts may be oval or circular, but more often they are irregular, square, or in rectangular strips.

Assuming that you are in good grouse country, where do you look for coverts? The answer is, "Most anywhere you find a concentration of preferred cover types, properly arranged." This may be on a ridge, in a

THIS STAND OF PINES within an intermediate wood lot provides shelter from weather and predators. Surrounding area is good for nesting and feeding. Arrangements like this within a grouse covert help give the area a high carrying capacity.





AN OLD WOODS ROAD with wild grape tangles and hardwoods on the left side, an overgrown field and pines on the right. This kind of layout is a natural for grouse.

valley or hollow, along a bench, or it may be spread over different kinds of terrain. Experienced grouse hunters develop an almost instinctive ability to size up covert locations. All it takes is a practiced eye.

There are several obvious things to look for. These include winter shelters, edgings, and a variety of interspersed cover types. Ideally, a covert should offer the widest possible assortment of preferred foods and vegetation.

The size, arrangement, and proximity of mixed covers—slashings, overgrown fields, brushy edgings, wood lots and scattered thickets—are also important. Areas of cover that are close together permit the birds to move easily from place to place. That makes for a close-knit covert. If shelter areas are far removed from feeding areas, with little good cover between, the grouse are more exposed to predators as they move from one place to another. On an annual basis, those predator losses alone can make the difference between a good and a poor covert.

Most of my grouse hunting is done in overgrown, rolling hill country and

abandoned farm land with stands of pine, slashings, mature and intermediate wood lots, and scattered patches of wild grapes. However, any brushy country that is broken here and there with hardwoods, old pastures and orchards, and stands of pine, alder, willow, and thorn apple is worth investigating. Such country, I find, is far more dependable than mountainous and heavily forested terrain where deer may have browsed out much of the understory.

Within their coverts grouse find the two things they require for survival—food and shelter. Since grouse requirements change from season to season, the habitat should also offer the elements to meet their changing needs—for drumming, nesting, dusting, spring and summer feeding, winter shelter, and so on.

Although grouse spend most of their lives within their coverts it is not unusual for them to go on forays into the surrounding countryside. The practice is more common of individuals and braces than of sizable numbers, and far more noticeable when they are plentiful. When grouse populations are down, the birds tend to stay well within the coverts.

Outside a Covert

If you put up a bird outside a covert, the place where you flushed it may be worth revisiting. On the last day of the 1957 season I flushed a grouse from a south-facing little copse with a gnarled old apple tree and a ground patch of frost grapes. The place is a good ten minutes' walk from the nearest covert, but the setting is so picturesque, and the shooting layout so perfect, that I never fail to check it when I am in the vicinity. Once or twice every year I manage to surprise a bird there.

If you want to really learn about grouse, spend a weekend or two exploring for new coverts. During the extended hunting season, when snow is on the ground, the presence of winter shelters is a good tipoff. A large

tract of woodland with little or no understory, and surrounded by open fields, will support few birds. Another area showing clumps of pine or hemlock, wild grape thickets, and wood lots strewn with vine tangles and blowdowns may provide excellent shooting.

Of course, not all grouse coverts measure up to the standards of ideal habitat. But the extent to which they do classifies them as ideal, average or marginal, and is closely related to their carrying capacity. In theory, grouse require between five and eight acres of covert per bird. Thus, 50 acres of suitable habitat should be capable of supporting between six and ten birds. During a peak year this may rise to as many as a dozen grouse. When the population reaches the saturation point—about one bird per four acres of covert—the surplus grouse tend to move out. Then you find them in adjacent coverts, some of which may be marginal, or scattered over the countryside.

Unfortunately, the quality of a covert is not the entire answer to good grouse hunting. Although closely-knit, variegated habitats have a consistently greater carrying capacity than marginal coverts, grouse populations may still fluctuate tremendously from one covert to the next. So much depends on nesting and brooding success. That is true of all coverts, but particularly of smaller coverts which may rely on the success of a single hen grouse.

Nesting Success

For example, if a hen grouse brings four or five young birds through to the opening of hunting season, a 25-acre covert may afford reasonably good shooting. For one thing, it means that most of those four or five young birds, plus two or three adults, will usually be found within a five- to ten-acre area within the covert. If the nesting fails, or if the brood is decimated by sickness and predators, the hunter will do well to spend his time elsewhere.

Because of the uncertain productivity of any one covert, the best idea, I find, is to locate a half dozen or so coverts scattered some miles apart, but all within convenient driving distance. When grouse are scarce in a covert you can rest it for the season and try others. Unless the birds are in a general decline, some of your coverts should always support huntable populations. When grouse are exceptionally plentiful in a covert, a heavier-than-usual shooting harvest may help offset the even sharper cut-back of a natural decline.

After you have reconnoitered a series of coverts in one area, repeat the process in another section at least 50 to 75 miles away. By putting distance between various clusters of coverts you safeguard against the possibility of an areawide decline and improve your chances for a successful gunning season.

The ability to locate and define grouse coverts, and then to study and hunt them, has many rewards. For one thing, it enables you to assess the rise and fall of the population cycle. You get an idea of what is an "average" number of birds in a given area.

THIS FAT HEN grouse had been feeding on sumac in the brushy edgings beside a piney thicket. By hunting a grouse covert regularly it is not difficult to determine where the birds will be.



From that you can determine years of scarcity and abundance.

Know the Covert

Knowing the layout of a covert, and the location of different kinds of cover in it, enables you to concentrate your hunting efforts on those places where you have the best chance of finding birds. That's particularly important in Pennsylvania where our shooting season extends over both autumn and winter months.

Early in the season, or on any bright, crisp, sunny day, I look for birds along the edgings, in brushy swales, beside fences and hedgerows,

or in abandoned apple orchards. On rainy, blustery days, or after the heavy snows come, they are more likely to be in the wild grape tangles, sheltered in the pines, or under brush-cluttered windfalls in the woods.

Finally, I find that grouse hunting within coverts provides the most consistent action. You do not have to spend most of your hunting day looking for birds. You move from one productive place to the next. Considering how little of a man's lifetime can be devoted to grouse hunting, that's perhaps the most important consideration of all. At least it is for me.

BOOK NOTES . . .

Conservation Education Manual

The National Audubon Society has published a new Information-Education Bulletin entitled "Manual of Outdoor Conservation Education."

Authored by Joseph J. Shomon, Director of the Nature Centers Division, the manual is aimed at nature centers, outdoor laboratories, outdoor education classrooms; special park and forest areas, nature preserves and sanctuaries, natural areas and camp reservations.

The purpose of the bulletin is to put into proper perspective some concepts in outdoor conservation education and to bring together in one brief volume some guidelines for leaders—directors, teachers and naturalists, as well as administrators of outdoor facilities—on how they can do a better teaching job using the outdoor environment as a classroom.

Beautifully illustrated with black and white photographs and drawings, the manual is well written and easy to understand.

The booklet costs \$2 per copy and can be obtained from the National Audubon Society, 1130 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10028.

Camp Roster

If 5 or more persons are hunting together for big game, they must maintain a roster in duplicate. Camp roster forms are obtainable from any Game Commission office or any Game Commission officer. One copy must be carried by the leader of the party at all times while hunting. An exact duplicate to be posted at group headquarters and remain posted for 30 days following the close of season. Not more than 25 persons may hunt deer together or as a party.

Tagging and Reporting Big Game Kills

Deer and bear must be tagged within one hour after killing and before the carcass is moved from where it was killed. The law requires that all successful big game hunters report their kills on the postage paid card attached to the license within five days after the close of the season for the animal killed.



STANDING along the branch railroad, with my ears tuned to the baying of my beagle as she drilled a rabbit in and out of the tangled honeysuckle vines, I didn't hear the old-timer approach. When his voice broke the silence with, "Sure is sweet music, boy," I nearly jumped out of my skin. Looking up, I saw a grizzled, weather-beaten face with the liveliest blue eyes peering down at me, hand outstretched in greeting. "My name's Sam Spencer, Son; used to do quite a lot of rabbit hunting myself before I moved down here."

After a half hour of spirited conversation and the swapping of numerous hunting tales, I began to realize that my new-found friend was a lonesome individual, having been uprooted from his lifelong mountain home by his daughter's insistence that a man 80 plus was in no condition to batch it after Ma passed away.

"Golly," he said, "I'd sure like to get out on a rabbit hunt again. The

girl thinks I'm too old to go it alone and she worries herself sick every time I leave the house."

Well, if you have ever had an old tired hound dog fix his pleading eyes on you for one more chase, you know that I just couldn't ignore this aging hunter's sad gaze. So, the following Saturday morning found me loading Sam and his Fox double into the station wagon, while daughter Mary cast apprehensive glances at the both of us.

As we ate up the miles to the abandoned farm where I planned to hunt, old Sam made time melt away with his nostalgic tales of hunts long gone. Even my beagle, Nell, seemed to be under his spell, for she sniffed his gun and nuzzled up to him in eager anticipation.

A short time later, I was plodding through the swamp bottom, Nell nosing ahead through the heavy blackberry growth and Sam moving along the hillside that bordered the marsh. Here, I knew he would get shooting

as the fuzzy tails always headed for the scrub oak choppings that lined the ridge. Sure enough, I heard Nell yipe excitedly and a bobbed tail flashed by me, going hell-bent-for-leather toward the thickets and the old-timer who blocked his path. It happened so quickly that my friend was caught off guard and his hurried shot sprayed the leaves six feet behind the fast stepping speedster. Shaking his head in disgust, as the rabbit gained the safety of the scrub oaks, he threw another shell into the gun and dejectedly waited while Nell's voice followed in fast pursuit. It wasn't long before I heard her circling back and soon a furry form came bounding

down the hill. This time the cottontail turned head over heels at the crack of the Fox, and Sam's face wore a grin from ear to ear as he held up the victim for my inspection.

The rest of the morning proceeded much in the same fashion, with quite a few misses and now and then a hit. But the old-timer was not one to make excuses. "Should have had him," or "Missed him a country mile," he'd comment, giving himself a verbal boot in the rear. When I suggested swinging back toward the car, he gave a reluctant grunt. But, I saw his steps lagging and his shoulders drooping in weariness as we headed through the last patch of sumacs. Suddenly, a de-

IT WASN'T LONG before I heard Nell's voice circling back and soon a furry form came



fiant cackle split the air and a huge cock bird exploded through the undergrowth. With the instinctive swing of a veteran hunter, old Sam's slowing reflexes responded once more and the oriental toppled earthward. "This buzzard is darn near as old as me," he quipped, happily, as he hefted the plump bird.

The trip home was a quiet one; the exhausted snores of the old-timer and the beagle seemed in complete harmony. Although I was pleased with the day's results, I was somewhat concerned, thinking that we may have stayed out too long for Sam's good. However, as we pulled up to the curb from where we started, the old boy

came alive again and soon he was proudly exhibiting the big ringneck and three rabbits to awed grandsons and daughter as well as admiring neighbors.

"Son," he said, as we parted, "you can't imagine how much I enjoyed this hunt. Perhaps you would take me along again some time."

The look on his face, I'll always remember, for he died in his sleep soon afterward, with no chances for another trip. Now, when I stand on the familiar hillside, listening to Nell's far-reaching voice as she brings a cottontail around through the scrub oaks, I seem to hear the old-timer saying, "Sure is sweet music, boy."

on the hill. This time the cottontail turned head over heels at the crack of the Fox.





DUCK HUNTERS get licenses, decoys, calls, guns and ammo, and even hot coffee ready when the first hard freeze arrives.



WHEN EVERYTHING IS RIGHT, they head for the Susquehanna and set out decoys in the sheltered, but open coves.

INSIDE THE BLIND all is in readiness. Gun, ammo and call are all at finger tip range for quick action.



AND HERE THEY COME, but hold fire. Hunters is that they shoot too soon and than we think.

Duck Hunting

DUCK hunting. Now here is a sport when the first hard freeze skims the free-flowing and giant Susquehanna, a major migration attraction of the Atlantic this time, and hunter, too, on this great

Decoy blocks are arranged, makes the sky, hunters wait the quackers to waders, divers and some geese, too, drop migration movement to the sunny south throughout most of the 400-mile length

If you have never joined the dedicated folded here. Then after the first hard and head for this or any other river in put delicious roasts in the pan as well

SPECKS ON THE GRAY HORIZON call for immediate attention. A few inviting quacks from the call bring the web-footers sailing into the blocks.



range. The big mistake of a lot of duck
d the bird far enough. Ducks fly faster

Susquehanna

lly rewarding hours. Take late autumn,
es with ice, and ducks pull to Penn's
on the Atlantic Coast. This river is a
There's a quick build up in ducks at

shape, and in the chilled, pre-dawn
long the inviting coves and bays. Pud-
visits before continuing their ancient
ing the early morning hours, shots echo
ling, varied river.

gunners, take a look at the story un-
a duck stamp to your hunting license,
it you'll find real, rewarding hours and

WITH THE DECOYS READY the quack-
ing on the call and a little luck may be
the combination for a successful hunt.



THEN LET GO with a volley of No. 4
or 6 shot.



HERE'S THE GRAND PRIZE. A web-
footer that found the Susquehanna invit-
ing for a few days' stopover. You must
get to the downed game quickly else the
current will carry it far downstream.

PREPARATION, SUSPENSE of waiting,
even the chilling weather is worth the
effort when you view the mallard and
visualize the roasting in the offing.





FIELD NOTES



Mamma's Strange Voice

TIOGA COUNTY—On July 6, 1964, Deputy Richard Wilson and I were making an inspection of seedlings planted on a tract of land owned by Deputy Wilson. Walking down a creek bottom, we flushed at least 10 or 12 grouse. Noting this for our reports, we started on, when we heard a strange sound. Looking at each other in wonderment, we started to investigate. It first sounded like a cat meowing, then something like what we both thought was possibly a fox pup. Then we saw what was making the noise. On top of a bank about 10 feet high paced mamma grouse, making this strange noise. Apparently, she was calling her brood back together. —District Game Protector Duane Moore, Mansfield.

Weasel Waterloo

ERIE COUNTY—Floyd LaBorde, R. D. 7, Erie, Pa., who raises pheasants for the Commission, heard a commotion in his pen. Upon investigation he saw a weasel making a hasty exit and found 22 dead birds. We set traps around the pen, using dead pheasants for bait, and in eight hours took six weasels and a large rat in the traps. —District Game Protector David Kirkland, Wesleyville.



Snake Eaters

FULTON COUNTY—I was surprised to watch a litter of nearly grown kittens on the farm occupied by Deputy Billie Cromwell. They have developed a taste for snakes and have brought in a number of non-poisonous types. They start at the tail and chop them up with no regard for the lashing head. All cats that I have observed in the past have had a great fear of all snakes. —District Game Protector Carl Jarrett, McConnellsburg.

Oddball

JUNIATA COUNTY—On July 26 I received a phone call from Roy Eranzellers of McAlisterville, R. D., who asked my wife if we had just stocked some strange birds recently. She replied that we had not stocked just lately so Roy asked if I would come out. He wanted to ask me what kind of bird he had in with his chickens. Now Roy raises many thousands of chickens each year and has seen a lot of different fowl in his work and had never seen one like this. I paid a visit to him the next day and what I saw still has me stumped.

It was a bird about the size and general appearance of a ring-necked hen. The head, neck and eyes are definitely ringneck, the feathers on breast, back and tail are a mottled brown with big spots and the bottom of the bird is solid brown contrasted with—get this—red legs and feet. It had come in with his chickens and did not appear too wild. None of the neighbors knew what it was and the best we can guess is that a ringneck crossed with a guinea fowl to produce this oddball. Anybody else have any ideas? —District Game Protector Robert Shaffer, Mifflintown.

Butler Conservation School

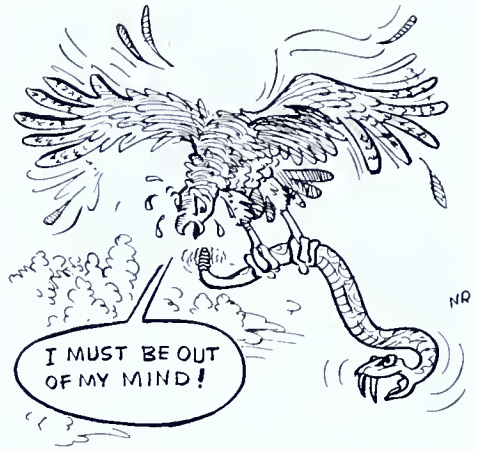
BUTLER COUNTY — The Butler County Sportsmen Conservation Council has just completed and graduated its ninth class from the Butler County Junior Conservation School. This is the first school of its kind on a county level. To date the school has graduated 232 boys ranging in age from 13 to 18. This school has sent its program to two foreign countries and three other states upon request. Many local schools in this state and neighboring states have been started as a result of the material and help furnished by the Butler County Sportsmen Conservation Council. The first class graduated 15 boys in 1956. This year there were 34 boys graduated from the Junior Conservation School. We in Butler County are very proud of this conservation school and the 232 boys who have graduated from this school. We feel that if more schools of this kind existed the future of everyone would be much better.— District Game Protector Jay D. Swigart, Butler.

Venom Proof

CLARION COUNTY — The Boy Scouts at Camp Coffman have been feeding three rattlesnakes which are kept at the camp for educational purposes. The Scouts put into their cage a chipmunk and a large rattler struck it soon afterward. The strike did not seem to make the chipmunk sick; for that evening when I went to get a snake out of the cage, out jumped the chipmunk in good health!—District Game Protector James Hyde, Knox.

Black Chuck

CENTRE COUNTY—Earl Weston, an ardent woodchuck hunter from Julian, R. D., reported that he killed a "jet" black chuck on July 4, about 10 miles south of Troy.—District Game Protector Charles Laird, Pleasant Gap.



Air Lift

TIOGA COUNTY—Food and Cover Foreman Bump, while moving road grading equipment on State Game Lands No. 37 in Tioga County, saw a red-tailed hawk rise from a bank along the road in front of his tractor. This hawk had a rattlesnake gripped in its talons. The snake was alive and writhing. Bump said it was at least 3 feet long and nearly as large in circumference as a man's wrist. It probably outweighed the hawk, which succeeded in getting over some large oak trees along the road and flew out of sight. — Land Manager Gerald Cyphert, Westfield.

Fate of the Fox

On the evening of July 21, John Malyuk of Union City, R. D., went to the pasture to drive his cows to the barn for milking. He discovered one of the cows had given birth to a calf and a fox was attacking the calf. The cow would chase the fox away from the calf, and as soon as she started to graze, the fox would again charge the calf. Mr. Malyuk returned to his house, obtained a shotgun, and walked to within thirty-five yards of the fox and shot it. He removed the pelt from the animal, a large red fox, and brought it to my headquarters to probate for bounty. — District Game Protector Elmer Simpson, Union City.



Mountaineer Country

GREENE COUNTY — I recall a story that former Deputy Game Protector Art Boden told me. Art went on a squirrel hunting trip with his brother deep into the heart of West Virginia. Their guide was a true Snuffy Smith hillbilly who lived miles from the nearest road. Out of curiosity Art asked the guide if a Game Warden ever came around his neck of the woods. The guide answered with a slightly quickened drawl, "He *DAR-ENEN'T* come up here." — District Game Protector Theodore Vesloski, Carmichaels.

Tomorrow's Conservation Leaders

VENANGO COUNTY — My recent assignment at the National Boy Scout Jamboree at Valley Forge was very much appreciated and enjoyed. In presenting resource management and the responsibilities of the individual in resource conservation, I found it was enlightening to see and hear the interest of the youth represented by the Scouts. It is my opinion that the Boy Scout movement gives the individual better appreciation of the need of conservation of our basic resources than any other approach. It brings the story to the youth, our future leaders. They were a very receptive audience.—Conservation Information Assistant Robert Parlamen, Franklin.

Oblivious Motorist

BUCKS COUNTY—The following story was related to me by my father, James Bond, West Chester. During the forepart of the month he and my mother were traveling over a country road near their home when a pheasant hen and her brood crossed in front of them in single file. My dad, being a nature lover and sportsman, stopped his auto and watched the procession. Just as the last chick was crossing, an auto came speeding down the road from the other direction, and realizing what was about to happen, Dad blew his horn, blinked his lights, shouted, and, I suppose, cursed a little, but to no avail. The man ran over the last chick and killed it and continued on his merry way. Heaven help anything that happens to cross in front of this kind of driver.—District Game Protector E. F. Bond, Doylestown.

200-Yard Double

LAWRENCE COUNTY — Walter Lyon and Fred Wettich of the New Castle area related the following to me. While hunting together, Wettich, shooting a .280-cal. rifle at a woodchuck some 200 yards away, killed two "pigs" with one shot. They didn't plan it that way but both animals were in line and the one was hidden by the larger of the two. The pair was hunting along the Neshannock Creek on the McCreary farm. A 200-yard shot is not the exception, but still it is good shooting, especially when it is a "double." — District Game Protector Calvin Hooper, Jr., New Castle.

Shouldn't Be

CARBON COUNTY — Several coal-stripping workers have reported seeing a *snowy owl* in the Pisgah Mountain area during June and July. These are the first reports I have ever received of such birds in this county.—District Game Protector Mervin L. Warfield, Weatherly.

Water for Wildlife

CRAWFORD COUNTY—A good example of how wildlife appreciates a helping hand can be readily witnessed at State Game Lands No. 69, where the Game Commission has completed twelve impoundments and is completing the thirteenth at this time. The goose population is steadily building up and the ducks are showing up in increasing numbers. All wildlife benefits from this work and can be seen utilizing the area. When these impoundments are fully developed, they will be a wonderful addition for our waterfowl area in northwestern Pennsylvania.—District Game Protector William Lee, Titusville.

Women!

VENANGO COUNTY—After receiving a complaint earlier this month from a lady who said the rabbits were eating up everything she owned, I went to her residence and set a box trap. One morning later in the week she phoned and informed me that one of her villains was in the trap. When I got there, about an hour later, the trap was empty. The lady explained that she had let the rabbit out as she didn't want to see anything cooped up.—District Game Protector Lorraine Yocum, Oil City.



Big Family

MERCER COUNTY—On June 1, 1964, Deputy Foulk of West Middlesex observed a brood of pheasants starting across Highway 318, so he stopped to make a brood count. In this brood there were 18 pheasant chicks and only one hen. The deputy watched them for quite some time, and no other hen joined in. It appeared that this one hen was taking care of all of them. Although I have seen several broods this year, the largest was 11 chicks, and I imagine this 18 will hold the county record for quite some time.—District Game Protector John Badger, Mercer.

Another Antlered Doe

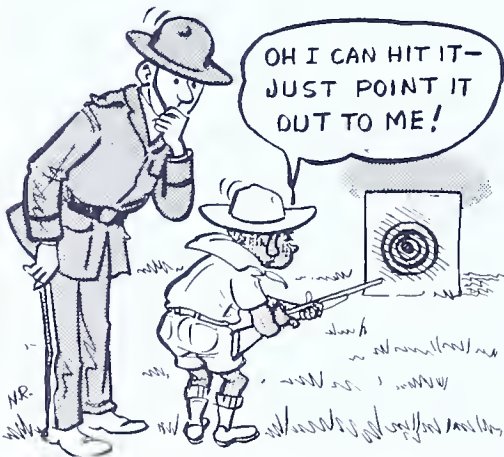
CUMBERLAND COUNTY—On July 16 I received a call to pick up and dispose of a road-killed deer along Rt. 944 near Wertzville. This has become a very routine chore in this area of the district. I looked the deer over before loading it on my car and found it to be a "deer" in velvet. Upon getting it loaded, my wife, who was standing nearby, said, "I see it's another momma deer." Upon closer examination it proved to be a "momma" deer with horns in the velvet about 2" long. The deer was then turned over to the authorities from Carnegie Museum for examination. This in itself is unusual but the spot where the deer was killed was within sight of the Capitol dome of Harrisburg. — District Game Protector Eugene Utech, Carlisle.

Mass Murder

BEDFORD COUNTY—A raccoon found its way into a 500-bird pheasant holding pen on the farm of Charles Koontz, Jr., of R. D. 4, Bedford, and decapitated 62 six-week-old ringnecks.—District Game Protector John Troutman, Everett.

He Swapped for It

COLUMBIA COUNTY—While on special assignment at the National Boy Scout Jamboree, Valley Forge, Pa., Game Protector Edward Bond and I had a most amusing experience. On the first day, July 16, detailed as instructors on the .22 cal. rifle range, we had a group of Boy Scouts from Nigeria report for instruction and shooting. One youngster completely failed to hit the target on his first five shots. Game Protector Bond and I then assisted him with the result that he put 8 out of 10 in the target for score. As he put up a new target and returned to the firing line with his target for score, Bond noticed that he was wearing a "Pro-Marksman NRA 50-ft. Award Medal." We were completely amazed that this youngster did so badly and yet was awarded this medal. Bond then asked the boy how he acquired the award. He replied, "Oh, that? Why I swapped a souvenir from Nigeria for this. Did I get cheated?"—District Game Protector Edward Sherlinski, Mifflinville.



Full of Baloney

LYCOMING COUNTY—During the months of June and July a bear became a frequent daytime visitor at the Little Pine Camping Area near Waterville, Pa. The campers said the bear just moved through the camp inspecting food containers. I asked which food the bear ate the most of and the campers agreed it was baloney.—District Game Protector Michael Evancho, Jersey Shore.

Spin Dry Rabbit

COLUMBIA COUNTY—I am told that a woman started up her automatic dryer and found it would not operate properly. She called her husband, who checked over the situation for some time. He found that upon taking the dryer apart, where the exhaust leaves the machine, a rabbit had entered the vent from the outside and had gone down into the dryer. I suppose it was much warmer there than outside, and the round exhaust tube did look like a hole to him.—Land Manager William Fulmer, Bloomsburg.

He Was Taken

LEBANON COUNTY—Trading or swapping was a favorite pastime for the Boy Scouts attending the National Jamboree at Valley Forge.

While I was on duty at the shotgun range a Scout stepped up to the firing position and put his personal belongings on the grass. Among other things, they included a tanned gray fox hide. I asked him if he had killed the fox. His reply was that it was a raccoon pelt. I picked it up to double check and told him that it definitely was a gray fox hide. His only remarks were "I've been taken."—District Game Protector P. A. Hilbert, Cleona.



CONSERVATION NEWS



PGC Photo by D. L. Batcheler

CONFISCATED GUNS ON SALE at the Pennsylvania Game Commission in Harrisburg August 17-21 are being checked over by Assistant Chief, Division of Law Enforcement, James A. Brown and Administrative Assistant Earl E. Geesaman. A total of 78 rifles and shotguns confiscated from Game Law violators were sold on a sealed bid basis.

\$108,892 Paid in Bounty on Foxes and Owls

Bounty payments on foxes and owls cost Commonwealth hunters \$108,892 during the last fiscal year, which ended on June 30.

The Pennsylvania Game Commission reported in August that bounties of four dollars each were paid on 9,555 gray foxes and 16,318 red foxes. Bounty payments of five dollars each were paid on 1,080 great horned owls. These totals were greater than the previous year for foxes but slightly under the total for great horned owls. The 1962-63 fiscal year bounty claims totaled 7,881 gray foxes, 14,089 red foxes and 1,203 horned owls for a total payment of \$93,895. The 1963-64 payments were \$15,000 more than the year before.



Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III

A POPULAR WATERFOWL TARGET in Pennsylvania is the mallard duck. Here a hen and drake swim peacefully in one of the state's many attractive waterfowl areas. The duck season will open state-wide at sunrise on October 10.

1964 Waterfowl Seasons Announced by Game Commission

In accordance with the season framework specifications released in August by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the Pennsylvania Game Commission announced that the 1964 duck season will open at sunrise on Saturday, October 10, 1964, and close at sunset on November 28, 1964. The Commission also announced that the 1964 season on geese and brant will open at sunrise on Saturday, October 3, and close at sunset on December 11, except in Crawford County where the opening of the season on geese and brant will coincide with the opening of the duck season on October 10 at sunrise.

Veteran duck hunters will be surprised to learn that the duck season will open at sunrise this year, after numerous years of opening at noon. Commission spokesmen pointed out that this change in opening regulations was not anticipated and information released earlier indicated that there would be no hunting of any kind before noon on the opening day of the duck season. However, this change in regulations has made the earlier information incorrect and duck hunters should take special note that the opening hour is sunrise. Shooting hours throughout the season are sunrise to sunset except on October 31, the opening of the general small game season, when all hunting and shooting is prohibited prior to 8 a.m., EST.

The daily bag limit for ducks has been set at three ducks. Commission spokesmen emphasized, however, that

hunters will have to be careful about the kinds of ducks they shoot. The daily limit may not include more of the following species than: two wood ducks; two mallards; and two canvasbacks or two redheads or one of each. After the first day, duck hunters may have no more than six ducks in possession, including not more of the following species than: two wood ducks; four mallards; two canvasbacks or two redheads or one of each.

The daily bag limit of geese is three, except in Crawford County where the daily bag limit is one Canada goose. The possession limit of geese is six. The daily and possession limit of brant is six.

The Controlled Shooting section of the Commission's Pymatuning Goose Management Area in Crawford County will open at sunrise on Saturday, October 10. Again this year, hunting on this section will be by reservation only on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday until the maximum allowable harvest of geese is attained. Shooting hours on this controlled area are sunrise to noon EST.

Mergansers are not included in the duck bag limits. The limits on American, red-breasted, and hooded mergansers are 5 daily and 10 in possession, except that not more than one daily and two in possession may be hooded mergansers.

The following table summarizes the 1964 Pennsylvania Waterfowl season:

OTHER MIGRATORY GAME BIRDS UNDER FEDERAL AND STATE REGULATIONS

Species	Open Seasons		Daily Bag Limits	Maximum Possession Limits	Shooting Hours
	First Day	Last Day			
DOVES	Sept. 1	Nov. 9	12	24	12:00 0'clock Noon EST to Sunset.
RAILS & GALLINULES	Sept. 1	Nov. 9	15 #	30 #	Oct. 31 - 8:00 AM, EST, to Sunset;
WILSON'S or JACKSNIPES	Sept. 21	Nov. 9	8	16	--
WOODCOCK	Oct. 10	Nov. 28	5	10	Other Days - Sunrise to Sunset.

Singly or in the aggregate of species.

DUCKS	Oct. 10	Nov. 28	3 *	6 *	Oct. 3 & 10 (OPENING DAYS) Sunrise to Sunset.
COOTS	Oct. 10	Nov. 28	10	20	Oct. 31 - 8:00 AM, EST to Sunset.
MERGANSERS	Oct. 10	Nov. 28	5 **	10 **	OTHER DAYS - Sunrise to Sunset, EXCEPT Controlled Shooting Section
GESE	Oct. 3 ***	Dec. 11	3 ****	6	of Pymatuning Goose Management Area - Sunrise to 12:00 0'clock Noon,
BRANT	Oct. 3	Dec. 11	6	6	EST, on Monday, Wednesday, Friday & Saturday, beginning Oct. 10, 1964.

EXCEPTIONS: * Daily Bag Limit of 3 ducks may not include more than:- 2 mallards; 2 wood ducks; 2 canvasbacks or 2 redheads or 1 of each.

Maximum Possession Limit may not include more than:- 4 mallards; 2 wood ducks; 2 canvasbacks or 2 redheads or 1 of each.

** Not more than 1 hooded merganser daily, or 2 in possession.

*** Crawford County, including Pymatuning Goose Management Area - Oct. 10.

**** Daily Bag Limit in Crawford County - 1 Canada goose.

ON THE OPENING DAY OF SMALL GAME SEASON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1964, IT IS UNLAWFUL TO HUNT ANY WILD BIRD OR ANIMAL, INCLUDING MIGRATORY GAME, PRIOR TO 8:00 AM, EST.

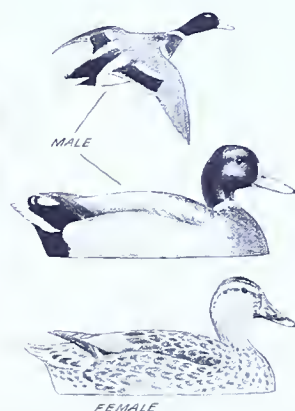
(NO OPEN SEASON - SNOW GEESSE AND SWANS. NO SUNDAY HUNTING.)

MIGRATORY BIRD HUNTING METHODS - Permitted: Bow and arrow, or shotgun not larger than 10-gauge, of not more than 3-shell capacity, which must be plugged to 3 shots so that plug cannot be removed without disassembling the gun; dog; blind; boat propelled by hand; floating device other than sinkbox; artificial decoys. Injured or dead waterfowl may be picked up by means of a motorboat, sailboat or other craft. Shooting is permitted from a boat or other craft having a motor attached if such craft is fastened within or tied immediately alongside of any type of stationary hunting blind. Prohibited: Electrical calling devices or recordings; rifles; handguns; live decoys; automobile; aircraft; sinkbox (battery); power boat, sailboat or any device towed by power boat or sailboat; salt or bait placed to lure, attract or entice birds to, on, or over the area where hunters are attempting to take them; use of cattle, horses, or mules and motor-driven land, water or air conveyance or sailboat to concentrate, drive, rally or stir up waterfowl or coots.

FEDERAL STAMP FOR MIGRATORY BIRD HUNTING - It is unlawful for a person over the age of 16 years to take migratory waterfowl unless he owns and carries on his person a current Federal Migratory Bird Hunting Stamp, validated by his signature written in ink across its face. Not valid after June 30 following date of issue. This stamp is not required to hunt Rails, Gallinules, Woodcock, Wilson's or Jacksnipe, and Doves. (8/24/64)

NOTE: One (1) fully feathered wing must remain attached to each migratory bird while being transported.

Mallard



Be

Sure

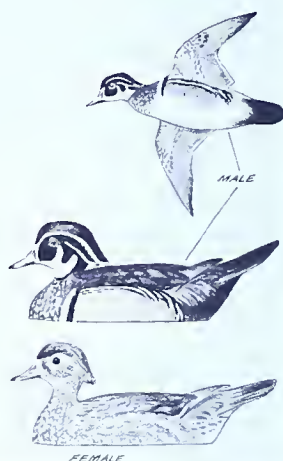
You

Know

Your

Ducks

Wood Duck



PENNSYLVANIA

SUNRISE-SUNSET TABLE

The following times of sunrise and sunset are based on the 77th Meridian which runs north and south through Eastern Adams County, Harrisburg Airport, Williamsport and Eastern Tioga County. Times shown are EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

Hunters in localities east or west of the 77th Meridian should note that there is a considerable variation in sunrise-sunset times from those shown before (as much as 8 minutes earlier in Philadelphia and 12 minutes later in Pittsburgh). Check your local weather station for correct information.

	SEPT.		OCT.		NOV.		DEC.	
Date	Rise A.M.	Set P.M.	Rise A.M.	Set P.M.	Rise A.M.	Set P.M.	Rise A.M.	Set P.M.
1	5:34	6:40	6:03	5:50	6:36	5:05	7:10	4:42
2	5:35	6:38	6:04	5:49	6:38	5:04	7:11	4:42
3	5:36	6:36	6:05	5:47	6:39	5:03	7:12	4:42
4	5:37	6:35	6:06	5:45	6:40	5:02	7:13	4:42
5	5:38	6:33	6:07	5:44	6:41	5:00	7:14	4:42
6	5:39	6:32	6:08	5:42	6:42	4:59	7:15	4:41
7	5:40	6:30	6:09	5:41	6:43	4:58	7:16	4:41
8	5:41	6:28	6:10	5:39	6:45	4:57	7:17	4:41
9	5:42	6:27	6:11	5:37	6:46	4:56	7:18	4:41
10	5:43	6:25	6:12	5:36	6:47	4:55	7:19	4:41
11	5:44	6:23	6:13	5:34	6:48	4:54	7:20	4:42
12	5:45	6:22	6:15	5:33	6:49	4:53	7:20	4:42
13	5:46	6:20	6:16	5:31	6:50	4:53	7:21	4:42
14	5:47	6:18	6:17	5:30	6:52	4:52	7:22	4:42
15	5:48	6:17	6:18	5:28	6:53	4:51	7:23	4:42
16	5:49	6:15	6:19	5:27	6:54	4:50	7:23	4:43
17	5:50	6:13	6:20	5:25	6:55	4:49	7:24	4:43
18	5:51	6:12	6:21	5:24	6:56	4:49	7:25	4:43
19	5:52	6:10	6:22	5:22	6:57	4:48	7:25	4:44
20	5:53	6:08	6:23	5:21	6:58	4:47	7:26	4:44
21	5:54	6:07	6:24	5:19	7:00	4:47	7:26	4:45
22	5:55	6:05	6:25	5:18	7:01	4:46	7:27	4:45
23	5:55	6:03	6:26	5:17	7:02	4:45	7:27	4:46
24	5:56	6:02	6:27	5:15	7:03	4:45	7:28	4:46
25	5:57	6:00	6:29	5:14	7:04	4:44	7:28	4:47
26	5:58	5:58	6:30	5:13	7:05	4:44	7:29	4:47
27	5:59	5:57	6:31	5:11	7:06	4:44	7:29	4:48
28	6:00	5:55	6:32	5:10	7:07	4:43	7:29	4:49
29	6:01	5:54	6:33	5:09	7:08	4:43	7:29	4:50
30	6:02	5:52	6:34	5:07	7:09	4:43	7:30	4:50
31			6:35	5:06			7:30	4:51

Game Commission Appeals for Understanding Of Special Deer Hunting Regulations in Southeast

In an appeal directed to township officials in the affected parts of Bucks, Chester, Delaware, and Montgomery Counties, M. J. Golden, Executive Director of the Pennsylvania Game Commission, called for a better understanding of the Commission's action in establishing the Special Deer Hunting Regulations area. Golden urged township officials and landowners to cooperate more closely with the Commission and its representatives as an aid to solving mutual problems related to hunting and the management of game, especially deer. "Game Commission personnel will be willing to confer with the appropriate officials in the area at any time," Golden said.

The Game Commission has recognized for a number of years the need for better control of the deer population in southeastern Pennsylvania. But previously instituted control measures in the form of regular antlerless seasons were rendered ineffective due to the numerous and varied local ordinances and landowner restrictions. As a result, in this area deer have become a hazard to personal and real property. In 1963 more deer (238) were killed by motor vehicles on the highways in Montgomery County than were killed by hunters (234). The highway kill last year was 193 in Bucks County, 152 in Chester County, and 20 in Delaware County. During the first six months of 1964, the highway kill of deer in these counties has again been excessive. Complaints of damage by deer to farm and truck crops, flower and vegetable gardens, etc., are common.

In an attempt to alleviate the deer problem in this specified area, the Game Commission has adopted a resolution prescribing the long bow and arrow and shotgun with buckshot for taking deer in the designated parts of extreme southeastern Pennsylvania.

This action of the Commission is in accordance with a 1963 amendment to The Game Law and is in the interest of public safety. The public safety aspect is evident in two ways: a reduction in deer numbers will decrease the hazard of vehicular collisions with deer; and buckshot has a very limited range.

The Special Deer Hunting Regulations are effective for the antlered (buck) deer season, November 30-December 12; and for the antlerless deer season, December 14-19, in those parts of Bucks, Chester, Delaware and Montgomery Counties south and east of the following highways, beginning at New Hope on the Delaware River, west on Route 202 to Route 309, north on Route 309 to its junction with Route 113, southwest on Route 113 to Route 422, northwest on Route 422 to Route 100 at Pottstown, south on

PENNSYLVANIA
SPECIAL DEER HUNTING
REGULATIONS AND AREA
FOR 1964



Route 100 to the Pennsylvania line. In this area deer may be taken only through the use of the long bow and arrow and with shotguns, including autoloading or semiautomatic shotguns loaded to full capacity, not smaller than 20 gauge with shot not

smaller than No. 4 buckshot. Rifles, handguns and shotguns discharging a single ball or slug are prohibited. Under these regulations, the objections by local officials and landowners to hunting with "high-power" rifles are eliminated.

TIPS FOR HUNTERS



Beggar-ticks, Spanish needles and other weed seeds often cling to your hunting clothes. Pull them off with your fingers and they frequently leave spines in the cloth. By shaving them off quickly with the blade of your hunting knife, you do a neater job.—Lefty Kreh.

Changing Your Address? Don't Forget GAME NEWS

The Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage and we cannot replace lost copies. SO PLEASE . . . at least six weeks before the first issue to go to the new address, send us your name, new address including zip code, and your old address. Mail to GAME NEWS, Pennsylvania Game Commission, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120.

General Mellon Gives Game Lands to State; Helps Buy Another

Because of his generosity and keen interest in wildlife and conservation, General Richard K. Mellon of Pittsburgh has made it possible for Pennsylvania hunters to enjoy an additional 900 acres of State Game Lands in Westmoreland County this season.

The Western Pennsylvania industrialist, banker and financier deeded to the Game Commission a 46-acre tract on Laurel Mountain and helped the Commission purchase an additional 814-acre tract nearby. Both properties have been added to State Game Lands No. 42.

The Mellon property, known as the Waterford Tract, is located in Lionier Township. It affords excellent hunter access to a beautifully wooded area rich in wildlife resources. Sportsmen will find turkeys, grouse, deer and squirrels abundant there.

The second tract, known as the Stibich Tract, is located in St. Clair Township. Also along Laurel Mountain, this property offers the sportsmen quality forest game hunting. General Mellon helped the Game Commission acquire this tract by paying more than half its purchase price.

State Game Lands No. 42 now contains more than 11,000 acres. It was first created in 1928 with the acquisition of the 4,473-acre Werder Tract.



THIRTEEN TROPHIES are displayed here by Carl W. Hess of Dublin Mills. These are just some of the deer he has killed over the past 34 years of hunting. The one in the upper left was his first, the one on the bench was killed during the 1963 season. All were shot in Fulton and Huntingdon Counties with the same Model 14 Remington.

3,018 Acres in Susquehanna Ordnance Depot Given to Game Commission

The Federal Government in August deeded to the Pennsylvania Game Commission 3,018 acres of the old Susquehanna Ordnance Depot near Allenwood in Lycoming and Union Counties. The acreage represents the entire western section of the World War II Ammunition Dump along U. S. Route 15. The remaining 4,300 acres will be used by the Bureau of Prisons, U. S. Department of Justice.

Under Public Law No. 537, the Federal Government was able to turn the tract over to the Game Commission for wildlife conservation and recreational uses. The land is located in Washington and Brady Townships of Lycoming County and in Gregg Township of Union County.

Before the land was acquired by the Federal Government, the property

was farm land. The Game Commission plans to cultivate and farm the better fields and to manage the entire section for wildlife.

The new State Game Lands will be numbered 252 and should offer the sportsmen excellent small game hunting. Game species already abundant there include pheasants, rabbits and squirrels. Management and habitat improvement will be aimed at these species and toward quail and doves. Beavers are also present on the area.

Because the new game land has been used by the Bureau of Prisons for several years, the transition of this land to a public hunting area will take some time. Whether or not the new tract will be open to the hunter this fall will be decided at a later date.

Game Commission Given Go-Ahead on Project 70 Lands

The Pennsylvania State Planning Board in August approved a Game Commission request to pursue purchase of three tracts of land with Project 70 funds. These three tracts totaling approximately 4,900 acres are the first acquisition requests made by the Game Commission under the Project 70 program.

The three selected areas are located in Crawford County, Lebanon-Lancaster Counties and Berks-Lehigh-Montgomery Counties.

The largest tract, called the Middle Creek Project, contains some 2,400 acres in Clay and West Cocalico Townships in Lancaster County and Heidelberg Township in Lebanon County. The primary reason for purchasing this land is to develop a waterfowl management and hunting area. Pennsylvania sportsmen have requested that such a waterfowl project be established in the southeastern part of the state and the Game Commission is hopeful that the Middle Creek project will more than satisfy this need.

Bounded on the south by State Game Lands No. 46 (Lancaster County), the proposed acquisition will eventually contain a 300-acre impoundment on Middle Creek with three smaller impoundments totaling 69 acres. It is anticipated that the proposed area will attract 10,000 to 20,000 waterfowl during peak migration periods.

The second proposed acquisition is the Crooked Creek Project, totaling about 1,300 acres immediately south of the Game Commission's Crawford County Waterfowl Development area at Pymatuning. The tract is in East and West Fallowfield Townships on the Little Shenango River Watershed. The Game Commission feels that acquisition of this area is essential to obtain full benefits of the entire water-

fowl development complex in the Pymatuning area.

The third approved area called the Berks - Lehigh - Montgomery Project contains approximately 1,200 acres in Upper Hanover Township, Montgomery County, Lower Milford Township, Lehigh County, and Hereford Township in Berks County. When purchased, the Game Commission plans to develop a highly productive small game hunting area. Public fishing would also be provided, since a fine trout stream is located on the property.

State Planning Board approval on the above three tracts means that the Game Commission may now proceed to purchase the proposed land areas using Project 70 monies. The Commission is hopeful that purchase of these areas will be completed in the 1965-66 fiscal year.

Venango FFA Hold Field Day

The first annual field day of the Future Farmers of America for Venango County was held on Saturday, July 25, on the grounds of the Venango County Home farm with approximately 200 people attending.

Various contests were held throughout the day, with winners receiving prizes for public speaking, land judging, fishing, milking, and pig catching.

District Game Protectors Clyde Decker and Lorraine Yocum were on hand to answer questions and explain the various programs of the Game Commission.

Wagon tours of the farm were conducted to show conservation practices of soil, wood lots, streams and wildlife. One stop on these tours included a border cutting by Game Commission Food and Cover Corps. Here Land Manager Edward Borger was on hand to explain the many advantages of such cutting by removing overshadowing trees to allow sun to reach the edge of the field, and the cutting also provides immediate as well as lasting cover for wildlife.

SAYS THE COURT

State Can Appeal Acquittal By Justices of Peace

GAME LAW cases may be appealed by the state if the accused is acquitted by a magistrate or justice of the peace.

The issue was raised in *Commonwealth v. Petra*, 28 D&C 236, before President Judge Lewis in Potter County Quarter Sessions Court.

Petra was charged with unlawful killing of a female deer and discharged by a justice of the peace. The Commonwealth appealed.

"It urged on behalf of defendant that he may not be tried a second time for the same offense; placed twice in jeopardy; and that the hearing *de novo* in this court amounts to a second trial," the Court wrote.

"The Constitution of Pennsylvania, article V, sec. 14 provides: 'In all cases of summary conviction

... either party may appeal to such court of record as may be prescribed by law, upon allowance ... upon cause shown.' Comment is unnecessary."

Judge Lewis did comment, however, that "defendant tells an improbable story," since according to his alibi "he covered much more territory than he possibly could have traveled over in the time elapsed; much more than is indicated by the testimony of his witness."

An interesting aspect of the case was its reliance upon circumstantial evidence. The Game Protectors tracked footprints in the snow and found three .300 Savage cartridge cases where the hunter had stood to shoot. Defendant was armed that day, the Court found, with a .300 Savage rifle, which was not produced at trial because defendant testified that "it had since been stolen from him."

"However, the marks in the snow, as described by the Deputy Game Protectors, considered with the testimony of other witnesses for the Commonwealth, we believe point as certainly to defendant's guilt," the Court said.—*John Sullivan*

THESE 12-WEEK-OLD turkeys were released in this Game Commission hardening pen on State Game Lands No. 221 in Monroe County before final release in the wild this fall. The Game Commission will release a total of 3,350 wild turkeys throughout the Commonwealth during the fall months.



BLOOMSBURG STATE COLLEGE zoology class toured State Game Lands No. 57 in Wyoming County last summer. The tour was conducted by District Game Protectors E. R. Gdosky and H. W. Bower, Jr., both of Luzerne County. Shown with Gdosky on right is Dr. Robert Sager, Asst. Prof. of Biological Sciences, in charge of the class.

PGC Photos by Steve Kish



RCC-502

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

APPLICATION FOR A

NON-RESIDENT HUNTER'S LICENSE

FEE \$25.35. DO NOT SEND STAMPS FOR FEE. (BY MAIL ADD 10c POSTAGE AND ENCLOSE POSITIVE MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION WHICH WILL BE RETURNED WITH LICENSE.)

NAME:.....
(Print Plainly)

STREET OR R. F. D.:.....

POST OFFICE:.....STATE:.....ZIP CODE:.....

OCCUPATION:.....AGE:.....

COLOR OF COLOR OF
HAIR:.....EYES:.....WEIGHT.....LBS.

HEIGHT:.....FEET.....INCHES.

PLACE OF BIRTH:.....
(Post Office) (State) (Nation)

I AM NOW A BONA FIDE RESIDENT OF:.....
(State or Country)

I CERTIFY THAT THE ABOVE IS A TRUE AND ACCURATE
STATEMENT.

NATIVE-BORN ☐

AND THAT I AM A NATURALIZED ☐ CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES

AN ALIEN NON-RESIDENT ☐ NO.

.....
(Signature of Applicant)

DATE OF APPLICATION:.....

NOTE:—IF APPLICANT IS FOREIGN BORN, NATURALIZATION PAPERS
MUST BE PRESENTED TO THE COUNTY TREASURER OR DEPART-
MENT OF REVENUE BEFORE LICENSE MAY BE ISSUED.

LICENSE NO.

.....
(Signature Issuing Agent)

NOTE:—THIS LICENSE MAY BE SECURED FROM ANY COUNTY
TREASURER IN STATE OR THE DEPARTMENT OF REVENUE, MIS-
CELLANEOUS LICENSE DIVISION, HARRISBURG PA.
REMITTANCE MUST BE BY CERTIFIED CHECK OR MONEY ORDER.

MANY NONRESIDENT HUNTERS have a problem of securing their Pennsylvania license before coming to camp in the Keystone State. For the convenience of those who prefer to have their license before they arrive, **GAME NEWS** has printed the above form. Send the completed form with your fee of \$25.35 plus 10c postage and a positive means of identification to any County Treasurer or the Miscellaneous License Division, Bureau of County Collections, Department of Revenue, Harrisburg, Pa. 17127



HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



Right Approach To Firearm Legislation

District Game Protector Howard Bower, of Wilkes-Barre, who has coordinated a well organized Hunter Safety Program for his area has just completed a Pennsylvania Game Commission Hunter Safety Course for Scouts of the Wyoming Valley Council.

In response to a job well done the following editorial was printed in the *Wilkes-Barre Record*.

Gun Safety in Scouting

One thing the Boy Scout movement recognizes is that boys have a strong interest in things they connect with being males. Among them is firearms and the sports in which they are used.

But rather than throw up hands in horror, Scout leaders take the practical view that guns are a fact of life in the United States, rooted as they are in our traditions and history. They strive to teach youngsters how to handle guns safely and enjoy the fun and relaxation that go with hunting and target shooting.

About 40 local Scouts have just finished a course in firearms safety conducted jointly by representatives of the State Game Commission and National Rifle Association. They studied gun safety, firearms fundamentals, rules and regulations of hunting, laws of Pennsylvania, and care and cleaning of weapons.

It cannot be guaranteed, of course, that none of the youngsters who participated in the program will ever have an accident—even race car drivers become



PGC Photo by Paul Glenn

HUNTER SAFETY STUDENTS of the Octorama High School in Chester County are shown using the teacher-pupil method of shooting. These same students were used to teach hunter safety instructors of Lukens Steel Co., Coatesville, this shooting method. District Game Protector Peter J. Filkosky is shown conducting the training.

involved in highway accidents—but the chances are greatly diminished.

For if they have learned one thing it is respect for firearms. Coupled with consideration for other persons their scouting activity instills respect which is the key to firearms safety as it is with automobiles.

We congratulate the Wyoming Valley Council on its intelligent approach to a problem which has long been subject to abuse based on confusion and misunderstanding.

Pa. Game Commission
Hunter Safety Certified

To Date:

Instructors—5,544

Students—64,426



PGC Photos by Harrison

ONE OF THE QUICKEST methods of cooking wild duck is by broiling. Here is a broiled black duck ready to be served. If you have not tried wild duck this way and have an open mind about such things, it is heartily recommended.

From Marsh to Mouth . . .

Duck on the Table

By Bob Latimer

THE improper care and cooking of game are undoubtedly the reason why people ask, "Do you honestly like game?" This, I think, is especially true in regard to waterfowl. If ducks such as mallards, blacks, etc., and Canada geese have been cared for right and properly cooked, they are, indeed, good table fare. After hunting waterfowl for quite a few years up and down the Atlantic flyway, I am convinced that much of the fowl brought back by the gunners eventually winds up uncooked and in the garbage can. This, indeed, is too bad. I have also known many incidents when game was hung for several days, without being drawn, in a shed with little air, then hauled home for long distances in car trunks, etc., with no ventilation. On several occasions, the weather had turned warm in the meantime. When this careless procedure is practiced,

the garbage can is probably the best place for the game—this I know from experience. This waste can be avoided.

For many years I have made it a practice to pick a duck or goose as soon as it is killed. When warm, the bird is 50 per cent easier to pick than after it has cooled; if it is in good plumage the picking takes but a few minutes. Then draw the bird and it will cool well. If you would rather take the ducks home with the feathers on, that's O.K.—but draw them at once. If your wife objects to feathers in the cellar or back yard, you had better pluck the fowl along the river. It is silly to pick the neck and wings; there's really nothing on them. If you leave them feathered, you can cut 'em off, along with the feet and the tail above the oil sack. Then singe and open up the back to clean out; you can see what you are doing and

that makes that part easier, too.

As for cooking, Mrs. Latimer does very well with these birds in several different ways. Here they are for your information:

Roasting: Apply salt and fresh ground pepper inside and out to the bird. Then quarter an orange, with the rind left on, and place in the body cavity. Slice an orange, also with rind left on, and pin over the breast. Lay the bird breast-up on baking foil, and before sealing pour about one-half cup of freshly squeezed orange juice over the breast. Seal as well as possible and put into a baking pan and place in a 325-degree oven. After about an hour, open the seal and add another half cup of orange juice and reseal. Keep the oven at 325 *and allow plenty of time*—about 3 hours in all. This may sound too long to you, but, not knowing the age of the bird, you can always turn the oven back a little while before dinner. The bird will stay moist and keep its full flavor in the foil. When properly done there is no need to carve; merely lift out the bones and serve the meat. This recipe also works very well with a wild goose—just use two oranges in the body cavity and take more time.

Frying: Cut large duck, such as a mallard, in four pieces, flour, salt and fresh ground pepper as you would a chicken. Brown well in a heavy skillet or electric frying pan. Then cover and use low heat and add fresh orange

juice as needed. When about half done, slice an orange with the rind on and spread over the pieces. Allow from 1¼ to 1½ hours to have this bird well done.

A Quick Way

Broiling: With the bird having been opened up the back, flatten out and apply salt and fresh ground pepper to both sides. If the bird is fat, nothing more is needed. If it isn't fat, put a couple strips of bacon or salt pork over the breast. Place breast up under the broiler for eight minutes; then turn breast down for the same length of time (this timing for bird the size of a mallard). Then halve and quarter with poultry shears and serve. The breast meat will be pink and of a wonderful flavor. If you haven't tried a duck this way and have an open mind on such things, I can heartily recommend it. It has a flavor that is hard to beat! Don't recommend it for company—it needs to be taken up in your hands and manhandled, but the trouble is well worth the effort.

In both the frying of ducks and the roasting of ducks and geese, the use of the orange juice and the oranges with the rind on are important. An old colored cook in North Carolina first showed me this, and with the amount of her cookin' we stored away—you can just bet SHE KNEW HER BUSINESS! Good luck to you if you try any of these methods. I think you will like them.

TO BROIL A DUCK, open up the back and flatten out. Apply salt and fresh ground pepper to both sides. If the bird is fat, nothing more is needed. If not, place a strip of bacon on the breast.

PLACE THE BREAST up under the broiler for eight minutes; then turn breast down for the same length of time. Then halve and quarter with poultry shears and serve.



Danny Helps Trap a Possum

By Don Shiner

Photos by the Author



DANNY FOUND the possum poking its head above some pieces of old lumber.

DANNY thought it a bit unusual for a stranger to approach them as they removed traps from their car. When he saw the bright, triangular shaped shoulder patch on the stranger's coat, and heard his authoritative voice asking to inspect their trap gear, he suspected this man to be a Game Protector. He knew Game Protectors were really policemen of the outdoors. Would he and his father be escorted to jail for breaking some law which they had not known about? Suddenly the boy's heart began pounding faster. The rapid movements were clearly visible through his thin jacket.

This was Danny's first trapping experience. It unfolded this day when his father volunteered to set traps for a pesky chicken thief who was raiding Mr. Brown's hen house.

Farmer Brown and his father had been friends for many years. Only this morning they gunned bunnies together on the farm's bushy wood lots. They had driven to the farm for this purpose and had barely arrived when Mr. Brown appeared from around the corner of the barn, carrying two half-grown chickens. Even before the farmer spoke, Danny sensed something amiss by the dark facial expression worn on Mr. Brown's face.

"Darn that varmint!" the farmer said. "This makes five young chickens killed this week. I think the culprit is a weasel, or maybe a 'coon.'"

"Suppose we set some traps for you," Danny's father suggested. "We might be able to capture your night prowler and Danny should enjoy seeing how it's done."

"That's a fine idea," Brown replied. "Save me the trouble of setting out poison for the varmint."

A few minutes later, Brown, Danny and his father set out across acres in search of bunnies. They hunted till noon. Brown and his father bagged two rabbits each, but the farmer's mind was not on gunning cottontails. His thoughts continued to return to the varmint that was raiding his hen house.

That same day, late in the afternoon, Danny and his father returned to Brown's property, with a half dozen traps. These had been saved from his father's trapping capers when he was a mere boy, but they had not been used these many years. The traps were a bit rusty. A file and sandpaper

quickly restored them to a usable condition. His father hurriedly stamped his name and address on strips of aluminum to serve as trap tags.

"You labeling our traps so farmer Brown won't get them mixed with his?" Danny questioned.

"Nothing like that, Son. The Game Law requires a trapper to attach his name and address to every trap. We want to abide by the Law, so this means wiring a name tag to each one," Father answered.

Tossing the repaired traps, together with a roll of wire, into their car, they quickly sped over the secondary road to Brown's farm. During the short drive, the two would-be trappers spoke of this particular sport and the large number of men, boys too, who trap wild game in Pennsylvania.

"What animal do you think is stealing Mr. Brown's chickens?" Danny asked.

"Well," his father replied, "it could be a weasel or weasels that are visiting his hen house. Then, too, it could be the work of a possum or even a coon. We'll set one or two traps around his brooder house, then set others in baited cubbies beside the old fence row. Let's hope by morning we'll find out who he is."

"What's a cubby?" Danny questioned.

"That's an enclosure which trappers often build around their bait. It has one, sometimes two, openings in which the traps are set. The animal is forced to step into the hidden trap when entering the cubby or enclosure for the bait."

"What will you use to build the cubbies?" the lad asked.

"Oh," his father answered, "we can pile stones or drive stakes into the ground, or perhaps find a natural cubby, such as an old stump or hollow log."

They had now reached the farm and had stopped the wagon at the side of the road near the barn. Danny re-



HAVING DEPUTY Game Protector Henry Webb inspect their traps was a new experience for Danny.

moved a sheathed belt ax and the coil of wire; his father carried the rusty traps. They were about to cross the road when a car pulled alongside of them. A stranger, dressed in a forest green coat and cap, slid from behind the wheel. His bright, triangular arm patch indicated this was no ordinary person.

"I'm Deputy Game Protector Henry Webb," the stranger said. Then in the same breath, he asked, "You planning to set some traps? May I see the name plates?"

Danny grew noticeably alarmed. Did Dad and he, unknowingly, break some law?

The senior trapper handed the string of traps to the Game Protector to examine. He mentioned that they promised Brown to trap the varmint that was raiding his hen house. It would, at the same time, acquaint Danny with the fundamentals of the

art of trapping.

When the Game Protector saw that the traps were properly tagged, he asked to see the older sportsman's hunting license. Finding this, too, properly signed and displayed on the center of his back, the officer turned his attention to Danny.

"My job," the Deputy said, "is to check trappers and hunters, too, to see whether or not they are observing the Game Laws. Without law and order this would be a chaotic world. I will not keep you and your dad any longer. Good luck to you with those traps."

"Gee!" said Danny as they turned and walked in the direction of the old fence row running adjacent to the big hen house, "when I saw his shoulder patch, I was scared!"

"No need to be, Son," Father said. "Game Protectors are people just like you and I. Their jobs are merely to supervise outdoor sports. Violators of Game Laws must be apprehended, but law-abiding persons have nothing to fear."

Now at the old stone fence row, they stopped to size up the area surrounding the hen house. Between some stones they found feathers and remnants of another chicken.

"See this, lad. This is the work of that night raider. Bet it's holed up somewhere near here. I think we should arrange stones in a cubby enclosure, and use this old chicken as bait."

They set to work building a "U" shaped cubby of stones. After the bait was positioned in the rear, they set a long spring trap in the entrance. Next several pieces of boards were placed across the cubby to form a protecting roof. As the senior trapper wired the trap to an anchoring stick, he delved deeper into the mechanics of trapping, pointing out that it is illegal to set traps directly in the entrance of an animal's burrow.

Two more cubbies were built in the vicinity of the hen house. Then, as the

farmer suggested, they hiked to the field of standing corn and made a fourth set for coon. Finally they returned to the farmhouse, spoke of their various sets and the incident involving the Deputy Game Protector.

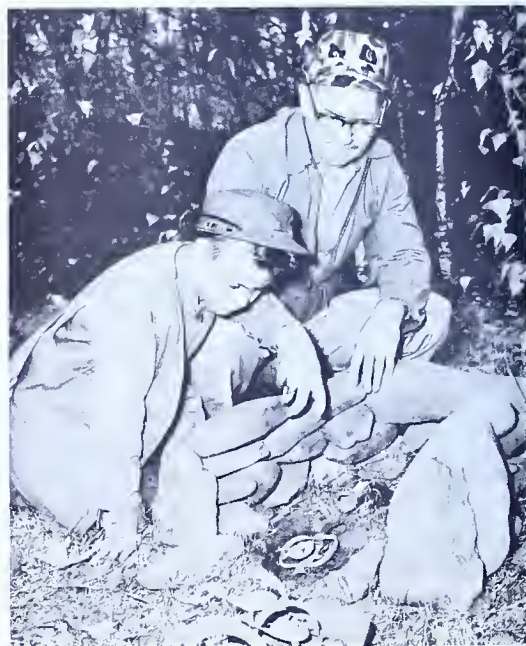
"There's been some deer poaching near here, a while back, and that Deputy makes regular trips past here. He's a good all-round fellow," the farmer stated.

Daybreak found the lad and his father retracing their route to Brown's farm. Danny was bubbling with excitement, hoping their first trap efforts would pay off.

"We'll know in a few minutes now," his father advised.

They turned into the farm lane beside the weathered barn, and in silence, walked toward the hen house and their first cubby set. As they neared the set, they noticed some of the stones, which formed the sides of the cubby, had been disturbed. The trap chain was pulled taut. Then they saw the grinning possum peeking over a piece of scrap lumber. It remained immobile, as though stone dead.

THEY BUILT A CUBBY of piled stones near the hen house.



"We've got 'im," Danny shouted excitedly.

"Bet that's the critter," his father added, "that has been raiding Brown's hen house. Don't touch him, Son. It's playing that old possum game."

"What possum game?" Danny asked.

"A possum plays dead whenever it is cornered. Sometimes the trick works too. Release it from a trap, turn your back on it and it will disappear faster than you can say s-c-a-t!" the senior trapper advised.

None of the other traps had been disturbed. Hoping to catch more of the hen house raiders, they decided to let the traps remain set. Danny carried the opossum as they returned to the farmhouse. They found Brown with tools in hand, preparing to replace several rotted porch boards.

"Well," the lad's father said, "looks like we caught farmer Brown's chicken thief."

"I bet it is," Brown said as he looked up from his work. "Come to think of it, I found a ball of gray fur caught in the chicken wire the other day. I thought it was from our big

NEXT MORNING they found the half-grown possum. This was farmer Brown's chicken thief.

tom cat. But I'll bet it came from this culprit."

During the ensuing conversation, the farmer asked if they had plans for the possum. "No," the lad's father replied.

"Mind if I keep him for a possum stew?" the farmer asked.

Game Protectors, traps and now the possum were new entries in Danny's outdoor adventures. He asked whether this marsupial (pouched) mammal was plentiful in Pennsylvania; why it had one nailless "thumb" on its hind foot; why its tail was naked; what purpose the pouch served on the underside. These and other questions filled the drive to home.

His father explained the facts about this North American possum, and finally concluded with a quotation which he once learned as a boy. "O heedless Opossum! Could you but see into the future, you would not feed thus recklessly upon the chickens, which in a few weeks must render you so temptingly fat!" Autumn brings in possum time, and from many a southern cabin a melodious voice, accompanied by a banjo, is heard singing:

"Possum am a cunnin' thing,
He rambles in de dark,
Nothin' 'tall disturb his min',
But to hyah my old dog bark."

—Silas A. Lottridge

Use Your ZIP Code Number

All GAME NEWS subscribers, be they new ones or old-timers who are renewing their subscription, are asked to use their zip code number.

The GAME NEWS section is waging a full scale war in the zip code army to "zip" all 135,000 subscriptions. The job is tremendous and any help from subscribers will be most welcome.



Shoot to Kill

By Keith C. Schuyler

Photos by the Author

ANY type of hunting imposes upon the hunter a rigid obligation to "shoot to kill."

At first glance, this statement would seem to be most obvious. After all, one of the motivations behind the sport of hunting is the end result of meat on the table. While modern economics have reduced the necessity in most cases for this, there is a certain satisfaction in partaking of meat obtained through the sport of hunting. It is a modern adaptation of the age-old instinct for self-survival.

The day is far removed when a person feels the necessity to obtain meat in any way possible. The emphasis today is upon sport. And sportsmanship immediately implies the need to be as humane as possible in the pursuit of game. Far too many are inclined to fire at living targets with the outcome dependent more upon hope than skill.

Bow hunting, despite its ancient right to recognition, remains somewhat controversial even though, in this year 1964, skills and equipment are far more advanced than those of a relatively few years ago. Consequently, the hunter who takes up the bow imposes upon himself two important obligations.

His first concern should be for the game he seeks. He should attempt to develop his skills so that he is able

to shoot to kill. His second obligation is to the preservation of the sport itself so that carelessness or thoughtlessness will not reflect upon his right as a sportsman.

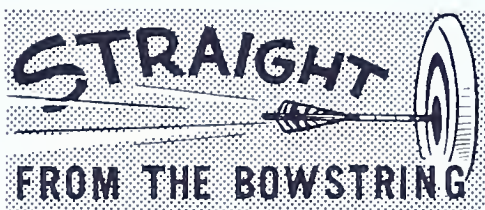
Far too few are well enough acquainted with the anatomy of an animal to know just where to shoot. Everyone has a general idea that a shot in the heart will kill, and the heart is located somewhere in the vicinity of the shoulder. Beyond this, it becomes mostly a question of by guess or by luck if the right spot is chosen for the aiming point on a living target.

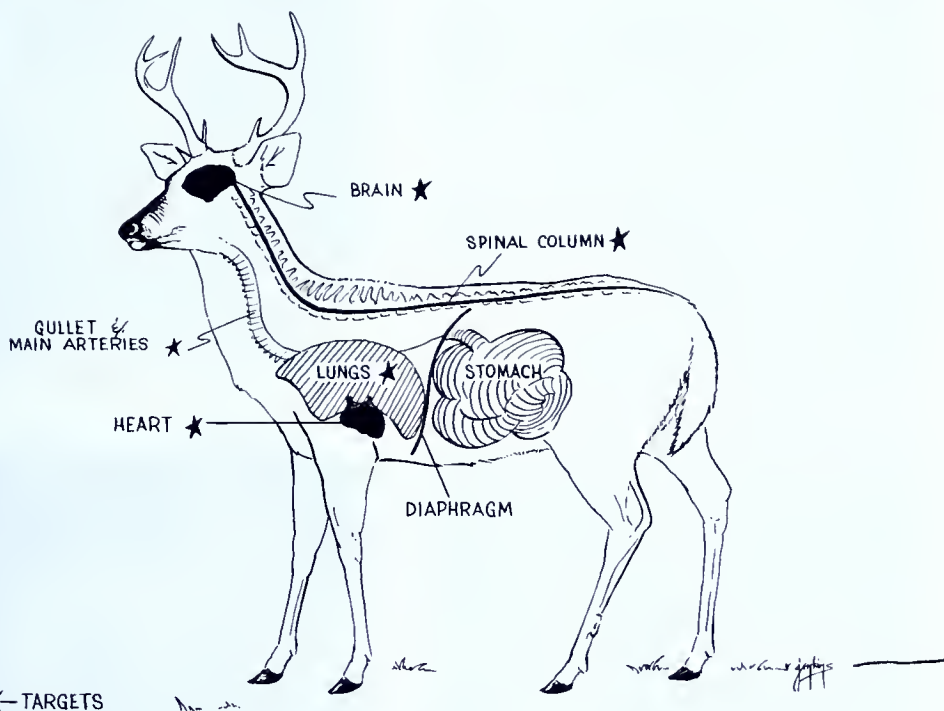
The effort in this month's column is to provide assistance without insistence. Rare indeed is the hunter who can pick out the exact spot on a moving animal for his shot. However, knowing where the most vital areas are is of help in any shot, and more particularly, on a standing target. Most of the misses at big game animals are failures to pick out an exact spot on the total target. If this were not so, few bow hunters who score consistently on the target range would ever miss an easy shot at a deer. Even some among the very best have been mightily embarrassed over misses they have made when hunting.

Had they pinpointed their shots in a vital area rather than at the total animal, results would have been far different. The writer can speak from bitter experience on this subject.

Consequently, it is well for all of us to take a close look at the spots on a deer which are most likely to produce immediate and fatal results. This should be the object of every hunter.

To set the scene for this discussion,





I enlisted the aid of a most cooperative deer, which is an outside attraction at the Red Rock Game Farm located along North Mountain in northeastern Pennsylvania. The owners were most gracious in permitting me to haul this long deceased buck to a favorable location for taking photographs. We have also reduced the old fellow to a sketch so that we could get an inside look at his vital areas.

THE ABOVE DRAWING SHOWS roughly the vital organs of a deer. Areas which are most likely to result in a quick death of the animal when shot with an arrow are *starred*.

It must be recognized that although an arrow is a terribly lethal projectile, its purpose is to kill primarily by hemorrhage. In the relatively rare shot, it has sufficient cutting power to sever important nerves or penetrate the brain to

cause instant death or instant immobility so that the killing shot can be immediately made.

The brain, although the most vulnerable area, presents a small, well-protected target. There are occasions, however, when this is the only shot which presents itself. And, at close distances, a deer can be killed with a head shot. One of the more improbable kills of which I have knowledge was a doe shot through the head at a distance of nearly 80 yards. She dropped like a poleaxed steer and never quivered.

The spinal column, while quite vulnerable, should never be a target in itself. Nevertheless, because it extends up to the neck, the chances are good that it can be reached by a broadhead if a neck shot is all that presents itself. A poorly released arrow shot from broadside may hit the spinal column down the back and be extremely

effective.

Again, on a neck shot, the gullet and the main arteries present a vital area to the bow hunter. A well-placed neck shot is apt to sever important arteries and veins or reach the spinal cord.

A shot in the heart can almost invariably be considered an excellent area to reach with an arrow. Strangely enough, however, it has been the experience of some that an arrow in the lungs is likely to bring a deer down as soon as is a shot in the heart itself. In my own experience, I have found little difference in the distance traveled by a deer after being shot in the heart or the lungs.

The lungs are obviously the biggest and, consequently, the easiest target. Any shot which has good penetration through the lung cavity will bring a deer down. An effort should be made to keep the arrow in the lower part of the lungs for two good reasons. First, an immediate blood trail will be created to eliminate any difficulty in finding the deer. Secondly, the heart and its important blood vessels are located within the lower part of the lungs and are apt to be severed by a broadhead.

A deer's internal organs are roughly divided in half by the diaphragm, which is a sheet of thin muscle separating the lungs from the stomach cavity. Any shot to the rear of the diaphragm is bad with an arrow and a poor one with a gun. No bow hunter should ever attempt to hit any game animal in any portion of its anatomy to the rear of a line dividing its body in half from the shoulders to the tail.

Actually, it would be best to confine all shots to the lung area. This is the largest part of any animal in which there are numerous organs which are highly vulnerable. Nevertheless, in the following photos we will take a look at a deer from

various angles and show the recommended aiming points. In each case, the preferred shot is in the lung area.

In any endeavor we can't always have things to our liking. A deer may have its chest cavity concealed by brush or leaves. It may be facing toward us, broadside, or away from us. It is rare when everything is just right. So let's consider every angle of this subject from a photographic viewpoint. White dots indicate the recommended impact point for the arrow.



A BROADSIDE SHOT is generally considered ideal from the standpoint that you have more deer at which to shoot. Each of the vital areas is more exposed than in any other position. Although the heart is tucked behind the shoulder, the lung area is fully exposed to the shooter. Aim just below an imaginary line separating the top from the bottom half of the deer's body. If you deviate in any direction from dead center a few inches, you still will have a killing shot. If you shoot a little low, nobody's feelings will be hurt but your own. If you can't get a clear shot at the lung area, don't take a chance on having a bad hit from a deflected arrow. Try for the neck or, as a last resort, a head shot will likely give you an immediate kill or a good excuse for missing this small target.



ON A QUARTERING SHOT away from you, there is one important difference in placing your shot. Remember that your aiming point should be brought back some distance since the arrow will be penetrating forward at about a 45-degree angle. Consequently, although the heart is now exposed, your shot should be back behind the shoulder to allow for the forward movement.

This is an excellent angle at which to shoot. This is one instance in which an arrow placed at a spot which would normally be too far to the rear will travel forward and produce a quick kill. I've seen two deer shot slightly behind the diaphragm with the arrow penetrating forward into the lung cavity. Neither animal traveled over 100 yards before dropping dead. Again, we have the second and third shots to consider if conditions make it impossible or illogical to try the preferred shot.



ON A QUARTERING APPROACH, every effort should be made to keep the arrow ahead of the deer's front shoulder. Only a relatively small area of the lung is exposed behind that front leg, and you run the risk of an undesirable stomach shot. On the other hand, an arrow just ahead of the shoulder in the chest will be traveling through vital areas no matter where it goes. Second and third choices here are no better or no worse than in a going-away shot.



THIS IS CERTAINLY ONE OF THE BEST shots that can be taken. The chest shot is almost certain to produce fatal results—and quickly. A neck shot from this angle is also apt to be quite effective. The head shot is again less desirable, particularly since a deer frequently moves at the sound of the bow before the arrow arrives. This is tough shooting, but effective.

The 1964 archery deer season opens statewide in Pennsylvania on October 3. A special archery license is required in addition to the regular hunting license.



HERE IS THE LEAST DESIRABLE shot of all. The only really sportsmanlike attempt here would be for a head shot. Don't take a chance on shooting a deer in the rump just for the sake of a shot. Pass this one up, and wait for a better angle.

In the foregoing series of photos, the camera angle is roughly shoulder high. If a deer is standing above

or below you, there is a matter of angle to take into serious consideration. You must adjust both your thinking and your sighting to reach the most vital areas.

And the higher or lower angle may actually improve your chances. For example, in the shot from the rear taken from a higher elevation, there is an excellent chance for a neck shot or one down through the back into the chest cavity. This is the target which most frequently presents itself to those using a tree stand.

It is impossible to cover all situations in a presentation of this type. But, generally speaking, the suggestions will apply with modifications because of the many and varied influences of outdoor conditions.

However, no matter what the target or the conditions, it is our responsibility to—shoot to kill.

Next Month — “COTTONTAIL TARGETS.”

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS FROM PAGE 3

1. False. They are usually excellent eating.
2. Puddle ducks.
3. The iridescent patch of color on the secondary wing feathers.
4. Yes, but not in great numbers.
5. Probably false. Such weights are usually attributed to an admixture of domestic blood.
6. Yes.
7. False. Diving ducks find it necessary to do so, but puddle ducks spring into the air from a standing start.
8. Yes, they shed their flight feathers simultaneously and are flightless until they grow new ones.

Archers Spend A Lot of Hours Afield

A research study by the Pennsylvania Game Commission in 1960 shows the average archer spends 36 hours afield during the bow hunting season. Six out of ten bow hunters get shooting at one or more deer but only one out of fifty meets with success.

First Special Session

The first state-wide hunting season during which bows and arrows were the only sporting arms that could be used was set in 1951. Licensed bow hunters during the two-week deer season totaled 5,542 and reported a kill of 32 deer.



HIS 150-POUND BEAR found himself in quite a predicament when he was unable to withdraw his head from a milk can after emptying its contents of sour milk. This is the sight that greeted Raymond L. Green, Stoneham, Pa., when he went to do his chores early one morning last summer.

Caught in a Can . . .

BEAR IN A BIND

By Gordon Mahan

Photos by the Author

THE early morning fog lay against the hillside at Stoneham, Pa., when Raymond L. Green stepped off his back porch. He was on his way to the barn to care for cattle when he noticed something in the corner of the pasture. Because there had been no disturbance during the night he was unaware that something might be amiss. His first thought was that one of his Black Angus calves was lying down, but that was quickly dispelled when the animal stirred.

It looked for all the world like a bear, except where the head was supposed to be, there was a ten-gallon

milk can. A quick glance at the back porch revealed the source of the can: the night before Green had placed a partly full can of sour milk there to feed the pigs come morning.

The bear obviously had a taste for sour milk and in trying to get the last drop had stuck his head through the neck of the can and then had been unable to withdraw it.

Green's experience with animals was limited to the domestic variety so he called District Game Protector David R. Titus of Warren for assistance.

Between them, Titus and Green



GERALD FITZGERALD, a neighbor of Green's, secures another line to the handles of the milk can encasing the bear's head in an effort to pull the can off. (Note the size of the bear's paw in relationship to the man's hand.)

were able to tie a rope to the handles of the milk can which they promptly snubbed around a tree, partly to provide leverage and partly to prevent the bear from wandering off with his predicament on his shoulders. (It must be remembered that there was little cooperation offered by the bear; every time the can was touched or any pressure applied to the restraining rope, the half-crazed animal would leap around and somersault in a fashion that was extremely dangerous to those trying to extricate him.)

The plan of attack was simple to conceive but impossible to execute. The first step involved punching a hole in the bottom of the can to permit the bear to breathe more easily. This was instrumental in saving the animal's life because almost no air was admitted to the can around the bear's neck and he probably would have suffocated in the ensuing struggle. Lubrication was applied by means of a mild solution of soapy water sloshed around the bear's neck. Titus and

Green then pulled on the rope tied to the handles of the milk can, but even with the bear pushing around the neck of the can with his hind feet they were unable to dislodge it.

It was then obvious that a different solution would have to be devised. One of the rapidly growing crowd of spectators was dispatched to call Dr. David K. Rice, a veterinarian from Warren, another to fetch a hammer and cold chisel and another to get a pair of bolt cutters from a nearby garage. Because it was Memorial Day the garage was closed but Dr. Rice and the hammer and chisel were located.

All the while this was going on, the bear, in a remarkable display of self-restraint, lay quietly on the ground, conserving his energy. He would shift his position only to gain a little comfort; first with one hind leg stretched out, then onto his side, then on his belly with all fours drawn up underneath him.

The plan now was to administer a tranquilizer to calm the beast down so that the milk can could be chiselled open without danger to either the rescuers or the rescued.

Dr. Rice, when he arrived, conferred with Game Protector Titus and they decided that the animal would weigh in at just under 150 pounds. Because he was completely wild and over-agitated at his confinement, Dr. Rice decided that it would be necessary to administer an extra heavy dose to calm the bear down.

While Rice and Titus were discussing the situation, Green and several neighbor volunteers were trying to attach lines to the bear's legs to provide some element of safety for the veterinarian when he administered the medication. Even with his head completely enclosed in the milk can, the bear would dislodge the rope with a casual flip of a paw or deftly untie a knot with a claw inserted at a strategic spot. It was an amazing demonstration of the bear's dexterity.



VETERINARIAN DAVID K. RICE gingerly approaches the bear on his first attempt to administer a tranquillizer to the partially restrained bear. This first attempt was unsuccessful because the bear rolled knocking the syringe from Rice's hands and bending the needle.

Lines were finally attached to all four legs and Dr. Rice gingerly approached the bear with syringe in hand. Rice's problem was compounded by the fact that this particular animal had not yet started to shed out and it was necessary to penetrate about three inches of fur before reaching the bear to inject the tranquillizer. The agility of the bear took the rope holders and the vet by surprise on the first try, and it was completely unsuccessful. On the second attempt, Dr. Rice was able to administer the full dose which he later stated was enough to put a large horse out in five minutes.

THE ROPES TIED TO THE BEAR'S LEGS were cut simultaneously and everyone jumped back to see what the bear was going to do. He made a couple of turn-arounds to survey the situation and then ran off past the chicken coop and up the nearest tree.



WITH THE BEAR FIRMLY TIED and Game Protector Titus steadying the can, George Gardner, another neighbor of Green's and a foreman in a metal fabrication shop, starts to chisel the can. The tranquillizer apparently relaxed the bear's neck muscles and before any cutting was accomplished the can slid free.

Twenty minutes after the first shot, the bear was still going strong. There was a barely perceptible slowing of his reaction time and Dr. Rice felt that another dose was advisable before an attempt was made to chisel the can open. This shot was a little easier to manage but the bear still thrashed around quite violently.

After the second injection, the bear's reactions slowed considerably and lines were made fast to all four legs. Several men held each line, spread-eagling the bear and the operation to split the can was begun. After no more

BRUIN, WITH THE SHORT PIECES of rope still dangling from his legs looks down from his roost. About an hour later, after the spectators had left and after he had deftly untied the ropes around his legs, the bear climbed down from the tree and ambled slowly through the pasture to the woods.



than a dozen taps with the hammer, the can slid off the bear's head to the surprise and consternation of both the bear and the men holding him. Apparently the tranquillizer had reduced tension to the point that the bear's neck muscles relaxed and the can slipped off very easily.

The lines to the bear's legs were cut simultaneously and the crowd backed off, not knowing which way the bear wanted to go. Bruin turned around twice, obviously surveying the situation through a dense fog, and then beat a hasty retreat past the chicken coop and up the nearest tree to rest and regain his dignity.

He remained in the tree for about an hour until things calmed down and was last seen ambling through the pasture toward the woods little the worse for wear but presumably with little appetite for sour milk.

Poison Ivy Cure

In the last edition of the GAME NEWS [July] you had a story entitled "Danny's First Ivy Poison." I thoroughly enjoy reading the GAME NEWS each month and the tips to hunters as well. As far as this story, and I speak for myself and my family, no one has to suffer from ivy poison as there is a preparation you can purchase over the counter in any drug store for \$1.50 called Ivy Tox, made by the Parker Products Co., 1011 Arch Street, Philadelphia 7, Pa. This product is for internal use as a preventative and the symptomatic treatment of inflammation, pain, swelling and itching caused by poison ivy, poison oak or sumac.

About this time three or four years ago I had a very severe case of ivy poison. A friend with whom I work heard me complaining about the terrible itching and recommended Ivy Tox.

As I think back I would have given anything to get rid of the poison as it not only itched but was spreading as fast as I was treating it. At that time they only recommended six drops and it took about 48 hours for the itching to go away and 4 days for the ivy to completely dry up and stop spreading. Now they recommend up to 20 drops for a really severe case.

I hope you understand I am not trying to sell this product but if it can help one fellow hunter this letter will have been worthwhile.

Robert H. Leach
Newtown Square, Pa.

Will Trade Licenses

I have extra Pennsylvania hunting licenses to trade: 1921, '26, '27, '28, '29, '40.

I need 1914, '15, '16, '17, '18, 19, '20, '22, '24, '25, '44, '47, '49, '50, '51, '52, '53, '54, '55, '56.

Glenn Schaeffer
Ford City, Pa.

Letters . . .

Fit of the Gun

I wish to commend you for the excellent article on the instinct method of shooting in the August issue of the GAME NEWS. I was glad you pointed out that this is not a new method of shooting and has been used by experts for many years. However, there is one very important aspect of this which I feel was touched upon entirely too lightly. That was the fit of the gun. In order for anyone to shoot properly, the gun he is shooting must fit him. This applies to all shooting and not just to instinct methods. Therefore, a person who is shooting a gun that fits him will always shoot better than one shooting a gun that does not fit.

I feel that an article explaining this would be very helpful.

Bruce H. Mertz
Reading, Pa.

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LOYALSOCK GAME FARM—Charles Pfeiffer, Superintendent, R. D. 2, Montoursville. Phone: LOyalsock 435-2500

STATE WILD TURKEY FARM—Leon P. Keiser, Superintendent, Proctor Star Route, Williamsport. Phone: LOyalsock 478-2252

SOUTHWEST GAME FARM—Clarence Wilkinson, Superintendent, Box 1, Distant. Phone: NEw Bethlehem—BRoadway 5-7640

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HOWARD NURSERY

SUPERINTENDENT—George Weller, R. D. 2, Howard. Phone: BEllefonte—ELgin 5-6171

TRAINING SCHOOL

ROSS LEFFLER SCHOOL OF CONSERVATION—Donald E. Miller, Superintendent, R. D. 1, Brockway. Phone: 6188

Pennsylvania Official 1964 Open Seasons and Bag Limits

The Pennsylvania Game Commission, in Harrisburg, on June 13, established the following seasons and bag limits for resident game and fur bearers for the 1964 hunting license year which begins September 1.

Open season includes first and last dates listed, Sundays excepted, for game. The opening hour for small game, migratory game birds and other wild birds or animals on October 31 will be 8:00 a.m., EST. On other opening days, and otherwise during the season for upland and big game, the shooting hours daily are from 7:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., EST, excepting from June 1 to September 30, incl., 6:00 a.m. to 7:30 p.m., EST, and the hours for the October archers' deer season, which are 6:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., EST.

SMALL GAME				
	Daily Limit	Season Limit	DATES OF OPEN SEASONS	
			First Day	Last Day
Rabbits, Cottontail (not more than 20 in combined seasons)	4	20	Oct. 31	Nov. 28 AND Dec. 26
Squirrels, Gray, Black and Fox (combined)	6	30	Oct. 31	Nov. 28 AND Dec. 26
Ruffed Grouse (not more than 10 in combined seasons)	2	10	Oct. 31	Nov. 28 AND Dec. 26
Wild Turkey—Counties, and parts of, not listed below	1	1	Oct. 31	Nov. 14
—Counties, and parts of, listed below*	1	1	Oct. 31	Nov. 21
Ring-necked Pheasants, males only	2	8	Oct. 31	Nov. 28
Bobwhite Quail	4	20	Oct. 31	Nov. 28
Hares (Snowshoe Rabbits)	2	6	Dec. 26	Jan. 2
Raccoons (hunting or trapping)	Unlimited		No close season	
Woodchucks (Ground Hogs)	Unlimited		No close season	
Crackles	Unlimited		No close season	
Squirrels, Red (Closed Oct. 1 to 30, incl.)	Unlimited		All months except Oct. 1-30, incl.	

BIG GAME				
Bear, over one year old, by individual	1	1	Nov. 23	Nov. 28
Bears, over one year old, by hunting party of 3 or more	2	2	Nov. 23	Nov. 28
Deer, Archery Season, any deer—State-wide			Oct. 3	Oct. 30
—Counties, and parts of, listed below**	1	1	Jan. 4	Jan. 9
Deer, Antlered, with 2 or more points to an antler or a spike 3 or more inches long			Nov. 30	Dec. 12
Deer, Antlerless—State-wide			Dec. 14	Dec. 15
—Counties, and parts of, listed below***			Dec. 14	Dec. 19

FUR BEARERS				
Skunks and Opossums	Unlimited		No close season	
Minks	Unlimited		Nov. 14	Jan. 17
Muskrats (traps only)	Unlimited		Nov. 14	Jan. 17 AND Feb. 13
Beavers (traps only)—Certain Counties listed below***	6	6	Feb. 13	Mar. 14
—Remainder of State	3	3	Feb. 13	Mar. 14

NO OPEN SEASON—Hen Pheasants, Cub Bears, Elk, Otters, Hungarian Partridges, Chukar Partridges, Sharp-tailed Grouse.

SPECIAL REGULATIONS

- * *Wild Turkey Season*—Oct. 31 to Nov. 21 in the Counties of Cameron, Clinton, Elk, Lycoming, McKean, Potter, Sullivan, Tioga, Union, and in those parts of Forest and Warren Counties east of the Allegheny River, and in that part of Venango County south and east of the Allegheny River and north and east of Route 322, and in those parts of Clarion, Clearfield and Jefferson Counties north of Route 322, that part of Centre County east of Route 322 north of Philipsburg and east of Route 350 south of Philipsburg, that part of Blair County east of Route 350, that part of Huntingdon County east of Route 350 north of Water Street and north of Route 22 east of Water Street, that part of Mifflin County north of Route 22 west of Lewistown and north of Route 522 east of Lewistown, and that part of Snyder County north of Route 522, and those parts of Bradford, Columbia, Luzerne, Montour, Northumberland and Wyoming Counties north and west of the North Branch of the Susquehanna River.
- ** *Archery Deer Season*—Jan. 4 to Jan. 9 in Allegheny County and in that part of southeastern Pennsylvania between the Susquehanna and Delaware Rivers and south of Route 22.
- *** *Antlerless Deer Season*—Dec. 14 to Dec. 19 in extreme southeastern Pennsylvania in those parts of Bucks, Chester, Delaware and Montgomery Counties south and east of the following highways, beginning at New Hope on the Delaware River west on Route 202 to Route 309, north on Route 309 to its junction with Route 113, southwest on Route 113 to Route 422, northwest on Route 422 to Route 100 at Pottstown, south on Route 100 to the Pennsylvania line. This is the area designated for the use of bow and arrow or buckshot only for all deer hunting, rifles prohibited.
- **** *Beaver Season*—Feb. 13 to Mar. 14 in the Counties of Bradford, Lackawanna, Monroe, Pike, Sullivan, Susquehanna, Tioga, Wayne and Wyoming.

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Pennsylvania **GAME NEWS**

OVEMBER, 1964

TEN CENTS



Published Monthly by the
PENNSYLVANIA GAME
COMMISSION

COMMONWEALTH OF
PENNSYLVANIA

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GAME NEWS

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Cover Photo
By Ozzie Sweet

COVER: The smell of autumn fills the air, color is everywhere. This is the season of boots and guns, of dog and game. This is the hunting season. In Pennsylvania, neither the opening of small game nor deer season goes unnoticed by even the least concerned. Pennsylvania is one of the huntinest states in the nation and when the season opens, it seems that all else ceases. Our cover this month depicts a typical Pennsylvania scene in November. It's a perfect time of the year to be afield and alive!

Published **MONTHLY** by the Pennsylvania Game Commission, South Office Building, Capitol, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** \$1 per year; \$2.50 for three years. **TO SUBSCRIBE:** Send check or money order payable to "Pennsylvania Game Commission." Do not send stamps; cash forwarded is done so at sender's risk. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Send both new and old addresses at least 45 days in advance of the issue with which it is to be effective. **PERMISSION TO REPRINT** any signed article may be granted provided advance permission is obtained from the author. No information contained in the magazine may be used for advertising or commercial purposes.

Printed by Times and News Publishing Co., Gettysburg, Pa.
Second Class Postage Paid at Gettysburg, Pa.

OCT 20 1964

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BIOGRAPHICAL SECTION

It's Big Business

DURING November and December Pennsylvania hunters will reach into their pockets and shell out millions of dollars in connection with the cost of hunting.

No one knows for sure how many millions are spent in Pennsylvania by hunters, but you can bet it is a nice chunk of the 1.3 billion spent throughout the country.

The National Shooting Sports Foundation, Inc., recently released some findings in connection with this big business called hunting. They claim that last year, hunters' cars in the U. S. traveled 4,780,000,000 miles to get to their quarry. Those who didn't go by car spent \$10 million for train, plane or bus transportation.

The Foundation also stated that for every dollar the hunter spends on sporting equipment he spends at least five times as much on side expenses like food, lodging, gasoline, dogs, etc.

Other catastrophic amounts U. S. hunters spent, according to the report, were \$175 million for firearms and ammunition, \$68 million for hunting licenses and permits, and \$268 million for red shirts, hunting jackets and other apparel. The bill for food away from home totaled \$100 million and another \$30 million for lodging.

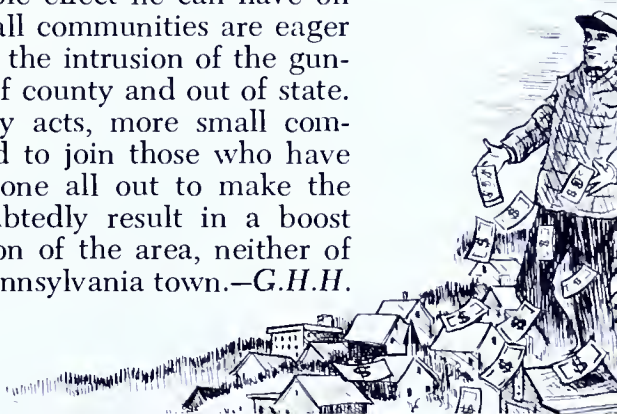
These huge amounts of money give us some idea of the tremendous impact hunting has on the economy. In many small Pennsylvania communities, particularly in the northern tier counties, the hunters' dollar accounts for a sizable part of the local income.

Anyone who has tried to get a meal at a restaurant in deer country on the night of the first day of the season knows of what we speak. I remember one such occasion in Coudersport. The restaurants were all jammed with red-shirted diners. The topic of discussion was the same at every table—the day's hunt.

The same is true for Wellsboro, Renovo, Mansfield, Galeton, Port Allegany, Clarion, Indiana, Warren, Franklin, Linesville and a host of others.

Many hunters who return to the same camp year after year become attached to the area. In fact, many become so concerned about the welfare of the nearby community that they hold off buying food and supplies until they reach their destinations.

With nearly a million Pennsylvania hunters afield during the next two months, considerable cash will change hands for services rendered to them. This fact makes it difficult to understand why the hunter is not welcomed with open arms in all Pennsylvania communities. Despite the desirable effect he can have on the local income, not all merchants in all communities are eager to cater to the hunter. Some still resent the intrusion of the gun-toting strangers from out of town, out of county and out of state. Instead of any bitterness or unfriendly acts, more small communities would be much further ahead to join those who have put up the welcome sign and have gone all out to make the hunter feel at home. It would undoubtedly result in a boost in the local economy and the reputation of the area, neither of which would do a bit of harm to any Pennsylvania town.—G.H.H.



A Bear Hunt on Dutch Mountain

By
MAURICE E. SHERMAN



THE 1923 bear season was on and every respectable bear hunter had been in camp at least two days before the opener.

Little did I know, as we approached the old Dutch Mountain Camp, what the following day held for me.

Bears had been plentiful that summer and fall and my friend had promised to get me in on an authentic bruin chase. In those days it was legal in Pennsylvania to use dogs and this camp was noted for having especially good bear hounds.

As our high-wheeled Dodge car finally came to a halt at the summit of the mountain, I was amazed at the enchantment of the ancient frame house from which our hunt would be planned. Even back in '23 this building was reported to be 75 years old. Its scaly blue and red paint around each window frame and its general state of dilapidation gave away its age.

By the vehicle tracks around the camp we could tell that the place was being used, but all the hunters were out when we arrived.

As the last rays of the sun departed over the western mountain scenery, the bear hunters began to arrive. Introductions were made as they sporadically appeared. No time was wasted in hustling up a mountain man's meal and as we ate they discussed their plans for the next day's hunt.

I could soon see that I was destined for a tough assignment. I told them that I preferred to follow the dogs in pursuit of a bear. The excitement of following good bear dogs was more to my liking than shooting the bear. If I could physically endure the pursuit, I felt sure that following the dogs would give me an opportunity to witness an unusual drama of the forests.

The hunters had reported seeing a large bear track that day in the sand along a stream about a half mile below the camp. So now, they must get three good bear dogs. With this de-

cision, three vehicles took off to secure the dogs. One of the dogs they went for was an especially good Norwegian bear dog. Two other dogs were also rounded up to help harass the bear, once the Norwegian bear dog ferreted out the bear and jumped him.

The following day arrived, sharp, crisp and clear. About sunup time the dogs appeared with their handlers. Two of the dogs looked to be half-breeds of sorts. The Norwegian dog, however, was an unusually intelligent looking animal. He would allow one to stroke him a time or two, but seemingly resented any additional fawning. He had powerful jaws and appeared very muscular. This dog was truly a creature of endurance.

Soon the crew was mustered to take their assigned stands. Time was allowed for us to receive our instructions from the dog handlers. The track was quickly located and the Norwegian dog was set upon the trail. It was most interesting to observe him steadily work out the trail. The two helper dogs were kept in leash as we hurriedly pursued the trailer. Soon a great roar was emitted by the Norwegian and the chase was on. The other two were unleashed and the music of that chase inspired the three pursuit handlers into double time. Rough terrain slowed us up sometimes, but most of the time we crowded hard after the pursuing dogs.

After about a mile of hot chase the dogs had gained on us a bit. The sound of their barks indicated treed. We increased the speed and soon got the glimpse of a large bear jumping off several old piled logs. Again the medley of the chase was on. Another mile or more at this pace had partly bushed one of our crew and he slowly fell to the rear. The second fellow and I were in good physical shape and felt capable of carrying on our assigned task.

The bear took us far and wide in the wildest and roughest of his habitat. During the afternoon he treed

again. By this time, the two doubtful dogs had given up the chase and disappeared. But we were still hanging on and slowly crept to where the Norwegian dog had the bear treed. No doubt that bear was quickly recovering his wind. He must have caught our odor, for he leaped out of the lower branches of a large tree and both bear and dog disappeared again. The persistency of that courageous dog alone inspired us to hang on at any cost.

The bear and dog were gaining on us again, or else the larger and deeper ravines we were passing through softened the dog's bark. Again we reached a place where we believed the bear was treed only to find him gone again. The faint bark of our dog kept telling us that neither would give up.

Nightfall was now approaching. We climbed to the top of a high rock above one of the mountain valleys and spent some minutes listening for the bark of our dog. The thought did

AS THE CHASE CAME to a stream in the valley, the bear jumped into a large pool of water. The dog stayed on the stream bank and paced up and down barking somewhat weakly.



occur to us that the bear had won the battle, but we refused to accept this because his owner had told us that this dog was a truly skilled bear dog. It had weathered many bear kills, and was sharp in tactics to escape the bear's paws.

About this time a waft of breeze greeted us from the direction we believed the chase had gone. Behold, we heard several faint barks of our dog, over in the second mountain valley. Because darkness would soon engulf us, we decided to give it up. We descended the mountain side to an old tote road, which led us three miles down to the main road to camp.

We were two weary bear hunters as we staggered back to camp on that road. It was all up hill and a total distance of more than six miles. At 8:30 p.m. we arrived in camp. Our hunting buddies had some revival spirits on hand to brighten up our outlook on life. After a good hot meal, we were surrounded to tell the story. The owner of the bear dog advised us not to worry about his pride and joy. He said that the dog would stay with that bear until the bear was exhausted, and then, if no hunter showed up to kill the bear, he would sneak away and find his way back to camp.

This marvelous bear dog came to camp at daybreak the next morning. He was hardly able to drag a leg. We found some scratches on him which his master insisted were not made by the bear. He claimed that the dog was too fast to be hit by the bear.

My friend and I took leave later that morning and made inquiry up the mountain valley where the dog was last heard. Luckily, we ran into a hunter who had witnessed the last phase of the chase from the mountain side opposite to the scene. The distance was too great for him to get a shot at the bear, but he did see what happened.

He told us that as the chase came to a stream in the valley the bear jumped into a large pool of water.



THIS MARVELOUS BEAR DOG came into camp at daybreak the next morning. He was hardly able to drag a leg. His owner insisted that the scratches on him were not caused by the bear.

The dog stayed on dry ground and paced the bank while barking somewhat weakly. Every so often the bear would move some toward the stream bank and take a terrific strike at the dog. The dog was too smart to enter the water, as no doubt the bear was trying to induce him to do. If the dog had done so, the bear would have killed him in a jiffy.

Watched Until Dark

This hunter watched this unusual drama of the wild until darkness settled over the land. The dog remained there, barking occasionally until this hunter had walked out of hearing range. Thus, darkness had closed the scene where a lone bear dog stayed at his post awaiting the order of his master. He must have remained for a good while after darkness because he didn't return to camp until daylight, seemingly disappointed that he had failed.

Ikes Demand Pesticide Ban

A complete ban on further use of pesticides that have resulted in massive fish kills in the lower Mississippi River was demanded by Burt G. Brickner, president of The Izaak Walton League of America, in a letter addressed recently to the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

Mr. Brickner explained that the league has claimed for several years that aftereffects of the use of some deadly chemicals should be more accurately determined before their use is authorized. Recent research by the U. S. Public Health Service revealed that the death of ten million fish in the lower Mississippi now supports this belief.

The League's national president says in his letter that, "The time for drastic and effective action is now at hand." As background for a ban on some chemicals, Mr. Brickner stated, "The facts indicate this serious buildup in the lower Mississippi River is the result of the slow leaching of these chemicals into its waters.

"The recent disclosures made before the Senate Subcommittee on Reorganization and International Organizations of the Committee on Government Operations, under the Chairmanship of Senator Abraham Ribicoff, by Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall and others in regard to the problems which have resulted in the Lower Mississippi River because of the continued use of various pernicious pesticides are certainly sufficient to justify prompt remedial measures.

"Not only are various forms of aquatic life being seriously destroyed but there is good reason to believe that human life may also soon be endangered.

"Mr. Secretary, this has apparently taken place even though the particular pesticides involved have been applied under regulations pronounced safe by the U. S. Department of Agriculture."

In-Season Pheasant Releases

By John J. Kriz
Game Biologist



Photos by Charles Thoma

IN-SEASON PHEASANT RELEASES are not intended to survive and serve as breeding stock the following spring; they are merely made to extend sporty shooting more evenly throughout the length of the small game season.

WHY does the Pennsylvania Game Commission hold some of its annual ring-necked pheasant production for liberation during the November gunning season? Simply stated, the answer is to provide additional sport for the hunter in areas with little or no natural pheasant reproduction.

In many areas of the state, particularly those supporting little or nothing in the way of self-perpetuating ring-neck populations, opening day gunning pressure practically annihilates the male pheasants resulting from late summer and early fall liberations. By releasing additional cock birds during the season, hunter incentive and reward can be maintained at a higher level in these non-pheasant areas.

In-season releases are not intended to survive and serve as breeding stock the following spring; they are merely

made to extend sporty shooting more evenly throughout the length of the small game season. Moreover, it has been found that the "closer to the gun" the birds are stocked the greater the return to the sportsmen. Stating it another way, birds stocked just prior to and during the open season have a much better chance of being harvested than pheasants released well in advance of the season. The longer the time between liberation and the opening of the hunting season, the greater the chances are of losing the birds to predation, highway mortality, etc. This drain on the pre-season population of stocked pheasants results in fewer birds being available to the hunter.

Ringnecks released in July at nine weeks of age obviously have less chance of surviving until the hunting

season than twelve-week-old birds liberated in August. Similarly, birds released just before the season have an even better chance of being bagged by the hunter than August releases. Just how great these differences are and if they merit any modifications in the stocking program serve as a basis for the current ring-necked pheasant study being conducted by the Game Commission's Division of Research. A study of this magnitude, involving postal card surveys, car-tag questionnaires and band returns from marked pheasants, must be carried on over a period of years before sufficient valid data can be collected and interpreted. Yearly variations in band returns must be determined, fluctuations in population numbers ascertained, and various stocking techniques employed before in-season liberations can be fully evaluated.

Possibly it is less economical to release a thousand nine-week-old birds in July and harvest sixty in November, than to hold fewer birds, feed and care for them until the season is open, and eventually release 500 of which about 250 will be taken by the sportsmen. Sixty or 250? In theory, at least, the answer seems obvious. The foregoing figures are hypothetical and

may be exaggerated—but possibly not to a very great degree. A phase of the pheasant study now being conducted by the Pennsylvania Game Commission is concerned with trying to arrive at a reliable figure of what per cent of the birds released during the spring, the summer, and the fall, are bagged by the hunter.

Much work and expense are involved in holding pheasants for in-season releases. The birds must be fed and cared for. This not only entails the construction and maintenance of large three- to four-acre holding pens but the provision of food for about three months. Inasmuch as the pens must be large enough to allow ringnecks freedom of movement, it is economically impractical to completely cover a pen of such dimensions. Even if the pens were covered, excessive mortality would occur as a result of the birds flying into the wire and breaking their necks. In addition, many of the covered pens would require expensive annual repairs following their collapse under the weight of winter snows. As an alternative, the birds are "brailed," that is, full use of one wing is restricted with a leather strap thus preventing escape from the pen. The brail must be changed from one wing

IN LIGHT OF PRESENT KNOWLEDGE, the Game Commission feels justified in holding some of its pheasants for in-season releases. While the cost of the program is greater than liberating all birds in late summer, the increased return in the form of greater harvest more than offsets the additional expense.



to the other at 2-week intervals so as to insure full and equal development of each wing. A sizable work crew is necessary to drive the birds into smaller enclosures within the pens for each rebrailing session. During this operation, care must be taken to prevent crowding, overheating, de-feathering, trampling or suffocation. This necessitates many drives by many men to catch all the birds and individually change the rails from one wing to the other. This same procedure must also be gone through immediately before stocking, when the rails are finally removed and the birds placed into crates for liberation throughout the state. It's no wonder that some of the birds that endure these rigors end up somewhat be-

wildered and occasionally with rather short tails.

In-Season Releases Justified

In light of present knowledge the Pennsylvania Game Commission feels justified in holding some of its pheasant production for in-season releases. While the cost of this program is greater than liberating all birds in late summer, the increased return in the form of greater harvest more than offsets the additional expense.

The effort to evaluate present pheasant stocking practices and determine whether they meet the needs of both the resource and the licensed hunter, is but yet another indication of the Game Commission's constant drive to keep its wildlife management program vital and up to date.

1964 HANDLOADER'S DIGEST

Hundreds of thousands of American sportsmen now "roll their own"—and we're not talking about cigarettes, either!

We refer, rather to the ever-increasing number of shooters who have taken up the manufacture of their own ammunition—be it shotshell, rifle or handgun cartridges.

The big incentive has been, and is, economy. You can save folding money when you load your own, as much as 50 per cent or more of the cost of factory ammunition.


Just about all handloaders, though, find an even greater satisfaction—the keen enjoyment they get shooting ammunition they've put together with their own hands.

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Now, in the big new, fully revised and up-dated 2nd Edition of the "Handloader's Digest," you find the most up-to-the-minute information ever assembled on the subject of handloading.

There are 25 major features in this big, 224-page, fully illustrated 1964 "Handloader's Digest." Each feature is well chosen for handloaders by longtime Gun Digest editor, John T. Amber.

Here, in this one book, the all new 1964 "Handloader's Digest," is everything for the ammunition loader, be he novice or veteran . . . all at much less than the cost of a box of shells. Just \$2.95. The 2nd Annual 1964 "Handloader's Digest" is available in sporting goods stores, gun shops, news dealers, book and department stores, or can be ordered by mail postpaid for \$2.95 from the publishers, The Gun Digest Association, 4540 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill., 60624.



How to Think Like a Deer

By JIM HAYES

SEVERAL years ago I was deer hunting in Bedford County when I met a hunter dragging out a six-point buck. When I congratulated him, he merely shrugged. "Actually, it was almost too easy," he said. "The dumb deer nearly ran into me, and I shot it from twenty yards away."

Because deer are so common in Pennsylvania, and because plenty of them are taken in just this way, some hunters tend to underestimate them. The annual kill figures alone might indicate that Mr. Whitetail is perhaps not as crafty as he is made out to be.

There is one thing wrong with this kind of thinking. It is the fact that the great majority of deer succumb to sheer hunter saturation rather than to the skills of individual hunters. Whether we choose to admit it or not, luck plays a bigger role in most deer kills than it has any right to.

This not only cheats the hunter of the satisfaction of having outwitted the deer, but it tends to distract from the sport itself. To me, it is ironic that a magnificent sporting animal whose entire existence is keyed to survival should so often meet its fate at the hands of a man who spends more time

in oiling and sighting in his rifle than in studying and understanding the creature he hunts.

There is a tremendous amount of satisfaction to be derived from studying deer. The more time you spend observing them, the more you come to appreciate the keenness of their senses and instincts. In their senses of sight, smell and hearing, for example, deer possess a built-in radar set that is many times more intriguing than man-made equipment.

Compared to humans, deer do not have exceptionally good vision. One reason is because they are color blind. Whereas our eyes are attracted by variances in color patterns, such as a hunter in a red jacket standing against a clump of pines, the deer evidently sees only varying shades of gray. Unless the color tone differences are radical, objects tend to blend into their backgrounds.

Deer must have excellent depth perception, as evidenced by the ease with which they jump fences and run at top speed through thickly wooded areas. But they have difficulty in identifying a hunter standing motionless in front of a tree. That is especially

true if the deer is coming directly toward you. They can see better at an angle than straight ahead.

To offset this, deer are quick to detect even the slightest movement. The blink of an eye, the movement of a finger on the gun safety, even motions too slight for us to detect, are spotted by the deer. And their reactions follow almost simultaneously.

Most hunters have had the experience of having deer run up to within a short distance and stand looking at



Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III

DEER ON THE MOVE will change directions at the slightest hint of danger.

them. They do this because they have trouble identifying the hunter visually. Because does outnumber the bucks, it happens more commonly with does. This leads some hunters to believe that does are stupid and unwary. Nothing could be further from the truth.

If anything, an adult doe is even more crafty and wary than a young buck carrying his first rack. At least the bucks seem to think so, since they frequently use the does as guides to steer them away from danger. They follow the does not because does are protected and they are legal quarry, or to use the does as decoys. They do it because the does tend to be more

familiar with the trails, cover, and terrain.

Because their vision is limited, deer rely more on hearing and scent than on their eyes. From what I have seen, I conclude that a deer's hearing must be at least five times more acute than a man's. Those big ears are capable of detecting sounds from long distances.

Once I was watching two does and a button buck that had bedded down within forty yards of my tree stand. For no apparent reason, they suddenly stood up, alerted. Looking in the direction they were facing, I saw a hunter walking through the woods about three hundred yards away. The deer could not see the hunter, nor could they smell him, the wind being in a quartering direction. Not until the hunter was within a hundred yards could I hear his footsteps in the leaves. By that time the deer had moved to another location.

Another time I was watching a four-point buck moving in my direction. Just as I raised my rifle to get into shooting position, a red squirrel spotted me and began to scold. Although the deer was still about four hundred yards away, he stopped to listen. After a few moments he turned off in another direction.

Deer on the move will change direction at the slightest hint of danger. But if they are bedded down, they may stay put until the danger becomes more imminent. That is especially true if they have good concealment. From my tree stand, I have seen deer remain in their beds and permit hunters to pass within thirty yards of them.

When deer have been alerted by sound, they frequently attempt to confirm their suspicions by scent or sight. They may circle down-wind, keeping out of sight, until they scent the hunter. Deer may distrust their ears and eyes, but never their nose. Once man smell is detected, the deer vamoose—no questions asked.

Deer can smell a hunter from surprising distances. One morning during archery season, I was watching for deer at the edge of a stand of pines. About eight o'clock, two does and a buck carrying a small rack came walking across the hillside opposite me, heading into a quartering wind. When they came down-wind of me, they looked in my direction, heads up, tails twitching. The lead doe snorted and they turned and trotted up the hill. When I paced off the distance, I found that they had winded me from five hundred yards away.

It is noticeable that deer do more snorting and blowing when they have been alerted by scent. If you hear a deer snort, he may or may not have heard you, but chances are good that he has winded you.

Another fact of deer life is their familiarity with their surroundings. The home territory of a white-tailed deer rarely exceeds about one square mile. This may consist of two ridges and a valley, or a tract of woodlands, fields, and piney thickets.

Because they live out their entire lives in this confined area, visiting the same places day after day, they come to know it exceedingly well. They know every trail, thicket, stream valley and wooded ridge better than a hunter can ever know it. That is why, when the shooting starts, it is so difficult to drive a deer out of his home range. They stick to the places they know best, where they can use their superior knowledge to outwit you.

If you have ever tracked a wounded deer, you are probably aware of two things. The first is that while they may travel a long ways, they rarely venture more than a straight-line mile or two from the place you jump them. The other fact is that they know how to take advantage of every bit of cover.

Several seasons ago, on the antlerless day, I had the bad luck to break a deer's back leg—this on a shot I should never have attempted in the



Photo by Don Shiner

IT IS NOT UNUSUAL for a deer to surprise a hunter. That was the case in this picture. The hunter had just entered this clearing in search of a vantage point. The deer entered the clearing too and surprised the hunter to the point that the hunter froze.

first place. Because there was snow on the ground, I had no difficulty in tracking the deer. For two hours she circled and crisscrossed through the meanest country imaginable.

She led me into pine thickets where I had to go down on hands and knees to follow. When she came to an open field she skirted it, using the cover along its edges. At one point she passed within twenty-five yards of a hunter standing watch beside a tree, yet he never saw her.

Finally, another hunter got in a killing shot, and was dressing out the deer when I arrived. Significantly, the deer was bagged within a quarter mile of where I first hit it—this after traveling a distance of about four miles.

Between their intimate knowledge of the country, their uncanny ability to detect danger, and knowledge acquired through experience, deer react

to the situations in which they find themselves. To some extent, since they are creatures of habit, their reactions are predictable. The same escape routes and covers which have been used in the past will be used again and again.

Deer do not, however, reason things out the way we do. If a deer seems to be following a certain strategy, it is because his instincts and acquired experience move him that way.

In order to bag a deer on any basis other than blind luck, the hunter must draw on the one resource which he possesses and the deer does not. That is his superior intelligence, his powers of reasoning. He must realize that his instincts, senses, and woodsmanship cannot begin to equal those of the deer.

The consistently successful hunter is

a man who has learned to "think" like a deer. Prior to the hunting season, he selects a limited tract of deer range and studies it from the deer's viewpoint. He follows the deer trails and becomes familiar with the countryside.

He examines the available cover. He analyzes the trails leading into it. He considers the possible relationship between a certain hollow and a nearby ridge. When he selects his stand, it is on the basis of much thoughtful evaluation.

Shooting a deer through luck, because you happened to be there at the time, is one matter. But bagging a buck because you outwitted it, because your strategy paid off, because you earned the right, is quite another. The difference can be summed up in two words: personal satisfaction!

State's Biggest Bear

The largest black bear on record in Pennsylvania is a 633-pound bruin, weighed on the scales before being dressed. It was killed by Herman Crokyn-dall near Milford, Pike County, on December 4, 1923. Total length of this record bear, from tip of nose to tail, was 9 feet.

New Collars Protect Hunting Dogs

Hunting dogs that do not want to get lost should know about a couple of new style dog collars available for the first time this year. One of these new canine neckties is dyed a brilliant blaze orange highly visible through the brush even on the darkest days.

This flashy collar is an idea worked out by Bill Boatman of Bainbridge, Ohio, to help him keep track of his coon hounds, and bird dogs. "It's especially good," says Boatman, "at field trials where you sometimes want to identify your hounds at considerable distances."

The other fresh idea in dog collars is one that could save a treasured animal from a slow death. It has a "Snap-Open" buckle that pulls free if the dog gets hung up in a fence. This one can also be adjusted for use as a choke collar for training sessions.

No matter what style of neck band you choose for Old Lead, Boatman has one bit of sound advice for dog owners everywhere to follow during the coming season. "Be certain," he says, "that every collar has the owner's name, address and telephone number on it."



DISTRICT GAME PROTECTOR Cecil Toombs is a walking encyclopedia. In addition to giving lectures and showing movies, he taught the boys conservation by using charts and actual specimens.

***A Surprising Lack of Conservation
Knowledge in Heart of Penn's Woods . . .***

A Foothold on Conservation

By H. Francis "Hank" Rosen

Former Supervising Principal, West Forest County School System

How does one bring conservation to high school students in such a manner that will be both interesting and meaningful to them?

This was the question facing the West Forest School System of Forest County last fall. As supervising principal of this school system, the problem was squarely mine. I knew that for years subjects on wildlife resources and conservation had been dodged, evaded, skimmed and actually given very little real importance. Unfortunately, many teachers just don't

understand conservation or even realize its value. Consequently, this

About the Author

H. Francis "Hank" Rosen, is now Supervising Principal of the Leechburg Union School District, a position just recently acquired. The accompanying article was written just prior to Mr. Rosen's leaving the West Forest County School System. The author plans a similar approach to conservation education in the Leechburg area schools.

subject has been given lip service or very superficial treatment.

Coming from metropolitan Philadelphia to Forest County in the heart of the Allegheny National Forest, I anticipated that here, in the realm of nature's bountiful resources, all youth would not only know good conservation practices, but would be living them. Such was not the case!

It was quickly evident there was a great need for conservation education here.

In discussing this problem with the District Game Protector in Forest County, Cecil Toombs, of Tionesta, there evolved the germ of an idea. Why not plan to devote some time using the specialized talents of the local Game Protector to bring this knowledge to the secondary students of the school?

Finally, as a result of this cooperative planning between the supervising principal and the local Game Protector there developed the following program some five or six months later: A two-day workshop in conservation which included:

(1) Short workshop periods spent in discussion of the different kinds of resource conservation needed.

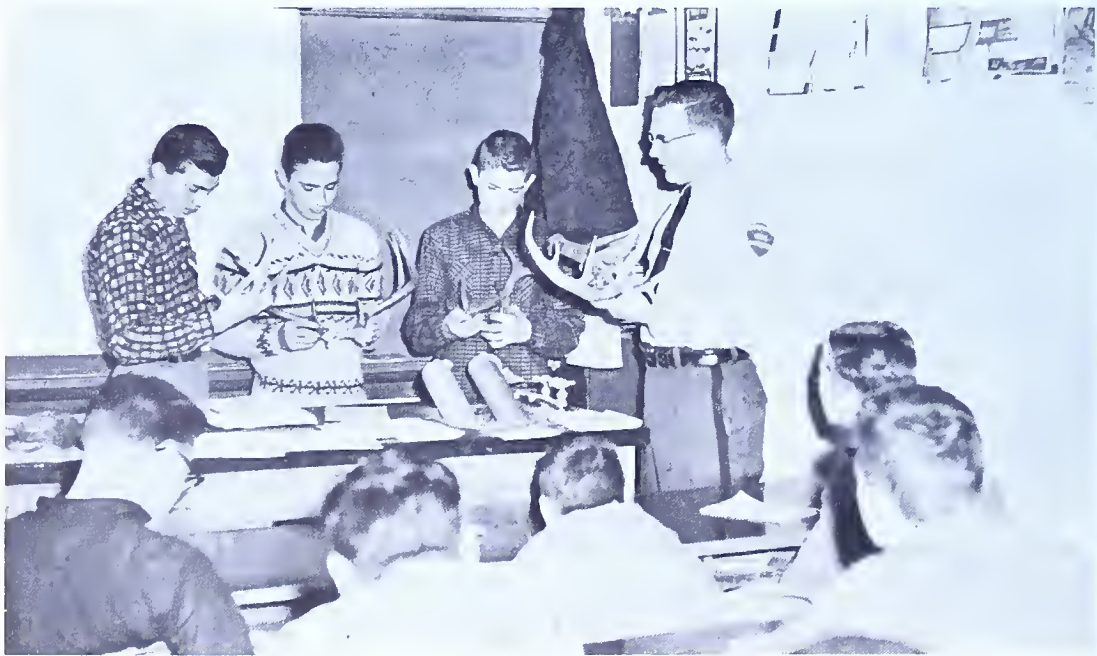
(2) The showing of selective movies which were used as illustrative material for the problems under discussion.

(3) Technical lectures on topics such as winter animal nutrition and general health of wildlife.

(4) Field trips to show relationship of proper harvesting of the wild resources in relation to their food supply and environmental protection.

Mr. Toombs is a walking encyclopedia whose services were utilized in many ways. These services ranged from field trips to the actual preparation of animal hides so that many of the local boys might also use the local fur-bearing animals. In addition to the movies and general lectures, the boys had the opportunity through the use of charts and the actual wildlife specimens to have many of their questions answered. One of the attention devices used by Mr. Toombs in beginning a lecture on methods of aging animals was the following: While

ONE OF THE SUBJECTS taught by Toombs was how the Game Commission determined the age of a deer. He showed the boys how tooth wear and replacement give the age not the antlers as believed by many people.





FILMS ON GAME AND CONSERVATION augmented the lectures. Here the class views the Game Commission's new deer film entitled "The White-tailed Deer."

holding the bottom of a deer jaw, he would ask, "How many teeth are there in the upper jaw, to match these front teeth?" Invariably there would be a goodly number of guesses and a self-conscious gulping when informed by Mr. Toombs that the answer was zero.

Such cooperative inner actions between state agencies and educational facilities can have but one effect: That of bringing an awareness to our youth of their tremendous responsibility in

the preservation, as the Isaak Walton League puts it, of wood, soil, water and wildlife.

Last year's workshop was just the beginning of this kind of endeavor in the West Forest School System. It is hoped that our example will encourage other school systems to follow suit. Nothing but good can come from efforts like these. Good for the students, good for the teachers and good for Pennsylvania.

BOOK NOTES . . .

Bowhunting for Deer

Any sportsman the least bit interested in hunting deer with bow and arrow will enjoy reading H. R. "Dutch" Wambold's new book "Bowhunting for Deer." In Wambold's fresh approach to this subject, he begins with a short but informative history of the sport. This is followed by a chapter on choosing your bow, equipment, and accessories. Most of the book, however, is devoted to the sport of deer hunting with the bow. Wambold discusses methods of hunting, records of hits and misses, deer anatomy, blood volume and shock, field dressing, butchering and cooking.

This publication is well written and easily understood by even the layman bow hunter; 160 pages, line drawings, \$5.95. The Stackpole Company, Harrisburg, Pa.



R. Kralj

But He Is a Turkey Hunter

By Archibald Rutledge

MAKE no mistake about this: some men are mere hunters; others are turkey hunters. These two strains of sportsmen are radically different. In every community there will be many ordinary hunters; they are just medium fellows. "But Jim—he's a turkey hunter," you will hear. That means that Jim is in a class by himself. All my life I have been hearing this kind of thing. What does it mean? Why is a real turkey hunter a *rara avis*? Well, as the poet says: "Listen, my children, and you shall hear." There's a real answer, and we may be able to give it.

Several hunting clubs I belong to specialize on ducks and quail. As a rule the members take small interest in deer hunting; they are wild about ducks and quail; and they appear indifferent to turkeys. I asked some of these men why they neglected the great bird. The consensus of their replies was this, to put it plainly: the work involved is too hard and too uncertain. The reward is too contingent on patience, and on an almost uncanny ability in woodcraft that the average hunter simply does not possess.

That it is difficult and uncertain is a fact; but, as is the case with all arts, it can be mastered, and the dividends paid are worth all the time and effort spent, all the failure and disappointment. As is the case with most other things in life, the pleasure and sport derived are in proportion to the energy expended, but more especially to the degree of mental craft employed.

I guess the best way to go about this business is simply to tell of some of the turkey hunters I have known—the real ones; the men who, coming on a gobbler's track or any other sign of wildwood majesty, would forsake

all else and follow him. A true turkey hunter will abandon (temporarily) wife, home, babies, his job—just for a chance at an old bearded man of the wilderness. He's just that way, and that is the way he will always be.

Tyler Somerset was a turkey hunter. As I remember him, even in his prime, he had a lot of boyish characteristics: slight, keen, active and tireless, he had in the woods what I call a melting quality. Now I'm not referring to the oomph of Hollywood. I mean that now you would see him, and now you wouldn't. Even in comparatively open woods he could fade out. Every step he took was a wary one. He could keep long silences. I have been with him for more than two hours at a time without having him speak a word. He was oblivious to such trivialities as the weather and the passage of time. Miles from home, in the most desolate and Godforsaken swamp, the coming of eerie and obliterating darkness meant nothing to him. He was perhaps the best listener I ever knew; and he could wait. Now, other hunters can wait; but Tyler waited differently. I can see him now, as alert as a just awakened sentry who has been tipped off that an officer is approaching; his head a little on one side, his blue eyes glinting—looking, listening, actively waiting for his True Love. He has that rare sportsman's trait: the ability to outwit a wild turkey.

I myself at times have been a hunter of turkeys, and I know what it takes; among other things it requires boundless persistence, endless patience, and the ability to absorb more than a normal degree of disappointment. I might add that an incurable turkey hunter must either discipline his wife



MILES FROM HOME, in the most desolate swamp, the coming of eerie darkness meant nothing to him. He was perhaps the best listener I ever knew; and he could wait.

to his vagaries, or else suffer a good many domestic shocks. When a man does not come home until several hours after dark, with nothing to show for all his time and effort, his lady's attitude may faintly suggest that he is something that might be sold to a circus. Despite their reputation for sentiment, women (especially wives) are very practical. They love game on the table, and they love a man who can put it there.

Successful hunting of this great bird calls for an almost perfect knowledge of its habits, and requires also a high degree of individual initiative. As a rule, the deeper you go into the wilderness, the better your chance of success will be. Nor is the hunting standardized as is the case with practically all other game. It takes a lot of personal scheming and hard work. For it is to be remembered that this bird has legs that enable it to outdistance a good horse; he has wings that can carry him a mile or more out of danger; his eyes and ears are among the

most perfect in all nature; his behavior is as unpredictable as his mentality is high. As a general rule, if you move, he will see you and hear you long before you are aware of his presence. "Not many hunters can kill a turkey," as my old friend Phineas McConnor says. And that remark makes you realize the difference between the ordinary variety of hunter and the turkey-loving tribe.

Not far from me, but in the gross wilderness, lives Phineas, a matchless Negro woodsman. He is small in stature and physically he is frail. But he is one of the best turkey hunters I know. When I ask him why he has such luck, he says, "I outquiets them." And then I know it is not luck at all, but rather a kind of wildwood genius: a capacity to wait for hours without motion and without sound. When I walk the woods with this lithe and wary Negro, I feel clumsy. He goes through brush like a cat crossing a carpet.

I can see Phineas now, almost creeping ahead of me down the old pineland road, his eyes scanning the apparently undisturbed pinestraw. Suddenly he stops. "Ah, ha!" he whispers, pointing out to me a piece of bark that has just been turned over. "I think a turkey did that," he says.

Not Convinced

I am unconvinced until we come to a damp sandy place in the road. Then, in a perfect ecstasy, Phineas spreads wide the fingers of either hand in imitation of the huge turkey tracks we see in the sand. The delight of Phineas is such that one might imagine that the old bearded man were already his. In a way, he is; for woe to the wild turkey upon whose track a real turkey hunter comes! With a passionate persistence he will follow that bird—for hours, for days, and sometimes for weeks, untiring, undismayed by apparent failure, and inventive in schemes of ambush and in other forms of way-laying. Through all his wilderness windings and turnings he will be fol-

lowed as if by Fate itself. A real turkey hunter is relentless on the trail of a gobbler. He never seems to abandon the wary pursuit.

Of course, of all wild game, the turkey is perhaps the most difficult to stay with. If he ever discovers that you are after him, he will literally quit the country—almost quit the world. And, unlike most other game, he does not persist in having regular haunts. For that reason, while I can always promise a man a shot at a buck, I make no such promises about a gobbler. He is here today; tomorrow he may be ten miles away. Often, for no other more apparent reason than a love of travel, he will fly across rivers and lakes, pass from one mountain to another, and traverse huge tracts of country. Nor do I believe there is another bird in the world that uses both his legs and his wings to carry him over so great distances. Compared to the travels of a wild turkey, the grouse, quail, pheasant, and wild duck hardly go anywhere on their feet. When he is doing nothing but merely ranging for feed, a wild turkey may travel several miles a day; and when he is getting out of country he has become suspicious of, he may go even farther.

Turkeys are subject to vagaries; they *get notions*; and with apparent purpose, but for no discoverable reason, will suddenly quit good quiet territory and wander for miles. You cannot count on turkeys. They sometimes act as if they had something on their minds that not even a turkey hunter can fathom, and perhaps they themselves don't quite know why they act as they do. And no man can be sure, even by means of what he calls perfect planning, of coming up with these big birds which, either from secret wisdom or from aberration, occasionally act as if they were plain goofy.

Life and Death Chess

A hunter's success with game is usually in proportion to the game's



HIS EYES AND EARS are among the most perfect in all nature; his behavior is as unpredictable as his mentality is high.

wariness, and to his knowledge of what moves to make in this life-and-death chess game of the wilds. He may bring in twenty rabbits for every single ruffed grouse; ten grouse for every wild turkey. For this premier game bird of the world has eyesight second to none other in nature, and hearing as acute as any we know, and a mind of rare intelligence. He walks warily, with wild and springy grace, as if he were forever poised for instant escape by running or by flight. He knows all the dangers, and he is qualified by nature to escape them. He can stand watchfully still for a long time.

When I lived in the beautiful Cumberland Valley of Pennsylvania, I found there, as I found elsewhere, that a real turkey hunter is one who really stands quite apart from the ordinary lovers of hunting. In the village in which I lived, there were perhaps thirty men who hunted quail, rabbits, grouse, squirrels; perhaps half that number hunted deer. "But Seth," I was told—"he's a turkey hunter."

I cultivated the acquaintance of Seth, and I hunted turkeys with him in the wilds of Path Valley, clear up to the Juniata; in Bear Valley, on Sideling Hill, in the Big Cove, and on Two-Top Mountain. We even got into West Virginia on a hint from a friendly mountaineer that there were turkeys at a place called Seldom Seen.

As I had regular work, I always had to get home by night. But Seth's regular work was to kill a gobbler. I have known him to spend the night alone in those wild mountains just because he had come upon some turkey scratchings that looked not over a day old.

"To kill a gobbler," he used to tell me, "you got to see him first; and after you see him first, you mustn't let him see you at all. A wild turkey that sees a man is a turkey that gets away."

Seth had a good wife. She understood him. "I like him the way he is," she once said to me with shy pride.

She had a right to be proud; for

NOT UNTIL WE came to a damp sandy place in the road was I convinced. Then, in perfect ecstasy, Phineas spread wide the fingers of both hands in imitation of the huge turkey tracks we saw in the sand.

during all the years that I knew him, he got his gobbler every season.

Seth knew much more than I did about hunting wild turkeys in the Pennsylvania mountains. Following his advice, I enjoyed some grand sport in that matchless country. His advice was simple: "Stay high on a ridge, where you can look down both sides; let them come up to you; and outwait them."

Like the Pioneer

Yet for all his smartness, for all his equipment for safety, the wild turkey meets more than his match in certain individuals of the outdoor fraternity known as turkey hunters. I admire a good turkey hunter chiefly because such a man displays qualities that we usually associate with pioneer America — patience, enthusiasm, acute woodcraft, game sense, and a quiet hardihood undaunted by rain, by cold, by long tough miles, by disappointment; not turned from his fine grim purpose even by feminine sarcasms from his Lady, who may pour it on him for neglecting her and all else in life for what she, in her resentment, terms "a poor miserable bird in a God-forsaken mountain." But if he happens to bring home one of these bronzed kings of the wilderness, she has ways to make his long and arduous campaign seem worth while.

Use Your ZIP Code Number

All GAME NEWS subscribers, be they new ones or old-timers who are renewing their subscription, are asked to use their zip code number.

The GAME NEWS section is waging a full scale war in the zip code army to "zip" all 135,000 subscriptions. The job is tremendous and any help from subscribers will be most welcome.



Keep a Weather Eye

By Bob Carter

NOVEMBER, Pennsylvania's big month for hunters of small game, is one of the year's most fickle times, weatherwise. While many a November day features the sun-soaked, lazy calm of belated Indian summer, other mornings dawn raw, windy and overcast—the first overtures to winter.

I recall a day 15 years ago that started like a duck hunter's dream, cold and windy, with banks of black, low-riding clouds moving rapidly overhead. Since I was heading out after rabbits, not ducks, this weather was no special treat.

My partner that day was C. W. "Buck" Trew, who operates a sporting goods store at Bentleyville, in Washington County, south of Pittsburgh.

In spite of the poor weather we were eager to start hunting and headed Buck's fine rabbit hound, Queen, into a hillside patch. This was a section that had seen its last cultivation 20 years before, overgrown with a mixture of brome grass and scrubby red haws. Usually it was full of cottontails.

For nearly two hours we worked the piece of cover, booting thorny haw trees and waiting for the dog to make an announcement. Queen, one of the most thorough routers in the business, was drawing blanks, too. Not a whiff.

Chilly and bored, we elected to cross the highway and try for better luck in a patch of high weeds next to standing corn. Queen pulled her special quiet surprise entrance on two loafing ringneck cocks, and we shot almost together to drop both birds as they rose in undignified haste from tall elders.

With humor much improved, we took a break to field dress the rangy native roosters. While we wiped our



Photo by Grant Heilman

WHILE MANY A NOVEMBER day features the sun-soaked, lazy calm of belated Indian summer, other mornings dawn raw, windy and overcast—the first overtures of winter.

hands clean on coarse brown corn blades, the weather began to change. Patches of blue appeared in the west and the chilling breeze died. Our day was looking up.

With pheasants on the mind I eyed the cornfield, but Buck suggested we return to our original spot—that of the tall orange grass and the haw trees! Although not very excited about the prospect of reworking empty cover, I agreed, and we zigzagged through a few brushy corners and across the road to our early morning starting place.

Showing admirable enthusiasm, Queen barreled into the cover and ran smack into a rabbit—the fun was on! This bunny made one quick circle and ran into Buck's load of sixes when he tried to zip across a mowed pipeline right of way. In five minutes I jumped a second frisky speedster and dumped him on the takeoff. Before I had retrieved my kill Queen was yapping through a thick spot, hot on her second trail.

This was more like it. Well before lunch time we emerged on the road packing two ringnecks and seven rabbits, accompanied by a bushed but happy hound.

As we loaded game and dog into the car trunk I asked Buck how he knew we would find rabbits where there had apparently been none an hour earlier.

"You just keep an eye on the weather," he said. Pointing to the hillside we had just left, Buck told me why it was logical to find rabbits there after the day's weather improved.

"Early this morning," he explained, "before daylight, the wind was raking that patch pretty hard. Rabbits don't care for cold wind, so they dropped into woodchuck burrows when they finished feeding for the night."

"But," I asked, still not quite satisfied, "why didn't they stay there?"

"Matter of preference," Buck said. "They like to be above ground, but, when the weather's too raw they go down. When it warms up and the sun comes out, out they pop, too."

It was a valuable lesson for me, one I've applied to other kinds of hunting, and one that has gotten me more total shooting and saved many a fruitless hour—"keep a weather eye."

When we watch wildlife, with weather in mind as a behavior factor, it is apparent that rabbits as well as squirrels, pheasants, grouse and other small and big game species are pretty much like humans where physical comfort is concerned. They like to be warm, well-fed and comfortable.



Photo by Don Shiner

SHOWING ADMIRABLE ENTHUSIASM, Queen barreled into a field that had produced nothing a few hours before. However, things had changed as the weather had changed. The field was about to produce some fine rabbit hunting.

While this may be an obvious point, many hunters take little stock of the weather when they hit the field. They go where they found game the last time out, or last year, and are disgusted if they have slim pickings. More often than not, it's weather that has hidden the game.

In noting the weather's effects on wildlife since the day Buck Trew provided my clue, I've developed "weather patterns" for hunting each of the game birds and animals that inhabit local cover. I learned that each species has its own preferences and that yesterday's weather and tomorrow's weather can be factors in locating game today.

This information is useful in two ways. It helps me pick cover to hunt, and it helps me decide what to go after, according to the weather on my hunting day.

Here are weather patterns for Pennsylvania's common small game species:

Rabbits

Cottontails don't like wind. More accurately, they just can't absorb a combination of wind and low temperature.

We've all hunted on mornings when frost blanketed the cover almost like cake icing—and usually found plenty of rabbits above ground. They can take low temperature without cold blasts. If you think about frosty mornings you remember that the preceding day has been clear, quiet and sunny, with little wind. In the calm night that follows, moisture is able to condense into frost as chilling air makes contact with warmer ground and vegetation. On windy nights, little frost is able to form because the terrain is chilled almost as quickly as air temperature drops.

Cold wind is the biggest reason for not finding cottontails out. But, there are two other weather conditions that can put them below—heavy rain or snow. They seem to like a light drizzle or light snow—without wind—but are discouraged by wholesale precipitation and head for the chuck holes.

So, the recipe for rabbit finding: look for them in quiet weather when winds have been fairly calm. If it's raining or snowing lightly, chances are still good, but you have to work cover more closely to push them out of their relatively dry forms. Snow cover makes little difference in top-side rabbit population if the weather is generally pleasant.

Temperature high enough to cause a rabbit-finding problem is unlikely during our fall season. Overall, you can find some bunnies in almost any kind of weather except the cold, windy variety. When you hit one of those mean fall days you have two choices—hunt deep ravines protected from the wind, or *hunt something else!*

Pheasants

If you're a cottontail hunter by choice, but hit a poor weather day, try ringnecks. They don't care for raw wind either, but since they feed by day rather than at night, you can find birds by hunting in cover where *you* are most protected from the weather. Except for the early morning and late afternoon feeding periods, pheasants



Photo by Grant Heilman

SNOW COVER makes little difference in topnotch rabbit populations if the weather is generally pleasant. If you hit one of those mean winter days, you have two choices. Either hunt the protected ravines or hunt something besides rabbits.

will be hiding out in thick brush—ragweed patches, elder and briar thickets, big brush piles, and under overhanging creek and drainage ditch banks. Bird hunting can be tough on rough weather days, but a couple of cagey ring-necked roosters in the bag is far better than no rabbits, even for a dyed-in-the-wool bunny hunter.

Ringnecks, of course, like good weather as well as we do, and on pleasant days you can be the smartest pheasant hunter around by maintaining a list of cornfields where the ground cover is thick. Where corn is well grown up with ragweed, ground cherry and the like, pheasants will laze around all day if the sun is strong, nipping on fallen corn ears, nabbing sluggish grasshoppers or beetles, and heading for roosting cover only when the night chill starts to move in.

Pheasants seem to be particularly apprehensive of approaching foul weather, and on mornings when dawn brings scudding snow flurries, dark skies and a plunging barometer they can be seen hustling out to feed as if the cornfield lunch counter were soon

to close for the season. On these days hunt them fast and early, because they'll be hard to find when the snow begins to pile up.

Pheasants are not lovers of rain, but are tough enough to stick tight in dense cover, blinking and with necks pulled down tight, if a chilling fall drizzle sets in. When cover is wet they seem to be set on running, and nearly have to be kicked into the air, so you learn to watch your flanks for "scuttlers" on soggy days. When temperatures are exceptionally low, kiss off ideas of really good pheasant hunting. They have sensitive feet and combs, so away they go for the deep cover.

Squirrels

Our Pennsylvania squirrels demonstrate weather whim almost like that of their rodent cousin, the cottontail, especially in having no stomach for chilly breezes. Since foxes and gray squirrels have somewhat different weather preference and feeding timetables, they should be considered separately.

SUN OR NO SUN, squirrels are most active on quiet days. One of the best days for squirrel hunting is, in fact, one with an all-day drizzle.

Photo by Leonard Lee Rue, III



The big, smart-aleck fox squirrel is a real sun worshiper. He rises with the sun, basks in sunlight as he feeds, lies around his aerial loafing stations during warm midday hours, salts away dinner in late afternoon, and heads for bed as the sun descends.

I remember one short morning squirrel hunt when I parked beneath a huge elm that sported a king-size leaf nest at the first fork. I idly watched light from the rising sun creep downward through the branches until it sprayed over the nest. Within minutes, sounds of scratching and flopping came from that high crotch, and several dislodged leaves dropped away and filtered down around me. No more than five minutes after the first sunlight had struck his nest, a big male fox squirrel edged out onto the limb that served as a front porch—with his back kinked like he had rheumatism. He put on an extended and grouchy show of greeting the new day. His stretching, muttering and flea-scratching showed me he relied on the warmth of that morning sun like a hungover human heads for tomato juice. He was so funny, and I appreciated this insight into fox squirrel personality so much that I walked away without shooting and went grouse hunting.

The energetic, little gray squirrel seems to be more business and less ham. He gets up with daylight instead of the sun, and is relatively inactive from midmorning until near sundown. Veteran squirrel hunters take most of their grays by being in the woods during the first and last hours of legal shooting time.

Sun or no sun, both species are most active on quiet days. One of the best kinds of weather for squirrel hunting is, in fact, the all-day drizzle. Squirrels, particularly grays, find digging easier when the woods floor is soaked, so they spend lots of time on the ground, quietly rooting, digging, and burying special food items. This kind of day is the squirrel hunter's delight,

because he can still hunt through his favorite squirrel range, sliding quietly up on bushytails over wet leaves, and shooting on the "surprise."

Snow on the ground is okay for squirrel hunting if the temperature is creating a thaw, but they tend to go into periods of semi-hibernation when wintry weather hits. Often a couple of warm days in succession are necessary to get them going on a strong feeding binge.

Grouse

These crazy characters, who always seem to pick the worst time and direction to flush, have a relatively predictable weather reaction. Snow on the ground is the toughest blow to a good grouse season. Although they are nicely equipped with winter tread feathers on every toe, grouse don't like to spend their days standing in snow, so they take to the trees.

Here is where the weather makes grouse shooting turn sparse. A grouse

SNOW ON THE GROUND is the toughest blow to a good grouse season. Although they are nicely equipped with winter tread feathers on every toe, grouse don't like to spend their days standing in the snow, so they take to the trees.

PGC Photo by D. L. Batcheler



seems to feel immensely more safe peering down at the top of your cap from a thick hemlock than he does watching your boots head his way while he's squatting under a log—so he lets you walk right by.

Your dog, of course, has a heck of a time pointing grouse that are perched 30 feet overhead.

If you feel an uncontrollable urge to hunt grouse anyway when snow covers the ground, look for them in trees. Examine every likely tree with an intent glare that says "I know you're in there!" They often get nervous under such scrutiny and explode in your face.

In calm, sunny weather, the good grouse hunting time, these birds get up early, head for a drink, feed back to heavy woods cover by late morning, and spend the middle of the day admiring their fine feathers on a log or brush pile. So hunt 'em near water and feed in the morning, in the deep woods through the shank of the day, and back at the watering trough in later afternoon. When it rains they become a little furtive, but, like pheasants still follow a fairly typical daily routine.

Wet Leaves Are Good

You can get more good shooting when the leaves underfoot are wet, because these nervous birds shy away from the noise of approaching men and dogs. You get most grouse if you go after them on quiet days—quietly.

All this thought about the weather and finding game can be boiled down to a reasonably sound rule. Small game hunting is best when *you* are comfortable outdoors. If you have to turn up your collar, or sleet is belting you in the whiskers, or your toes are tingling from below-zero cold, the shooting will be thin.

The answer? Don't stay home. Grab a box of magnum loads and head for a duck blind with the rest of us nuts! That's the exception whereby foul weather brings a gleam to the shot-gunner's eye.



Photo by Don Shiner

IF PHEASANTS ARE dressed, handled and prepared for the dinner table in the proper fashion, they can present a meal long to be remembered.

Give Yourself a Treat . . .

Cook That Pheasant Right

By J. Almus Russell

PENNSYLVANIA pheasants are plentiful and delicious. If dressed, handled and prepared for the dinner table in the proper fashion, they can present a meal long to be remembered.

When a pheasant is harvested, the hunter should never pack the birds in grass or straw to preserve them until they are to be eaten. In damp or warm weather such treatment will heat or sweat them. They must not be frozen either, for after thawing the flesh will quickly spoil.

Pheasants to be prepared for shipment where refrigeration is not available, should be drawn, washed inside

until perfectly clean, then dried thoroughly. As food in the bird's crop soon sours, that organ should be removed at once. Then the abdominal cavity is filled with pieces of cold charcoal taken from the fireplace and wrapped in pieces of thin cloth. In addition, the hunter fills the bill, ears, eyes, and other openings with powdered charcoal to keep off the flies and to prevent decay. Birds thus cleaned and prepared should keep sweet and untainted for several days.

Fat, well-fed pheasants may be prepared by any of the methods used for cooking chickens. If the flesh seems dry, extra fat may be added. The

flavor of the flesh is not hurt either by plucking the feathers or by skinning. When the bird is plucked, it should be done as soon as the bird is killed, else the feathers will stiffen into the skin, making it difficult to remove them without tearing the skin itself. In any case, the skin should not be scalded as it is very tender.

Pheasants should be dressed and hung to season in order to develop their full flavor. The weekend sportsman, however, will not have time to age his birds before he eats them in camp. Instead, if the game is young, the cook will split the dressed bird down the back, truss it open and season it, brush it well with melted butter, and broil it over the coals. The old cocks can only be grilled if par-boiled first. Then they should be drained, dotted with butter, seasoned, and also broiled.

PHEASANT RECIPES

ROAST PHEASANT

Temp.—450 deg. Fahr. Time—15 minutes
350 deg. Fahr. —30 minutes to the pound

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 pheasant (2 pounds dressed) | 3 ounces butter |
| ¼ pound sliced bacon | flour for thickening |
| | salt and pepper |

Carefully cut all shot from the bird. Wash inside and out with soda in the water. Rinse several times and dry with a clean cloth. Fill bird with dressing. Skewer legs and wings to the body. Lard breast with slices of bacon. Season well with salt and pepper. Place in hot oven and bake as directed until tender, basting it frequently with the drippings and melted butter.

Make a gravy of the drippings. Thicken the gravy with flour browned in a tablespoon of butter. Bring to a boil in the gravy and serve very hot.

Stuffing

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| 1½ cups bread crumbs | ½ cup butter |
| 1 cup celery, cut fine | 1 tablespoon sage |
| 1 onion, chopped | ½ cup carrot, grated |
| | salt and pepper |

Boil the celery. Use water from the celery to moisten the bread crumbs. Mix all the ingredients together, seasoning them to taste.

PHEASANT SAUSAGE

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 dressed, boned pheasant | ½ pound diced, lean raw pork |
| | sausage seasoning to taste |

Grind both meats and mix well together. Work in the sausage seasoning by hand. Use immediately or can like pork sausage.

PHEASANT WITH NOODLES

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Temp.—350 deg. Fahr. | Time—60 minutes |
| 1 large (3-4 pounds) pheasant | 4 tablespoons butter |
| ½ pound package noodles | 4 tablespoons flour |
| 1½ teaspoons salt | 2 cups milk |
| ¼ teaspoon pepper | 3 cups canned chicken broth |
| | ½ cup cornflakes |

Stew pheasant until tender. Then remove meat from the bones. Cut into ½-inch pieces. Boil noodles in salt water for 20 minutes or until tender. Drain. Rinse with warm water. Make a thin white sauce with the butter, flour, and chicken broth. Season with salt and pepper.

PHEASANT MULLIGAN with Dumplings

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 2 pheasants | 2 tablespoons butter |
| 2 cups diced carrots | 2 cups cubed potatoes |
| 1 cup minced onions | salt, pepper, paprika |
| 1 cup shredded cabbage | |

Dress pheasants. Cut into edible-sized pieces. Cover them with the carrots, onions, and cabbage. Then add water to cover. Simmer slowly until nearly tender. Then add butter, potatoes, and seasonings. Simmer until potatoes are done.

Dumplings

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------|
| 2 cups sifted flour | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 3 teaspoons baking powder | 1 egg |
| | ¾ cup milk |

FAT, WELL-FED pheasants may be prepared by any method used to cook chickens. The flavor of the flesh is not hurt either by plucking the feathers or by skinning.

Photo by Don Shiner



Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together. Beat egg, add milk and stir into the dry ingredients, adding more milk if necessary to form a drop batter. Drop by spoonfuls into the hot mulligan, covering the kettle tightly. Cook for fifteen minutes without lifting the cover. (A glass cover will better allow the cook to watch the progress of the dumplings.)

PHEASANT IN A BEAN POT

Temp.—350 deg. Fahr. Time—75-90 minutes
Pheasant prepared for frying flour seasoned with salt and pepper
bacon fat

Fry like chicken.

Place in a bean pot and cover with a sauce made as follows:

2 tablespoons butter ½ cup mushrooms
2 tablespoons flour salt
1 cupful cream pepper
1 cupful milk paprika
Worcestershire Sauce

Melt butter in a saucepan. Add flour to thicken. Add equal parts of milk and cream to make 2 cupfuls of thin white sauce. Stir constantly to avoid burning. Chop half of the mushrooms fine and add to this sauce. Add the other half can of mushrooms to the sauce whole. Season well. Stir frequently but do not allow to boil. When thoroughly heated, pour over the contents of the bean pot. Cook as directed.

SCALLOPED PHEASANTS

Temp.—350 deg. Fahr. Time—45 minutes
2 cups cooked, diced pheasant 4 cups cooked rice
1 ½ cups diced celery 1 ounce butter
salt and pepper ½ cup bacon drippings

Spread a layer of cooked rice on the bottom of a well-greased oven dish; then a layer of celery and pheasant. Season lightly with salt and pepper. Cover with the remainder of the rice. Dot the top liberally with butter, sprinkle with the melted drippings, and season a second time. Add enough hot water to make the mixture moist but firm. Bake as directed.

FRIED PHEASANT WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

1 pheasant, cut up for frying 1 cup mushrooms
2 cups heavy cream buttered toast slices
½ cup salt pork, diced 1 tablespoon flour
butter to equal salt and pepper
drippings from pork

Dip pieces of pheasant in well-seasoned flour. Brown delicately in butter and drippings. Remove pieces and add cream to the drippings. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Add the mushrooms. Thicken the sauce by blending the flour with a little of the fat. Replace pheasant in the sauce and heat again. Serve on slices of well-buttered toast.

PHEASANTS FRICASSEED (Century-Old Game Recipe)

Prepare and cut up two pheasants; put them in a stewpan with some butter, parsley, a bayleaf, thyme, two cloves, mushrooms, and a slice of ham; let them stew until scarcely any sauce remains; then add a little flour, warm water, salt, and pepper; stew it again and reduce the sauce. When nearly done, put in the yolks of three eggs beaten up with a little cream or milk; thicken it over the fire, but do not let it boil; a small quantity of lemon juice or vinegar may be added. Place the breasts and bones of the pheasants on a dish, lay the legs and wings over them, and then pour the sauce over the whole; garnish with mushrooms. Take off the skins before you cut up the pheasants if you wish the fricassee very white.

SOUR CREAM PHEASANT

1 young pheasant cut up as for frying 1 cup sour cream
salt, pepper, paprika

Roll pieces of pheasant in seasoned flour and fry, using sour cream in place of frying-fat.

ROAST PHEASANT IN RED WINE

Temp.—400 deg. Fahr. Time—20 minutes
250 deg. Fahr. —50 minutes

1 large dressed pheasant salt and pepper
2 cups red wine

Roast pheasant in uncovered pan until almost tender. When nearly done, season with salt and pepper, add the wine, and continue roasting for 10 minutes until the meat is tender.

PHEASANT POT ROAST

1 pheasant, dressed 1 onion
and cut up 3 tablespoons butter
1 cup boiling water 3 tablespoons fat
salt and pepper

Brown pieces of pheasant in mixture of butter and fat. Remove from pan and pour melted fat into a heavy stew kettle. Slice onion into kettle and brown it slightly. Then place pheasant in kettle and add boiling water. Cover tightly and simmer until tender for about an hour.

Gravy

Mix 1 heaping tablespoon flour with ½ cup of water to make a smooth paste. Pour into the kettle and boil for three minutes. Serve on a hot platter and garnish with a few sprigs of watercress or parsley.

CREAMED PHEASANT IN BAKED HUBBARD SQUASH

Temp.—400 deg. Fahr. Time—45-60 minutes
½ Hubbard Squash ¼ cup butter
(2½ pounds) ¼ teaspoon pepper
1 ½ cups diced 1/3 cup flour
pheasant 2 cups milk
1 teaspoon salt

Scrape out seed and fibrous material from squash cavity. Rub cut edges of squash with butter, and place upside down on baking pan. Bake as directed until squash is very soft inside when pricked with a fork. Cut pheasant into $\frac{1}{4}$ " dice. Melt butter in a saucepan, blend in flour, add the milk gradually, and cook until mixture boils and thickens. Stir it constantly to keep it smooth. Add seasonings and diced pheasant. Place over low heat until meat is very hot.

Now remove squash to a hot platter, pour creamed mixture into the cavity, and serve immediately, scooping out the tender meat of the squash along with the creamed mixture.

POTTED PHEASANT

Temp.—350 deg. Fahr. Time—90 minutes
 1 large dressed pheasant 3 whole allspice
 flour for dredging 1 stalk celery
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter 1 cup meat stock
 1 onion 1 cup cream
 salt and pepper
 2 tablespoons sherry

Cut pheasant into serving pieces, dredge with flour, and brown in butter. Add remaining ingredients. Bake as directed until tender. Remove bird from pan, strain the liquid. Add more cream, soup stock, and sherry. Thicken the gravy and serve with wild rice.

PHEASANTS WITH OYSTERS

1 tablespoon minced green sweet pepper 1 cup rich cream
 3 tablespoons butter $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups cold cooked pheasant, diced
 3 tablespoons flour 2 cups small oysters, steamed
 salt and pepper to taste boiled wild rice
 1 cup cream buttered toast

Fry the pepper in the butter until soft; then add the flour, seasonings, and gradually the milk and cream mixed to make a sauce. Stir in the pheasant. Add the drained oysters. Serve on the buttered toast with the boiled wild rice.

BREADED PHEASANT

Temp.—300 deg. Fahr. Time—2-3 hours
 Pheasant serving pieces pepper
 2 eggs onion
 1 cup bread crumbs lard
 salt butter

Roll each piece in the beaten eggs, then in bread crumbs, again in the egg mixture, again in the bread crumbs. Season with salt and pepper, and fry slowly in half lard and half butter until golden brown on all sides. Remove to a roaster, add a small amount of water, and roast as directed (with an onion added to the meat) according to the age of the bird and the amount of meat.

SAVORY PHEASANT

1 large pheasant 1 cup mushrooms
 1 pint sherry 1 cup walnut meats
 6 link sausages 3 cups cooked rice
 1 cup minced scallops 2 ounces butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced celery flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced sweet salt and white pepper
 green pepper

Rub outside skin with salt and white pepper. Soak the bird in sherry for several hours. Fry sausages and put them aside. Saute the shallots, celery, and peppers in butter for five minutes. Add the mushrooms and walnut meats. Then add sausages and mix all well with the rice. Stuff bird and sew it up. Place the giblets in the pan and roast 30 minutes to the pound. Baste often, adding a small amount of flour to the gravy.

TOO MANY TIMES hunters are not informed on the best methods of preparing game for the table. With a little reading and attention to directions, pheasant, and most other game for that matter, can offer the whole family a treat to eat.

Photo by Don Shiner



CREAMED PHEASANT (Mennonite Recipe)

2 cups cold diced pheasant	3 tablespoons butter
2 cups milk	1 egg
1 teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons flour	1 tablespoon minced green pepper

Make a thin white sauce of the fat, flour, milk, and seasonings. Add the diced pheasant to the white sauce and heat thoroughly. Then add the beaten egg and minced peppers, blending together. Remove from heat and serve.

Thin White Sauce

3 tablespoons butter	1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons flour	2 cups milk

Melt fat in top of double boiler. Add flour and seasonings, stirring until well blended. Slowly add the milk, stirring constantly until a smooth paste is formed. To shorten the cooking time, milk may be heated separately.

PHEASANT LOAF (Mennonite Recipe)

<i>Temp.</i> —350 deg. Fahr.	<i>Time</i> —one hour
3 cups cooked pheasant, finely chopped	2 tablespoons chopped celery
2 cups bread crumbs	2 tablespoons minced green pepper
2 cups cooked rice	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chicken broth
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper	3 eggs, beaten

Mix ingredients in order given. Add beaten eggs with milk and broth last. Shape in a loaf and bake as directed. Serve with—

Mushroom Sauce

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup fat	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream
6 tablespoons flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{4}$ pound fresh mushrooms
1 tablespoon minced parsley	
2 cups chicken broth	

Brown the mushrooms in the fat, chopped. Add the flour and broth. Cook until thickened, and then add seasonings and cream.



"It happens like this every time. . . . He just can't wait to get his copy of the Pennsylvania GAME NEWS!"

1964 Turkey Brood Count Shows Increase

The 1964 turkey brood counts indicate the decreasing trend of recent years in the number of broods seen and the number of poults per brood, reaching a low in 1963, may finally be reversed over most of the state. This was the report from Game Biologist Gerald A. Wunz who is the leader of the Game Commission's Wild Turkey Study. The accompanying table shows the state-wide average brood size and the number of broods seen have increased over 1963, though not yet reaching the previous eleven-year mean.

Substantial increases over 1963 occurred in the Southwest, Northeast and Southcentral Divisions. Although the number of broods decreased in the other three divisions, this was

compensated by increased brood size. Northcentral broods averaged one poult greater than last year.

The darkest spot in the turkey reproductive picture for 1964 is still the central sector of the northcentral turkey range. The northern tier counties generally show good reproduction, and central Pennsylvania counties report a bumper turkey crop. The poor reproduction area appears to extend from the central sector of the Northcentral Division on up through the Northwest Division turkey range, but this condition is not yet nearly as severe in the Northwest.

It looks like hunters can expect a good many turkeys over most of the state this season, but mast abundance should make hunting more difficult.

**COMPARISON OF 1964 TURKEY BROOD OBSERVATIONS
WITH 1963 AND THE PREVIOUS 11-YEAR MEAN**

<i>Division</i>		<i>1963</i>	<i>1964</i>	<i>1953-1963 11-year mean</i>
Northwest	No. broods	85	58	66
	Av. brood size	7.68	7.69	7.84
Southwest	No. broods	27	54	50
	Av. brood size	5.89	6.81	7.53
Northcentral	No. broods	203	174	226
	Av. brood size	7.26	8.23	8.75
Southcentral	No. broods	63	84	100
	Av. brood size	7.10	7.94	7.75
Northeast	No. broods	56	106	72
	Av. brood size	5.89	6.68	6.84
Southeast	No. broods	23	16	24
	Av. brood size	7.09	8.56	7.05
State-wide	No. broods	457	492	5.39
	Av. brood size	7.06	7.64	8.01

GAME COMMISSION BIOLOGISTS have good news this year for turkey hunters. Studies have shown that in 1964 the number of turkey broods sighted and the number of poults per brood are higher than last year.

Photo by Herbert Zimmerman



Weekend Training for



EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR M. J. Golden addresses the conference at the opening session.



DEPUTY GAME PROTECTORS on the pistol firing line under the supervision of District Game Protector **E. J. Fasching**.

FIRING BY THE DEPUTIES on the shotgun range.



PENNSYLVANIA'S Deputy Game Protector, recognizing the value this organization has placed greater emphasis on conservation, has placed greater emphasis on conservation in conjunction with this training program. The District Game Protector holds a minimum of 100 men under him. The Commission has 100 School of Conservation for Deputy Game Protectors. The training conferences conducted on a Division basis.

During the last weekend of August, the Game Commission's Southeast Division conducted a full weekend of training was offered when Division Supervisor T. A. Reynolds, Scout camp owned and operated by the Pocono Summit in Monroe County. The District Game Protector Philip Wall who had been as formulated, would offer a full weekend of training immediately following the final session of the training. It was made throughout the Division to be able to prepare the meals for those in attendance, considering that the Deputies would be paying expenses.

Arrival time and registration was set for August 28. At that time the men were informed that military service days were sounded "taps" on that Friday evening. The men were given an additional opportunity to be given by the blaring of "reveille."

Following breakfast on Saturday, the training planned by Law Enforcement Assistant Supervisor M. J. Golden began the program by sessions conducted by J. A. Brown, Assistant Supervisor, District Game Protectors and Deputies included Administration, Law Enforcement, Law Enforcement revolver and shotgun shooting were conducted on Saturday evening and again on Sunday morning. The training was held in Philadelphia, provided a trophy to be presented to the top score in the competitive revolver and shotgun shooting. The trophy was presented annually either at a Division-wide function or at a District Game Protector's function.

The session was concluded following the presentation of the trophy. Those in attendance indicated that they were pleased with the training and expressed their hopes that there will be a continuation of the training program.

Supervisor Reynolds, in summing up the training, thanked the Pennsylvania Game Commission for the training; to Robert Lewis and his excellent instruction; and, particularly, to the 100 Deputy Game Protectors for their time and expense toward a better-trained District Game Protector. He expressed his appreciation for the time and efforts in and for the wildlife conservation and wealth should be recognized and applauded.

By Paul
Conservation
Photo

ation is recognized as one of the finest States. The Pennsylvania Game Commis- sioners to the citizens of the Common- wealth deputy force in recent years. In- mission has required that each Dis- trict training sessions each year for the training sessions at the Ross Leffler in addition to annual one-day train-

training plan was carried out by the months prior, an opportunity to con- sider the facilities of Camp Minsi, a Boy Scouts of America, at extended through the efforts of Deputy Game Protector in the Bethlehem Council. The plan, for Deputy Game Protectors im- camp. The camp staff would be avail- able preliminary survey by questionnaire of interest. The results were most grati- fied for their time nor their traveling

and following the dinner hour on Friday, housing in tents on the camp area. I was recalled by many when the bugler failed to stir their memories they were on Saturday when they were awak-

sions got under way on schedule as the Game Commission Executive Direc- tor. The gathering followed by training of Law Enforcement for the Commis- sion staff members. Items on the agenda were Relations and Hunter Safety. Competi- tion in the program after dinner on Sat- urday. Deputy Game Protector Paul Ludtke, Phil- adelphia District Deputy force which attained This trophy shoot will be conducted at district level.

held on Sunday, August 30, and all of the conference was very worth while and ex- pected in the future for such a valuable

of this conference, expresses the sincere thanks of the Bethlehem Council, Boy Scouts of America for their assistance in preparing the meals and those who contributed their time, efforts to the Protector organization. Their interest, in the program throughout the Common- wealth to enjoy our valuable wildlife resource.

by
Assistant

NOVEMBER, 1964

Deputy Game Protectors



THE TRAINING SESSION was led by James A. Brown, Assistant Chief, Division of Law Enforcement.



THE PISTOL SHOOT TROPHY was donated by Deputy Paul Ludtka who gives it to Southeast Division Supervisor T. A. Reynolds. It will be awarded to the winning deputy team.

CHOW TIME for Deputy Game Protec- tors at Camp Minsi.





FIELD NOTES



Two White Fawns

JEFFERSON COUNTY—Received a report of a natural colored doe with two all-white fawns being seen near my headquarters.—District Game Protector George W. Miller, Sigel.

Behind a Bush

SULLIVAN COUNTY—August 1, while on patrol at State Game Lands No. 13, I met a man and his wife from Wilkes-Barre picking huckleberries. The lady had found a nice high bush of huckleberries and after picking a short time she heard someone thrashing about on the other side; thinking it was her husband she said, "Harry, you'll ruin this bush for next year if you break it down that way." The thrashing continued, so she decided to investigate. She went around to the other side and let out a blood-curdling scream! "HELP, Harry, it's a bear," several times which brought Harry, her husband, on the dead run from the other direction. The bear promptly stopped and smashed through the huckleberry bush to the nearby woods. I don't know who was more surprised, Harry's wife or the bear.—Acting District Game Protector Roy Adams, Dushore.

Screaming Snake

CARBON COUNTY—The screaming snakes got a lot of attention at the Commission exhibit at the West End Fair at Gilbert in Monroe County. Seems the Game Protector and the Fish Warden hid the loudspeaker from the electronic predator call underneath the snake cage. Every once in a while they would turn the volume up on the rabbit squealing record. One man wanted to bet money that it was the black snake doing all the screaming. He had seen it with his own eyes.—District Game Protector David Moyer, Jim Thorpe.

Dutch Talk

SNYDER COUNTY—Being Pennsylvania Dutch I get kidded about some of the phrases that are used at times. Officer Dodd in Snyder County is living with the Dutch and is using some of the phrases also. Returning home from a pistol shoot one day he used a very good one. He was talking about a man in Snyder County and said he is "quiet when he is talking." We could not understand how he could be quiet and talk at the same time.—District Game Protector Jacob Sitlinger, Newport.

Death Row

LYCOMING COUNTY—Deputy Houscknecht, of Hughesville, was called to Muncy Valley recently to pick up a deer killed on the highway. Within 100 yards of each other lay the nice 8-point buck, two rabbits, one hen pheasant and one squirrel.—District Game Protector Paul Ranck, Williamsport.



Honey Deer

HUNTINGDON COUNTY—August 24 I serviced a complaint about deer in Juniata Township in relation to fruit tree damage. The tree damage was extensive but what really threw me was when the lady also informed me that they had suffered damage to their several hives of bees from deer, during the early spring while the landscape was still snow covered. It seems several deer from a herd learned to knock the covers from the supers and eat honey, comb and bees like a bear. This incidentally is in an area where the farmers suffer the damage, the camp and cottage owners post their property against hunting and the road hunters yell NO DOE season because there aren't any deer left! — District Game Protector Richard Furry, Huntingdon.

Battle to Death

CRAWFORD AND ERIE COUNTIES—On August 3 during an especially heavy rainstorm I was traveling along a small dirt road on State Game Lands No. 109, Erie County, when I noticed a commotion in a mud puddle in the road ahead of me. As I approached, a large mink fled the scene, and I saw another small animal drag itself into the weeds along the road. I put on my raincoat and investigated, and found a small mink about half grown huddled under a rock leaf. I picked it up and looked it over and found that it was a male, badly injured with a set of teeth marks through the skull and another over the back legs, which made it almost paralyzed. I took it to headquarters with me and put it in a basket with warm rags, but it died a short time later. Which all goes to prove that life in the wild is seldom mild and only the fittest survive. — Land Management Officer Russell Meyer, Waterford.



Good at Everything

BUTLER COUNTY — During the course of a Game Protector's activities we are called upon to perform many and varied tasks — some quite unusual ones. Recently Deputy Kenneth Thompson of Boyers came upon perhaps one of the most unusual jobs of all. During the recent Butler County Fair, my Deputies watched over the exhibit and sold GAME NEWS during my absence because I was on vacation. As Ken sat at the table selling GAME NEWS, a young lady came up and inquired of him if he worked for the Pennsylvania Game Commission, and was advised that he did. "Oh," she said, "I know you gentlemen are very reliable, would you mind watching my baby while I take a walk through the fairground?" So Ken took the only way out—he baby sat for approximately half an hour until the lady returned, thanked him graciously, and left.—District Game Protector W. Ned Weston, Boyers.

Quest for Education

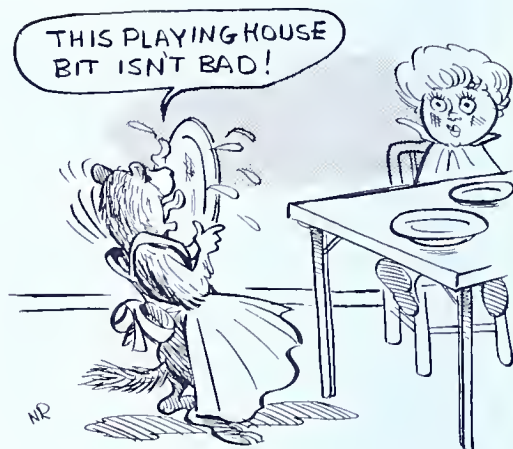
BERKS COUNTY — August 4 a skunk tried to enter the Reading High School. A box trap abruptly ended his quest for higher education. He was quietly removed to a less populated area.—District Game Protector J. A. Leiendecker, Reading.

Lost Were Found

WARREN COUNTY – Three children from Pleasant Township were objects of an extensive search as State Police of the Warren substation, the county sheriff's office, myself and several members of the Kinzua Valley Citizen Band Rangers hunted the wooded areas in and around Heart's Content State Park. Sue Reynolds, 8; Thomas Reynolds, 12; and Debbie West, 13; left the home of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Reynolds at about noon apparently on a hike. The children were reported missing at 9 p.m. and the search party was immediately organized and were assisted in their efforts by the Pleasant Township Volunteer Fire Dept. After combing the area for nearly three hours, I found the children at about 12:45 a.m. five miles east of the Reynolds residence along the State Game Lands which extended from Chapman Dam and Heart's Content. The trio apparently became confused when they wandered into the woods. None appeared to be the worse for wear.—District Game Protector David Titus, Warren.

Strange Noise

BEDFORD COUNTY – Recently I stopped in a restaurant at New Enterprise and the woman who does the cooking there asked me why I didn't get that monster on the mountain between Woodbury and Saxton. She told me she had never seen it but had heard it several times. She could not describe the noise it made but it must have been something chilling for she said one night when she heard it she told her son to check and find out what it was. He told her he wasn't about to go check on it because every time he heard it he got the chills. I haven't been able to locate it or anyone who has seen it. I have an idea it is probably a bobcat roaming around early in the morning.—District Game Protector Dale Stitt, New Enterprise.

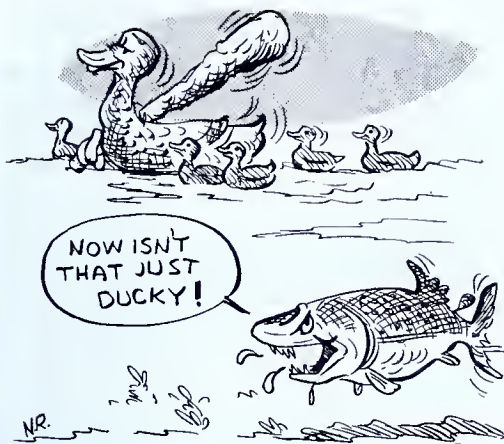


Doll House Chuck

MIFFLIN COUNTY – The following tale was told to me by my brother, Jack Moyle, McVeytown, Mifflin County. His children have a playhouse with furniture and dishes in it. Almost daily this summer the children had "snacks" in their playhouse. As soon as the children would leave the house, it would be invaded by a medium sized woodchuck that would proceed to lick every one of the dishes clean. Mrs. Moyle would wash the dishes the next day and the children and the woodchuck would go through the routine again.—District Game Protector James Moyle, McVeytown.

Highway Litterbugs

ELK COUNTY—While assisting in a search for a lost person during the past month, I had the occasion to walk along about 3 miles of a state highway, approximately 20 yards in the woods from the berm of the road. It would have taken at least three large dump trucks to hold all the litter found in that stretch. The unusual thing about it was that most of the litter consisted of small items that had been thrown from probably hundreds of cars. There were no dumps along this road. Just goes to show that every "litter bit" consists of quite a bit over a period of time.—District Game Protector Fred Servey, St. Marys.



Bird-Eating Trout

LUZERNE COUNTY — Stanley Genetti of Hazleton, owner of several supermarkets in this area, owns and maintains a lake in Bear Creek Township for the use of his employees. John Kapuschinsky, his caretaker, related the following to me. He had been asked by Harry Roughsedge, an adjacent property owner, to come over and set traps for whatever was stealing his young mallard ducklings off his trout pond. Harry and John were watching the ducklings swim around when all of a sudden they saw the culprit. A large trout came up, grabbed a duckling and headed for the deep. Mother duck gave pursuit and rescued her offspring. I knew members of the pike family ate ducklings, but never heard of trout feeding on them.—District Game Protector Robert Nolf, Conyngham.

Rain in Northwest

VENANGO COUNTY — Continual rains throughout the Northwest Division have been responsible for a greater production of fruits and nuts than many folks claim to have ever observed. A record production of grapes is expected in the Erie County vineyards. There should be little need for artificial feeding of our wildlife this winter.—Conservation Information Assistant Robert Parlamen, Franklin.

Squirrels Everywhere

LANCASTER COUNTY—Squirrels! Squirrels! And more squirrels! It sometimes seems I get nothing done but answering complaints. Two particular incidents stick in my mind regarding the amount of squirrels in the city of Lancaster. Within the city limits I removed 19 squirrels in 3 days from one man's yard. From another yard, 39 squirrels were removed in 23 days. From this particular yard better than 60 have been removed during June, July and August. Who says there is a shortage of squirrels?—District Game Protector C. J. Williams, Lancaster.

In the Bean Patch

BRADFORD COUNTY—The woodchucks in Terrytown are having a ball with a field of soybeans that have been planted along the north branch of the Susquehanna River on the James Hughes property by George Mosier. The chucks have completely eaten six to eight rows of the beans around the thirteen-acre field and have now started digging holes out in the middle of the field and cleaning off the beans in a 20- to 30-foot radius around each hole. I personally examined this damage and never saw so many woodchuck holes in one area and did not realize they could be so destructive. However, this is the only field of soybeans I know of in this area and it looks as though every woodchuck in the county has moved in to take advantage of this highly nutritious food. — District Game Protector Donald Watson, Towanda.



Disciplined the Grouse

FULTON COUNTY—Wallace Mel-lott of Harrisonville reports that a grouse on his farm has attacked their farm tractor on seven occasions during the past spring and summer. Clarence Bender of McConnellsburg was passing this area on Route 30 and saw a grouse on the road, which he assumed was injured. He stopped as did several other motorists. The grouse flew into his car and gave it quite a flogging. Clarence caught the bird; gave him a little talk about foxes, stew pots, etc., then released him again. — District Game Protector Carl Jarrett, McConnellsburg.

Buzzard Roost

BEDFORD COUNTY — This was related to me by Victor Atwell, Hyndman, owner of a TV Cable Co. Mr. Atwell has his cable antenna high on the Allegheny Mountains near Hyndman. On checking his antenna he found some of the tines or fingers bent down. At first he couldn't find just what was causing this. Then one morning he saw the culprits. Six buzzards were using his antenna for a roost. He said he didn't mind two or three buzzards roosting on his antenna but a half dozen was too many. —District Game Protector William Shaffer, Bedford.

Bear on a Lark

PIKE COUNTY — Walter Frisbie, Lake Teedyuscung, called relative to a bear damage complaint. Upon contacting Mr. Frisbie, I found that a bear perhaps in the 125- to 150-pound class had chosen Frisbie's Lark automobile for a resting place. Mr. Bear had climbed upon the hood of the car and bedded down for several hours. Walter is experiencing some difficulty now in attempting to open the hood and is quite perturbed about it.—District Game Protector Albert Kriefski, Hawley.

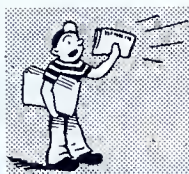
Killing Pictures

CRAWFORD COUNTY — An interesting note for roadside menagerie permittees was related to me recently by Mr. Kepler, manager of Conneaut Lake Park and Fairyland Forest. He relates that lab tests on animals that died suddenly revealed the negative of Polaroid camera film in their stomachs and attributes this to probably causing their death. As such, when a Polaroid camera is spotted in the Forest area, by keeping close watch on the users, they make certain that no film negative is thrown down for animals to eat. This should be a warning to all users of this type camera to make certain that film negatives are not promiscuously thrown around but are disposed of properly. — District Game Protector Arden Fichtner, Greenville.

She Is a He

UNION COUNTY—Bob Benfer of Lewisburg, R. D., raises ringnecks and quail on a small scale as a hobby. One particular hen he has had for about seven years. Recently, after moulting, he noticed this hen taking on rooster coloration in its new feathers. At the present time, the transition is almost complete down to a faint white ring beginning around the neck. —District Game Protector John Shuler, Lewisburg.





CONSERVATION NEWS



RETIRING PRESIDENT of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs, Carl A. White of Avonmore, admires the American Motors Conservation Award Plaque which had been given to Eleanor H. Bennett several months ago in Washington, D. C. The Federation had a ceremony on September 26, in Harrisburg, in honor of Mrs. Bennett receiving the coveted award.



PGC Photos

THE PENNSYLVANIA Outdoor Writers Association also met on September 26 in Harrisburg. Shown after the banquet at the Holiday West Motel are Executive Director of the Game Commission M. J. Golden, new POWA President Gene Coleman of Scranton, and Secretary of the Department of Forests and Waters Dr. Maurice Goddard who spoke on Project 70.

Laudadio Elected President . . .

State Federation Holds Meeting in Harrisburg

The Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Club met on September 25 and 26 at the Penn-Harris Hotel, Harrisburg, for their annual fall meeting.

The guest speaker at the Sportsmen's banquet on Friday night was Thomas L. Kimball, Executive Director of the National Wildlife Federation, Washington, D. C. Kimball called for unity and strength from one of the largest federated sportsmen's groups in the nation.

Resolution Adopted

Among the resolutions adopted by the state group was one calling for a uniform system for the issuance of antlerless deer licenses by county treasurers. The resolution requested an antlerless license application to be issued with every general hunting

license sold, a maximum of two to be applied for by one person, by mail only, and for successful applicants to be picked on a drawing basis. A small number would be set aside for non-residents.

Other resolutions called for a united stand against anti-firearms legislation and one against closing the woods because of a fire hazard, but to enforce restrictions on smoking and fire.

Much of the Federation meeting dealt with pollution problems in Pennsylvania, particularly mine acid drainage.

Officers elected were: President, John Laudadio, Jeannette; First V-P, Henry Warner, Marion; Second V-P, Joseph H. Craig, Beaver; Secretary, Leonard Green, Butler; and Treasurer, James McKnight, Coopersburg.

BEFORE HUNTING OR FISHING

FIRST

ASK THE OWNER

ALLEGHENY COUNTY SPORTSMANS LEAGUE, INC.

Allegheny League Sign Campaign

"Ask the Owner" for permission to hunt and fish signs are being sold this fall by the Allegheny County Sportsmen's League.

The red bumper sticker type signs are being used by landowners on fences, posts and buildings in western Pennsylvania.

The cost of the sign is 10c each in lots of 50 by mail and may be ordered from Henry Burkhart, 217 Cornwall Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15229.

The club sold more than 3,000 in the first three weeks of the program.

Hunt America Time in Seventh Year

"Respect Private Property . . . Save Public Hunting" is the theme of Hunt America Time, an education program of the Izaak Walton League of America. HAT aims at helping this country's millions of hunters find a place to shoot. Two-pronged, it seeks to convince landowners that hunters will respect private property and to tell hunters that respect for private property will induce more landowners to permit shooting on their farms and ranches. At least 80 per cent of all hunting is done on private land.

Heart of HAT's approach to hunters is a pledge card that each hunter signs to signify that he will honor the HAT creed of respect for private property. Ike groups will be operating where hunters congregate again this fall so that HAT pledge cards can be distributed and signed.

TIPS FOR HUNTERS



Ever wish you had your rifle cleaning equipment with you when you were afield? A "field expedient" bore cleaner can be made from a ramrod tip, a patch and some string. Cut the tip off an old ramrod, bore a hole in the end and attach a piece of strong nylon fishing line. When cleaning is necessary, drop the tip into the bore and hold the line. When tip has dropped through, wrap it with a cleaning patch and pull through. The whole kit can be wrapped together and is no larger than a lipstick tube.—Shorty Manning.

Check Your Deer at Official Station

The buck deer you shoot this fall will be loaded with valuable information. Your Game Commission urges you to stop at any one of the three official deer check stations long enough to allow Game Biologists to look at your buck.

If you take your deer to one of these checking stations, it will be weighed; its antlers will be measured and its teeth will be examined to determine its age.

After recording and analyzing this information, the Game Commission will be able to determine the physical condition of both the range and the deer themselves.

Not All Examined

Naturally, not all of the thousands of buck deer killed in Pennsylvania can be examined. But by checking those brought to the examination stations enough information can be obtained to point the way to future herd management. So if you kill a deer, whether it is large or small, and you are close to a station, pay a visit. Five to ten minutes is all the time the examination will take, and you will get added value from your deer by letting it supply facts that will help your sport next year. In addition, valuable information for the hunter will be available free at each station.

Operated First Week

These stations will be operated the first week of antlered deer season: November 30 through December 5. Deer will be examined from 7:00 a.m. until 12 midnight each day.

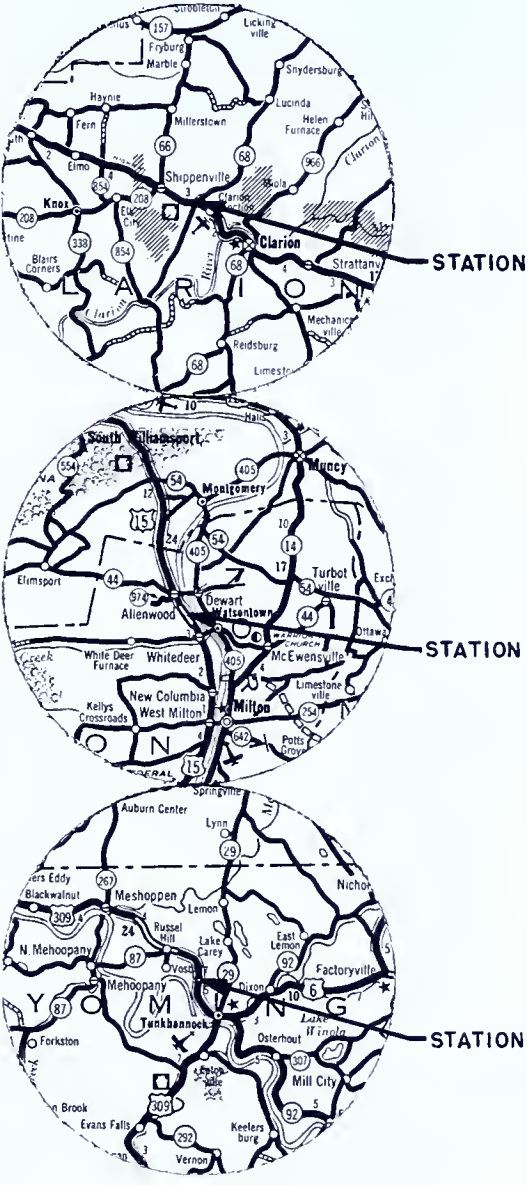
All stations will be well marked with signs.

Locations shown on the right.



PGC Photo by Ken Gardner

AGING A BUCK DEER at a deer check station last season is Game Biologist Steve Liscinsky (left). Tooth wear and replacement are the determining factors in aging deer.



PENNSYLVANIA GAME COMMISSION
RESIDENT AND NON-RESIDENT HUNTERS' LICENSES ISSUED BY COUNTY

8-15
(Licenses Issued)
(1961-1962-1963)

COUNTIES	RESIDENT						NON-RESIDENT		
	1961	1962	1963	1963	1963	1963	1961	1962	1963
	D.V.	D.V.	D.V.	JR.					
Adams.....	8,075 (2)	7,977 (2)	6,990 (3)	(848)	895	922	705		
Allegheny.....	71,691 (48)	71,112 (52)	61,275 (68)	(7,618)	196	179	149		
Armstrong.....	12,928 (10)	12,987 (7)	11,142 (9)	(1,784)	212	211	168		
Beaver.....	17,105 (12)	17,056 (12)	15,011 (15)	(1,817)	437	506	379		
Bedford.....	9,743 (9)	9,518 (7)	8,365 (7)	(1,103)	1,060	976	786		
Berks.....	25,778 (27)	25,531 (26)	22,557 (24)	(2,707)	74	108	82		
Blair.....	18,053 (21)	17,927 (22)	15,611 (22)	(2,412)	305	324	296		
Bradford.....	10,081 (8)	10,175 (8)	9,065 (12)	(1,583)	933	930	749		
Bucks.....	18,097 (13)	19,344 (11)	17,576 (13)	(2,396)	926	971	885		
Butler.....	15,495 (19)	15,625 (14)	14,237 (18)	(2,270)	220	262	176		
Cambria.....	23,293 (23)	22,663 (24)	19,651 (25)	(3,152)	516	602	536		
Cameron.....	1,954 (3)	1,902 (2)	1,679 (2)	(292)	369	283	264		
Carbon.....	6,917 (15)	6,960 (14)	6,367 (10)	(748)	155	181	161		
Centre.....	13,966 (5)	14,003 (7)	12,665 (6)	(1,923)	300	310	287		
Chester.....	18,444 (10)	17,811 (10)	14,870 (10)	(1,882)	1,167	1,150	924		
Clarion.....	9,278 (9)	9,554 (10)	8,489 (5)	(1,329)	1,318	1,430	1,319		
Clearfield.....	15,017 (27)	14,773 (27)	13,028 (34)	(2,125)	1,034	993	830		
Clinton.....	8,426 (13)	7,970 (12)	7,005 (11)	(1,042)	280	310	249		
Columbia.....	9,267 (3)	9,238 (4)	8,112 (4)	(1,117)	103	139	139		
Crawford.....	14,174 (22)	14,062 (24)	12,034 (21)	(1,954)	1,598	1,595	1,230		
Cumberland.....	17,798 (12)	17,952 (8)	16,594 (10)	(2,227)	99	64	68		
Dauphin.....	20,625 (32)	20,084 (24)	18,103 (27)	(2,201)	205	238	175		
Delaware.....	13,364 (14)	13,492 (19)	12,500 (18)	(1,204)	282	254	234		
Elk.....	7,095 (3)	7,051 (3)	6,500 (3)	(1,063)	577	473	507		
Erie.....	24,103 (22)	24,867 (19)	21,277 (20)	(3,226)	1,219	1,294	1,085		
Fayette.....	16,940 (30)	15,860 (28)	13,586 (30)	(1,879)	412	398	362		
Forest.....	2,241 (6)	2,172 (6)	1,826 (8)	(213)	822	743	613		
Franklin.....	13,668 (5)	13,908 (4)	12,498 (5)	(1,690)	754	843	677		
Fulton.....	2,718 (8)	2,689 (11)	2,474 (12)	(340)	291	287	263		
Greene.....	4,928 (6)	4,931 (5)	4,048 (5)	(584)	249	299	241		
Huntingdon.....	8,790 (26)	8,623 (13)	8,163 (13)	(1,140)	427	444	393		
Indiana.....	11,970 (9)	11,776 (8)	10,391 (8)	(1,613)	445	499	470		
Jefferson.....	10,693 (20)	10,783 (18)	9,819 (20)	(1,576)	946	943	992		
Juniata.....	4,199 (1)	3,978 (2)	3,734 (1)	(415)	127	145	134		
Lackawanna.....	14,631 (18)	14,915 (16)	14,021 (17)	(1,663)	330	361	321		
Lancaster.....	31,686 (23)	31,635 (18)	28,485 (24)	(3,446)	211	222	170		
Lawrence.....	11,330 (7)	10,742 (9)	9,769 (7)	(1,486)	2,179	2,218	1,794		
Lebanon.....	11,628 (10)	11,543 (10)	9,952 (11)	(1,326)	65	79	58		
Lehigh.....	16,392 (12)	16,465 (14)	14,708 (10)	(1,657)	91	164	144		
Luzerne.....	28,012 (43)	28,168 (24)	24,807 (41)	(3,135)	831	850	692		
Lycoming.....	18,725 (20)	18,198 (17)	16,051 (19)	(2,260)	399	385	412		
McKean.....	9,439 (7)	9,720 (7)	8,257 (6)	(1,467)	1,761	1,908	1,386		
Mercer.....	16,625 (7)	16,568 (10)	14,015 (14)	(2,138)	3,304	3,315	2,702		
Mifflin.....	8,495 (11)	8,192 (9)	7,495 (9)	(1,090)	190	225	201		
Monroe.....	7,918 (8)	7,813 (10)	7,440 (13)	(888)	754	848	722		
Montgomery.....	26,452 (8)	25,961 (11)	23,746 (17)	(2,768)	83	111	64		
Montour.....	2,438 (4)	2,345 (4)	2,033 (4)	(284)	22	14	33		
Northampton.....	16,534 (14)	16,314 (10)	14,435 (14)	(1,705)	870	975	802		
Northumberland.....	13,383 (15)	13,424 (16)	12,389 (23)	(1,811)	128	138	109		
Perry.....	5,471 (3)	5,607 (5)	4,995 (3)	(735)	53	69	49		
Philadelphia.....	25,991 (16)	25,518 (18)	20,766 (16)	(1,279)	940	972	831		
Pike.....	3,982 (6)	4,212 (6)	4,597 (5)	(488)	2,451	2,555	2,148		
Potter.....	4,041 (9)	4,032 (10)	3,617 (8)	(591)	1,355	1,355	1,140		
Schuylkill.....	19,484 (19)	19,352 (21)	17,087 (18)	(2,492)	213	250	204		
Snyder.....	4,645 (8)	4,698 (8)	4,184 (6)	(613)	59	58	58		
Somerset.....	12,865 (21)	12,137 (19)	11,064 (18)	(1,775)	633	699	635		
Sullivan.....	1,996 (3)	2,103 (3)	2,080 (3)	(274)	114	121	130		
Susquehanna.....	5,079 (2)	5,070 (4)	4,715 (5)	(617)	685	769	585		
Tioga.....	8,436 (5)	8,537 (6)	7,697 (7)	(1,186)	874	967	838		
Union.....	4,643 (5)	4,118 (8)	3,664 (4)	(494)	145	122	83		
Venango.....	10,683 (13)	10,415 (10)	9,374 (11)	(1,551)	1,144	1,257	1,180		
Warren.....	7,423 (10)	7,243 (9)	6,320 (9)	(1,024)	1,627	1,673	1,414		
Washington.....	21,702 (21)	21,571 (19)	18,154 (20)	(2,329)	809	799	646		
Wayne.....	5,299 (10)	5,377 (10)	4,859 (11)	(666)	1,015	1,110	1,071		
Westmoreland.....	37,147 (28)	37,002 (29)	33,108 (31)	(4,764)	237	258	210		
Wyoming.....	3,343 (1)	3,580 (1)	2,937 (1)	(428)	142	176	165		
York.....	29,250 (13)	28,747 (12)	25,603 (13)	(3,682)	1,515	1,752	1,391		
Dept. of Revenue.....	1,264 (0)	1,300 (0)	1,134 (0)	(59)	2,517	2,791	2,040		
Totals	933,346 (893)	926,976 (846)	820,800 (917)	(111,644)	46,699	48,872	40,956		

The Figures under D.V. indicate "Free Licenses" issued to Resident Disabled War Veterans and are included in column of "Resident Licenses."

The Figures under JR. indicate Resident Licenses issued to Juniors and are included in the column of Resident Licenses for 1963.

Non-Resident Licenses include Alien Non-Resident Hunters' Licenses issued as follows:
1961, 21; 1962, 23; 1963, 26.

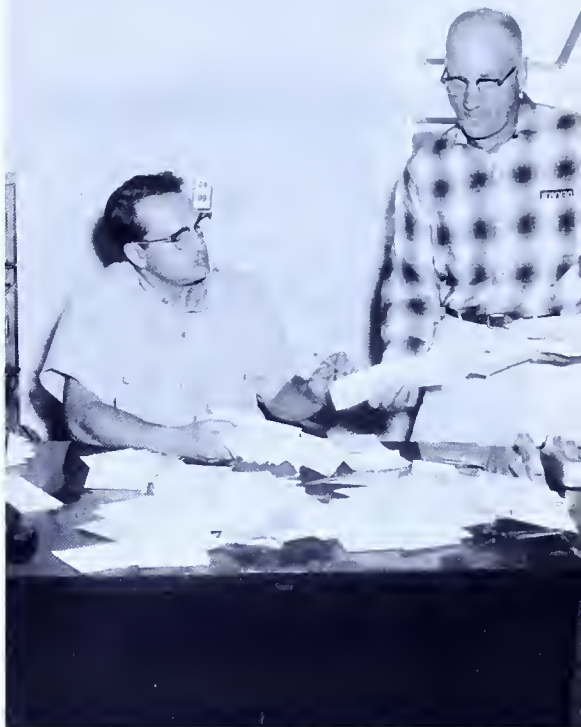
Duck Production Still Affected by Drought, Interior Department Says

Reports from major duck nesting areas across the North American Continent indicate that drought is still affecting the production of ducks, the Department of the Interior announced in August.

Weather and water conditions in Alaska, southern Alberta, Ontario, the Dakotas, western Minnesota, Nebraska, and the western part of southern Saskatchewan were poor this year. Compared with last year, decreased fall flights from all these areas, except southern Saskatchewan, are expected, the Department said.

Considerable increases in the fall flight are expected over last year from northern Saskatchewan and from Manitoba. Despite adverse weather in northern Alberta and the Northwest Territories, a somewhat larger fall flight is also indicated from these areas. Some increase is anticipated from Oregon, Montana, and Maine. Flights from Quebec, Labrador, southern Saskatchewan, California, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, eastern Minnesota, and Ohio are expected to about equal those of last year.

Most of the ducks harvested by hunters each year are raised in the prairie pothole breeding range in the southern portions of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba, and in North Dakota, South Dakota, and western Minnesota. Drought in this area first



PGC Photo by Bob Parlamen

RECEIVING APPLICATIONS for the Goose Management Area in Crawford County are Game Commission employees Jesse Miller and Ray Sickles. More than 10,000 applications were received by the October 1 deadline. Drawing of the winning blind holders was made on October 3.

reached serious proportions in the summer of 1959.

There was gradual improvement in 1962 and 1963, but from an estimated 2,320,000 ponds in July, 1963, there was a reduction to 1,570,000 during July this year, according to aerial surveys just completed.

Within the pothole breeding range, the eastern portion was generally in as good or better condition than a year ago, while the western part was poorer.

Deputy Completes 41 Years

On August 29, Roger L. Franke, Deputy Game Protector from Millersburg, completed 41 years of service.

Franke has more Deputy service than any other living Pennsylvania officer. He retains the original commission which was signed by Game Commission President the late John M. Phillips and former Executive Director Seth E. Gordon.

Look Out for Marked Deer

Persons living or visiting in the counties of Susquehanna, Wayne, Erie, Crawford and Warren are requested by the State of New York to be on the alert for strangely marked deer. Some of the special deer are wearing numbered, monel metal ear tags, others have collared bells around their necks or colored ear streamers. These deer were trapped and tagged in two widely separated areas of New York. One area being the Lordville deer yard near Hancock, N. Y., on the Delaware River, and the other being the Ripley-Westfield area along Lake Erie. Many of these marked deer have crossed the Pennsylvania border. The tagging program in the Lordville area has been in effect for four years, whereas the Ripley-Westfield area program was just initiated in 1964. Consequently, the New York State Conservation Department has received some 25 returns from the Lordville area but none as yet from the Ripley-Westfield area.

Some interesting information (to Pennsylvanians as well as New Yorkers) has been obtained from these early Lordville returns. All the returns obtained thus far have been from Pennsylvania except for those deer killed by various causes right in the deer yard itself. The accompanying map illustrates recovery sites in Pennsylvania from deer tagged in Lordville. Of the ten returns indicated, hunters accounted for six deer, cars two deer and unknown causes two deer. At the present time there are 85 tagged deer, from the Lordville area, that are still unaccounted for—many of which are in Pennsylvania. Anyone finding a dead, tagged deer (hunter kill, car kill, dog kill, etc.) or seeing a live tagged deer, please report it to one of the following: Herbert Buckley, New York State Conservation Dept., Hancock, N. Y., or John Whalen, Bureau of Game,

Recovery Sites of Deer Trapped and Tagged in the Lordville Area of New York



New York State Conservation Dept., Stamford, N. Y.

In addition to those deer tagged in Lordville, 45 deer were similarly marked in the Ripley-Westfield area. This area is right next to Pennsylvania's Erie County and close enough to Crawford and Warren Counties so that it is possible to get some reports from Pennsylvania. Anyone coming into contact with one of these tagged deer, please report it to the following: Howard Bobseine, Bureau of Game, New York State Conservation Dept., 409 Exchange National Bank Building, Olean, N. Y.

Anyone submitting *all* of the following listed items from dead, tagged deer is eligible for a \$10 reward:

1. Ear tags (plus bell or streamer)
2. Lower jaw (shipped express collect)
3. Kill location
4. Date of kill
5. Cause of death (if known)

These items should be sent to: Big Game Project, Wildlife Research Lab., Delmar, N. Y. 12054.

President Signs Recreation And Wilderness Bills

Using an appropriate outdoor setting as the scene of operations with a host of senators, congressmen, agency officials, and leaders of private conservation organizations on hand as witnesses, President Lyndon B. Johnson on September 3 signed into law two historic conservation measures: the "Wilderness Act" and the "Land and Water Conservation Fund Act."

With the temperature in the mid-80's and the blue sky unbroken by clouds, perfect weather greeted those who gathered in the White House Rose Garden for the signing ceremonies. Among those on hand were Mrs. Howard Zahniser and Mrs. Olaus Murie, widows of men who contributed major efforts to the formulation and passage of the Wilderness Act.

The President took the occasion to laud leaders of what he called the "Conservation Congress." He pointed to other accomplishments of the 88th Congress and specifically called attention to the establishment of the Ozark National Scenic Riverways, Fire Island National Seashore, and Canyonlands National Park.

"This is a very happy and historic occasion for all who love the great American outdoors, and that, needless to say, includes me," said the President. "The two bills that I am signing this morning are in the highest tradition of our heritage as conservators as well as users of America's bountiful



PGC Photo by Bob Parlamen

A NICE ARMLOAD OF RED FOXES is brought to the Game Commission's Northwest Division office in Franklin recently by F. H. Weaver and his granddaughter, Betty Meade, of Van. Greeting the fox trapper is Mrs. Mary Mays, a secretary in the Game Commission Office. Foxes were caught in July in Clarion and Venango Counties. Bounty of \$4 was paid on each.

natural endowments. The Wilderness Bill preserves for our posterity, for all time to come, 9 million acres of this vast continent in their original and unchanging beauty and wonder. The Land and Water Conservation Bill assures our growing population that we will begin, as of this day, to acquire on a pay-as-you-go basis, the outdoor recreation lands that tomorrow's Americans will require."

Hunters' Distress Flares

Hunters who are especially concerned about being lost will be interested to know that special distress flare shells are now available.

The flare shell can be fired in your own gun or rifle and it explodes at an altitude of about 500 feet, producing a brilliant red glow. The glow remains bright until it slowly descends to about 200 feet, at which time it goes out and is completely harmless.

The new flares come in most modern rifle calibers and in 12-gauge shotgun size.

Inquire at your local sporting goods store for more information.



Photo by Charles Thomas

MOST OF THE 216,000 PHEASANTS released this year by the Game Commission were about 12-20 weeks old when liberated. Here Game Commission employees crate for liberation some young birds raised in the day-old chick program.

Game Commission Fall Stocking Program in Full Swing

Pennsylvania Game Protectors were busy in September with the Game Commission's fall stocking program of ring-necked pheasants, wild turkeys and bobwhite quail.

According to Ralph E. Britt, Chief of the Game Commission's Division of Propagation, approximately 216,000 ring-necked pheasants will be released by field officers this fall. Britt explained that 115,000 ringnecks have been raised for the Commission by farmers in the Day-Old Pheasant Chick Program. He said that an additional 45,000 were raised by sportsmen's clubs in the same program. The remaining 56,000 pheasants, all male birds, have either been raised on the Commission's three pheasant farms located at Montoursville, Cambridge Springs and Distant, or were purchased from breeders located throughout the Commonwealth.

Except for 22,230 pheasants being held for in-season stocking, all 216,000 ringnecks will be released by early October. These birds will be stocked in areas of good habitat in all parts of the state except the southeast where pheasant populations are al-

ready high.

The state's wild turkey stocking program will result in the release of 3,350 farm-raised birds by mid-October. These birds are presently located in hardening pens in Venango, Westmoreland, Blair, Monroe and Berks Counties.

Britt claims that this year's turkeys are the wildest raised by the Game Commission in his 19 years of service. They will be liberated in all Game Commission field division areas except in the primary northcentral turkey range where the state's best flocks are now located.

The Commission's Eastern Game Farm at Schwenksville raised 7,000 bobwhite quail for release this year. These birds will be stocked primarily in the southern half of the state except in the already well-populated range of southcentral Pennsylvania.

During May, June and July Game Commission officers liberated 9,546 week-old ducklings in all six field divisions. The three northern divisions, however, received the majority of the little ducks because the habitat there is better suited for them.

Pennsylvania Duck Stamp Sale Up

With reports of declining sales of Migratory Bird Hunting Stamps across the nation, Game Commission Land Manager William E. Fulmer of Bloomsburg looked into the Pennsylvania trend.

Fulmer investigated the sales for the last three years in a three-county area in northeastern Pennsylvania. In the counties of Columbia, Montour and Northumberland, the Land Manager discovered a noticeable increase in the number of "duck stamps" sold since 1961.

The post offices contacted and results obtained by Fulmer are listed as follows:

Post Office	1961	1962	1963
Berwick	77	90	90
Bloomsburg	116	92	117
Catawissa	16	18	19
Danville	81	82	97
Northumberland ..	38	29	43
Sunbury	83	108	131
Herndon	23	41	44
Dalmatia	15	12	15
Selinsgrove	77	86	105
Port Trevorton	36	30	39

It was noted that the areas of Sunbury, Selinsgrove and Herndon, which are nearest the Game Commission's Hoover's Island Waterfowl Area, have shown a rapid gain in sales.

THIS HANDSOME BUCK became a road kill victim just north of McAlisterville in Juniata County on August 31. Deputy Game Protector Carl Dressler is shown after removing the dead animal from the highway. The eight-point buck had an 18½-inch spread.

Photo by JUNIATA SENTINEL



1963-64 Hunting License Sales Off 114,000

Hunting license sales for the 1963-64 license year were down 114,000 the Game Commission revealed recently.

The resident license sales total of 820,000, including 111,644 of the new junior licenses, was some 106,000 less than the year before. The nonresident total of 40,956 was nearly 8,000 fewer than the 1962-63 license sale.

According to Game Commission Executive Director M. J. Golden, the drop in sales can be attributed to two things. One was the increased license fees from \$3.15 to \$5.20 for adult residents and from \$20 to \$25.35 for non-residents. The second and most significant, said Golden, was the fire ban on hunting last year which discouraged many sportsmen who had made plans to take part in the opening of the small game season. When the ban was lifted, a great many hunters were unable to get off work. Many first-day-only hunters just didn't hunt last season, Golden concluded.

Recent rains this year have encouraged Game Commission officials who are looking for a better license sale this year. See chart on page 42.

THIS BLACK WOODCHUCK was shot by Ike Dively on July 31 in the Dimond Valley area of Huntingdon County. It is not uncommon for woodchucks to be colored in shades from yellow to black.





HUNTING ON FOREST INDUSTRY LANDS owned by the Armstrong Forest Co. are James Borin of Evans City and Clarence Keith of Cherry Tree. The sign they are reading marks the borders of many forest industry lands. Numbers of deer as shown in the right photo can be seen throughout much of these privately owned forest lands which are open to the hunter.

More Than 440,000 Acres Open . . .

Hunters Permitted on Forest Industry Lands

MORE than 440,000 acres of tree farms and other forest lands owned by the wood-dependent industries in Pennsylvania will again be open to the hunter this season, according to Tom W. Leete of Roulette, chairman of the Wildlife and Recreation Subcommittee of the Pennsylvania Forest Industries Committee.

He said the industries were making the land available again this year as in past years because "we believe in and are practicing the multiple use principle of forest land management. This," he explained, "means using forest resources for a combination of goods and services—continuous timber growing, soil and water conservation, wildlife habitat and recreation."

The figures on industry land open to hunting—438,260 acres owned by 22 companies—were compiled by a survey taken by Mr. Leete's committee. He estimated that there is at least 50,000 additional acres open owned by companies which did not respond to the survey.

Timber Growers Benefit

Timber growers, Mr. Leete pointed out, get a benefit from hunters' use of their land—the harvest of deer. Most of our land in the northern part of the state, he said, is suffering deer overbrowsing damage which is preventing maximum growth of new tree crops. "Heavier deer harvests on our lands will help us grow more timber for the future," the industry spokesman added. "For this reason, we are anxious to have a substantial deer harvest on our lands, particularly during the two-day antlerless season on December 14 and 15."

Forest managers, he said, have also appreciated hunters' assistance in shooting porcupines because the porcupines girdle and damage valuable trees in localized areas in many forested sections of the state.

"Whenever possible," Mr. Leete declared, "most industrial timberland owners are glad to make their land available for hunting provided the safety of sportsmen is not seriously

endangered and logging operations severely hampered."

A Privilege

However, he added, free hunting on industry land is definitely a privilege and not a right.

Sportsmen, he suggested, can help

insure their continued welcome by being good guests. Forest visitors should always be careful with fire, clean up litter, avoid acts of vandalism such as breaking fences and gates or shooting signs, and should take care to avoid blocking logging roads.

COMPANIES AND ACREAGE OPEN INCLUDES

<i>Acres</i>	<i>Counties</i>	<i>Contact for More Information</i>
138,000	Warren, McKean, Elk, Cameron, Tioga, Bradford, Lycoming, Clinton, Centre, Forest, Wyoming	C. H. Smalley, Woodlands, Mgr., Armstrong Forest Company, Johnsonburg, Pa. (Free Permit Required)
135,000	Erie, Crawford, Venango, Warren, McKean, Tioga, Potter, Forest	N. C. Tuttle, Woodlands Mgr., Hammermill Paper Co., Erie 6, Pa.
8,000	Forest, McKean, Warren	R. J. Gustafson, Endeavor Lumber Co., Endeavor, Pa.
500	Greene	Russell E. Headlee, Garards Fort, Pa.
1,500	Potter	Tom W. Leete, Leete Lumber Co., Roulette, Pa.
49,000	Potter, McKean, Cameron	John U. Villevik, Plateau Woodlands, West Virginia Pulp and Paper Co., Coudersport, Pa.
1,000	Warren, Potter	L. H. Noll, Larimer & Norton, Tidioute, Pa.
7,000	Potter, Tioga	George F. Patterson, Patterson Lumber Co., Wellsboro, Pa.
3,000	Elk	Edward A. Pontzer, Corbett Cabinet Co., St. Marys, Pa.
500	Cambria	Louis Krumenacker, Krumenacker Lumber Co., Carrolltown, Pa.
4,500	Crawford, Erie, Warren, Forest, Venango	Joseph Arnold, Eager Beaver Lumber Co., Townville, Pa.
15,000	Elk, McKean	Frank Novosel, Novosel Lumber Co., R. D. 2, Box 66, Kane, Pa.
5,600	Cambria, Somerset, Bedford	Arthur Poorbaugh, R. A. Poorbaugh & Son, R. D. 3, Stoystown, Pa.
3,800	Venango, Warren, Forest	John W. Cubbon, R. D. 1, Oil City, Pa.
8,000	Northumberland, Union	Stephen Tressler, Barrett Division, Allied Chemical Corp., Sunbury, Pa.
2,560	Fayette	Fred Sproul, Sproul Lumber Co., P. O. Box 911, Uniontown, Pa.
500	Bedford	Oscar Foor, Everett Hardwood Lumber Co., Everett, Pa.
3,000	Sullivan, Lycoming	Dwight G. Lewis, Gleason & Lewis & Son, Hillsgrove, Pa.
15,000	Clarion, Forest, Venango, Jefferson	Burnett Mealy, P. A. Niedritter & Co., Marble, Pa.
25,000	Somerset	Thomas M. McNeal Lumber Company, Windber, Pa.
1,800	Sullivan, Columbia	Miles Little, Otto G. Little & Son, Benton, Pa.
10,000	McKean	William Faull, Pres., Harges Lumber Corp., Box 335, Bradford, Pa.

Danny's First Grouse Caper

By Don Shiner

Photos by the Author

DANNY made an attempt, late in the summer, to learn the fundamentals of chess. He played this game with his father on several rainy evenings and found chess, and particularly the queens' and knights' complicated movements, most fascinating. But what delighted Danny even more was the discovery that hunting ruffed grouse—that all-American game bird whose home, by choice, is the dense forest—and the chess game have a lot in common, particularly the move reserved for the shining knight. This similarity caused Danny to elevate this forest bird into top place among Pennsylvania game birds.

The episode, in which Danny played chess with grouse, unfolded this November morning. He and his father pointed their wagon in the direction of the Lee Mountain Range with the express purpose in mind of gunning this feathered buzz bomb.

DANNY FOUND an amazing similarity between grouse hunting and the game of chess.

"Do a lot of people go hunting for grouse?" Danny quipped, breaking the silence after a long period of listening to the hum of the tires rolling over the smooth highway.

"Not so many hunters as in years gone by," his father replied. "Ruffed grouse was, at one time, the crowned champ of small game. Then came pheasant or ring-necked pheasant which was introduced from the Orient a number of years ago. This rainbow-colored bird captured the hunters' interest, pushing the ruffed grouse into the background. The majority of hunters began devoting most of their gunning time in quest of this new, colorful bird, due, in part, to the comparative ease in hunting cornfields and open land.

"Grouse on the other hand," his father continued, "are wedged deep in the woods. They're no snap to find, let alone hit when they rocket from cover and dodge expertly behind trees. The sudden burst of thundering wings often shocks hunters and shatters even seasoned nerves. Most shots miss the mark by a wide margin.

"Don't misunderstand, Son. There are still plenty of hunters who spend part of the gunning season searching for grouse. They continue to place ruffed grouse among the finest wing targets. I'm one of these. I think you'll like being along this morning as we poke around for grouse on this brushy hillside."

Danny listened carefully as his father explained the numerous points of grouse hunting. Then he asked, "Is there any difference between a mountain pheasant and a grouse?"

"They're one and the same bird,"



his father said. "Some hunters refer to these birds as 'partridges' or 'shoulder-knot grouse,' or 'drumming grouse,' or 'birch partridges,' but they all mean ruffed grouse. The name 'drumming grouse' stems from the male's habit of strutting across a favorite log, using its wings to sound a rolling, booming or drumming sound to call a mate. I've heard this booming sound many times. I once saw a grouse drumming his song on an old swamp maple log that was sprawled on the stream bank where I was trout fishing."

"Think you'll find any grouse this morning?" the lad asked.

"Expect to," the senior hunter said wishfully. "My guess is that birds will be at the base of the hill, in or near that old abandoned farm, feeding on alder berries, acorns, tea berries and sweet grapes. Later, nearer noon, we'll climb higher on the hill where birds will go to rest, or feed in thick cover. Or we might find them dusting in dry ground beside old stumps or upturned tree roots. Unless the birds hit the low ebb of their cycle, we'll find them this morning."

"What do you mean 'low ebb of their cycle?'" Danny asked, puzzled by this odd statement.

"The unusual thing about grouse, Son, is they are cyclic. There are years when the birds are plentiful, then there are years when they're scarce. Biologists say that grouse travel this cycle of scarcity to plenty about every eight years or so. There are some definite theories as to why this happens, but no one knows for sure. Grouse have been rather scarce the last year or two. Any time now they'll start back up the ladder to the point where they are downright plentiful again."

Destination Ahead

The discussion of grouse and its habits came to an abrupt halt when the first of the two Lee Mountain ranges loomed into view. "See that old field," his father asked, "stretching part way up the mountainside? That's



where we're going to hunt grouse this morning."

They swung their station wagon off the main highway onto a dusty rural road that was barely wide enough for two cars to pass. Another three hundred yards put them beside the old brush-filled field. The older hunter steered the wagon into a small clearing, then announced, "We're here, Danny. All out for a morning of ruffed grouse hunting."

The sun shone warmly on Danny's face. He wore a thin poplin jacket beneath his sleeveless hunting vest. His father feared that even this scanty clothing would be too much for this warm November day. Dry leaves crunched loudly underfoot as they made their way from the wagon, crossing the abandoned orchard toward a stand of towering white oaks. The senior hunter slipped three shells into the gun's magazine, worked the action

ENTERING AN ABANDONED field, Danny and his father search for ruffed grouse.



to pump one shell into the chamber. "Now," he announced, "keep on your toes! Don't panic when a grouse rockets from cover in a wild boom of thunder. The trick in grouse hunting is to remain calm, collected and ready to shoot accurately."

A sentry crow, which sat unnoticed in a nearby oak, sped on extended wings as it shrieked a series of loud, ear-piercing calls. From another tree a gray squirrel barked incessantly at them, but remained at an out-of-gun range distance.

The two hunters strode slowly along the stone fence row, keenly alerted for the sight or sound of a ruffed grouse sailing from cover. Much to the surprise of both, following another 50 steps or so, a grouse climbed from a grape vine entanglement and rocketed straight across the field. This was its fatal mistake. The seasoned hunter swung his shotgun into position, instantly leading the bird. At the point of gun blast, the bird spun in mid-air, then dropped to earth like a rock.

"Wow! You really nailed that one," Danny shouted excitedly as he ran to pick up the prized fowl. He returned carrying the bird in hand as he examined the reddish brown plummet and the handsome fan-shaped tail.

"We may not be so lucky when and if we get another flush," his father mentioned, not knowing how accurately he forecast the next encounterment.

No More in the Field

They searched through the remainder of this old field without finding a trace of another grouse. Then they ventured onto the tree-clad hillside. More than an hour elapsed before the next grouse pitched into the air-planes. It sailed out in typical rocket fashion. The hunter's shot was a hasty one. It missed the intended mark as the bird cleverly dipped around a cluster of interlocking limbs.

"Now what do we do?" Danny asked dejectedly.



A WELL PLACED SHOT sent the grouse spinning to earth.

"We go after that bird," his father instructed. "That grouse flew straight away for 75, maybe 80 yards, then angled to the left or to the right, and probably landed in good cover. Nine grouse in ten fly in this 'L' shaped pattern. Most hunters make the mistake of not following a flushed bird. But it is far simpler to follow and find a particular bird than it is to hunt aimlessly for another. You know what they say about 'A bird at hand is worth two in the bush,' and it certainly applies to grouse hunting."

The boy remained silent for several seconds as they walked in the direction in which the grouse disappeared. Then Danny piped, "If grouse fly in an 'L' shaped pattern, they fly in the same manner as the knight moves in the chess game."

"Come to think of it, Son, you're right!" Father said, taken back somewhat by the lad's appraisal. "I never compared grouse hunting with chess, but you've hit upon a similarity!"

The two walked quietly, making as little disturbance as possible in the dry leaves. They covered about 70 yards. The older hunter began sizing



THIS SINGLE OUTING convinced Danny that he liked grouse hunting even better than chess.

up the available cover. On the left stood a curtain of oak trees with little or no cover between them. On the right stood a sparse stand of pines. He tapped the boy's shoulder, motioned toward the pines and gestured in that direction. They covered another two or three dozen steps. Up soared the grouse, booming through the sound barrier, only to disappear behind the heavy pines.

"You were right, Dad!" Danny said happily. "That bird did fly in an 'L' shaped pattern. But what do we do now? Follow it again?"

"Sure thing. Chances are that grouse pulled the same maneuver," the seasoned gunner answered. "If we keep following that bird, it will gradually make a large circle, returning to the original place where we first flushed it. It is next to impossible to push a grouse out of its preferred area. And each time it is flushed, the distance it flies grows shorter, too."

Again they set out in the direction in which the grouse had flown. During their advance, a blue jay shrieked with indignation at their intrusion.

They frightened a chipmunk, too, which ran across the leaf-carpeted floor. A downy woodpecker paused to look down from an old limb as the two hunters passed, then resumed hammering for grubs. A small moth, fluttering on sooty brown wings, wove a series of figure eights in front of Danny's face.

They covered a distance of 60 yards quietly. Again the senior hunter paused to size up the available cover. He spied a wind-felled tree whose branches were entwined in grape vines that draped like old ropes. He nudged the lad to follow him in that direction. He shifted the shotgun into ready position.

Suddenly the air exploded with the sound of wings. This was quickly followed by an ear-pounding boom from the shotgun. The grouse somersaulted in mid-air, then pitched into a tree and landed with a thud on the ground.

"You got 'im! You got 'im!" Danny shouted.

"That finishes our grouse hunting today," his father announced. "Two grouse are the day's limit. Now we can either turn our attention to hunting the fox squirrels that sometimes move into this region, or we can go home."

Tired and Hungry

The two hours of hunting heavy brush had a telling effect. They took time out for a midmorning lunch. Both stretched out on the soft pine needle floor. Danny withdrew the sandwich from his game pocket, while his father did likewise and uncorked a vacuum bottle of hot chocolate. The older hunter leaned back against the trunk, slid his cap down over his eyes as though to drift off into sleep. Danny sat munching this snack while examining the crested feathers on their two plump grouse. As they rested, a butter fat gray squirrel climbed out of a hollow oak and sat upright on a limb to survey the landscape. Danny's father caught this movement from the

corner of his eye. He shifted the gun into position. When the shotgun cracked, the squirrel fell to the ground.

They turned their attention to squirrels for the next hour. But as the sun grew warmer toward midday, game had become inactive. The two hunters decided to call it a day.

"Why not save some of these grouse tail feathers for bookmarkers?" his father suggested as they retraced their steps to the waiting car. "I have one or two grouse feathers saved in some book, from the first grouse I shot when I was a youngster, barely older than you."

Danny continued to ask numerous

questions on grouse hunting during the drive home. One statement rather startled his father.

"You know, Dad," he began. "I like playing chess with you, but I think its more fun to play chess with grouse."

"Why is that, Son," his father questioned.

"Well, I like grouse better than the shiny knight, and the forest is a bigger chess table," Danny quipped.

The insight such as Danny exhibited lately convinced his father that the boy was maturing by leaps and bounds. A few more grouse hunts would push the lad far ahead of his father!

Letters . . .

Gored Tire

To whom it may concern or for whatever it is worth.

Several months ago our rural mail carrier, Fritz Hoy, related this unusual incident to me as I cut his hair.

He was making his rounds of delivery through a wooded area of R. D. 2 when he met a feed truck coming in the opposite direction. He pulled to the leaf-covered berm as far as possible and stopped. As he started off he felt a bump or thud on one of the wheels. On getting out to investigate he found that he had run over and picked up the antler of a deer through the tread of the tire.

I might add that he did get complete recovery from the manufacturer.

Eugene Magaro
Halifax, Pa.

GAME NEWS for Violators

Enclosed check for my three-year subscription extension and please forward three one-year subscriptions to any three game violators.

Your September "A Philadelphia Story" made your little magazine as big as a Sears Catalog.

Hans A. Besche
Nutley, N. J.

The Master Eye

I read with interest the article "Wingshooting—The Instinct Method" by Lefty Kreh in the September issue. I agree with Lefty that good shotgun shooting should be done with both eyes open. However, he makes the same error that most authors do while explaining two eye shooting.

To shoot with two eyes open, the master eye must be on the same side as the gun you are firing, be it BB gun or shotgun. I know because I am a right-handed shooter but I have a left master eye. The only way I can shoot two eyes open is left-handed and I don't do too well as I am too slow left-handed.

If your dominant eye isn't on the same side as your gun, you cannot hit a standing target, let alone one which is moving. The only way I could hit any targets right-handed with both eyes open, are targets which are left angling. This way my left master eye gives me a long lead on them.

I will bet you that Lefty has a left master eye.

Leo Mastrucci
Old Forge, Pa.

Financial Report for the Fiscal Year

July 1, 1963, to June 30, 1964

By JOHN M. SMITH, Comptroller



FINANCIAL operations of the Pennsylvania Game Commission for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1963, and ending June 30, 1964, are outlined in detail for the benefit of Pennsylvania's sportsmen and hunters in the following series of schedules, charts, graphs and supporting statements. In order to complete the picture of the status of the "Game Fund," expenditures of other State Departments authorized to expend monies from the Game Fund are also included.

It is necessary to emphasize the fact that the Game Commission is a completely self-sustaining organization which receives no support from the general taxpayer. Its income is derived solely from the sale of licenses, from Game Law fines, sales of wood products from State Game Lands owned by the Commission, royalties from coal and gas leases on Game Lands, contributions from the

Federal Government through the Pittman-Robertson Act which returns a portion of the Federal excise tax on sporting arms and ammunition to the states, and other related Commission activities which are detailed in Schedule I of the Financial Report. All of this revenue is deposited with the State Treasurer in the "Game Fund" and may be spent, upon authorization from the Governor, solely for the purposes set forth in the Game Law; these purposes are the propagation, protection and management of game, and the right of the licensed hunter to enjoy his chosen sport.

To aid in the interpretation of the financial schedules, the following facts are presented:

Schedule I shows that at the beginning of the Fiscal Year on July 1, 1963, the Game Fund had a net balance of \$2,616,599.38. Revenue from all sources during the year amounted to \$6,852,412.80 which, when added

to the beginning balance, made a total of \$9,469,012.18 available for expenditure. Actual expenditures by the Game Commission and by other State Departments authorized to draw on the Game Fund amounted to \$5,909,676.66 for the Fiscal Year. This left a balance of \$3,559,335.52 in the Game Fund at June 30, 1964.

Schedule II shows how the Game Fund balance of June 30, 1964, is affected by normal operating liabilities of the Game Fund and the actual amount available for expenditure during the 1964-65 Fiscal Year. From the balance of \$3,559,335.52 available at the beginning of the new Fiscal Year, the sum of \$728,676.86 must be reserved for encumbrances which represent Game Commission commitments to purchase feed, materials and supplies, equipment, land and other contracts not completed at June 30, 1964, but for which payment must be made in the near future. The Department of Revenue is, by law, authorized to print and issue all hunting licenses and Game Fund money is specifically appropriated to cover the actual expenses incurred. The sum of \$3,834.67 must be set aside to cover their outstanding commitments. The sum of \$3,260 was encumbered by the Department of Labor and Industry to provide for the Commission's share of due but unpaid social security at June 30, 1964. Finally, the sum of \$1,500,000 is set aside as Working Capital to cover the period from February to September of each Fiscal Year when the Game Commission expenditures far exceed the cash income necessary to carry out the Commission programs. The remaining balance of \$1,323,563.99 is added to the estimate of revenue to be received during the Fiscal Year and becomes the basis of budgeting for the operations of the Game Commission during the 1964-1965 Fiscal Year.

State-wide Field Operations

Schedule III shows the summarized activities of the Game Commission

for the Fiscal Year and the actual amount expended for each along with the relation each activity expenditure bears to the total amount spent by the Commission.

Schedule IV lists in detail the expenditures by the major field activities of the Commission. The State-wide Law Enforcement Program and the Land Management Program have been summarized to show the purposes of each program and what has been spent to realize those purposes. No summary is presented for the major Propagation Program since the total expenditure is made for the operation of six Game Farms devoted solely to the raising of game to be released for hunting.

Control and Audit of the Fund

To insure the maintenance of complete, accurate records and accounts and the judicious expenditure of funds, the Commonwealth has many controls and safeguards. Under the provisions of Article IV, Section 402, of the Commonwealth's Fiscal Code, the Auditor General is required to audit the accounts and affairs of all State Departments, Boards and Commissions at least once a year. The formal audit of the Game Commission for the Fiscal Year ended June 30, 1964, has not yet been completed but the accounts are in good order and no problems are expected.

Other controls imposed on all Departments, Boards, and Commissions are:

1. The mandatory requirement that all invoices, payrolls, and other operating expenses shall be audited by the Auditor General and the State Treasury Department before payment is made.
2. The mandatory reporting daily of all financial transactions to the Governor's Bureau of Accounts and Control.
3. The control exercised by the Governor's Budget Secretary over all requests for quarterly

budget allotments and all other budget matters.

4. The periodic verification of accounts with those maintained by the Auditor General's Department, the State Treasury, and the Governor's Bureau of Accounts and Control.

All of the above controls and mandated requirements are in addition to the field and internal controls, audits, etc., performed and maintained by the Accounting Section in the Comptroller's Office of the Game Commission.

Earmarked Funds

Under the provisions of the Game Law, as amended by Act 271, Session 1949, not less than \$1.25 from each Resident Hunter's License fee shall be spent for improving and maintaining natural wildlife habitat on land that is available for public hunting; the purchase, maintenance, operation, rental and storage of equipment used in this work; the purchase, distribution, planting, cultivating and harvesting of game foods; the purchase, trapping and distribution of all species of game, as well as providing protection to the property of Farm-Game Cooperators.

Article XIV of the Game Law, as amended by Act 632, Session of 1956, provides that the sum of \$1 from the sale of each Resident and Nonresident Antlerless Deer License shall be used solely for browse cutting or otherwise removing overshadowing tree growth to produce undergrowth sprouts and



PGC Photo by D. L. Batcheler

WITHOUT ENFORCEMENT of our Game Laws, some gunners would exploit our wildlife resources. Of the hunting dollar, 20 cents is spent for this purpose.

saplings for deer food and cover on State Game Lands.

Tabulated schedules are provided in the Financial Report to show the Game Commission's compliance with the above provisions for each year since they have been in effect and the overall expenditures of these mandated funds.

SCHEDULE II

CONSOLIDATED STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL POSITION AS OF JUNE 30, 1964

Cash		\$1,081,281.68
Investments—U. S. Government Short Term Securities		2,478,053.84
Total Cash and Investments		\$3,559,335.52
Less: Liabilities and Working Capital		
Encumbrances—Game Commission	\$ 728,676.86	
Encumbrances—Department of Revenue	3,834.67	
Reserve for Continuing Appropriation—Dept. of Labor and Industry	3,260.00	
Reserve for Working Capital	1,500,000.00	2,235,771.53
Net Balance Available for Expenditure During Fiscal Year 1964-65		\$1,323,563.99

1963-64 FISCAL YEAR STATEMENT

SCHEDULE III

SUMMARIZED FUNCTIONAL EXPENDITURES

The expenditures of the Commission during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1964, have been subdivided into major activity groupings as follows:

		Part of Dollar
<i>Acquisition and Management of Land for Wildlife.</i> Purchase and management of State Game Lands, costs of administering and managing Cooperative Farm-Game Projects and other leased areas. Also includes payment in lieu of taxes on State Game Lands	\$2,368,166.84	40.0
<i>Propagation of Game.</i> Operations of Game Farms, purchase of game, wild game transfers, distribution of game	924,352.63	15.6
<i>Protection of Wildlife.</i> Salaries and expenses for enforcement of Game Laws, assistance in enforcement of fish, dog and forest laws and other related field activities by Game Protectors	1,186,886.91	20.0
<i>Division of Administration.</i> Cost of GAME NEWS magazine, other publications, exhibits, motion pictures, radio and TV programs, attendance at Sportsmen's and related meetings and other Conservation Education activities. Also includes salary and expenses of the Hunter Safety Coordinator and the costs of the Personnel and Service section in the Harrisburg office	528,058.60	8.9
<i>Ross Leffler School of Conservation.</i> Costs of training Student Officers, costs of In-Service training courses, maintenance costs of School grounds and buildings	30,164.39	.5
<i>Bounty Payments.</i> Bounties on predators, payment for hear damage claims, cost of deer-proof fences	120,425.69	2.2
<i>Issuing Hunting Licenses.</i> Includes tags, applications, reports and personnel costs	94,981.43	1.6
<i>Radio System.</i> Operation and maintenance of state-wide radio system	73,551.77	1.3
<i>Retirement Contributions.</i> Commission contributions to state employees' retirement system	184,795.00	3.1
<i>Wildlife Research.</i> Studies by Game Biologists to determine practical methods of developing wildlife management programs	107,961.71	1.8
<i>Accounting.</i> Preparation and audit of payrolls, vouchers, maintenance of records and accounts	88,749.42	1.5
<i>Social Security.</i> Commission's share of Social Security payments	96,608.12	1.6
<i>Auditor General's Department.</i> Audit fees for vouchers, annual audit costs	42,997.74	.7
<i>Executive Office.</i> Salaries and expenses including travel expenses incurred by Commissioners	61,976.41	1.2
TOTALS	\$5,909,676.66	100.0

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES

ACT NO. 632, 1955

Licencsc Year	Antlerless Deer Liccnscs Sold	Minimum to be Expended	Expenditures	Expncded Fiscal Year Ended	Over (°) or Under (-) Minimum	Cumulative Over (°) or Under (-)
1957	334,683	\$334,683.00	\$104,218.85	1958	\$230,464.15-	\$230,464.15-
1958	349,054	349,054.00	306,605.18	1959	42,448.82-	272,912.97-
1959	369,409	369,409.00	370,647.80	1960	1,238.80°	271,674.17-
1960	229,535	229,535.00	425,895.55	1961	196,360.55°	75,313.62-
1961	210,840	210,840.00	361,196.19	1962	150,356.19°	75,042.57°
1962	201,431	201,431.00	316,411.47	1963	114,980.47°	190,023.04°
1963	204,068	204,068.00	305,583.16	1964	101,515.16°	291,538.20°

SLIGHTLY MORE THAN 15 per cent of the hunting dollar is spent for the propagation of game species. Here a small flock of wild turkeys is shown in one of the Game Commission's hardening pens before being released in the wild.



RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES

ACT NO. 271, 1949

License Year	Resident Licenses Sold	Minimum to be Expended	Expenditures	Expended Fiscal Year Ended	Over (°) or Under (-) Minimum	Cumulative Over (°) or Under (-)
1949	810,059	\$1,012,573.75	\$1,012,465.96 (A)	1950	\$ 107.79-	\$ 107.79-
1950	801,948	1,002,435.00	1,266,856.18	1951	264,421.18°	264,313.39°
1951	810,349	1,012,936.25	1,095,938.26	1952	83,002.01°	347,315.40°
1952	830,147	1,037,683.75	1,163,287.09	1953	125,603.34°	472,918.74°
1953	859,137	1,073,921.25	1,247,584.35	1954	173,663.10°	646,581.84°
1954	868,577	1,085,721.25	1,215,543.03	1955	129,821.78°	776,403.62°
1955	897,776	1,122,220.00	1,150,865.08	1956	28,645.08°	805,048.70°
1956	901,775	1,127,218.75	1,280,927.58	1957	153,708.83°	958,757.53°
1957	929,165	1,161,456.25	1,312,154.02	1958	150,697.77°	1,109,455.30°
1958	943,340	1,179,175.00	1,261,098.24	1959	81,923.24°	1,191,378.54°
1959	943,866	1,179,832.50	1,308,305.57	1960	128,473.07°	1,319,851.61°
1960	949,365	1,156,706.25	1,894,854.64	1961	708,148.39°	2,028,000.00°
1961	933,346	1,166,682.50	1,856,635.22	1962	689,952.72°	2,717,952.72°
1962	926,976	1,158,720.00	1,599,871.34	1963	441,151.34°	3,159,104.06°
1963	818,110 (B)	1,022,637.50	1,480,167.64	1964	457,530.14°	3,616,634.20°

(A) Expenditures from September 1, 1949 (effective date of Act), to May 31, 1950.

(B) Estimated License Sales.

SCHEDULE IV

LAW ENFORCEMENT AND OTHER WILDLIFE PROTECTION ACTIVITIES

Game Law Enforcement on a State-wide Basis	\$ 728,837.01
Investigation of Damage Complaints and Disposal of Highway-Killed Game	84,665.23
Law Enforcement by Deputy Game Protectors	109,040.23
Proportionate Share of Field Division Administrative Costs	61,827.35
General Administrative Costs in Connection With Law Enforcement	81,884.29
Activities in Connection With Control of Predators	50,828.82
Deputy Game Protectors' In-Service Training	19,331.45
Protecting Farm-Game Projects	23,942.62
Bounties Paid for Predators	120,425.69
Two-Way Radio System—Operation and Maintenance Costs	76,162.61
Maintenance of Prisoners Incarcerated for Violations of the Game Law	865.00
Assistance to Other State and Local Law Enforcement Agencies	23,054.07

Total Cost During the Fiscal Year for This Purpose was \$1,380,864.37

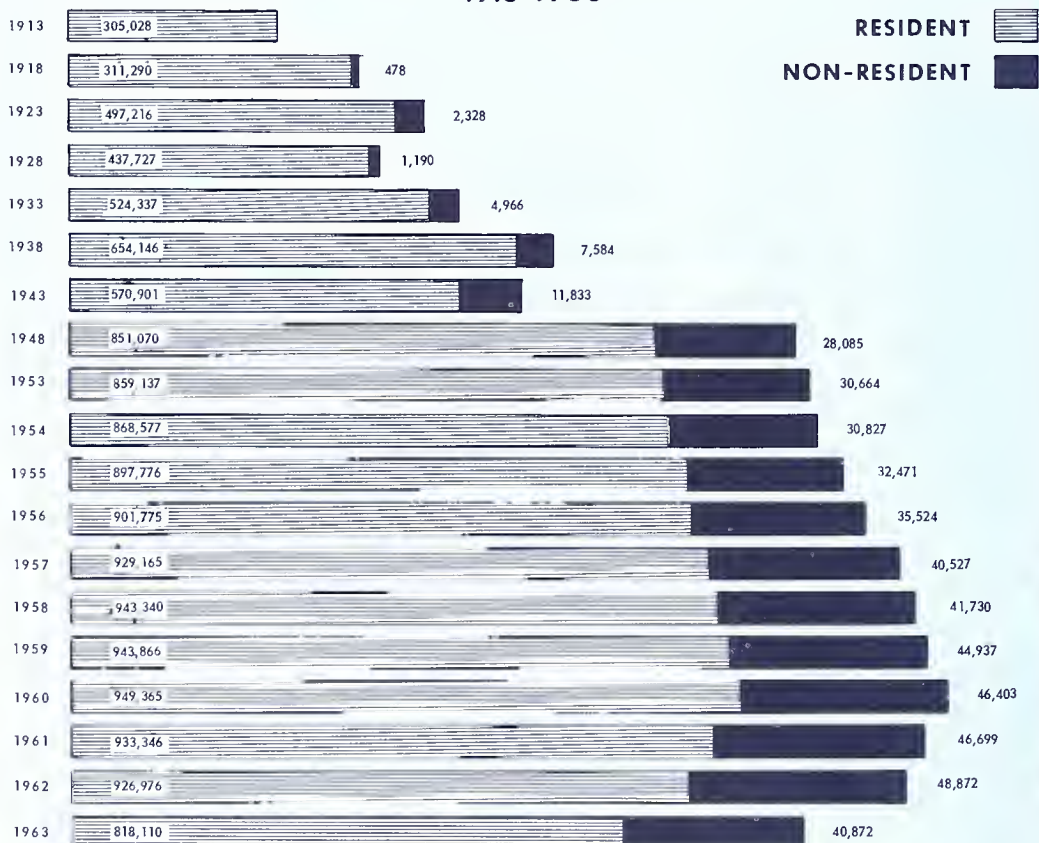
LAND MANAGEMENT

Establishment and Maintenance of State Game Lands, Refuges and Propagation Areas	\$ 843,901.62
Establishment, Maintenance and Development of Farm-Game Projects	276,328.17
Allegheny National Forest: Construction and maintenance of buildings; clearing, preparing and harvesting food strips and a variety of other important activities in connection therewith	17,057.46
All Other Areas: Includes Primary Refuges, State Forest Lands, Auxiliary Refuges, etc.	70,250.29
Waterfowl Impoundments and Marsh Developments: Construction costs of waterfowl impoundments, marsh developments, and planting waterfowl plants regardless of ownership or location of lands, also includes costs of construction, distribution and erection of duck nesting boxes	76,412.40
Goose Area: Maintenance and operation of experimental area for migrating and nesting wild geese	49,826.02
Winter Feeding of Game in the Wilds: Includes the cost of standing grain and cover crops on other than Farm-Game Projects, also construction costs of feeders and the purchase and distribution of grain and salt by the Food and Cover Corps and other authorized personnel	95,783.86
Howard Nursery: Includes all costs of preparing, fertilizing, seeding, cover cropping, liming, spraying, and dusting of nursery plants; also transportation of nursery stock. Purchase or collection of seed. Costs in connection with packing and shipping of nursery stock. Costs of maintenance of nursery buildings and equipment	64,870.71
General Administrative Expense of Land Management	214,921.95
Payments to Political Subdivisions in lieu of taxes on State Game Lands	97,542.24
Purchase of Lands, including title and survey costs	241,764.71
Purchase of Equipment (trucks, tractors, farm equipment, etc.)	92,279.53
Pro-Rata Share of Field Division Administrative Costs	78,173.52
Division of Minerals	15,940.77
Accelerated Public Works Program—In cooperation with Federal Government	132,896.06

Total Cost for the Fiscal Year for This Purpose was \$2,367,949.31

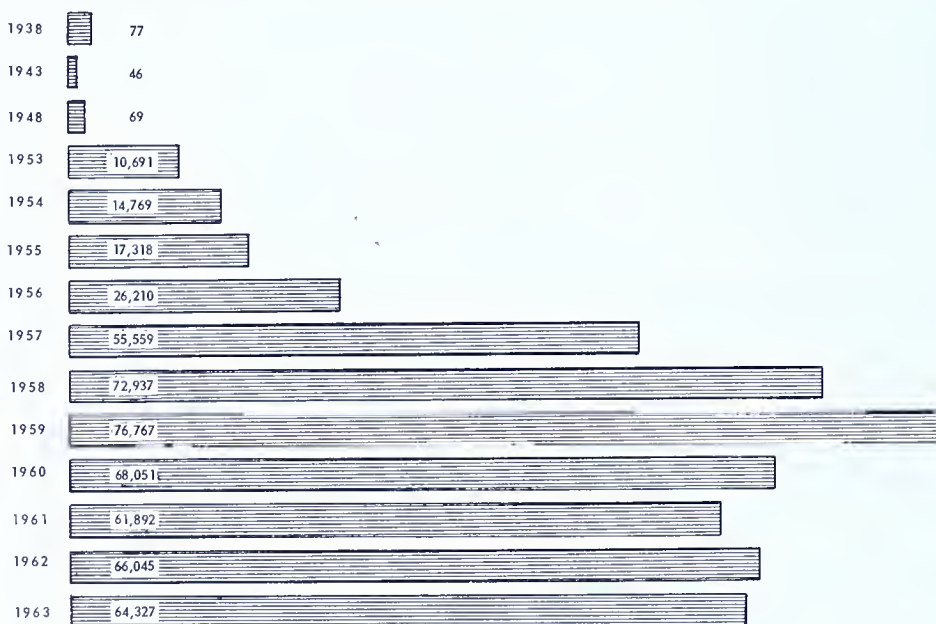
HUNTING LICENSE SALES

1913-1963

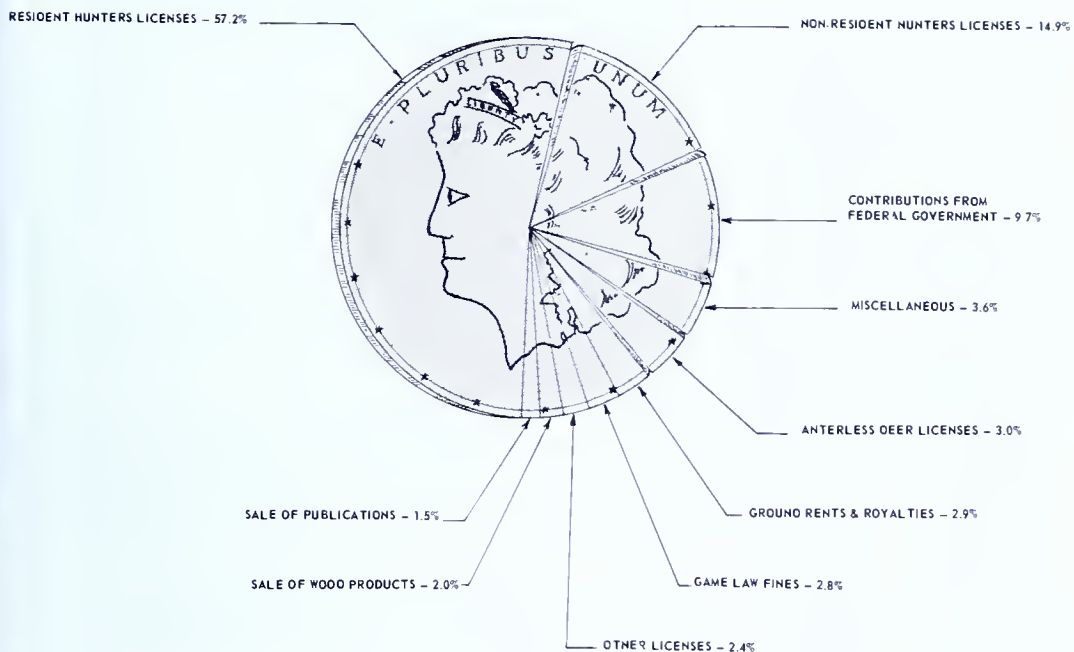


ARCHERY LICENSE SALES

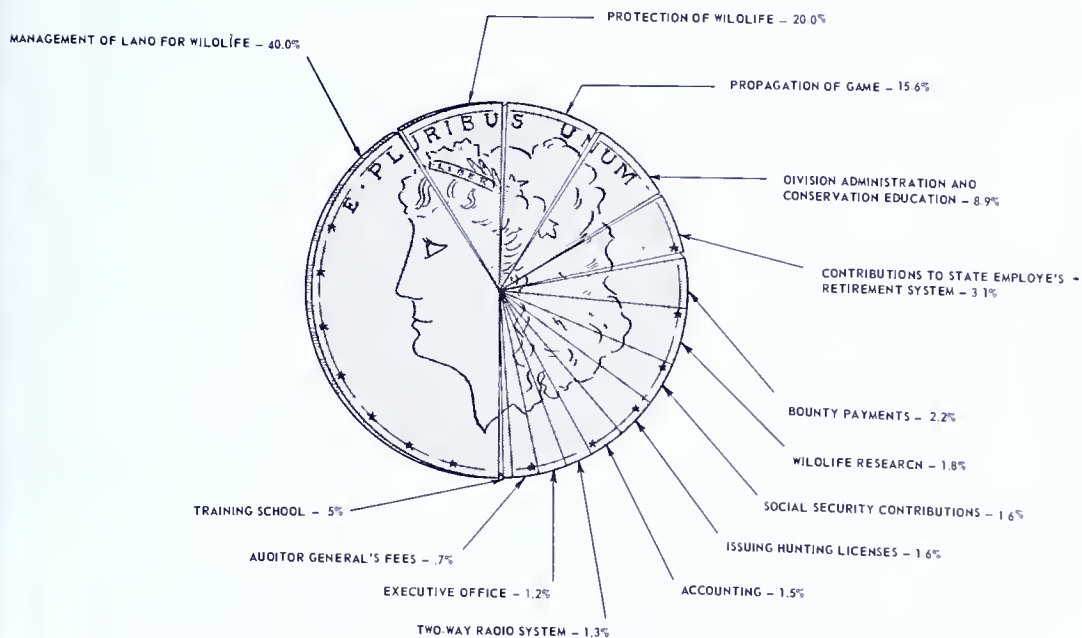
1938-1963



WHERE THE GAME FUND DOLLAR CAME FROM DURING THE FISCAL YEAR 1963-1964



HOW THE GAME FUND DOLLAR WAS SPENT DURING THE FISCAL YEAR 1963-1964



SCHEDULE I

PENNSYLVANIA GAME COMMISSION
STATEMENT OF REVENUE, EXPENDITURES AND CASH BALANCES
FISCAL YEAR JULY 1, 1963, TO JUNE 30, 1964

REVENUE	
Cash in State Treasury to Credit of "Game Fund" on July 1, 1963	\$2,626,353.99
Less: Unpaid Vouchers in Fiscal Offices as of June 30, 1963	9,754.61
Net Amount Available for Expenditure as of July 1, 1963	\$2,616,599.38
Receipts July 1, 1963, to June 30, 1964:	
Resident Hunters' Licenses	\$3,917,380.68
Nonresident Hunters' Licenses	1,024,658.76
Antlerless Deer Licenses	204,301.90
Archery Licenses	128,772.60
Nonresident Trapping Licenses	300.00
Special 3-Day Nonresident Regulated Shooting Grounds Licenses	5,850.05
Special Game Permits	30,457.00
Game Law Fines	190,832.22
Interest on Deposits	26,062.72
Sale of Skins and Guns	7,905.86
Sale of Unserviceable Property (Through Property and Supplies)	2,254.75
Miscellaneous	70,438.33
Rental of State Property	30,835.11
Sale of Wood Products	139,912.41
Contributions From Federal Government	661,445.28
Sale of Publications	105,086.68
Interest on Securities	62,270.71
Leased Lands Act 43-1955 Session	217.53
Ground Rentals and Royalties (Gas Wells)	199,183.99
Coal Royalties	44,246.22
Total Receipts From All Sources	6,852,412.80
Total Funds Available During Fiscal Year 1963-1964	\$9,469,012.18

CLASSIFICATION OF EXPENDITURES BY ORGANIZATIONAL UNITS

Classification of Expenditures	Executive Accounting Administration	Conservation Education	Propagation	Research	Law Enforcement	Training School	Land Management	Totals
Salaries	\$191,386.38	\$154,642.62	\$198,684.25	\$ 74,167.69	\$ 725,169.34	\$ 11,564.00	\$ 412,718.52	\$1,768,332.80
Wages	9,085.65	12,721.70	208,505.96	768.11	105,457.70	7,702.66	1,013,059.93	1,357,301.71
Professional and Specialized Services (°°)	52,617.39	19,386.66	84.75	27.00	2,316.24	93.67	13,049.47	87,575.18
Printing	3,340.62	117,174.21	109.65	741.18	17,804.49	20.68	14,360.66	153,551.49
Advertising					10,978.91		2,789.41	13,768.32
Postage and Freight	25,659.16	12,594.67	741.23	723.89	5,106.71	6.00	3,868.39	48,700.05
Communications	3,301.01	2,165.52	3,404.33	1,791.15	26,698.25	283.99	13,453.85	51,098.10
Travel	12,264.17	43,527.60	26,043.66	19,745.35	264,199.33	1,465.98	107,348.50	474,594.59
Utilities and Fuel		944.98	11,796.86		11,200.46	1,239.98	6,761.33	31,943.61
Insurance, Surety and Fidelity Bonds	1,417.99	621.87	2,788.98	352.74	4,410.48	115.64	11,976.08	21,683.78
Motorized Equipment, Supplies and Repairs	816.35	1,414.02	15,528.60		4,883.97	737.54	78,792.58	102,173.06
Contracted Maintenance and Repairs	2,796.28	2,483.55	8,359.47	33.25	38,613.10	2,946.00	41,523.97	96,755.62
Rent of Equipment	12,300.03	378.71	2,351.06	224.50	876.45		7,989.97	24,120.72
Rent of Real Estate		985.68	1,003.40		1,268.50		3,483.62	6,741.20
Materials and Supplies	9,778.21	15,228.09	221,876.67	2,308.85	33,868.56	3,919.25	200,990.76	487,970.39
Wearing Apparel		9.49	6.22	78.00	2,668.18		695.79	3,457.68
Motor Vehicles and Farm Equipment	1,080.27	5,734.75	8,093.62		4,918.01	69.00	90,024.67	109,920.32
Furniture and Fixtures	179.84		36.32				2,254.86	2,471.02
Purchase of Game			209,004.20				241,764.71	209,004.20
Land Acquisitions								241,764.71
Buildings and Structures								5,614.49
Non-Structural Improvements			5,614.49					120,425.69
Grants and Payments to Individuals							3,500.00	15,500.00
Grants to Institutions		5,000.00		7,000.00			97,542.24	97,861.15
Subsidies to Government Units			318.91					35.00
Refunds	709.70							217.53
TOTAL EXPENDITURES BY GAME COMMISSION	\$326,733.05	\$395,014.12	\$924,352.63	\$107,961.71	\$1,380,864.37	\$30,164.39	\$2,367,949.31	\$5,533,039.58

Plus: Expenditures by Other State Departments

Department of Revenue—Printing Hunting Licenses, Tags and Miscellaneous Forms (°)
 Department of State—Contributions to Employees' Retirement System (°)
 Department of Labor and Industry—Contributions to Social Security (°)
 Treasury Department—Replacement of Escheated Checks (°)
 Land Purchased With Restricted Revenue—Act 43, Session of 1955

TOTAL EXPENDITURES

Cash Balance June 30, 1964, Available for Expenditure During Fiscal Year 1964-65
 Plus Unpaid Vouchers in Fiscal Offices as of June 30, 1964, Amounting to
 Cash Balance in State Treasury to Credit of "Game Fund" at June 30, 1964 (Includes U. S. Securities in the Amount of \$2,478,053.84)

(°) These items are paid out of the "Game Fund" upon requisitions drawn by the various named Departments and are included to present a complete picture of "Game Fund" expenditures.
 (°°) This item includes Auditor General's Audit Fees of \$42,997.74 paid from the Executive Budget in the Game Commission.

Pennsylvania Official 1964 Open Seasons and Bag Limits

The Pennsylvania Game Commission, in Harrisburg, on June 13, established the following seasons and bag limits for resident game and fur bearers for the 1964-65 hunting license year which began September 1.

Open season includes first and last dates listed, Sundays excepted, for game. The opening hour for small game, migratory game birds and other wild birds or animals on October 31 will be 8:00 a.m., EST. On other opening days, and otherwise during the season for upland and big game, the shooting hours daily are from 7:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., EST, excepting from June 1 to September 30, incl., 6:00 a.m. to 7:30 p.m., EST, and the hours for the October archers' deer season, which are 6:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., EST.

SMALL GAME

	Daily Limit	Season Limit	DATES OF OPEN SEASONS	
			First Day	Last Day
Rabbits, Cottontail (not more than 20 in combined seasons)	4	20	Oct. 31	Nov. 28 AND
Squirrels, Gray, Black and Fox (combined)	6	30	Dec. 26	Jan. 2
Ruffed Grouse (not more than 10 in combined seasons)	2	10	Oct. 31	Nov. 28 AND
			Dec. 26	Jan. 2
Wild Turkey—Counties, and parts of, not listed below	1	1	Oct. 31	Nov. 14
—Counties, and parts of, listed below*	1	1	Oct. 31	Nov. 21
Ring-necked Pheasants, males only	2	8	Oct. 31	Nov. 28
Bobwhite Quail	4	20	Oct. 31	Nov. 28
Hares (Snowshoe Rabbits)	2	6	Dec. 26	Jan. 2
Raccoons (hunting or trapping)		Unlimited		No close season
Woodchucks (Ground Hogs)		Unlimited		No close season
Grackles		Unlimited		No close season
Squirrels, Red (Closed Oct. 1 to 30, incl.)		Unlimited		All months except Oct. 1-30, incl.

BIG GAME

Bear, over one year old, by individual	1	1	Nov. 23	Nov. 28
Bears, over one year old, by hunting party of 3 or more	2	2	Nov. 23	Nov. 28
Deer, Archery Season, any deer—State-wide			Oct. 3	Oct. 30
—Counties, and parts of, listed below**			Jan. 4	Jan. 9
Deer, Antlered, with 2 or more points to an antler or a spike 3 or more inches long	1	1	Nov. 30	Dec. 12
Deer, Antlerless—State-wide			Dec. 14	Dec. 15
—Counties, and parts of, listed below***			Dec. 14	Dec. 19

FUR BEARERS

Skunks and Opossums		Unlimited		No close season
Minks		Unlimited	Nov. 14	Jan. 17
Muskrats (traps only)		Unlimited	Nov. 14	Jan. 17 AND
			Feb. 13	Mar. 14
Beavers (traps only)—Certain Counties listed below****	6	6	Feb. 13	Mar. 14
—Remainder of State	3	3	Feb. 13	Mar. 14

NO OPEN SEASON—Hen Pheasants, Cub Bears, Elk, Otters, Hungarian Partridges, Chukar Partridges, Sharp-tailed Grouse.

SPECIAL REGULATIONS

* *Wild Turkey Season*—Oct. 31 to Nov. 21 in the Counties of Cameron, Clinton, Elk, Lycoming, McKean, Potter, Sullivan, Tioga, Union, and in those parts of Forest and Warren Counties east of the Allegheny River, and in that part of Venango County south and east of the Allegheny River and north and east of Route 322, and in those parts of Clarion, Clearfield and Jefferson Counties north of Route 322, that part of Centre County east of Route 322 north of Philipsburg and east of Route 350 south of Philipsburg, that part of Blair County east of Route 350, that part of Huntingdon County east of Route 350 north of Water Street and north of Route 22 east of Water Street, that part of Mifflin County north of Route 22 west of Lewistown and north of Route 522 east of Lewistown, and that part of Snyder County north of Route 522, and those parts of Bradford, Columbia, Luzerne, Montour, Northumberland and Wyoming Counties north and west of the North Branch of the Susquehanna River.

** *Archery Deer Season*—Jan. 4 to Jan. 9 in Allegheny County and in that part of southeastern Pennsylvania between the Susquehanna and Delaware Rivers and south of Route 22.

*** *Antlerless Deer Season*—Dec. 14 to Dec. 19 in extreme southeastern Pennsylvania in those parts of Bucks, Chester, Delaware and Montgomery Counties south and east of the following highways, beginning at New Hope on the Delaware River west on Route 202 to Route 309, north on Route 309 to its junction with Route 113, southwest on Route 113 to Route 422, northwest on Route 422 to Route 100 at Pottstown, south on Route 100 to the Pennsylvania line. This is the area designated for the use of bow and arrow or buckshot only for all deer hunting, rifles prohibited.

**** *Beaver Season*—Feb. 13 to Mar. 14 in the Counties of Bradford, Lackawanna, Monroe, Pike, Sullivan, Susquehanna, Tioga, Wayne and Wyoming.

Pennsylvania Game Commission Directory

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Division of Law Enforcement

THOS. F. BELL *Chief*

Division of Minerals

JOHN B. SEDAM *Chief*

Division of Propagation

RALPH E. BRITT *Chief*

FIELD DIVISIONS

NORTHWEST DIVISION—Lester E. Sheaffer, Supervisor, 1509 Pittsburgh Rd., Franklin.
Phone: 432-5610

BUTLER, Clarion, Crawford, Erie, Forest, Jefferson, Lawrence, Mercer, Venango, Warren.
SOUTHWEST DIVISION—G. L. Norris, Supervisor, 339 W. Main St., Ligonier.
Phone: BEverly 8-9523 or 8-9524

Allegheny, Armstrong, Beaver, Cambria, Fayette, Greene, Indiana, Somerset, Washington, Westmoreland.

NORTHCENTRAL DIVISION—Raymond H. Morningstar, Supervisor, P. O. Box 216, Avis.
Phone: AVis 753-3404

Cameron, Centre, Clearfield, Clinton, Elk, Lycoming, McKean, Potter, Tioga, Union.
SOUTHCENTRAL DIVISION—William A. Hodge, Supervisor, 327 Penn St., Huntingdon.
Phone: MIchel 3-1831

Adams, Bedford, Blair, Cumberland, Franklin, Fulton, Huntingdon, Juniata, Mifflin, Perry, Snyder.

NORTHEAST DIVISION—Roy W. Trexler, Supervisor, Box 218, Dallas.
Phone: 675-1122

Bradford, Carbon, Columbia, Lackawanna, Luzerne, Monroe, Montour, Northumberland, Pike, Sullivan, Susquehanna, Wayne, Wyoming.

SOUTHEAST DIVISION—Temple A. Reynolds, Supervisor, R. D. 2, Reading.
Phone: 926-6071

Berks, Bucks, Chester, Dauphin, Delaware, Lancaster, Lebanon, Lehigh, Montgomery, Northampton, Philadelphia, Schuylkill, York.

GAME FARMS

EASTERN GAME FARM—Joseph L. Budd, Superintendent, R. D. 2, Schwenksville. Phone: 287-2351

WESTERN GAME FARM—Jack N. Anderson, Superintendent, R. D. 1, Cambridge Springs.
Phone: 5482

LOYALSOCK GAME FARM—Charles Pfeiffer, Superintendent, R. D. 2, Montoursville.
Phone: LOyalsock 435-2500

STATE WILD TURKEY FARM—Eugene P. Nelson, Acting Superintendent, Proctor Star Route, Williamsport. Phone: LOyalsock 478-2252

SOUTHWEST GAME FARM—Clarence Wilkinson, Superintendent, Box 1, Distant. Phone: New Bethlehem-BROADway 5-7640

STATE WILD WATERFOWL FARM—Henry R. Pratt, Game Propagator, R. D. 4, Meadville. Phone: CONneaut Lake 3755

HOWARD NURSERY

SUPERINTENDENT—George Weller, R. D. 2, Howard. Phone: Bellefonte-ELgin 5-6171

TRAINING SCHOOL

ROSS LEFFLER SCHOOL OF CONSERVATION—Donald E. Miller, Superintendent, R. D. 1, Brockway. Phone: 6188

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DECEMBER, 1964

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PENNSYLVANIA GAME NEWS

Volume 35 • Number 12

DECEMBER, 1964

Published Monthly by the
PENNSYLVANIA GAME
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Cover Painting
By Clark Bronson

COVER: In this day of exploding civilization it is thrilling to know that Pennsylvania continues to maintain an excellent black bear population. Although it is impossible to obtain the exact number of bruins in the Commonwealth, Game Biologists estimate between 1,200-1,500 of the woolly fellows roam our mountains. Annual harvest of bears in Pennsylvania averages about 300 animals. The week-long Pennsylvania season this year ran from November 23-28. All indications point to a good kill.

Published MONTHLY by the Pennsylvania Game Commission, South Office Building, Capitol, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** \$1 per year; \$2.50 for three years. **TO SUBSCRIBE:** Send check or money order payable to "Pennsylvania Game Commission." Do not send stamps; cash forwarded is done so at sender's risk. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Send both new and old addresses at least 45 days in advance of the issue with which it is to be effective. **PERMISSION TO REPRINT** any signed article may be granted provided advance permission is obtained from the author. No information contained in the magazine may be used for advertising or commercial purposes.

Printed by Times and News Publishing Co., Gettysburg, Pa.
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**SO MUCH
for
SO LITTLE**

ME NEWS

Say . . .

**Merry
Christmas**

with

GAME NEW

Use

This

Form

Report That Kill

FOLLOWING every hunting season, the Pennsylvania Game Commission announces the total number of deer and bear which have been legally harvested by hunters in the Commonwealth. These figures are actual totals of reports submitted to the Commission on the big game report card, a part of every Pennsylvania hunting license. The deer and bear kill totals are important to the management of our big game species.

Although the Game Law requires that every successful big game hunter mail his report "within five days following the close of the season for the animal killed," many hunters fail to comply. Literally thousands of normally law abiding citizens neglect to mail in their kill report and are in violation of the law. As a result, the announced kill figures are considerably less than the actual kill.

Periodically, the Game Commission's Division of Research conducts a study to determine the number of Pennsylvania big game hunters who fail to report their kills. The last study, conducted in 1962, showed that 25 to 30 per cent of the successful big game hunters neglected to mail in their report cards. Another study will be conducted this year.

Tom Bell, Chief of the Commission's Division of Law Enforcement, announced recently that there will be a crackdown on these violators this year.

Actually, there is no good excuse for not mailing the big game report to the Game Commission. The card is attached to the license, it is already addressed to the Commission and the postage is prepaid. All the hunter needs to do is fill in a few facts and mail it. Some of the items of information merely require a check mark.

Failure to comply with this law may be very embarrassing. The fine is only \$5, but the inconvenience of paying the fine and the stigma connected with it are not worth the few minutes of time required to mail the card.

District Game Protectors and their deputies can easily check for violators of this law. Every big game kill recorded by officers while in the field can quickly be checked against the cards received in Harrisburg.

Excuses for not reporting kills run the gamut. Everything from "I forgot" to "I thought that checking my deer at an official check station took care of my obligation." Neither a check by the biologist at the check station nor a check by a Game Protector in the field constitutes legal reporting of your big game kill. *You must mail in the big game report card.*

In addition to all the above, it is difficult to understand why a hunter will go to all the trouble of harvesting a deer and then not be proud enough of his accomplishment to report it to the Game Commission.

How about it, fellow, if you are one of the 25 per cent who has been delinquent in past years, mail in that card this year and save us all a lot of trouble and embarrassment.—G.H.H.





The Legend of the Silver Blaze

By Del and Lois Kerr

IT WAS quiet in the little village of Leeston, Potter County, that blustery evening in December, 1864. It was snowing hard as Hank Davis finally reached the sheriff's office where he found the sheriff and a well-dressed stranger—a rarity in these parts—huddled around the potbelly stove.

"Glad you got my message, Hank," Sheriff Candor said as he reached for the farmer's big rough hand. "I want you to meet Professor Langley from the University down-state. He has a story he wants both of us to hear."

"I understand that you were the last person to see Ben Jennings before his disappearance, Mr. Davis," Professor Langley said. "First tell me what happened or anything he said on that last visit. Then I'll explain why I'm here."

Hank Davis filled his battered old pipe, packed it down, and struck a match. He took a few deep satisfying puffs before he began. "It's this way," Hank said slowly. "Ben and me have been friends and neighbors for more years than I can remember. The crops on both our farms had been getting poorer every year."

Hank spoke in a low thoughtful voice. "It was just about two weeks ago that I rode over to Ben's place. 'Ben,' I said, 'you know they hit oil over in Titusville a few years back. If we'd have gone then we could have made some good money, but we decided not to leave our farms. Some wildcatter by the name of Frazier drilled a well just about a year ago in a place called Pithole Creek Valley. I've got me a hunch they are going to hit oil again. If we go over that way, maybe we can get in on some fast money after all.'"

"What did he say to that?" Professor Langley asked.

"Not a thing," Hank replied. "He just sat there staring out of the window just as though he never heard a word I said."

"After a while he turned to me. I ain't never seen him or anyone else look that way before. 'Are you sick or somethin', Ben?' I asked him."

"I seen it, Hank," he said. "With my own two eyes I seen it."

"Saw what?" I asked. "What's got you so all-fired rattled?" Ben only looked up at the wall rack that held his rifle and cartridges. "I'm going after him at daylight, Hank," Ben continued. "Biggest thing on four feet I ever saw. Black as the night. And that silver blaze down one side looked like feathers from an Indian head-dress."

"You must be plumb out of your head, Ben Jennings," I told him.

"I seen him, Hank. And he seen me. It was almost as if he wanted me to follow him. I came back after my rifle, but it was dark by the time I got here. I'm going back at daylight. I know he's out there."

"I couldn't talk any sense into him," Hank added, "so I went on home. I got to worrying about him so I went over again early the next morning. He was nowhere about. When I couldn't find him in town, I told the sheriff here how he had acted. We decided to high-tail it out to his place and look good for him."

"Before you continue," Professor Langley said, "tell me exactly what kind of gun Ben Jennings owned."

"It's funny you should ask that," Sheriff Candor interrupted. "That's one of the strangest things about this

whole cockeyed mess. Everybody around here knows that Ben owned a Henry 16-shot lever-action repeater. He bought it new two years ago and was so proud of it, he showed it to anyone who would take time to look."

"I see," Professor Langley replied. "Please go on with the story. Sheriff, what was your impression when you got out to the Jennings farm?"

He Was Gone

"Well, it's just like Hank said. Ben was nowhere around the house, and I began to feel a little uneasy myself. We had had a fresh snow the night before. It wasn't hard to find Ben's tracks. We had been following them for about a mile and a half in the woods behind Ben's place, when we found something that made our hair stand on end."

"And what was that?" asked Professor Langley.

"Bear tracks, Professor. The biggest bear tracks I ever saw in my whole life!"

"It was all we could do to keep our horses still," Hank added.

"It seemed like Ben must have known just where he would be," the sheriff continued. "The bear tracks and footprints went on for another quarter mile. At the top of a little rise, we saw where Ben had knelt down in the snow to shoot. We found these four empty cartridges there." The sheriff opened an envelope and dropped four spent shells into the Professor's hand.

"They're from a Henry rifle, all right," the professor concluded after close examination. "What happened next?"

"This is the part nobody in his right mind would believe," the sheriff said. "I'm wondering now if we didn't dream it ourselves. Anyhow, about thirty yards away we saw where a very large animal had fallen in the snow. Ben's footprints led right up to it."

"Go on, please," the professor urged. "Weren't nothing there, Professor,"

Hank said. "No bear, no Ben, and no tracks leading away. Just nothing. Poor ol' Ben!" he whispered, his voice cracking with emotion. "He just seemed to disappear into thin air!"

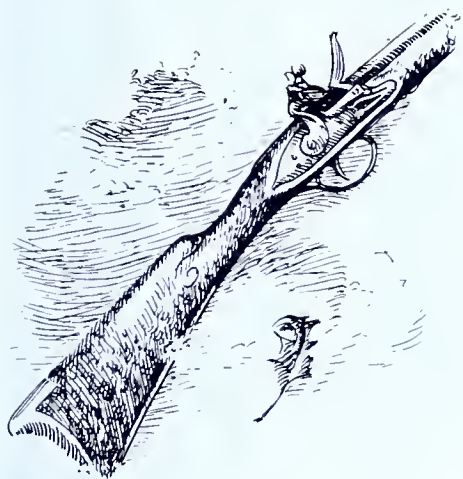
"There was one thing," the sheriff corrected. He walked over to his roll-top desk and pushed open the cover. He brought back an object that he had protectively wrapped in newspaper. He carefully placed it on the heavy oak table. "We found this right in the middle of the depression the animal had made in the snow!"

Professor Langley's fingers were shaking just a little as he slowly unwrapped the package. Before him now lay a shining flintlock musket. It was some time before he spoke. "I'm really not an expert on guns," the professor admitted, "but my guess is that this was manufactured about a hundred years ago."

"That's right," the sheriff agreed. "About 1761-1762. It's in perfect condition though. Not a mark of rust or anything. Where on earth could it have come from, Professor? If it had been in the woods all these years, it would have disintegrated from rot and rust long ago. I know Ben did not own a relic like this. He wasn't the

THEN WE FOUND something that made our hair stand on end. Bear tracks, the biggest bear tracks I ever saw in my whole life! It was all we could do to keep our horses still.





WE FOUND THIS right in the middle of the depression the animal had made in the snow. Manufactured in 1761 or 1762, the flintlock musket was still in perfect condition.

kind to keep something like that a secret."

"Gentlemen," the professor said, "this only substantiates what I've feared all along. I'll tell you now why I've come all the way up here. I'm a Professor of History at the University. Folklore and Indian customs of this region have long interested me. One Indian legend in particular intrigued me, but I considered it nonsense. That is until certain facts began to turn up.

"Many centuries ago, in fact long before the Pilgrims landed in this country, it seems a giant bear roamed this area. According to legend, he was jet black, with an odd silver blaze on one side. Obviously he was a freak of nature. The Indians, however, worshipped the bear, thinking he was some kind of divine spirit—one of their great spirits come to earth in animal form. Other bears were hunted, but this big fellow was given a wide berth.

"One renegade brave, after being cast out of the tribe, came across the bear. He unleashed his pent-up vengeance on this magnificent beast by stalking him with his crude bow and arrow. Neither he nor the bear were ever seen again by those Indians.

"The Indian chief reported later that the big bear's spirit came to him during a dream. He was told the bear would return every one hundred winters to see if the foolish act would be repeated. If it was, a visible sign of the previous aggression would be left in its place. If it was not, the spirit could remain peacefully forever in the happy hunting ground.

"Many such legends exist," the professor continued, "but they are usually put down as the ramblings of early story tellers. It wasn't until I came across an account written by a French fur trader in the 1760's that I began to wonder. A fellow trader had mysteriously disappeared. The writer reported his friend had told him a story much the same as preceded Ben Jennings' disappearance. Even his discovery of a wheel-lock rifle, manufactured sometime in the middle sixteen hundreds, and in perfect condition, was brushed off as an unexplainable incident. That Frenchman disappeared in December, 1764.

"Gentlemen," said Professor Langley at last, "this is December, 1864—exactly one hundred years since the disappearance of the fur trader. I have only but one thing to conclude. This flintlock musket before us belonged to that same Frenchman. I'm afraid the only trace that will ever be found of Ben Jennings will possibly be *his* gun—one hundred years from now. It is a shame that none of us will be around in 1964 to see if the legend comes true again!"

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THE BUCK KILL FOR THE WEEK, less the author's four-point. Shown on Saturday of the first week in Tioga County are rewards of a hard week's hunt. Pictured are one ten-point, six eight-points, one seven-point, one five-point, one four-point, and two spikes.

*A Touch of Dutch
In Tioga Territory . . .*

Dutch Deer Hunt

By George H. Harrison

Editor, GAME NEWS

Photos by the Author

FROM the very first words in Dutch, "Wie gehts," I knew that this was not going to be just another deer hunt.

A friend of mine, Rus Darkes, from Lebanon, a fellow Army Reservist, had invited me to be a guest last year at a deer camp in Tioga County. He had described the camp as one owned by a club from Lebanon County. Being a Dutchman himself, he never mentioned that everyone there would be as Dutch as a dike and that it might not be a bad idea for me to learn a couple of basic words in the Pennsylvania Dutch language.

Rus had mentioned that the name of the camp was "The Old Men's Camp" and I had visualized a group of tottering old gents who sat around

the coal stove and told stories of hunting days gone by.

This false illusion of my deer hunt in Tioga County was shattered soon after we arrived on Sunday.

The trip from Harrisburg to the camp was uneventful except for some skidding on a few mountain roads as a result of a new fallen snow.

The exact location of the camp must be kept somewhat of a secret as requested by the members of the club. However, I can tell you that it is near Wellsboro, right in the heart of great deer country.

The old farmhouse called the camp was not much of a show place but it did have that friendly lived-in glow when we pulled into the parking lot.

As we piled out of our car, practically all 20 members poured out of the house to greet us. Most of them had been up early for the end of the bear season and we were the last arrivals.

Introductions revealed pronounced Dutch accents, something that was not completely foreign to me having lived in Dutch Country Pennsylvania for more than three years. I also noticed from the names that they were all from about three or four families and I decided from their ages that these were not the "old men" but the descendants of the original camp. The average age of the group was about 40-50.

The biggest shock came next when we went into the house to meet the cooks—women! Two of the wives of members had volunteered to do the cooking as had been the custom through the years.

The inside of the house showed that it had been a hunting camp for a long time. Enough bunks and bedrooms for 20-some people, a gun rack for the same number of rifles, shelves for hanging wet boots, and pictures of trophies from years past.

One curious object on each hang-

BREAKFAST at the Old Men's Camp on the opening day of the 1963 buck season. This camp of Lebanon County Dutchmen ate well before climbing the mountains of Tioga County.



THE OLD FARMHOUSE, called the camp, was not much of a show place but it did have that friendly lived-in glow about it as we pulled into the parking lot.

ing boot struck my eye immediately. The sole of each had affixed a triangular shaped cleat. They told me that they were baseball shoe cleats which came in handy on the sides of these Tioga County mountains. Although it didn't sink in until later, this answer should have clued me in early on the kind of hunt which was in store.

Rus was kind enough to show me around after we were settled. We drove up a few mountain roads so that I would have a general idea of the country we were going to hunt. It was impressive to say the least. Everything was either up or down! But it did look like good hunting country. We spotted several small groups of deer running up the sides of these great mountain walls. One bunch had a beautiful eight-point among them. This discovery seemed to make the mountain a bit less formidable.

Not expecting much for Sunday supper, the sight of the vast array of food greeting us on the table when we returned to camp nearly overwhelmed me. From the appearance of this first meal in camp, I knew that this was not only going to be a sporting treat but one of memorable culinary delights as well. There were at least three different kinds of meats, four or five vegetables, soup, bread, jams and sauces. Dessert was a meal in itself. After this first experience at the table I learned to hold back a little for the selection of cakes, pies and

puddings which followed each evening meal. If we had not come to hunt, the experience of eating this good Dutch food would have been worth the trip.

The Gettle family had been directing the deer hunts of this camp for many years and the Gettle boys, Claude and George, were carrying on in the family tradition. Claude was the undisputed Captain of the Hunt. George was his Co-Captain.

Claude and George spent all of Sunday evening planning the three or four drives we would run the following day. Every man was placed in an exact position for each drive the night before. Terrain maps and an imminent knowledge of the area made it possible to do this extensive planning. Although I didn't know it then, I found out later that these drives had been used for years and positions were marked on the trees where each driver was to begin and where each stander would be posted.

The camp of 22 was split into two teams. Claude headed one, George the other. The teams would take turns driving. Each member knew whose team he was on but he did not know

where the drives would be the next day. Only Claude and George knew the details. This eliminated any arguments about the drives and proved to be a satisfactory arrangement.

While the two leaders pored over maps and lists of names, the rest of the club members cleaned rifles, prepared gear and sang. Yes, they sang for hours around the one and only furnace duct in the middle of the big living room.

Drinking was outlawed. No intoxicating beverages were permitted on the camp premises. If anyone felt so inclined he had to drive to the local bar some five miles away.

The hour of 4:30 comes early in a deer camp and this day was no exception. However, the rewards of breakfast at the Old Men's Camp are more than worth the effort. I had never eaten raw onions for breakfast before that first morning of deer season last year, but sure enough, there they were to be sprinkled on the liver pudding. Other choices for breakfast included scrapple, mush, porridge, eggs, bacon, pancakes, juice and other dishes too numerous to mention.

After a feast like that I thought I'd

CAPTAIN OF THE HUNT Claude Gettle briefs the men of the camp before they split into two teams at 10 o'clock of the first morning. George Gettle, second from the left, is the Co-Captain and leader of one of the two teams.

AFTER THE BRIEFING, the camp breaks into two teams and this one, assigned to be the first drivers, heads for the starting area. All the drives had been plotted on a map the previous night.





THE STANDERS ARE in position and wait for the drive to start. "Heimie," whose real name is George Heim, supplies a lot of the humor at the Old Men's Camp. Through the years, he has been one of the camp's best shooters.



USE OF THE WALKIE-TALKIE type radio is a new innovation for the camp. Here Captain of the Hunt Claude Gettle calls the other team to inform them that the drive is ready to begin. The radios save time and confusion.

never move again let alone hunt deer that day.

Everyone met on the back porch before leaving. It was still dark. A bag lunch had been fixed for each man and along with everyone else, I stuffed my lunch in my pocket.

The plan for the first day was to "pot hunt" until 10 a.m. and then drive the rest of the day, and, for that matter, to drive for the rest of the week.

After a short discussion everyone went his own way into the night. We all knew where to meet at 10 a.m.

Rus, two other fellows and I climbed up the mountain where we had seen the eight-point the day before. As we climbed, the sky became lighter and lighter. Several shots rang out as the clock neared 7 a.m. I was very much aware that no one in our party had even loaded his rifle yet.

The pull up the mountain was a tough one. I am in good physical condition from considerable hiking and hunting throughout the year, but this kind of climbing was something else. It was slightly over zero degree and of course we were dressed warmly.

By the time we were half way up the mountain everyone was wet with perspiration. We climbed for five minutes or so and then rested.

Finally, we were on top. As the clock crossed seven, the four hunters turned away from each other and loaded their guns. We then separated and found stands a safe distance apart.

For most of us the "pot hunting" was rather uneventful. I saw several does and one suspicious deer at too great a distance to see antlers. There was some shooting around the mountain, but it wasn't any slaughter.

When we met at 10 a.m. at the pre-designated rock, one of the big surprises of the week greeted us. Only one member of the camp had killed a deer. One of the cooks, Mrs. Verna Gettle, had walked up a trail from the house and zeroed in on a beautiful eight-point. What a proud gal she was!

I sensed that the "pot hunting" period was considered a waste of time by most members, but was done to appease the others. As far as the Gettle boys were concerned it was time to get down to business.



A PAUSE THAT REFRESHES is taken here by Rus Darkes. The clean mountain streams in Tioga County are pure enough to drink. After a hard drive, the water tastes mighty good.

The two walkie-talkies were brought out and checked. These would provide the communication between teams. A short briefing was held and then the two teams split up. It took about an hour to get the first drive set up. When standers were in position and drivers ready, the signal was given over the radio and the hunt was on. It took another hour to complete the drive which produced a nice four-point buck.

Because each drive took so long to organize and complete, there was time for only three drives on the first day. However, this was fine with me! By 5 p.m. I knew why they needed those cleats on their boots. Those Dutch devils drive right across the face of Tioga County's steepest mountains! You have to hold on with one hand to keep from falling most of the time. The cleats dig in and keep the drivers from slipping down the side of the mountain.

Including Mrs. Gettle's eight-point, four bucks were killed on the first day.

At exactly five o'clock everyone unloads whether in the middle of a drive or not. This club was the most law abiding, conscientious group of sportsmen I've ever hunted with. At no time in the three days I was with them did I see anything which even

smacked of foul play or unsportsmanlike conduct. They are an amazing group of men and I was pleased to be among them.

It was dark as the teams staggered back to camp. The fellows who had killed deer had come in ahead of the hunters. Their prizes hung in the barn. These lucky fellows would leave their guns at home tomorrow and become permanent drivers.

By the time I dragged myself to the table I understood why there was so much food served at the evening meal. I knew I could eat at least a buffalo and it wouldn't have surprised me if buffalo had been on the table.

The Dutch language had been used frequently throughout the day. In fact, they even told jokes in Dutch, but when translated for my benefit, they admittedly were not as humorous. I got a big charge out of listening to them jabber back and forth, even though I could not understand any of it. They seemed to really enjoy speaking Dutch. It appeared almost like a game to see who could be the most clever in using the language.

Monday night was much the same as the previous night. Claude and George pored over maps and plans at the kitchen table while the rest of the fellows relaxed in the living room. The only difference was that the singing was not as long and bedtime came earlier.

Tuesday proved to be my day. Before sundown I would have the privilege of joining the ranks of the gun-less permanent drivers.

The two morning drives were about like the others. A nice eight-point was downed from the first drive. A bear had been moved from the second. It had gotten colder overnight and the dry snow made a rasping noise underfoot. Shortly after noon the third drive was organized. I was a stander. Holder-on would have been a better name for it because we were posted straight up the side of a mountain covered with a rhododendron-hemlock thicket.

A Relaxing Lunch

The sandwiches, apple and cake tasted good as I looked out over the great expanse of mountains and hollows so typical of our northern tier counties.

About 2 p.m. the drivers could be heard coming around the face of the mountain. My eyes carefully scanned the hemlock for movement. In spite of my careful surveillance I was shocked to see a small band of deer burst out of the hemlocks in single file. From that moment on it seemed like everything was automatic.

There were five deer in the gang. The four lead deer were does. I strained my eyes on each head as it passed through a little clearing. Then the fifth one entered the opening and stopped. He was a lovely high four-point! The cross hairs on my .270 found the target area and the rifle cracked. The deer disappeared. I didn't know what happened to him.

Waited for the Drivers

When the drivers came through, I hurried down to the opening and found great areas of red stained snow. My deer had staggered some 30-40 yards straight down the mountain and dropped near the path below. By the time I got there, some of the fellows were already preparing to help me dress it. My drag back to the camp was an easy one; mostly level ground on a path.

It was too late to join the group for the last drive. The report was that no more deer were killed that day. Everyone seemed a little disappointed. Everyone but I!

One of the traditions of the camp was to cook some of the livers of the deer shot that day. Therefore we had excellent venison liver for supper on Monday and Tuesday nights in addition to the other kinds of meat available on the table.

Several of the fellows had gone by Tuesday night and there were only 18 left when we gathered on the back porch on Wednesday morning.

Wednesday saw four other drivers and me as permanent "doggies." I took my camera along that day and was able to take several of the pictures accompanying this story. Everyone was deeply disappointed in the hunt on Wednesday until the last drive. Until then only one buck had been sighted and he had been missed. On the last drive five bucks were flushed just before quitting time, three of them were dropped. When I left Wednesday night, the total was nine bucks.

The nicest deer, however, were not killed until Friday. One ten-point and two eight-points were bagged that day. These, along with a single taken on Thursday, brought the total for the week to 13. The camp broke up on Saturday afternoon. No more were killed that morning.

Even the most critical deer hunters in Pennsylvania will have to admit that 13 bucks is a fine average for a camp that only had 22 hunters, at most, in camp. The total included one ten-point, six eight-points, one seven-point, one five-point, two four-points, and only two spikes. My friend Rus killed the nicest eight-point which weighed 131 pounds dressed.

After learning how these Dutchmen

THE AUTHOR AND his high four-point buck. The drive that produced this deer was made across the face of the mountain on the right. The small gang of deer erupted from the patch of hemlocks half way up the mountain.





THE ANNUAL BUSINESS meeting of the Old Men's Camp is always conducted during the buck season. Here Rus Darkes, president (right), conducts the 1963 meeting in the kitchen of the camp.

hunt, it should be no secret why they killed 13 bucks. They worked hard for every one they got. I doubt that there are many camps in Pennsylvania better organized or harder working than the Old Men's Camp of Tioga County.

My hat is off to this group of sportsmen. They go to camp to hunt deer and that is just exactly what they do for six long days a year.

The annual fellowship of this camp has one more chapter. After the deer are transported back to Lebanon the men get together the following week for a butchering session. All the deer are skinned, cut, wrapped and frozen. Everyone helps and everyone gets a share of the meat. This is only fair because when it comes right down to it, everyone worked for the deer regardless of whether or not they were lucky enough to shoot one.

It is refreshing to know that there are camps like this one in Pennsylvania when you hear so much about those where drinking and carrying-on are the major activities and where deer hunting is only secondary.

Yes, it was a treat to be one of the "old" men, to eat like a king and to bask in the Pennsylvania Dutch hospitality deep in the heart of Penn's Woods.

Follow That Deer!

Too many hunters are convinced that they can tell by a deer's reaction whether or not it has been hit. Others believe that a fatally wounded deer should drop in its tracks, and that if it runs away they have missed, or at best only nicked it.

Veteran hunters will tell you that these beliefs are far from correct. Two instances we heard about recently clearly demonstrate the need for careful checking after each shot.

A certain hunter let loose at a large buck three times, and was certain he hadn't hit it. He knew enough to check the deer's tracks, however, and he found blood. He followed the tracks for two hundred yards through the woods and found his buck—shot through the heart.

Another hunter, who had never killed a deer, shot at one and watched it dash away. He figured it as a clean miss, and muttered something about sighting his gun in more carefully next time. His hunting partner insisted the deer had been hit. The shooter didn't believe it, but he went along when his partner started following the tracks. They found the deer, dead, some three hundred yards away.

Always check after you shoot. Follow your deer for about a quarter of a mile, and you'll know definitely whether you've hit it or not.



HALF the fun of a big game hunting trip, as we see it, is camping out. It's one of the few times modern people have a chance to get away from the super abundance of so-called "necessities" and maintain a little contact with the worth-while things in life; that is, the natural aspects of it.

Maybe we've been more fortunate than some, for we've had the opportunity to camp in much of the United States: in Maine's big woods, Carolina's beaches, Alabama's scrub pines, Louisiana's swamps, on New Mexican deserts, in California's Sierra Nevadas, and in the Rockies of Colorado, Wyoming and Idaho. And, since our earliest days, in Pennsylvania.

Some years back, along with a group of friends, we built a cabin in Clinton County, thinking that would make an ideal deer camp. Maybe it does. But we rarely go there in December. It doesn't have the right atmosphere, doesn't bring back the same nostalgia. Split pine burning in a big stone fireplace might impress a native Philadelphian who thinks Fairmount Park is wilderness, but it can't compare with an open fire at the mouth of a tent pitched far back from the nearest road.

Back where the wind in the pines and icy gurgle of a half-frozen stream lull you to sleep instead of the whine of tires on macadam, you don't have insulated walls and central heating to keep you comfortable at night. You have some kind of hunter's bed.

We've tried a lot of them, and maybe our cold nights can save you a few. There was a time when blankets had to serve. But they never were completely satisfactory. They were always hard to keep in place and cold air seeped in one opening or another constantly. We soon learned to fold several lengthwise, slip them together and turn the bottom under to form a closed bag. With large "horse" pins fastening them in place, they served all right in summer and cool weather. But even then something was missing.

Blankets were only blankets—the same thing we had on the bed at home. They had no aura of the outdoors about them. What we wanted was a sleeping bag, and we pored over all available catalogues, studying designs, makes, insulations, prices.

The last item was the kicker. Even at thirteen it was easy to figure out the best, but paying for that one was out of the question. Nevertheless, some were within reach and we managed to get a good lightweight down bag. That was in 1939—quite awhile ago, you'll probably agree. Well, that bag has been used hard ever since by different people, as recently as a hunting trip to Idaho last year. It wasn't warm enough, alone, for such a locale and season, but was comfortable with a light down liner.

Question of Insulation

This brings us to the question of insulation for sleeping bags. (Incidentally, this has become a generic term. Word specialists might insist that any "bag" which has a zipper or other fastener completely down one side and across the bottom is a "sleeping robe" and that a sleeping bag cannot be opened except at the top for entry; however, through common usage "sleeping bag" has become the accepted term for all.)

Insulation here serves only one function—to maintain body heat by interfering with its transmission from you to the surrounding air either through conduction or convection. The bag does not supply any heat; it simply conserves that produced by the body by surrounding you with a poor conductor. The insulation's efficiency depends on its lack of heat conductivity. A vacuum would be a perfect insulator, but never truly exists. Next best thing, where flexibility is needed as here, is dead air. That is what actually insulates a sleeping bag—and clothing, for that matter. The best insulators are those having the most dead air spaces within them.

Caribou fur, as used in Eskimo clothing and bags, is warm because in addition to the air spaces between hairs, each one also is hollow and air-filled. Down, preferably from northern geese or ducks, has an unimaginable number of dead-air interstices; its insulating quality depends on its fluffiness or "loft." Compression robs it of some of its value. The same is true of other insulations, but they don't seem to compress as readily.

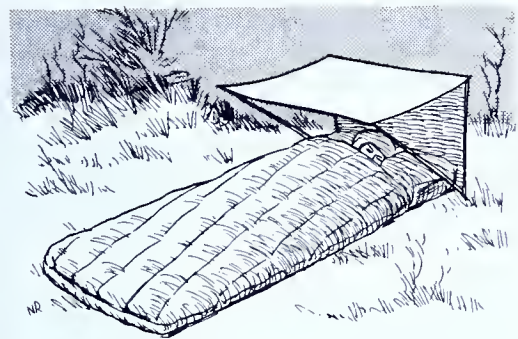
Twenty-five years ago three insulations for bags were commonly available—kapok, wool and down. Fur was mentioned occasionally but rarely seen except in the Arctic. There's no point in discussing it here. Kapok was suitable only for summer use. The others, in proper weights, could be used the year 'round, although it took much more wool than down to provide winter comfort.

Down is still with us, still unexcelled. The other two have been replaced by synthetic fibers, of which dacron seems the best and most common. It is excellent for normal use but not as good as down for extremely low temperatures, say zero and lower.

Experience has shown that a given weight of any insulation will provide protection to a certain temperature. In sleeping bags, portability is required; this puts a practical limit on weight. Knowing this, and the conditions under which the bag will be used, it's a simple matter to determine how much of what kind of insulation you must have.

Comfort Ranges

Comparison of "comfort ranges"—temperatures at which a given bag will be suitable—as published by manufacturers, indicates that in a rectangular bag 4 pounds of dacron will be warm to about 25 degrees; the same weight of down will be good to about zero. This is the weight of the filler only. Total weight of bag will run approximately three times as much. Another pound of dacron filler will



THE MOST COMFORTABLE and roomy sleeping bag is the rectangular kind. This bag is not as warm as the mummy style which has the closed top and fits the body.

take you down almost to zero, while adding that much down will make a bag comfortable to 40 or 50 below. Obviously, down is the best insulation for extreme weather. It's also the most expensive. Always you have the problem of balancing all factors involved.

Some makers offer hoods to enclose the top of rectangular bags, and most make "mummy" styles — form-fitting bags which completely enclose the head and shoulders, leaving only a small opening for the face. With a given weight of insulation, these will be warm at about 25 degrees lower temperature than rectangular bags. This is the type adopted by the Army for Arctic use. Their only drawback is lack of room for big men.

Reputable manufacturers do everything in their power to accurately represent their products. However, due to variations in individuals, what is comfortable for one is not for another. In determining comfort ranges, the factories often test by having men sleep in refrigerated rooms where temperatures can be controlled. Usually they have insulated cots beneath. This can result in a distorted report to the ultimate user, who probably will be sleeping in a tent not completely draft proof (or even in the open), and on a makeshift mattress of questionable insulating value. Because of this, published estimates on comfort ranges should be used as

guides only. It's safest to regard them conservatively.

Since the sleeper's weight compresses the insulation beneath, he usually gets cold from the bottom. Properly designed bags have more insulation beneath than on top to compensate for this. A suitable mattress gives the same effect. In some areas, evergreen boughs may be cut and used, and nothing ever devised by mortal man was more comfortable and aromatic. But these take time and work when you're not in the mood for it. Air mattresses are popular because of their quick comfort and portability, but are cold in winter. A muslin sack stuffed with dry leaves will help; if you have no sack, place six-inch logs in a rectangle somewhat larger than your bag and spread leaves on it. One way or another, make some kind of mattress. It adds both comfort and warmth.

Wet Bags Are Cold

Keep the bag dry but don't cover it with a waterproof material. Moisture robs its insulating quality, as water is a fine heat conductor. This means keep it free of body moisture as well as rain and snow. Water vapor, invisible except in extreme cold, constantly is being given off by the body. It normally passes out through the bag and is dissipated in the air. A waterproof cover intended to keep out external moisture thus works against the user by trapping the body vapor, which will condense on the inside and eventually wet the bag.

A quick way of wetting the bag is by breathing inside it. It's always a temptation to warm up that way, but shouldn't be done unless you have a chance to thoroughly dry the bag every day or two. If it's too cold to leave the face unprotected, cover it with a spare sweater. It'll be white with ice in the morning, but you'll be dry and warm inside.

Unless you can completely dry the bag, it's better not to try at all. In very

cold weather, body vapor condenses as frost somewhere in the insulation when, as it moves outward, it meets the cold coming in. If in drying the bag you succeed only in melting this frost, all you're doing is wetting the bag. One winter many years ago we were camped in the snow when the temperature hit 25 to 30 below every night for a week. This frost from body vapor was very noticeable in the morning. Some could be brushed off the balloon silk cover on the bag, but some was inside the down. However, since it never got warm enough during the day to melt it, and we didn't try to do so, it offered no problem.

Double Mummy Bag

At this time we were using a double mummy bag, bought as Army surplus in 1945. This actually is two separate bags, one fitting just inside the other. Total weight is only about 12 pounds, but it's good to extremely low temperatures. It's also about the most adaptable design ever constructed. The inner—lighter—bag can be used in chilly weather, the outer one in cold weather, and both together when the bottom drops out of the thermometer.

Down to about ten degrees we sleep on top of the inner bag. This gives one layer of insulation above, three below, and serves as a mattress. In colder temperatures, we improvise a mattress and sleep inside the two bags.

THE MUMMY STYLE sleeping bag is form fitting with completely enclosed head and shoulders, leaving only a small opening for the face. These bags are warm, but lack room for big men.



Having two separate bags also eliminates cold spots along the seams of the tubes. Obviously, the insulation here is less than in the center of a tube because it is thinner. But using the second bag means the thick part of one tube generally overlays the thin part of the other, thus canceling it out.

Top-grade commercial bags have different methods of dealing with this problem, but all recognize it. Many buyers of inexpensive bags don't—until they start to wonder why they're cold.

Down tends to shift badly when slept on. Some bags have baffles built in to prevent this, others are horizontally stitched, and some have nothing. With the latter type it pays to lift the bag by the bottom and shake it every few days. This will move the down back where it belongs.

Sleeping bags should not be rolled tightly for months-long storage. This eventually will break down the insulating efficiency. It does no harm to tightly roll a good bag to transport it daily during a hunting trip. Off-season storage should be in a cool dry place, loosely folded.

Cleaning Recommendations

Each manufacturer recommends the best process for cleaning his bags if it becomes necessary. Personally, we've never tried any method. We prefer to install a sheet liner in summer and a blanket in winter. This adds warmth and adaptability to the bag, as well as protecting it from being soiled. We've never made it a habit to crawl into bed with our boots on anyway. The bag should be aired every few days, preferably hung on a line in the sun.

The outside should be protected, too. If weight is no problem, the old canvas bedroll used by officers in a couple of wars is fine for rectangular bags. It encloses everything completely, straps up firmly and is indestructible. It also has pockets for toilet gear, spare socks, etc. Balloon silk covers for the Army mummy bags

usually are available where you buy the bag. These aren't as durable as canvas, but we've been using one since '45 with no complaints.

From this it is obvious that good sleeping bags, though fairly expensive, last a long time, giving excellent service all the way. For cold weather

sleeping, nothing else is as good; and if you can sleep at night you can hunt in the daytime. But if you're too cold to sleep, you won't be hunting long, which means that what should be an enjoyable trip can turn out a flop—all because of the bed you took along with you. So get a good one.

Day of Gore



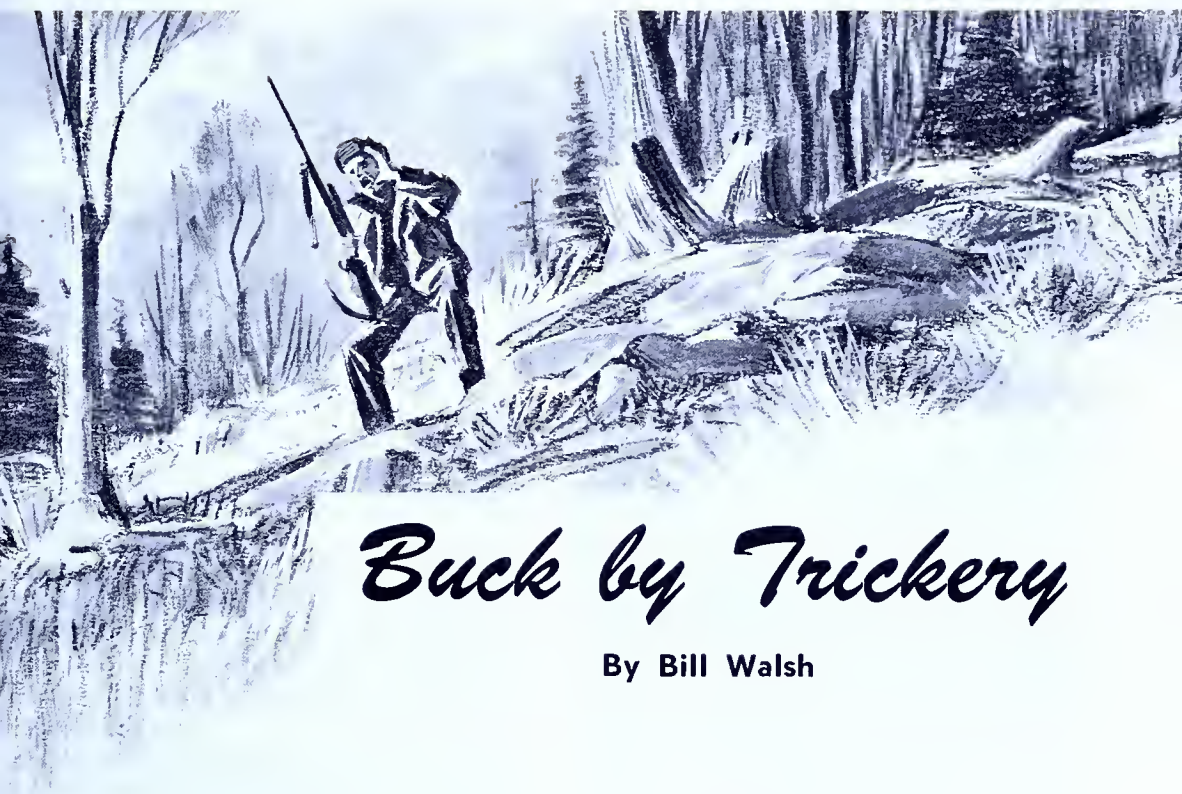
A TWO-DAY HUNT IN 1911. This great display of game was bagged by the Uffelman brothers on the Swearingen farm, Hanover Township, Beaver County, after a two-day hunt in 1911. Left to right are John, Henry, Dick and Charles. This photo was sent to **GAME NEWS** by Charles Uffelman who now lives in Philadelphia.

Tagging and Reporting Big Game Kills

Deer and bear must be tagged within one hour after killing and before the carcass is moved from where it was killed. The law requires that all successful big game hunters report their kills on the postage paid card attached to the license within five days after the close of the season for the animal killed.



R. Knapp



Buck by Trickery

By Bill Walsh

THE buck broke down off the hillside as recklessly as though a pack of hounds had prodded him out of his bed. I doubt if a tractor could have created more fuss as his hoofs pierced and scattered the frost-crusts litter on the forest floor. He not only had it in high but had tromped the passing gear to the floorboard.

I figured he'd highball through an opening about half the length of his body some 80 yards down the narrow trail I'd been climbing. At every other point a veritable thicket of young second growth loomed between us. I knew he'd breeze in and out of that one chunk of daylight in stop-watch time. Somewhere in the whirl of reckoning that crams a deer hunter's head at such a time I decided not to hazard the shot.

Yet, an hour later, I straddled a nearby brook, dipping in to the elbows to wash away the blood of his gutting. All because at the last moment I'd remembered an old deer hunting trick—one that doesn't always work but that pays off enough times for every hunter

to tuck it away in that storehouse of fact and fancy that makes up his hunting experience.

At first, I'd decided not to raise the rifle. This decision came easy—out of 16 years of deer hunting in which I'd dragged 11 deer out of the woods. I was no kid when I started and it didn't bruise my ego to get over the Great White Hunter complex that I could hit any deer I could see, no matter how indistinctly or at what range. Furthermore I found it no disgrace to admit that years take some of the edge from a fellow's reflexes.

Most every time you see a magazine cover or calendar painting of a hunter about to bust a buck, the animal is streaking across an open space. Wouldn't it be great if live Pennsylvania bucks cooperated that way? When I see 'em running they're usually in the woods—and generally too smart to break into the open. Unless you can get such a deer in your sights in a substantial clearing, blasting away is a waste of ammunition. And not smart hunting either. Be-

cause, if such a deer is unaware of your presence, he may come to that screeching halt he comes to **SOME TIME** after he's kicked out. Then you can pick your opening and have him dead to rights.

Most of the deer I've dropped were sneaking by or standing still. I suspect this is true of most Pennsylvania deer taken every year. The long strings of shots one hears echoing across the mountains and valleys—as fast as ejection and loading can take place—are probably loud and reverberating testimony that a running deer has a long advantage over once-a-year riflemen.

Proof at a Paper Mill

If you want positive proof that such shooting hits more trees than deer, visit a paper mill that buys Pennsylvania pulpwood. The pounds of lead recovered from the digestion processes are egg on the hunters' faces.

Sure, there are hunters who handle their rifles as though they cut their milk teeth on a hunk of semi-inletted American walnut. Some of these boys can snap shoot at a running deer with almost the certainty that I can group 'em from a bench rest. But out of the hundreds of deer hunters I know, only **TWO** come into this top-gun category—and one of them misses now and then.

If you're like me, you're "Mr. Average Hunter." And you've discovered there are some shots you can take with a clear conscience and some others you can't. If you want to hunt as aggressively as you can, within the limitation of your shooting skills, you'll begin to think about ways to get that deer to stand still—or at least slow down. It's not impossible.

That's one of the nice things about hunting. A fellow can take it at his own pace. When he's young and overflowing vinegar he can chase deer up one side of the hill and down the other. When he's older he can plant his Woolrich covered bottom on a stump and wait. Who's to say which method puts more venison on the cars

heading home at the end of the hunting day?

Well, as I said, I'd given up any notion of snapping a shot at a swift-moving blur of fur. Yet by the time the buck hit that open spot I was ready for him. What happened? You'd never guess.

It's said that the human brain is a wonderful instrument—that it begins working the moment you're born and never stops until you stand up to speak in public. It's also been said that in a moment of danger it will unfold with dramatic swiftness the events of a lifetime.

Somewhere between these extremes the human brain can quickly paint a lot of memory pictures. In the time it took that deer to hustle down the hill a number of pertinent memories flashed through my head.

I remembered the story told me by Mary and Leo Bender following a deer hunting trip from their cabin near President on the bank of the Allegheny River. It was a doe season and Mary stood on watch. More a fisherwoman than a hunter she decided not to risk a shot at a doe that scampered full tilt along the hillside above her.

"If only it would stop!" she whispered to herself.

But it didn't. Until—with true feminine inventiveness (or guile)—Mary mimicked a lamb in distress:

"Baa-a-a-a-a-a!"

Leo claims the doe stopped so quickly it almost turned inside out. It was an easy shot for Mary then. She's had a lot of fun telling the story ever since.

Use of Deer Call

I remembered Lefty Kreh, a Maryland outdoor writer, telling a group of journalists how, oftentimes, a deer can be "frozen" or slowed down by softly blowing on one of those rubber-band deer calls.

I remember a Fish Warden recounting how he had stopped a fast-moving buck in dense woods by whistling

shrilly between his teeth. The buck had been a near-record for that part of the country. Apparently a whistle, ringing through the forest, is often a difficult item for a deer to place—and he'll sometimes stop until he's made up his mind from which direction it came.

I remembered a camp visitor telling our gang how he'd stopped a large doe in her tracks with a lungful of air through a police whistle. Right then and there is when I decided what to do.

Had a Police Whistle

I had a police whistle in my breast pocket. Every camp member carries one so we can signal to each other in the woods . . . to avoid shouting and so we can be reasonably sure it's a fellow hunter when we hear that characteristic trill.

To digress—all men who hunt together as a party should have some kind of prearranged signalling system. One short blast on our whistles serves to keep each hunter aware of the others' exact whereabouts on otherwise silent drives. Three toots mean, "Come and help." This is usually given when one of us has downed a deer—but it could be for more serious circumstances such as an injury.

But back to the deer. The buck was reaching the opening rapidly now. I fumbled for the whistle. Couldn't grab the metal chain with which it was fastened to the button hole in my breast pocket. Mittens in the way. I grabbed the tip of the left mitten with my teeth. Pulling my hand free I opened my jaws and let the mitten drop. After some fumbling I finally got the whistle out of the pocket.

But I was trying too hard and it slipped from my fingers. The chain kept it from falling. I groped for it again and brought it toward my lips, not daring to take my eyes off the buck's progress.

I must have turned screaming purple when it finally dawned on me



WHEN I SEE THEM running they are usually in the woods—and generally too smart to break into the open.

that I'd never get it between my teeth for the plain, simple (and stupid) reason that the chain wasn't long enough. I'd moved it from the breast pocket of my coat to that of my shirt and hadn't tried to blow it yet that day.

It was a gamble that if I took my gaze from the buck and reached down with my mouth I might make it. I chanced it. But as hard as I pulled the chain on one end and stretched my neck on the other, whistle and mouth remained an agonizing inch apart. A hunter can sure goof himself up good at times! At last I started thinking of alternatives.

I can't whistle between my teeth. Oh, I can make a moist mockery of it but it's not the piercing, come-from-everywhere kind of tone that will anchor a deer to the desired spot. In desperation, and really without thinking what I was doing, I took a head-to-toenails breath and shouted:

"Hey!"

Yes, that's right! Just plain, old-fashioned, simple, everyday, "Hey!"



THE DEER THOUGHT the shot came from the direction in which he was running. An eight-pointer, he reversed his field and came bounding straight back at the hunter.

The buck put on all four brakes and came to an ice-statue halt dead in the center of that opening. Well, that was it . . . and the end of this story, really.

Except that since then I've chewed the fat with dozens of hunters who have stopped Pennsylvania white-tails in their tracks by making a variety of sudden noises. One maintains he stopped a deer (unplanned and unintentionally) that was high-tailing straight away—simply by firing at him and missing.

The deer thought the shot came from the direction in which he was running. An 8-pointer, he reversed his field and came bounding straight back at the hunter. It's a logical story because sounds most difficult to locate with the stereo phenomenon of a pair of ears (for man and deer alike) are those directly ahead or directly behind. And in uneven terrain there are always echoes to contend with, too.

The moral is: you can thwart a deer's ability to detect motion by standing still on deer watch. You can foil his power to scent you by standing upwind of where you expect he'll be making his appearance. Additionally you can outwit his keen sense of hearing now and then as we've described. Just one more trick in the bag for a Pennsylvania deer hunter.

BOOK NOTES . . .

Wildlife on the Public Lands

One of the most beautifully illustrated conservation pamphlets ever to come from the Federal government was published recently by the Bureau of Land Management, U. S. Department of the Interior. It is titled "Wildlife on the Public Lands" and is just loaded with color.

The purpose of the booklet is to describe the various habitats included in the 465 million acres of public lands, show how the land is related to the things living upon it, and discuss BLM's efforts to maintain nature's intended balance.

Among the subjects covered by both dialogue and color photographs are the desert, the grasslands, the forest, the tundra, and finally the lakes and streams and their inhabitants. The booklet graphically illustrates the distribution of the major public land mammals and methods of managing the habitat.

This 33-page pamphlet can be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. 20402, for 35 cents.



WALKIN' SHOES

By NED SMITH



Return of the Logcock

1. What color are woodpecker eggs?
2. Is the red-headed woodpecker Pennsylvania's largest woodpecker?
3. Is the pileated woodpecker rare in our state?
4. How is the woodpecker's tail modified for clinging to trees?
5. Why are pileated woodpeckers sometimes a liability to utility companies?
6. The woodpecker's tongue is barbed, and is used to "harpoon" insect larvae. True or false?
7. How many species of Pennsylvania woodpeckers have crested heads?
8. Young woodpeckers are covered with a dense coat of down when first hatched. True or false?

WITH ALL HIS boisterousness, the pileated woodpecker is a handsome fellow. Big as a crow, he wears that villain's sable plumage.



I HEARD his loud cackling cry as soon as he crossed to my side of the mountain, and later, a hundred yards above my deer stand, the forest rang with his hammering. Periodically an extra large chip would fall to the ground with a disconcerting crash.

I silently wished he would go away and come back some other time when I was not listening for deer. Instead, he ceased hammering, and with a wild clatter came swooping through the trees to land on an ancient chestnut oak not 50 feet away.

For all his boisterousness, he was a handsome fellow, this male pileated woodpecker. Big as a crow, he wore that villain's sable plumage. But his attire was relieved by a dazzling white streak that ran from the base of the bill down the side of the neck to disappear under the folded wing. Another white line passed above the amber eye. Above this was an elegant, pointed scarlet crest that glowed like a jewel in the sun. A red "mustache" streaked his jowls.

Propped up on stiff tail feathers he hitched his way around a massive



limb, big talons rattling on the bark each time he shifted his hold. Apparently a dormant insect or some insect eggs occupied a crevice in the bark, for his tongue flickered from the long bill like that of an inquisitive snake, and lapped up something I couldn't see.

Just beneath a broken off stub he paused and made a brief inspection from several angles. Then backing off, he let fly with that sturdy bill. Slowly, deliberately, he whacked away. Bark flew, then chips flew. Now and then he would insert his bill and with a twisting motion flick out a particularly large chip. When he finally quit whacking I caught a glimpse of his tongue deftly withdrawing something white from the hole—probably a borer. Apparently that was what he sought, for he flattened his crest and, with a flash of white-splashed wings and an excited cackle, launched himself through the treetops. In the distance I heard him start pummeling another tree.

Thirty years ago the pileated woodpecker was rare in Penn's Woods. Cutting the virgin forests had robbed it of the large trees it needed for nesting cavities, as well as the old, insect-ridden trees that provided the bulk of its food. Fortunately, our forest trees are once again attaining the age and proportions favorable to this showy bird, and the "logcock" has increased proportionately. Deer hunters in practically every extensive forest area in the state will see it bounding through the air or hear its raucous call this December.

Upon seeing a pileated woodpecker for the first time, the observer is immediately impressed by its size. It is the largest woodpecker in Pennsylvania, measuring seventeen or eighteen inches in length and, if the ivory-billed woodpecker is actually extinct, the pileated is the largest woodpecker in the nation.

Adding to the illusion of great size are its conspicuous color and markings. At rest the white stripes and

flaming crest contrast boldly with the black body plumage. In flight the wings show large white patches that are normally concealed when the bird is at rest. Females are nearly as colorful as the males, but lack the red "mustache." In the female, too, the forehead is brownish gray, rather than red like the rest of the crest.

Pileated woodpeckers are built for hard work. Their feet are strong, the toes tipped with stout, curved nails that can find a secure anchorage in the flintiest tree bark. Like all woodpeckers, the pileated has unyielding tail feathers tipped with innumerable

*TYPICAL
PILEATED
WOODPECKER
BORINGS*



stiff, pointed barbs that grip the bark like the bristles of a wire brush. The three-point attachment—tail and feet—makes possible the most energetic hammering with no shimmy or shake. It's as solid as a shelf supported by a diagonal bracket, and the principle's the same.

Because the logcock's bill is called upon to do such massive tasks as excavating nesting cavities in solid wood and tearing dead logs apart to get at the borers within, it is an extremely sturdy implement. Straight and wedge-shaped, it is firmly anchored to unusually heavy head bones. The neck muscles that drive this chopping mechanism are among the strongest in the bird world.

The tip of the tongue is horny and sharp, studded with numerous small barbs. It can be extended several times the length of the bill, making it a simple matter for the woodpecker to insert it into the chamber occupied by a wood-boring insect, impale the victim, and withdraw it from its hiding place.

Most of the pileated woodpecker's waking hours are spent in the search for food, which consists largely of mature or immature insects that are found on or within trees, logs, or stumps. The holes it excavates to reach hidden food can be distinguished from those of other woodpeckers by their large size and oblong or rectangular shape. White pines, oaks, and tulip poplars are commonly perforated with six- or eight-inch holes up to nine inches deep, and many aspens and other soft trees are nearly cut in two by the bird's enthusiastic quest for food. The ground beneath trees inhabited by colonies of carpenter ants or beetle larvae is oftentimes covered with chips to a depth of several inches.

Not Normally Harmful

Under natural conditions the pileated woodpecker is not a harmful bird. Its food consists mainly of destructive insects, and the trees it drills and chops have usually been ruined for timber purposes by the very insects it seeks. But on occasion these big birds have turned their attention to utility poles—and there the story is different. In a matter of a few hours an energetic woodpecker can do thousands of dollars damage. Why they pick on telephone and power poles is a mystery—usually no food is involved and neither do they nest in them. But chop them they do.

The big woodpecker often descends to the forest floor in its search for food, digging holes in fallen logs and literally tearing apart the rotting ones. Last spring I watched a handsome male hopping all over the spread-

ing roots of a tree that grew beside Powell's Creek. Apparently he was finding something to his liking, for he ran his long tongue into every cranny, and moved on only after examining even the roots that hung down over the undercut bank to the water's surface.

Aside from insect food the pileated woodpecker is fond of certain wild fruits. Wild cherries are caten in season, and I've often seen the big birds stretching mightily from too-small branches to reach poison ivy berries. The latter are eaten by practically all our woodpeckers in winter and early spring.

These birds can seldom be induced to patronize winter feeders, although I know of one that regularly fed on suet within a hundred feet of an occupied house last winter. They continually ignored my feeder a mile away on the same ridge.

Nothing about the logcock is dainty, and this applies equally to its voice. The usual call is a raucous "cuk, cuk, cuk, cuk" repeated as often as the occasion demands with a jerky, uneven tempo. It might be described as a loud, uneven, excitable version of the flicker's "song," and it is often uttered in flight. A more rapid version, alternating with a rolling tattoo beaten out with the bill on a dead limb, is often heard during the mating season, when it serves to stake out a claim and warn all rivals away.

As long as a month before laying actually commences the birds begin work on the nesting cavity. Any large forest tree might be selected, from a tottery old dead one to a sturdy, perfectly sound specimen.

Somewhere from 15 to 60 feet above the ground a round patch of bark is removed, so perfect it could have been scribed with a compass. Then work begins in earnest, with both the male and female birds chiseling and chopping in alternate shifts. From an entrance hole some three and a half inches in diameter the cavity expands

into a large vertical chamber that may penetrate to a depth of two and a half or three feet! And this as often in a healthy oak as in some punky tulip poplar.

No nesting material is used; the three to five white eggs are merely bedded in whatever fine chips accumulate on the floor of the cavity.

The young are naked as frogs when they hatch and, like other woodpeckers, they do not acquire the downy attire common to most baby birds. Instead, they change directly to their juvenile plumage, which is almost identical to that of their parents. The casual observer, not noticing their



*PILEATED WOODPECKER'S
TONGUE EXTENDED*



*ENLARGEMENT OF WITHDRAWN
TONGUE*

crew-cut crests and darker eyes, could easily mistake young birds peering from the nest hole for adults.

Young pileated woodpeckers are expected to fly like adults, too, when they finally leave home. For fully a month they eat and grow, eat and grow, until at last life in the old nest is unbearably dull. Each day finds them crowding into the "doorway," studying the outside world with growing interest and wonder.

The old birds know when they are ready. Instead of winging to the nest hole with a beakful of juicy insects they merely show themselves to the hungry ones and fly on by. The young-

sters "churr" hopefully, but their churring soon fades into hopeless silence. Then the other parent glides by, and once again the gaping mouths all cry for food. But no food-bearing parent comes near and the woods again fall silent.

Flight Time

Suddenly, from down the mountain side comes the soft "cuk, cuk, cuk" of the old bird. A fledgling replies excitedly, but is disappointed as before. A half hour later the parent bird calls again; this time several of the young birds answer, but to no avail.

Sooner or later hunger and curiosity turn the trick. The most adventuresome of the brood shoulders his way to the front and, after changing his mind a few times, leaps into flight on brand-new wings. It's just a matter of time until the whole family is reunited—on the outside this time—and a new generation is launched. If all goes well, there will be a few more woodpeckers to make the forests ring next deer season.

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS

1. Plain white.
2. No, the pileated woodpecker is our largest.
3. No, but it was rare thirty years ago.
4. It has stiff barbs toward the tip to convert it into a nonskid prop.
5. They ruin utility poles by excavating holes in them.
6. True.
7. Only one.
8. False, they are naked until they acquire their juvenile plumage.

NOTICE: With the next issue of **GAME NEWS**, the subscription rates go up to \$1.50 per year and \$4 for one three-year subscription.

Ivan's Christmas Eve

By BOB CARTER



IT WAS an unseasonably mild and warm Christmas Eve, this one, and it made Ivan just a touch more lonesome than usual. Ivan, a bachelor, kept a comfortable old farm home and worked at a plant in town. His sole companion during winter evenings in the big house was Lead, an aged and almost toothless coon hound that had no superior in the fine art of silent trailing.

Ivan tried watching the evening TV programs this warm Christmas Eve, but the itch to be on the move nagged at him. He fidgeted in his easy chair and scuffed his feet impatiently.

His unrest did not go unnoticed. Lead, seeing the chance for action, left his bed beneath an ancient buffet and moved across the living room with mock dignity to poke his blunt snout into the side of Ivan's leg.

What a Christmas Eve . . . the woods damp and still . . . thousands of stars glimmering softly in the black velvet sky. Lead watched his master's face intently and made an ever-so-slight sound deep in his throat—a suggestion offered with delicacy and feeling. At the same time his horny toenails tipptapped just a little on the linoleumed floor.

Finally Ivan grunted, rose abruptly, snapped off the television set and jerked open the door to his front hall closet. The big, red dog went into a clumsy buck and wing that threatened the fragile pieces of furniture.

Ivan collected his five-cell, a cap, hunting coat and the .22 revolver—favorite medicine for night-treed coons. Knocking off the lights, he let Lead out the front door and, whistling lightly, headed up the path past his tumbledown springhouse. Ahead was a long ridge covered with big timber and always loaded with ringtails.

Lead barreled ahead, crunching quickly out of hearing over the noisy leaves.

Ivan crested the ridge, working his way through a thicket of high, spindly sumac to a huge old maple log. The bulky tree, down for close to 20 years,

was still solid—a dry and favored listening post for many of Ivan's night hunts.

He got comfortable and waited for things to happen. Occasionally, from the blackness far ahead he would catch a sudden crackling of leaves as the ranging dog made a quick turn.

Ivan lit his pipe, and his wooden kitchen match made its sudden glare on the leaf-littered woods floor for thirty feet around. Then it was dark again.

He gazed contentedly at the broad network of stars winking in various intensities through the lacy pattern of bare limbs silhouetted overhead.

Half an hour had passed. Ivan dozed as the rising moon made its while glow on the eastern horizon. Then Lead barked treed.

It was his usual businesslike chop, coming from the slope across the wide hollow. Ivan rose, brushed bark and leaves from his clothes, bellowed acknowledgment to the dog, and set a course through the timber.

Lead was standing braced against a husky, grapevine-draped elm, panting lightly and glancing first to Ivan, then up. Leaves under the big tree were already well stirred from the dog's pirouettes.

Loaded His Pistol

Stowing his pipe, Ivan casually loaded the pistol with six tiny cartridges, snapped the cylinder closed, then drew out his long flashlight to shine the tree. The light's yellow glow skipped through dark branches and struck twin red glints in a center crotch. With long practice, Ivan was able to quickly pick out the foxlike ears and muzzle outlined in faint skylight. He steadied the light and propped his wrist through a sapling fork to make the shot.

Then, a strange sound drifted down from the high crotch. Ivan paused, looked hard at the dog, and then back up the big tree. He carefully scratched a spot behind his right ear, and knit his eyebrows in thought.



HE LOOKED AT THE RACCOON close up—it was not just any coon—the button eyes gleamed intelligently, and it chirred a note of greeting.

Lead pranced impatiently and waited for the crack of the handgun, but Ivan holstered it, his lips moving slightly, and unbuckled the gun belt, dropping it to the ground.

With the five-cell stuck through his belt, he grabbed a heavy grapevine trunk and swung against the bole of the big elm, climbing fast hand-over-hand as soon as his feet made contact. Reaching the first live branches, Ivan released the vine and climbed lightly and smoothly. Below, Lead emitted an urgent whine.

In a minute the man was level with the fork that brimmed over with coon fur.

He looked at the raccoon close up—it was not just any coon—the button eyes gleamed intelligently, and it chirred a note of greeting. This was a very large and substantial raccoon.

Ivan grinned so wide and hard that his ears twitched, then he saluted the animal facing him.

"It ain't every night a man thinks he's treed Santy Claus, now is it?"

Ivan's voice was loud where he perched, high in an elm in a thick woods on Christmas Eve. It carried far down the hollow, and echoed some in the darkness.

He snapped off the light and stuck it back through his belt. Quickly he climbed down, slid down the grapevine a short distance, then let go and dropped to the soft leaf mattress below. Lead was looking disturbed.

"Let's go home, boy," said Ivan, cuffing at the dog's ears gently. "We got a Christmas to celebrate tomorrow!"

Smiling in the dark, he shoed the reluctant dog down a bank and into the open. Surely the feet of man and dog found the narrow trail that crossed the pasture and hit the corner of Ivan's yard by the springhouse.

Ivan looked up as he walked, and sniffed the night air hard. The stars looked bigger and brighter than ever. A light breeze dusted his cheeks, then died away.

The dog grumbled a little down in

his throat, then barged into the springhouse and wallowed in the trough, drinking noisily and huffing bites of water through his jowls. He was not quite finished showing his disgust. Ivan took down the dipper.

Back in the tall elm atop the ridge, a big, sleek coon shifted his bulk, ears turned forward to catch any small signal of the dog's return. No alien night sounds traveled along the

ridge. The coon finally moved, tipping silently out of his crotch and heading for the ground.

Again the strange noise, the sound that had stopped the hunter carried clearly into the winter night air. The circle of shiny, miniature sleighbells on the "little bear's" broad, red leather collar chimed sweetly in the darkness of early Christmas morning as he moved down to feed.

Special Deer Hunting Regulations Instituted for Southeastern Pennsylvania

The Game Commission has recognized for a number of years the need for better control of the deer population in southeastern Pennsylvania. But previously instituted control measures in the form of regular antlerless seasons were rendered ineffective due to the numerous and varied local ordinances and landowner restrictions. As a result, in this area deer have become a hazard to personal and real property. In 1963 more deer (238) were killed by motor vehicles on the highways in Montgomery County than were killed by hunters (234). The highway kill last year was 193 in Bucks County, 152 in Chester County and 20 in Delaware County. During the first six months of 1964, the highway kill of deer in these counties has again been excessive. Complaints of damage by deer to farm and truck crops, flower and vegetable gardens, etc., are common.

In an attempt to alleviate the deer problem in parts of Bucks, Chester, Delaware and Montgomery Counties, the Game Commission has adopted a resolution prescribing the long bow and arrow and shotgun with buckshot for taking deer in the designated parts of extreme southeastern Pennsylvania. This action of the Commission is in accordance with a 1963 amendment to The Game Law and is in the in-

terest of public safety. The public safety aspect is evident in two ways: A reduction in deer numbers will decrease the hazard of vehicular collisions with deer; and buckshot has a very limited range.

The Special Deer Hunting Regulations are effective for the antlered (buck) deer season, November 30-December 12; and for the antlerless deer season, December 14-19, in the following area: In those parts of Bucks, Chester, Delaware and Montgomery Counties south and east of the following highways, beginning at New Hope on the Delaware River west on Route 202 to Route 309, north on Route 309 to its junction with Route 113, southwest on Route 113 to Route 422, northwest on Route 422 to Route 100 at Pottstown, south on Route 100 to the Pennsylvania line. In this area deer may be taken only through the use of the long bow and arrow and with shotguns, including autoloading or semiautomatic shotguns loaded to full capacity, not smaller than 20 gauge with shot not smaller than No. 4 buckshot. Rifles, handguns and shotguns discharging a single ball or slug are prohibited. Under these regulations, the objections by local officials and landowners to hunting with "high-power" rifles are eliminated.



FINAL BRIEFING. Prior to the hunt, guide and outfitter Ed McCarthy instructs the shooters, Dick Pottieger, Dick Bear, and Elmer Bates, on what to expect in the Pine Creek Gorge.



PREPARING FOR THE COLD. Rubberized nylon Air Force survival suits are pulled on over our regular hunting clothes and boots to protect us from the cold wind and water.

GATEWAY TO THE CANYON. Approaching the canyon, the cliffs seem to close in on us. What appears to be water lilies is slush ice!



Float

HOW would you like to try a different spot a bear or buck on a mountain flowing mountain river? This is called

Last December during Pennsylvania's opportunity to join a selected group of hunters in the Pine Creek Gorge in Tioga County. Our chance to hunt any legal bucks, and then float them

The hunting party consisted of 10 hunters from Harrisburg, who were to man the stern and Jack Seese, from Pittsburgh, kept the bow and I handled the big stern paddles.

The group met at McCarthy's Lodge for the decks, paddles, and foul weather suits. The trained guides, Jerry Wilson and Larry Seese, met at the embarkation point and then convoyed us to the finishing the cruise.

We put the rafts into the icy water. The Air Force survival suits on over our regular hunting clothes were ideal—cold, crisp, and clear as a bell. The wind picked up. The 15-degree temperature and we had to break ice off the paddle.

Pine Creek was about to freeze up. We had to shovel the slush laboriously to get the rafts moving.

Visibility was excellent and it allowed us to see a hundred deer in less than five hours. One of the hunters, a real nice eight-point buck, fell to our arrows.

We saw less than a dozen hunters. The guides were amazed at how easily we were floated down the river.

As we approached our final destination, the hunters were putting on a "drive" on the paddle. The guides, while a herd of a dozen deer stood in the canyon, as the hunters passed by. We were to see whether any of them were bucks.

We had discovered an exciting new way to hunt. The most enjoyable one day we had ever spent.

McCarthy, who runs "Canyon Cruises," who runs hunters in the fall, was so impressed with the experience that he is planning to offer it in the future to nothing but "Float Hunting."

I kinda think I'll be hunting that way

Hunt

ER

gler

ig game hunting? Did you ever try to floating in a canoe or raft down a fast-Hunt" and it's a very challenging sport.

buck season this writer had the ops on an 18-mile float down the Pine can the canyon walls for deer, shoot on.

Dick Baer and Tom Pottienger, from and rifles. Tom Eggler, from Gaines, shutters clicking, while Ed McCarthy ed the rafts.

es, Pa., where we picked up the rafts, assisted by two of McCarthy's well-who transported our equipment to our Tiadaughton, where we planned on

ek, attached the decks, pulled the Air, and shoved off. Weather conditions lay wore on, the sky darkened and the l ice on the rafts one-half inch thick, y.

thickening in the deep pools. We had onger pools.

ters to scan the heads of well over a identified on two deer and one of them,

Country that day, but each of them was out to civilization.

d shouts from a group of hunters who the west of us. We watched with fasciunters by hiding along the walls of the ht about scanning them with the scopes

. The "Float 'n' Hunt" seemed to be the

pring and early summer, and guides hat he plans on concentrating his book-



THERE'S SOME DEER! Our shooters spot the first movement, head for the opposite bank and set up the scopes. The last one is a buck!



CANYON COUNTRY BUCK. This eight-point buck fell victim to the float 'n' hunt. Another spike buck was missed. Shooting range was about 400 yards.

END OF THE LINE. Elmer Bates collects the gear, while Guide McCarthy deflates the raft. Most of the valves were frozen and it was rough handling the equipment.





FIELD NOTES



Nighthawks on the Move

FAYETTE COUNTY—In my years of association with many species of wildlife I have observed scenes like a large herd of deer, a bear with four cubs, large coveys of quail, large flocks of crows, geese and duck migrations and many more, but none were as thrilling as the nighthawk migration I observed on the evening of September 9. There must have been thousands of them!—District Game Protector Alex Ziros, Connellsville.

Sign Eating Steer

MERCER COUNTY — While on patrol for illegal dove hunting in Springfield Township, on September 23, I noticed a nice black Angus steer had gotten out of the nearby pasture and had crossed the road and was eating something. To be sure not to hit it, I slowed down, and I was quite surprised to see that it was eating one of those real bright red and black "No Hunting" signs. I have had real good cooperation from many people trying to help us keep more land open to public hunting, and although I hadn't counted on this sign-eating steer, I appreciate any help I can get from either man or beast.—District Game Protector John Badger, Mercer.



Not a Good Day

JUNIATA COUNTY — This past month I dropped in on the Food and Cover Corps making a woodland border cut on Farm-Game Project No. 108. Having a little spare time I was using the power saw and helping out. We had cut about fifty feet and I was busy sawing when I felt something on my arm. I looked down and swatted the wasp on my arm and glanced down at my feet; I couldn't see my shoes for yellow jackets swarming out of a hole right under me. Many stings later I got out of there and by evening when we had a deputy meeting at a restaurant I was feeling a little better. Before I left, I asked the waitress to fill my Thermos with coffee and as I left I picked it off the counter. About 3:00 a.m. of a cold night I proceeded to pour myself a cup and found she had filled my jug with a quart of nice clean clear hot water. About this time I figured this was just not one of my better days.—District Game Protector Robert Shaffer, Mifflintown.

Good Farmer-Sportsmen Gesture

BUTLER COUNTY — Over the Labor Day weekend a shining example of farmer-sportsmen relationship occurred here in northern Butler County. Recently, when fire claimed the barn of Brady Township farmers Ross and Ralph McCurdy, the members of the Moraine Conservation and Sportsmen's Association got together and participated in a barn building. Some hunters complain about land being closed to public hunting—others do something about it.—District Game Protector W. Ned Weston, Boyers.

GAME NEWS Abroad

ERIE COUNTY—“The **GAME NEWS** Gets Around.” About a year ago I had an article in *Field Notes* telling of Wolf Strohmeyer, Erie businessman, accidentally seeding his lawn with weed seeds he had gathered to feed pheasants. Last week Wolf had a letter from a nephew stationed in Japan with the U. S. Army saying he had found a copy of **GAME NEWS** in the barracks and the first thing he noticed was the article about his uncle.—District Game Protector David Kirkland, Wesleyville.

Direct Hit

TIOGA COUNTY—It is not unusual for a fox hunter to get decorated by a skunk once in a while, but this incident sort of struck me as funny. Someone told one of our local trappers that he could release a skunk from his trap by walking up to it very slowly and that he should talk to the skunk as he approached the set. This worked fine on the first skunk. As I got the story, when he was about to release the second skunk from his trap, the skunk tried to bite him. Evidently the next movement by the trapper was too fast for the skunk to take and that's when he let him have it right smack in the face.—District Game Protector Frank Bernstein, Knoxville.



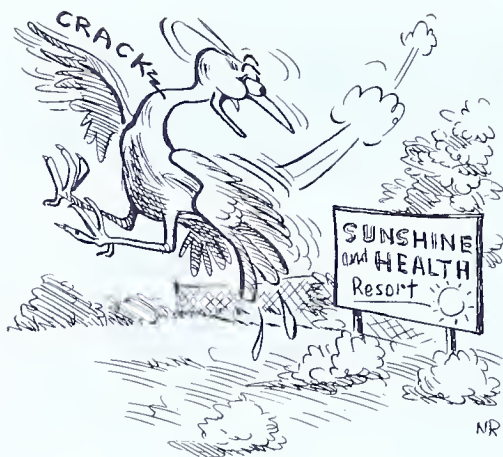
Pretend Hunt

WESTMORELAND COUNTY

There are many humorous events to enlighten the life of a Game Protector. One sunny day in September while I was stocking quail in my district, I noticed a person standing in some brush near the location where I released some of the birds. I drove by and parked over a hill out of sight of the man. I walked back and with the help of binoculars I saw that he was training his dog. While I was watching him he shot five of the released quail. This would normally be a violation of the Game Law except that he was only using a long stick for a gun. Possibly he was just reliving the good old days when quail were plentiful. After getting a few chuckles myself, I just quietly faded out of the picture to save this nimrod any embarrassment. — District Game Protector Hans Goedeke, Apollo.

River Ducking Good

WARREN COUNTY—As I am doing my reports for the month of September, I can see a nice flock of ducks on the river. It seems that each year there are quite a few ducks on the river in this area, but very few hunters try their luck on them. Sometimes a smart duck hunter might try it out and find that river duck hunting is rather good.—District Game Protector Donald Parr, Tidioute.



Craned His Neck

BERKS COUNTY—Received a call during August that a crippled heron had been picked up at a farm in the district. Never was able to discover just what had been the reason for the injury but there is more than the slight possibility that the bird might have been suffering from a dislocated vertebra. The call came from a nudist colony at a time when a week-long convention was being held at the colony. The poor bird might have been trying to see too much.—District Game Protector J. A. Leiendecker, Reading.

Wild Parakeet

MONROE COUNTY — Gordon Latzko, a Game Propagator of Brodheadsville, reported that there was a green parakeet living with a flock of song sparrows that stopped at his pheasant pens for several days. All attempts to get close to the green bird failed and when the sparrows moved south the parakeet went with them.—District Game Protector John Doebeling, East Stroudsburg.

Late Nester

CRAWFORD COUNTY—On September 11, Deputy Trace Schreckengost found a hen pheasant sitting on fourteen eggs.—District Game Protector John Miller, Meadville.

Invisible Dove Hunter

FRANKLIN COUNTY — After receiving a report from a reliable source that there was considerable late dove shooting being done in an orchard near Chambersburg, I made it a point to be near the orchard near sunset the following day. Sure enough, there were several shots after quitting time and I started to approach the shooter. When he fired this third shot I was standing right beside him. Instead of the hunter I was expecting there was a mechanical gas gun. About that time the orchard owner appeared and stated that he was in the orchard every evening and had not seen or heard a dove hunter this year. He turned his gas gun on every evening to keep the crows out of his orchard. The crows have a flyway to their roost over his orchard and stop off to pick his apples. The gun was not set to fire very fast as the crows usually did not bother after the first bang.—District Game Protector Edward Campbell, Fort Loudon.

Dog in Retreat

LYCOMING COUNTY—Recently, while talking to Mr. Berry, caretaker of the Gray's Run Club, he related the following to me. He had gone up on the mountain to repair the television line and his part collie dog went with him. While he was nailing the line to a large oak tree he heard a strange noise up in the tree. Looking up he saw an old bear and two cubs. When his dog started a commotion the old bear came down the tree. Mr. Berry ran for his truck and the bear went after the dog. The bear ran the dog down through the woods as far as he could see. She didn't catch the dog because it was at the club when he got back. He stated that he never saw a dog run so fast in his life.—District Game Protector Paul Ranck, Williamsport.

Too Cold Here

MONTGOMERY COUNTY — The dove season got underway with a bang, bang, bang and stayed that way for two weeks. Then we had a 20-degree drop in temperature in 24 hours which caused the doves to move south.—District Game Protector Harry Nolf, Fort Washington.

Wanted to Duck In

CLARION COUNTY — While en route to Harrisburg, Ray Shaver, Ed Barris, and I noticed a wood duck that had been run over by a vehicle on the highway. On the opposite side of the road was a sign advertising the Mallard Motel. The woody apparently was finding directions to the Mallards.—District Game Protector James Hyde, Knox.

Old Chuck Hunter

GREENE COUNTY—On September 26 while on patrol of Hopewell Ridge area Deputy Henry Fischer and I noticed a man in a tree a few hundred yards from the road. Upon investigation it was found to be a hunter from Fayette County waiting on a ground hog. He said that he had waited four hours. The surprise was when I checked his license. The gentleman was 74 years old and still climbing trees.—District Game Protector Leslie Haines, Waynesburg.



Holding Court

POTTER COUNTY—Retired Game Protectors are apparently capable of one of two things or possibly both; having a vivid imagination or telling a small fib as the occasion presents itself. It seems retired Game Protector Max Ostrum was having considerable trouble with the deer damaging his garden this past summer. After trying every repellent known, he placed a couple chairs under a nearby apple tree with an Ostrum version of a scarecrow sitting on the one chair. Sometime later Max told me that he looked out the window of his home one morning and saw a nice fat doe deer sitting on the one chair with several other deer gathered around as if to be holding a conference. As Max puts it, "They were probably attempting to decide their next move or my (Max's) fate using the scarecrow as judge and jury." To top it off, another retired Game Protector, Cecil Hancock, who was visiting Max at the time, verifies the story. — District Game Protector H. Richard Curfman, Coudersport.

Family of Albinos

FRANKLIN COUNTY—Have several reports of albino or part albino deer in my district. The most unusual is a doe with triplet fawns. Two of the fawns are spotted brown and white while the other is of normal coloration.—District Game Protector Kermit W. Dale, Chambersburg.



CONSERVATION NEWS



News-Herald Photo

THE LINE FORMS to the rear. This is how it looked in front of the Venango County Courthouse at 8:20 a.m. on September 21, the day antlerless deer license applications were being accepted. The line moved quickly and by noon it had disappeared and there were still more than a thousand licenses left.

Antlerless License Applications Accepted Smoothly on September 21

In anticipation of the Pennsylvania 1964 antlerless deer season on December 14 and 15, the County Treasurer's Association began accepting applications for antlerless deer licenses September 21. Licenses were not issued, however, until November 9.

Nonresidents of Pennsylvania were prohibited by law from applying for an antlerless deer license until 30 days prior to the season. This year non-resident hunters could not apply until on or after November 13.

A spokesman for the Game Commission commented that from all reports, this year's sale of antlerless deer licenses by county treasurers went much smoother than in previous years.

The Game Commission allocated a total of 274,800 licenses for the statewide two-day season in December (the antlerless deer season runs from December 14 to 19 in parts of Bucks, Chester, Delaware and Montgomery Counties). The Commission varies the number of licenses for each county according to the size of the deer herd and the number of deer to be harvested in order to keep the winter population in balance with its natural food supply. This year's total allocation represents about 70,000 more licenses than were available last year. Antlerless deer licenses are valid only for the county in which issued.



PGC Photo by D. L. Batcheler

LEBANON COUNTY DRAWING for antlerless deer licenses was held at the Municipal Building in Lebanon on October 7 at 2 p.m. Pictured are Mrs. Lois Sullivan, Deputy County Treasurer; Irwin Buser, representing unorganized sportsmen of the county; Miss Violet Kessler, Second Deputy; Chester Logan, Izaak Walton League; Jacob M. Shirk, organized sportsmen; and Mrs. Eleanor James, Registrar's Office. A number of other counties held antlerless deer license drawings also.

Goose Blind Winners Drawn At Pymatuning

One thousand goose blind applications were drawn at random on Saturday, October 3, to determine which of the 10,388 applicants would be awarded reservations to hunt geese at the Pennsylvania Game Commission's Goose Management Area in Crawford County.

The 1,000 lucky goose applications were drawn by outdoor writers from western Pennsylvania. Gene Shaw, publisher of **OUTDOOR PEOPLE**, drew the first application sent in by John E. Taylor, 412 Oakmont Avenue, Erie. Mr. Taylor's first choice of shooting dates was October 24.

Other outdoorsmen participating in the drawing were Don Wimer, Butler outdoor radio commentator; Jim Donahue, Erie outdoor columnist; and Henry Gates, president of the Northwest Division of Pennsylvania's Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs.

Raymond M. Sickles, Game Commission Waterfowl Management Agent in charge of the goose area, said that some 200 visitors viewed the drawing which lasted from 9:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. Sickles added that all drawn applications were processed and mailed on the same day in order that successful applicants could make their plans to be on the area.

Shooting on the goose area began on Saturday, October 10, and continued every Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday until November 28.

Sickles reported that 40 blinds were used to October 28, then 35 through November 4 and finally 30 blinds to the end of the season. This was to reduce the hunting pressure as the migratory birds move south.

More than 10,000 geese had arrived on the goose management area by



PGC Photo by Bob Parlamen

FIRST GOOSE BLIND WINNER was John E. Taylor of Erie. Shown drawing on October 3 are Gene Shaw, publisher of **OUTDOOR PEOPLE**, and Secretary of the Game Commission James A. Thompson of Pittsburgh.

October 1 and 12,000 birds by the opening day, October 10. He added that 10,000-12,000 ducks were also using the controlled area prior to the shooting date.

Last year 3,002 hunters used the 40 blinds on the goose area and harvested 1,383 Canada geese during the season. Applications were received from 8,140 sportsmen in 1963.

Hunters drawn for use of the blinds on the opener are listed as follows:

Blind Reservations for October 10, 1964

<i>Name</i>	<i>Address</i>
Allenbaugh, Chester M.,	707 Laurel Ave., Irwin, Pa. 15642
Bach, Thomas A.,	500 Cathedral Ave., Pitts- burgh, Pa. 15210
Baughman, Edgar L.,	R. D. 2, Polk, Pa. 16342
Berrier, Sonny,	734 Chestnut St., Mead- ville, Pa. 16335
Bryner, Charles L.,	R. D. 3, Waynesburg, Pa. 15370
Buchanan, Robert E.,	313 East St., Mercer, Pa. 16137
Covelli, Anthony,	5th and Ferry Sts., Eliza- beth, Pa. 15037
Estack, Martin,	1911 Grove Drive, Erie, Pa. 16505
Felger, William E.,	1006 Evergreen Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15209

Fuellgrat, Chas., Jr., 121 Shanahan Rd., Butler, Pa. 16001
Himes, David A., 712 Jackson St., Reynolds-ville, Pa. 15851
Hoovler, Francis E., R. D. 2, Conneaut Lake, Pa. 16316
Kelley, John H., R. D. 2, Shippensburg, Pa. 17257
Kleinfelder, Earl L., 530 Saxonburg Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15238
Johnson, Cary K., 88 Naser Ave., Wash-ington, Pa. 15301
Lander, Thomas B., Jr., 104 Bartley Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15228
McCrory, Daniel J., R. D. 2, Cochranon, Pa. 16314
MacDonald, M. R., 903 Dorchester St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15226
Maxon, Dale W., 10 E. 23rd St., Erie, Pa.
Miller, Wm. F., Jr., R. D. 5, Greensburg, Pa. 15601
Mueller, Gerald E., 127 Chestnut St., Zel-ienople, Pa. 16063
Okresik, Frank, R. D. 2, Box 355, West Middlesex, Pa. 16159
Raskowsky, Robert, 208 Valley St., Butler, Pa.
Potcher, Dan, R. D. 2, Meadville, Pa. 16335
Reed, James, Lurgan, Pa. 17232
Richardson, Francis J., 2526 Berg Place, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15210
Riddle, Frank L., 109 W. 6th St., Oil City, Pa. 16302
Ritchey, Jerry A., Box 88, Gen. Del., Roar-ing Springs, Pa. 16673
Rynd, J. Patrick, 2 Snyder Circle, Corry, Pa. 16407
Scott, Maurice J., 219 Hastings Ave., Oak-dale, Pa. 15071
Smith, Chas. E., Sr., 705 Addison St., Wash-ington, Pa. 15301
Stitt, Wallace B., R. D. 1, Box 155K, Leech-burg, Pa. 15656
Tanner, Harold E., Box 40, Townville, Pa. 16360
Tritt, James, R. D. 2, Box 1140, Ellwood City, Pa. 16117
Tritt, Ray, R. D. 2, Box 1140, Ellwood City, Pa. 16117

Wagner, Arthur E., R. D. 1, Baden, Pa. 15005
Welch, J. J., 2525 Applegate Ave., Bethel Park, Pa. 15102
Winslow, Bernadine, 5126 Station Rd., Erie, Pa. 16510
Yurkon, John, R. D. 1, Sharpsville, Pa. 16150
Zappi, Pete, R. D. 2, Claysville, Pa. 15323

TIPS FOR HUNTERS



If your hunting dog tangles with a skunk this season, try putting pure vanilla extract on him and then wiping it off. The vanilla will not harm the dog but it will kill the odor. This method is even effective when the dog gets wet after having had a run-in with a skunk. The empty bottle with the lid off can be left in the car trunk overnight if your pooch was transported there. — Mrs. Gloria Whipkey, Laughlintown, Pa.

Camp Roster

If 5 or more persons are hunting together for big game, they must maintain a roster in duplicate. Camp roster forms are obtainable from any Game Commission office or any Game Commission officer. One copy must be carried by the leader of the party at all times while hunting. An exact duplicate to be posted at group headquarters and remain posted for 30 days following the close of season. Not more than 25 persons may hunt deer together or as a party.



(Top photos by Kish)

IT WAS A GREAT BOW HUNT, at least for these Pennsylvania archers who downed whitetails during the 1964 archery deer season. Top left photo shows District Game Protector G. P. Gdosky of Luzerne County examining a large doe killed on October 9 in Lake Township by Arthur J. Hodge of Kingston. Hodge is secretary of the Wyoming Valley Archery Club. Top right photo shows Steve D'Angelo of Radnor and Walter Amoroso of Narberth with the deer they killed on Red Rock Mountain, Luzerne County, on October 5. Bottom right picture shows Lloyd Zeidess of Mifflintown and grandson with the eight-point buck Zeidess killed during the first week of the season in Juniata County.



Executive Director Golden Hospitalized

Game Commission Executive Director M. J. Golden of Harrisburg was hospitalized on October 22 and underwent surgery on October 26.

A patient at the Polyclinic Hospital, Harrisburg, Golden expected to be away from his Game Commission post for several weeks.

Golden has been Executive Director since January, 1958. He has served as a Game Commission employe since 1935.

Goose Hunt at Pymatuning Off to Roaring Start...



(PGC Photos by Bob Parlaman)

PYMATUNING GOOSE MANAGEMENT AREA OPENED WITH A ROAR as 150 of the 152 shooters killed their goose on October 10. In addition, 114 ducks were also harvested on the controlled area on the opening day. Top left photo shows four happy hunters from the Latrobe-Greensburg area of Westmoreland County. A total of 17 counties were represented at the area on the first day. Top right picture is a group of Bedford hunters who are examining the bands on the geese they killed. All the birds are weighed, sexed and aged at the administration building. Bottom left photo shows the first blind holder to draw for a blind number on the first day. He is Tom A. Bach of Pittsburgh and he is helped by Ray Sickles, Waterfowl Management Agent in charge of the Goose Management Area. Bottom right photo shows a Washington, Pa., family who enjoyed a successful day on the area. Pictured are Ken Johnson, Gary Johnson, Bob Evans (son-in-law) and Ruth Johnson.





Photo-Graphic Arts Photo

MEMBERS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GAME COMMISSION during their October 2-13 meeting in Meadville. Left to right are R. G. Smith, Berwick; Loring H. Kramer, Stroudsburg; Carroll F. Hockersmith, Vice-President, Shippensburg; Fredrick M. Simpson, Huntingdon; H. L. Buchanan, President, Franklin; M. J. Golden, Executive Director, Harrisburg; Russell M. Lucas, Phillipsburg; James A. Thompson, Secretary, Pittsburgh; and Brig. Gen. Nicholas Biddle, Bethayres.

Bounty Payments Discontinued for Two-Month Period

The Pennsylvania Game Commission's Bounty Section reminded hunters and trappers in October that bounty payments on foxes and great horned owls will again be discontinued during the two-month hunting season period. This became effective on October 31, the opening day of the Pennsylvania small game season and will continue through December 31.

The Commission will still accept, however, any valid claim on red or gray foxes and great horned owls which were killed in a wild state anywhere in Pennsylvania prior to October 31. Great horned owls must be submitted within 48 hours from time of killing and foxes within four months from the date of killing.

All bounty claims must be made on official forms executed by a Game Commission officer or other authorized official.

NEWLY ELECTED OFFICERS of the Pennsylvania Outdoor Writers Association are pictured following their September 26 meeting in Harrisburg. Left to right are Lou Stevenson, Wellsboro, Second Vice-President; Francis W. Kemp, Huntingdon, Director; Harry Allaman, York, First Vice-President; Roger Latham, Pittsburgh, Director; Mark Passaro, New Cumberland, Past President; Will Johns, Germantown, Md., Director; Gene Coleman, Scranton, President; Ted Fenstermacher, Berwick, Director; Day Yeager, Berwick, Secretary; Thad Bukowski, New Castle, Director; and George Harrison, Camp Hill, Treasurer.

PGC Photo by Bob Parlaman





PGC Photo by Steve Kish

THE FORKSVILLE BOW HUNTING FESTIVAL in Sullivan County attracted a record crowd this year during the three-day event on September 18, 19 and 20. Scoring targets in club competition is Homer "Dutch" Wambold, outdoor writer from Emmaus.

Leon P. Keiser, Turkey Farm Superintendent, Retires

After more than 30 years as Superintendent of the Commission's Wild Turkey Farm near Williamsport, Leon P. Keiser retired on September 23. He is 64.

Keiser began his Game Commission service on January 1, 1932, as a District Game Protector in Juniata County. On April 16, 1934, he became Superintendent of the State Wild Turkey Farm and held that position until his retirement.

During Keiser's service, the Game Commission has made considerable progress in the field of turkey propagation. Pennsylvania's turkey farm program has attained national recognition and Keiser is credited with many of the new methods in this field.

In retirement, Keiser plans to live in Hillsgrove with his wife Mildred. The couple have three grown children, sons Richard and William and a daughter Elizabeth Kuhns.

SAYS THE COURT

Unreported Crop Damage Kill Illegal

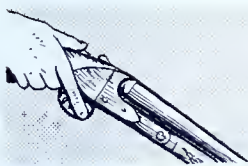
Constitutional rights of citizens to protect their property are not infringed by a requirement that crop damage kills be reported to the Game Protector.

The issue was raised in *Commonwealth v. Haugh*, 12 D. & C. 795, Centre County Quarter Sessions Court. Defendant admitted killing not only one deer, but "ten or twelve additional deer" damaging his crops.

He appealed his conviction on the ground that he had a constitutional right to defend his property, citing *Commonwealth v. Gilbert*, 5 D. & C. 443, which had so held.

The Court agreed with him. But, said the Court, he was not charged with killing the deer. He was charged with not reporting the kill. And such a reporting requirement is a reasonable exercise of the police power.

"To open the door to the killing of our wild life," the Court ruled, "and to permit the promiscuous killing of deer by owners, lessees, members of the family of owners or lessees, or by employes of owners or lessees, under the guise of the constitutional right mentioned above, without enabling that branch of our government charged with the protection of our game and the enforcement of laws relating thereto to investigate and check upon such alleged claims, would be to create such a chaotic condition as would render nought all protection heretofore thrown about our wildlife for the good of our State and its people."—John Sullivan



HUNTER SAFETY EDUCATION



Official Navy Photo

BEFORE WILLOW GROVE Naval Air Station personnel may hunt on the 400 acres of land there, they must first pass a hunter safety course. District Game Protector Harry Nolf of Montgomery County gives a safe hunter brassard to BMC John L. Sullivan, Station Security Chief, as hunter safety instructor Lex Neal (center) looks on.



Photo-Graphic Arts Photo

THIS HUNTER SAFETY DISPLAY appeared at the recent Crawford County Fair as a part of the Meadville Sportsmen's Association exhibit. Shown is George Laird, an active hunter safety instructor.

Bradford County Safety

The Flody Fretz High School of Bradford has made it possible for the Bradford Sportsmen's Club to hold a hunter safety school for students and adults by giving the club use of its auditorium and classrooms.

The hunter safety course is not limited to the school students but is open to everyone, male and female, from ten years of age and up. Students may be enrolled from any area.

The four-hour course is taught by hunter safety instructors from the club who have been certified as hunter safety instructors by the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

Basic information about safe handling of sporting arms and ammunition, and good sportsmanship is the aim of the members. A review of Game Laws by District Game Protector Robert Myers, Mt. Jewett, is a part of the hunter safety training program. Livio B. Colosimo lectures on hunting accidents, and has a display of blown up guns.

4-H Club Forms Hunter Safety Group

The 4-H Club of Corry has organized a Hunter Safety and Rifle Club which meets and shoots every other week. Through their interest and endeavor, other 4-H Clubs in Erie County are forming rifle clubs and plan an active shooting program.

The club made posters, using safe gun handling as the subject, to compete in a 4-H Club Fair.

District Game Protector Elmer D. Simpson, Union City, gave the first hunter safety instruction to the Corry group in which as many girls as boys completed the course and were certified as safe hunters. The girls are especially good with the .22-caliber rifle, and hold a position on the rifle team.

Pa. Game Commission
Hunter Safety Certified

To Date:
Instructors—5,746
Students—66,991

Nature Provides

a Christmas Gift

By Don Shiner

Photos by the Author

DANNY grew aware that most activities in the adult world during the month of December pointed to one event—Christmas. His thoughts too were directed toward this Holiday Season. The Savior's birth, the ever-green tree, the homes decorated with lights, wreaths and ropes of holly, and finally the gifts on Christmas Day proved most exciting to the boy.

Several weeks ago he had selected a special gift for his father. It was a pair of wool hunting socks, bought with money saved from his allowance. But an appropriate gift for Mother proved a bit more difficult. Would it be a comb for her purse? A pair of stockings too, or perhaps extra coffee cups to replace those broken recently from their new set of dishes? Danny gave a great deal of thought to this problem but discarded these suggestions in favor of a gift which he might make in his spare time. But what should it be? Finally, in desperation, and with Christmas a mere two weeks away, he approached his father on the subject.

"Dad," the lad asked, "what gift could I make for Mom's Christmas present?"

The older sportsman dropped the newspaper which he was reading, leaned back in the overstuffed chair



NATURE PROVIDES these inverted bracket fungi shelves as a Christmas gift for Danny's mother.

and watched the smoke from his pipe curl curiously upward through the lamp shade. He was silent for several minutes. Finally he spoke.

"Mother might like a piece of gnarled driftwood nicely decorated with artificial holly leaves and berries for a table decoration. Or she might like whatnot shelves for pieces of bric-a-brac to decorate the wall. Come to think of it, Danny, I bet she'd like several small shelves best of all. What do you say about our looking for bracket fungus shelves during our hike tomorrow when we scatter corn and apples in the woods for wildlife?"

"Gee! That sounds great," Danny replied with great exuberance. "But what are bracket fungi, or whatever you called them?"

"They're plants," his father explained, "that grow on trees. Depending upon your viewpoint, the fungi are beneficial or a very detrimental and damaging form of life. The fruiting structures, which grow as strong, tough brackets on the exterior of trees, always remind me of shelves turned in an upside-down position. Now if



DANNY FOUND the bracket fungus structures on an old tree during their winter hike.

we cut these structures from the tree bark and invert the flat bottom so that it points upward, they will make nice little shelves for wall decorations in our home."

This quick explanation about fungi was not adequate for Danny's inquisitive mind. He wanted to know more about this bracket type fungus, and especially how this plant grew. When his father finished reading the evening paper, he selected a book on plants from their modest library shelves. Quickly scanning the index page, he located the chapter on Fungi, then turned to a color plate showing the full gamut of fungus fruiting structures.

"Here they are, Son," his father reported. "You've seen many fungus structures on trees but probably never stopped to look or give them much thought. They're found almost world wide."

The two sportsmen scanned the color plate. The illustration revealed that some structures are white in color, others are pretty shades of orange, brown or variations of these colors.



"I think we can find several suitable structures tomorrow for shelves. Let's not say another word about this project so it is a complete surprise for your mother on Christmas morning."

Danny was intrigued with this wonderful shelf idea. For a long time that evening he studied the various pictures of fungi in this plant encyclopedia.

Early the next morning, Danny and his father set out, bundled in heavy clothing, and with a gunny sack partly filled with ears of corn and a few apples, for the woods at the edge of town. Danny enjoyed these winter hikes. He liked feeding the wildlife. He usually placed ears of corn in a tree fork, others here and there and apples elsewhere for the deer, squirrel, turkey and rabbit to find. This helping hand didn't make any great difference to the plight of wildlife during the snowy months, but it did make Danny, his father too, feel good inside.

As they entered the woods and walked down a familiar path, they began scattering the food in appropriate places where it would be protected from the coming snows. They kept eyes directed to the tree trunks for fungus brackets. Danny was first to find an old tree trunk that was laced in great profusion with fungus structures.

"Look at this tree," Danny said loudly. "It's loaded with fungi!"

And so it was. But the fungus was of the type which was too soft for

their shelf project. "We need," his father explained, "brackets that are as hard as the wood itself. If we keep looking we'll find the hard variety growing on beech, yellow birch or maybe swamp maples. Different species of fungi attack different types of trees," his father added.

"What do you mean 'attacks?'" the boy questioned.

"That's how this strange plant lives. When a wind carried spore or seed

of homes, cabins and outdoor furniture, rotting these too. Basically, this is the reason for our painting wood which is exposed to the outdoors. The thin paint skin keeps wood dry, protected from fungus spores."

"Gee," said Danny, surprised to learn this bit of information.

"But that's only part of the story, Son," Father added. Periodically, these fungus filaments or threads which grow inside the tree, come to the surface and grow into a fruiting structure. Here the tiny spores, microscopic in size, are formed for future plants. It is this fruiting structure that we will use for our shelf. The spores form on the underside of the brackets to enable them to fall to the ground or be carried aloft by the wind every time the tree is bumped by a bear or brushed by a squirrel."

"Do you think it's safe for us to take the brackets inside our home?" Danny asked.

"I know what you're thinking, Son. Our house, all houses, already contain quantities of fungus spores carried in by the air or our shoes and clothing. The reason these spores do not damage the interior woodwork is because the wood is dry. Spores need a damp, even wet, environment to grow. There's no danger of our infecting our house by taking fungus fruiting structures inside. The several coats of lacquer or varnish which we will paint on the brackets will encase, trap and destroy what spores remain inside the old structures that we'll gather today."

The conversation shifted to squirrels when two big gray nut crackers poked their heads around a sizable beech tree and barked at their sudden intrusion. A little farther in the woods a grouse boomed through the sound barrier, startling Danny for a moment.

Then Danny saw the tree. The old trunk held several small fungus brackets. Five, of average size, protruded through the bark. The senior woodsman selected three of the better



THE TWO WOODSMEN quickly converted the brackets into whatnot shelves in their basement workshop.

finds an entrance or crack in the tree bark, the spore sprouts, grows, spreads in a fine network of threads through the entire tree, from the lowest root to the very top branch. In the process, the plant filaments or mycelium, as they are known to the botanist, take the moisture and substance from every cell in the tree. Finally the tree falls as dust to the ground.

"Fungus," his father continued, "is nature's tool to rot trees and rid the forest of the old in making room for newer trees. If this did not happen, the forest would be submerged in dead limbs and trees that would tower above the clouds!

"Fungus spores, carried everywhere by the wind, even to the upper air as much as 20,000 feet altitude, also attack the wood used in the exterior

looking brackets, then set to work with the ax splitting them from the bark. The structures were carefully placed in the gunny sack so as not to scratch the delicate honeycomb base.

Two more brackets were located on another nearby tree. This was an ample supply for their shelf project. After scattering the remainder of the corn ears, they retraced their steps homeward.

At home the two slipped quietly to the basement workshop to convert the brackets into bric-a-brac shelves. First step involved sanding the bark side to a smooth, flat surface to fit against the room wall. Wall hangers were next cut from a thin sheet of plastic. Danny tacked these on the back side to hold the brackets in an upright position. Lastly the brackets were encased with two coats of quick-drying lacquer which gave them a polished appearance.

Danny was eager to hang the finished whatnot shelves on the game room wall. He inserted hangers in the pegboard holes and suspended the fungus shelves in place. Three, in assorted sizes, were arranged in a small group. Next, he searched through his mother's storage cupboard for extra pieces of bric-a-brac. He found several small dog statues and a little elf. These were placed carefully on the nature shelves. Danny stepped back to view the wall decoration.

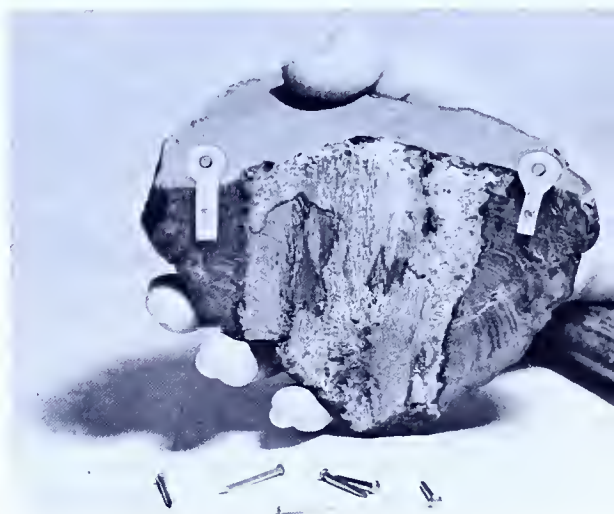
"Gee!" Danny quipped, "Mom will surely like these."

His father agreed that the assortment of fungus brackets, with figures to grace them, gave a rustic atmosphere to the wall. "Every time I saw these brackets in the forest, I was reminded of shelves, but in an upside-down position. I always intended making a shelf from a really big bracket, say one about 10 or 12 inches in circumference, for my den. Seeing how nicely these turned out, guess I will make one, after Christmas, for myself."

"Are there a lot of these fungi in the woods?" Danny asked.

"Sure is, Son, just waiting for some sportsman to break off and preserve as novel shelves, as we did."

Danny beamed with pride at these nature presents. He removed them from the wall and was deep in thought, picturing the happy moment on Christmas Day, when he would present them, all wrapped in colored paper, to his mother.



WALL HANGERS were cut from thin plastic and tacked to the sanded side of the brackets.

Christmas Gift Tip

Looking for an inexpensive, but impressive gift for an outdoorsman?

Give **GAME NEWS!!** We will be glad to send a card to announce that you have given the gift subscription.

This is the last chance to buy **GAME NEWS** for a dollar a year. After January 1, 1965, **GAME NEWS** subscription rates will be increased to \$1.50 a year and \$4 for one three-year subscription.

So hurry, get in on the bargain rates and send us your Christmas list immediately.



ANY DEER IS A TROPHY when it is taken with the bow. Delwood Levan dropped this one with a running shot in 1963.

Don't Discount the Thrill of . . .

A Doe With a Bow

By Keith C. Schuyler

Photos by the Author

IT WAS many years before the Pennsylvania Game Commission could sell the idea to sportsmen in general that it was necessary to shoot lady deer if the total herd was to be kept in proper balance. Although there are still some diehards who look down their collective noses at those who share in the harvest of antlerless deer, the excellent balance which has resulted from scientific management has satisfied most of the skeptics.

It was not until the advent of bow hunting on a large scale that the "purists" again entered the picture. Today, we have a few bow hunters who attempt to belittle those who will shoot a doe with the bow. Well, don't let it bother you. There is just as much necessity for a proper balance in removing deer from the herd with a bow as there is with a gun.

A number of bow hunters of my acquaintance have changed their attitude drastically with good reason. Strangely enough, it is more likely the novice hunter who declares that he is going to get himself a buck, or nothing, than the experienced bow hunter. It is not until he has missed a few excellent opportunities to take an antlerless deer, while waiting for a buck, that he decides to take the next target which presents itself.

There is nothing here to belittle or disparage the hunter who has the time to seek a trophy buck with the bow. But, the average archer who goes big game hunting must confine his hunts to Saturdays or the occasional day off from work. He can spend literally years of hunting waiting for that big opportunity to down a buck even though his season comes at a time

when chances are best for a male deer.

An antlerless deer is just as tough to hit as one sporting a head adornment. In fact, since antlerless deer on an average run smaller than antlered bucks, they are even tougher targets to take. An old buck is more difficult to find and approach, but he is a bigger target.

Last year, bowmen took a total of 1,388 deer. Of this number, only 431 were antlered animals. So, 70 per cent of the deer shot were either does or button bucks.

All this adds up to the fact that bow hunters collectively can miss out on a good thing if they let pride or prejudice stand in the way of taking an antlerless deer. The Game Commission generally provides one or two days for antlerless deer hunting after the buck season in December. Consequently, the bow hunter who fails to score in October can have a second chance after small game season.

Bow hunters get a special break this year. First, there was the regular October bow hunting season and again the opportunity to hunt with the gunners during the regular buck season and the two-day antlerless deer season. On top of this, a special antlerless deer season is being held this month from December 14 through December 19 in parts of four counties in extreme southeastern Pennsylvania where only arrows and buckshot are permissible. An additional archery season will be held January 4 through January 9 in Allegheny County and in southeastern Pennsylvania, between the Susquehanna and Delaware Rivers, south of Route 22. Except for the geographical restriction, hunting and shooting hours and regulations will be the same as during the October season.

Although deer are considerably more wary during the later seasons, there are plenty of targets remaining. In fact, the only drawback at all to hunting with a bow in the gunning season is the unfortunate chance that a gunner might drop a fatally wounded



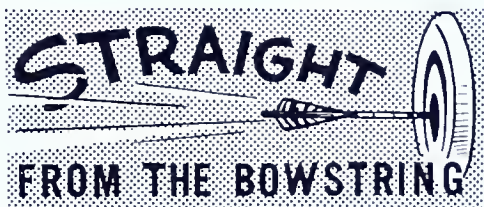
A SAFETY PIN works fine to attach the big game tag on an antlerless deer. This must be done before the animal is moved any distance.

deer before the archer can claim his trophy.

The same hazard exists whether you are carrying a bow or a gun, although it is considerably greater for the archer-hunter.

As a case in point, on this business of antlered versus antlerless deer, one of our group last year had his greatest hunting thrill. And, it didn't take a big deer to provide it.

After ten years of hunting with the gun, Delwood Levan, of Berwick, took up the bow and arrow and was enjoying his first season with our gang. There were only five of us this day, and Delwood and I were waiting to drive to the other three when a deer came running down through the woods from the direction of those who had gone on stand. Since the deer was on his side, I waited for Delwood to take the first shot.



He learned a lot from that first miss—things that some of us took much longer to learn. The deer stopped quite close to us and stood there looking us over. I whispered to Del to hurry with his second arrow, but to “aim.” As he nocked the second bow, the deer took off down through the woods. It was moving fast although it did not take the bounding leaps so typical of a whitetail in flight. This time, Del did aim. In fact, as he swung his bow, I was afraid I would be in the way, and I leaned back to give him clearance.

The second arrow sped to the mark. It passed completely through the deer

WHETHER HUNTING DURING Indian summer, or during the long underwear weather of December, bow hunting is a challenge, and any deer is a big reward of skill and patience.



which continued for about 60 yards before dropping in sight of the shooter. Nevertheless, we waited a full 20 minutes before even looking for his arrows.

This was not a big deer, but it was a beautiful shot. And certainly, this was as fine a hunting trophy as anyone could seek under the circumstances. After ten years with the gun, this was his first deer. And, he made a beautiful shot to down it. Furthermore, it proved to be a buck, albeit a button buck. What more is there to ask for in the sport of hunting?

By coincidence, Del shot his deer not more than 20 feet from the spot where I killed my first one with a bow 14 years ago.

Any deer shot with a bow and arrow is a real trophy. If you have time to wait out an antlered deer during the regular archery season, more power to you. Or, if you have the courage to compete against the guns during the regular buck season, you are to be admired for your courage and complimented for the circumstances which give you plenty of time for hunting.

But, regardless of what target you seek, it is well to remember that bow hunters are bound by the same rules which govern gun hunters.

No more than four hunters may operate as a gang without having a roster. A copy of this roster must be carried by the captain, or leader, in charge of the cooperating group. And, another copy must be posted at camp. In the case of a one-day hunt where automobiles are used as a mobile base “camp site,” it should be placed where it can be easily read. Under the windshield wiper is a good position for the roster when cars are being used.

The roster should contain the names, addresses, license number, and type of bow being used.

If a kill is made, it is important to fill out the big game tag on the spot. The regular hunting license has an easily removable tag which can be

fastened quite handily to some part of the deer's anatomy. Although an antlered deer provides a ready-made peg to which the tag can be attached, an antlerless animal provides a bit of a problem. A small slit can be cut in the jaw or ear of the deer, and the tag may then be attached by a piece of string. Another handy way to attach a tag is simply by use of a safety pin through the animal's ear.

If it is necessary to leave the animal while going for help to drag it out, it might be well to provide some means of identifying that particular deer. It is not unknown for someone to claim a deer which is not his own property.

Place a small stone or a bit of paper with your name on in some orifice in the animal's body where it cannot be readily seen. Then, if you find someone trying to take your deer, you have positive proof that it is your animal.

Whether you hunt with a gang or alone, you most certainly increase by many times your opportunities if you are not too proud to shoot an antlerless deer. The going gets tougher as the season gets longer. But, hunting on leaves, or in snow, your quarry's a trophy whether a buck or a doe.

Next month—BUILD A BETTER BOWSTRING.

Buttons or Boughs

Bow hunters, particularly deer hunters, have to contend with one bit of trouble that seldom bothers those who hunt with a gun. Bushes and branches frequently reach out to grab at the bowstring. It is not unusual for an archer to suddenly be pulled up short as a stout twig or a small bough lodges between the string and the bow when he is moving through the brush. This is particularly true if he is participating in a drive when the main object is to push deer ahead of him rather than to attempt any particular bit of stealth.

Not only is it irritating when this

happens, but there is a slight element of danger. The unexpected pull on the bow can force the arrow back into the hunter's leg. Consequently, this should be avoided if at all possible.

The photos below show how a "brush button" will eliminate this problem. Recurve bows, such as the one shown here, are particularly allergic to irritating twigs. The photo on the left shows how the twig can jamb between the string and the bow itself. The illustration on the right shows how effectively a "brush button" can eliminate the problem. There are now several types of these brush deflectors on the market, any one of which will eliminate the troublesome problem. More simply, it's a case of, buttons or boughs, with your bow.



Deer Rifles - Old and New

By Don Lewis

Photos by the Author

TIGHTENING the last screw in the scope ring and checking the cross hairs in my sighting device, I handed the big magnum to its owner and said, "It's ready to be shot in."

A startled look covered his face and with a trace of sadistic glee in his voice he fired back, "You mean you're really going to shoot this gun?"

"Certainly," I told him. "All the little gadget sticking in the barrel told me was that I was approximately on the target, but it will have to be fired so we will be sure."

As we walked out to my range, he told me that his old .32 Special was outdated, low powered and certainly no rifle for deer. Also, he was very glad to trade it along with a bundle of greenbacks to get himself a BIG gun that would kill no matter where you hit your game. As I set up my shooting equipment, he assured me that guns such as the .30-30, .32 Special and the .30-06 were as dead as last year's toadstools and getting caught in the woods with one was as humiliating as holding a royal flush with nothing left but your credit card.

After a dozen or so shoulder breaking shots, I was satisfied that it was properly slot in and would strike the point of aim around 200 yards. I got up and offered him a chance to shoot. To my complete surprise he not only refused but declared that his first shot from that big girl would be at a buck since he didn't relish the idea of getting kicked halfway across the county.

Guest Column. This month's gun column is done by Don Lewis of Kittanning due to the lingering illness of regular columnist Jim Varner of Scranton.



A DISPLAY OF fine deer rifles. Shown are .25-06 Improved, .348 Winchester (lever action), .35 Remington Model 141 (slide), .30-06 Remington 760 (slide) and Savage .30-30 (bolt).

As I watched him fondly put his new outfit into a handsome case and gently place it in his car, I could only feel sorry for him. I knew someone had reached him with a wild story of power and destruction about magnum guns that spiraled deer in the air and slammed them viciously on the ground. I also knew that with all its power and shiny newness, he had traded away a better gun for himself than the one he had invested in so deeply. There was no question of the rifle's ability to kill and do it quickly, but in this man's hands it would never be a pleasure for him to fire, and it would remain to him always something violent and sinister that he would be afraid to shoot. Also, he saw

it in the wrong light since he believed it was so powerful that bullet placement was no longer necessary and all that mattered was hoping for a hit somewhere on the deer.

This is a growing philosophy among our younger hunters, and I am afraid it will become an accepted fact. Too many hunters think along this line without realizing that there is much more to deer hunting than just owning a magnum rifle. The naked truth is that very few hunters will be underpowered and that many of them have really more power than they need. Simply because you shoot through a deer's rib cage, and it runs a hundred yards or more before it falls does not prove the gun is unfit but actually brings to light how tough a deer is and how necessary it is to place the bullet as accurately as possible. I believe it would be unwise to think of rifles such as the .30-30, .270 or .30-06 as obsolete, for they have a proven past and will always have a place in our Pennsylvania deer hunting.

Consideration of some of these old and new rifles may throw a little light on the benefits of owning one. Even though most hunters today feel the slow, heavy .35 Remington is over the hill, if you hunt where the brush is thick and the shots are relatively short, it is a deadly weapon. In tough country, the 200-grain ball gives you the slugging, brush cutting stamina needed. In this heavy class comes another old-timer, the .348 Winchester. Supposedly antiquated, it is still worth while to own one just for the wonderful workmanship inside of it. Although their range is somewhat limited, they usually reach the target regardless of what is in front of them. Of course the .30-30 and .32 Special are also somewhat low in velocity and are short range guns, but either can be very effective up to several hundred yards and make excellent deer rifles in light cover country. Perhaps more deer have been killed by the .30-30 than any other caliber. Last year when my buck eased his

way through the dense underbrush at about 100 yards, it never occurred to me that my .30-30 would be underpowered, and, when the 150-grain hand load ripped into his chest, it was curtains without any hesitation.

The Old Patriarch

I suppose the old patriarch of them all is the .30-06. Many of our modern shells have originated from the carcass of an .06 case. Hot species such as the .25-06 and the .243 Super Rock Chucker and other wildcatters are grandchildren of this fine rifle. Hand loaders can turn out a variety of loads that will be suitable for game from chucks to bears. The .30-06 has gained world-wide fame and has killed practically all big game known to man. There are many bullets available to the hunter but I think the 150-grain slug at speeds nearing 2,900 feet per second work best in the open farming country of Pennsylvania. The 180-grain bullet or the 220 will reduce your speed somewhat but would be more suitable for the thickets and short shots in the wooded areas of the northwest section of Pennsylvania. Scope one of these babies up and with the light bullet shoot it in about 3 to 4 inches high at 100 yards and you're set for anything up to ranges of 300 yards without worrying whether to hold high or low.

Another fine rifle is the .270 Winchester, for it, too, has a noble place

CONSIDERATION SHOULD be given to the kind of country to be hunted. For open terrain as pictured below, one could use a scope and a fast load. Shots at greater distances are more likely in this kind of country.





IF THE DEER are to be hunted in brushy habitat like this, then open sights and a slower bullet are more desirable.

in the field of big game hunting. With the 130-grain bullet, velocities of over 3,000 feet per second can be had and with this sizzling speed amazing accuracy seems built into every shot. I've seen the .270 shoot inch groups and less. It's more at home in the open rolling country and will always speak well for itself. Even though the market is flooded with new and strange name calibers, the .270 Winchester will remain a potent firearm.

Others such as the .300 Savage, .30-40 Krag and the 8 mm. fall into one of the previous mentioned categories, and each one is capable of making clean, quick kills if given a decent chance. All these guns have been proven in the past, and each has earned a fine reputation and should never be relegated to the ranks of the unfit and obsolete. If you happen to own any one of these rifles, there is no reason power wise why you won't get your buck.

Still the modern hunter demands new rifles and new calibers, and the gun manufacturers have obliged him by introducing a number of new jobs. The .308 Winchester in the Remington .760 model is a fast action, clip-loaded, flat shooting buck downer. In the 150-grain bullet load, velocities nearing 2,900 feet per second can be reached, and teaming this load up with the short slide action gives the hunter a snap shooting brush gun, and it will more than do the trick in the wide open terrain. Other than the constant clicking of the slide and the inherent danger of getting something wedged between the wood forearm

and the barrel, it's a hunter's dream and can be considered a superb big game rifle.

The new Winchester Model 88 is a rifle of symmetric beauty. The overall design is something to behold. In every way it is pleasing to the eye and is truly a new concept in lever action guns. The curved lever follows the contour of the stock and blends into the beauty of the rifle, instead of hanging awkwardly on the bottom and utilizing the clip for ease of loading it presents itself as a crisp, clean, smooth handling rifle. In its .284 caliber it's an angry one and seems resentful when fired. I had the feeling that it wants to remain untamed and ready to do battle regardless of its foe. Stinging from its recoil, I was pleased with groups that measured slightly over one inch. My best results came from 54½ grains of 4,350 and 140-grain bullet. It might be considered by the deer herd as a mark of extinction if everyone used the .284.

Instead of being discouraged with your present outfit fearing it might be low powered, you can add another 50 to 75 yards to its range by installing a scope on it. Remember you can't shoot any better than you can see, and anything that aids the shooter's vision is an asset to him. With a little practice, you can become very adept in using the scope, and there will be few times when you can't enjoy its benefits to the fullest. With a 4X scope you can pinpoint a shot at 100 yards. The small rack buck I shot last year would have easily passed by as a doe if I had not been using a scope. Even if I would have had binoculars and a gun with open sights on it, I would have been totally lost the minute I dropped the glasses since I could not have even aimed through the brush and trees with any kind of open sight.

The summation of it all is that it does not make a big difference what type of rifle or caliber you use as long as you know where it is shooting and that you are sure all you need is just one good chance to prove it.

the Armchair Sportsman

By *Syd Bigger*

News Editor, Meadville Tribune



LOOKING back over too many years, there was a time in my life when I thought I was getting smarter and smarter. Now it seems I was getting more and more stupid. Then came a time—just recently—when I was sure I was getting smarter and smarter.

Take deer hunting, for instance.

When I first took up the chase of the wily buck, I tried to make like an Indian. I took to the woods, found what I considered a fresh track and stalked as noiselessly as possible along the footprints. My failures were tremendous. A couple times I got close enough to verify the fact that they really were deer tracks I was following but all I got out of it was a glimpse of white flags bouncing merrily off through the woods.

Then I started to get smart. Don't try to sneak up on the blasted things, old hunters told me. Find a good runway and set and sit and wait for the deer to come to you. It sounded good.

First thing was to find a good runway. Now that takes a bit of doing in a country that's strange. How do you tell a good runway? Deer aren't dumb enough to put up signposts. It always

seemed to me that what I considered good runways the deer didn't.

In my quest for good runways, I moved farther and farther back into the wilderness. I was getting positively brilliant—so I thought. Get back where the deer go when other hunters spook them. That was my feeble reasoning.

I will say this—it worked. I found a runway that both a buck and I thought was a good one. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning and about three mountains back in from where I'd left the car. I cursed the runway, myself and the buck for our stupidity from about 10:30 until 4:30 that afternoon as my partner and I dragged that buck out of the woods.

After the deer was tied on the car and I'd pushed my eyeballs back in I made a vow. "Never again will I ever shoot any animal in the woods that I can't put in my game pocket!"

Now that was a brand of brilliance way over my head. But it was a step in the right direction. In fact, I kept my vow for one year. I just stayed away from the deer country.

But, like many men, I'm a backslider. I weakened. But I made another vow. "I will walk into the woods

for 10 minutes. There I will set me down and wait for a stupid deer."

That vow I've kept quite religiously for several years. The procedure has paid off with three bucks over the past several years and the best part of it's been that I haven't been pooped out when I got them dragged out to the road. The main trouble with this always has been that I froze stiff as a stump until I decided a small fire did me a lot of good and didn't harm the deer hunting.

This year I graduated to a new level of being smart. I went deer hunting in style. Made a charcoal stove out of an 8-inch piece of furnace smoke pipe, took along an old percolator and the fixin's, a chunk of rope to hang from

a branch tied to a piece of limb for a seat and my lunch. The whole pack weighed about 20 pounds going in and a lot less coming out.

Sorry to say I didn't sit all cozy by a runway and come out with a nice big specimen of the Virginia white tail but I enjoyed the day in the woods and didn't wear myself to a frazzle.

Next year I'll add a little folding camp stool to my pack. Who knows as I get smarter perhaps you'll find me 10 minutes back from the road sitting in a rocking chair on a good runway (they're all good if deer use them) and enjoying a good hot cup of coffee. A man just never knows how smart he's going to get.

Picnicking Habits

Research by the U. S. Department of Agriculture showed picnickers in Pennsylvania seldom use tables more than 250 feet from a parking area, indicating that people prefer to remain near their cars while enjoying an outing in the woods. The USDA survey showed that even in extremely crowded conditions, there was very little use of picnic tables located more than 300 feet from parked cars. Tables beyond 400 feet were not used at all. In Oregon, the agency found 91 per cent of wilderness visitors were Oregonians or their out-of-state friends, who walked into the area in groups of two to five, stayed for just a day, and returned to their homes less than 100 miles away.

GAME LANDS TOURS were popular around the state this fall. Left photo shows Land Manager Bill Overturf of Youngsville explaining land management practices to 115 persons on State Game Lands No. 86 in Warren County on October 4. Right photo shows a tour on State Game Lands No. 141 in Carbon County on October 1 when more than 1,200 persons turned out for the event. In charge were Land Manager John Booth of White Haven and District Game Protectors M. L. Warfield and D. L. Moyer of Carbon County and H. W. Bower of Luzerne County. Several state agencies cooperated in this effort.

PGC Photos by Parlaman and Kistner



CAMP RIFLE RACK

By John F. Clark

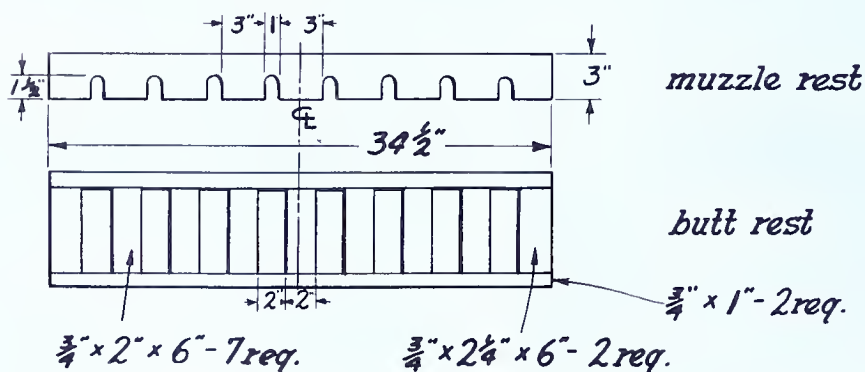
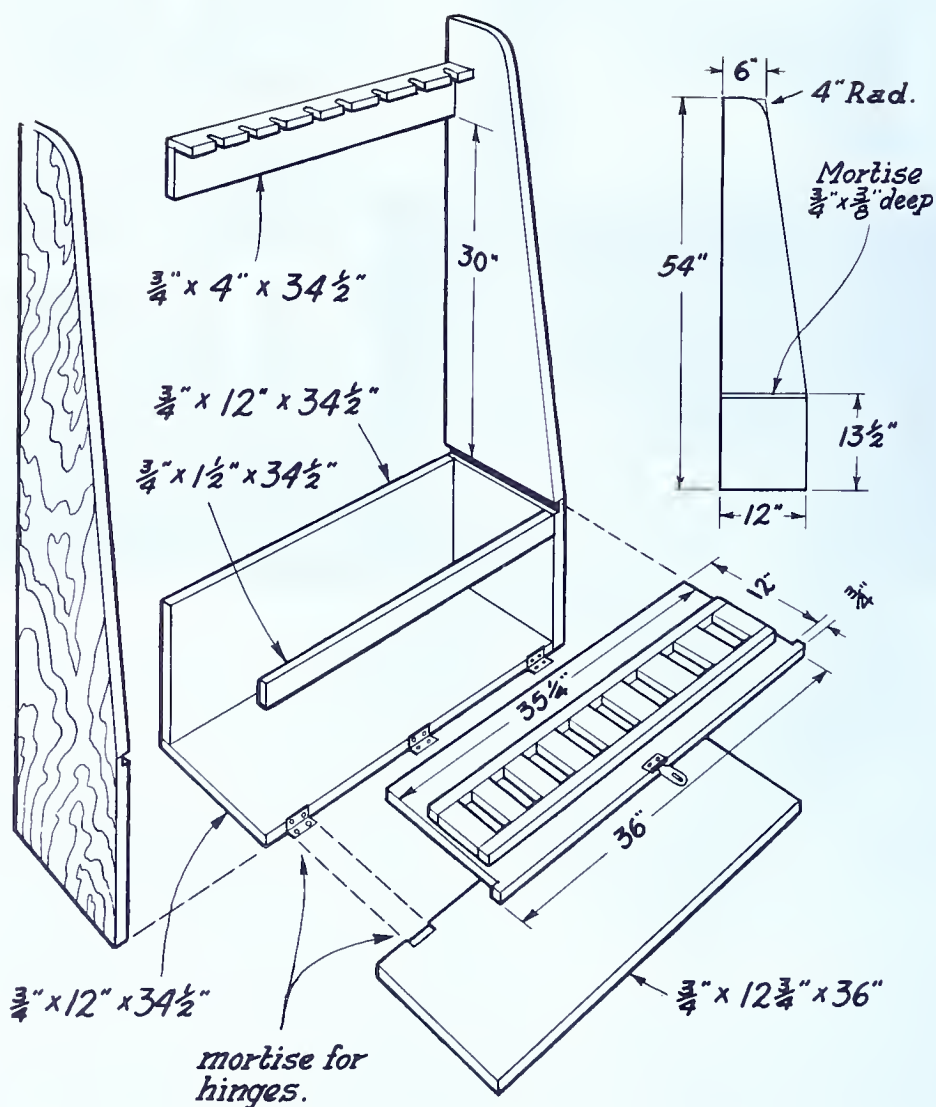
AS THE title implies, this rifle rack is strictly for use in the hunting camp. It's ruggedly built, with no frills or fancy work, and can be mounted on a wall or used as a floor rack.

It's built entirely of $\frac{3}{4}$ " plywood and is assembled with wood screws or screw nails. All of the dimensions for the various parts are given in the drawings.

The base for the floor-style rack is assembled from white pine 2 x 4's and then is attached to the rack with wood screws.

After you have cut out and assembled the rack, give the whole thing a good sanding. Then apply a couple of coats of spar varnish.

The compartment in the bottom should provide plenty of storage space for ammunition and cleaning materials.

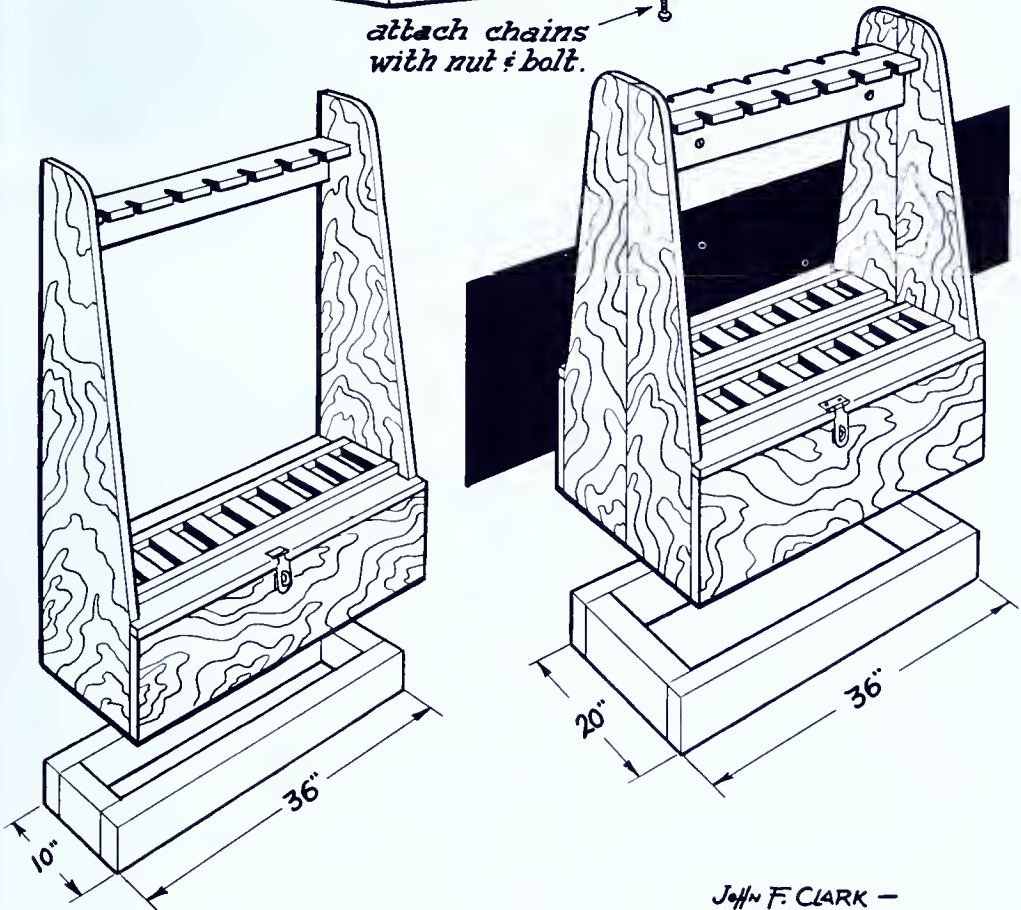


Note: make measurements from Φ

Wall rack - attach to wall with lag screws - Position rack to hit wall studding.

Floor racks - build 2"x4" white pine base & attach with screws. Need more space?... bolt two racks - back to back & set on base.

attach chains with nut & bolt.



JOHN F. CLARK -



THIS RARE PHOTO of a nearly equally rare albino deer was taken by Ed Bergin, a photographer-reporter for the "Erie-Times News," while on a field trip with District Game Protector James Hyde of Clarion County.

The Story of a Picture . . .

Cooperation . . . Produces Rare Albino Deer Photo

By Ed Bergin

Erie-Times News

THIS rare photograph of an albino deer is an excellent example of what happens when newsmen and Game Protectors combine their talents.

To produce this striking photo of an albino deer on Game Lands No. 63 near Clarion, Clarion County Game Protector Jack Hyde and Clarion newspaper photographer Ed Bergin put their collective talents together.

The photo started with a casual conversation in the Clarion newspaper office. Game Protector Hyde was telling Mr. Bergin that he had observed three albino deer running on the State Game Lands near Shippenville.

Bergin suggested a field trip to try and photograph the rare animals and Hyde set the date for the next Saturday.

Despite the dismal rainy day, the pair set out in Protector Hyde's car, a hill-climbing sedan that Jack wasn't afraid to take anywhere.

Just after passing the Game Commission building, Hyde turned the sedan onto a dirt road. Suddenly he stopped the car, "There he is!" Hyde didn't need to point the animal out, photographer Bergin was already focusing his telephoto lens. Bergin leaned the barrel of the 8-inch telephoto lens across Hyde's back to steady the camera since a slow shutter speed was necessary because of the low light level in the woods.

One shot was all Bergin was able to take. Then the albino scampered into the woods. Hyde and Bergin got out of the car to try for another picture.

Hyde backtracked to try to bring the animal toward Bergin who had posted about 100 yards deep in the woods. Hyde succeeded in bringing

the deer back past the waiting photographer, but no picture possibilities presented themselves.

For Bergin, the day was already a success, but Protector Hyde had more tricks up his sleeve.

He eased the sedan up a winding dirt road and not more than 20 minutes after meeting the albino, Bergin was able to zoom his telephoto lens in on a flock of eight turkeys feeding in a field.

Later, over a cup of coffee, Bergin admitted he had taken the Game Protector's tale of seeing albino deer and wild turkeys with a grain of salt.

Hyde smiled, "We're in the woods every day. It's our job. By knowing where certain animals feed and browse, we cut the odds against not seeing them way down, and in fact we actually turn them a little in our favor."

About that albino deer, latest reports are the animal has horns!

WITH THE SWEET smell of success still in his nostrils from the rare deer photo, Bergin shot this wild turkey picture the same day. The turkey picture was also taken in Clarion County with a 200 mm. telephoto lens.



Pennsylvania Official 1964 Open Seasons and Bag Limits

The Pennsylvania Game Commission, in Harrisburg, on June 13, established the following seasons and bag limits for resident game and fur bearers for the 1964-65 hunting license year which began September 1.

Open season includes first and last dates listed, Sundays excepted, for game. The open hour for small game, migratory game birds and other wild birds or animals on October will be 8:00 a.m., EST. On other opening days, and otherwise during the season for upland and big game, the shooting hours daily are from 7:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., EST, except from June 1 to September 30, incl., 6:00 a.m. to 7:30 p.m., EST, and the hours for October archers' deer season, which are 6:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., EST.

SMALL GAME					
	Daily Limit	Season Limit	DATES OF OPEN SEASONS		
			First Day	Last Day	
Rabbits, Cottontail (not more than 20 in combined seasons)	4	20	Oct. 31	Nov. 28	AD
Squirrels, Gray, Black and Fox (combined)	6	30	Dec. 26	Jan. 2	
Ruffed Grouse (not more than 10 in combined seasons)	2	10	Oct. 31	Nov. 28	AD
Wild Turkey—Counties, and parts of, not listed below	1	1	Oct. 31	Nov. 14	
—Counties, and parts of, listed below*	1	1	Oct. 31	Nov. 21	
Ring-necked Pheasants, males only	2	8	Oct. 31	Nov. 28	
Bobwhite Quail	4	20	Oct. 31	Nov. 28	
Hares (Snowshoe Rabbits)	2	6	Dec. 26	Jan. 2	
Raccoons (hunting or trapping)		Unlimited		No close season	
Woodchucks (Ground Hogs)		Unlimited		No close season	
Grackles		Unlimited		No close season	
Squirrels, Red (Closed Oct. 1 to 30, incl.)		Unlimited		All months except Oct. 1-30, incl.	
BIG GAME					
Bear, over one year old, by individual	1	1	Nov. 23	Nov. 28	
Bears, over one year old, by hunting party of 3 or more	2	2	Nov. 23	Nov. 28	
Deer, Archery Season, any deer—State-wide			Oct. 3	Oct. 30	
—Counties, and parts of, listed below**			Jan. 4	Jan. 9	
Deer, Antlered, with 2 or more points to an antler or a spike 3 or more inches long	1	1	Nov. 30	Dec. 12	
Deer, Antlerless—State-wide			Dec. 14	Dec. 15	
—Counties, and parts of, listed below***			Dec. 14	Dec. 19	
FUR BEARERS					
Skunks and Opossums		Unlimited		No close season	
Minks		Unlimited	Nov. 14	Jan. 17	
Muskrats (traps only)		Unlimited	Nov. 14	Jan. 17	AN
			Feb. 13	Mar. 14	
Beavers (traps only)—Certain Counties listed below****	6	6	Feb. 13	Mar. 14	
—Remainder of State	3	3	Feb. 13	Mar. 14	

NO OPEN SEASON—Hen Pheasants, Cub Bears, Elk, Otters, Hungarian Partridges, Chukar Partridge, Sharp-tailed Grouse.

SPECIAL REGULATIONS

- * *Wild Turkey Season*—Oct. 31 to Nov. 21 in the Counties of Cameron, Clinton, Elk, Lycoming, McKean, Potter, Sullivan, Tioga, Union, and in those parts of Forest and Warren Counties east of the Allegheny River, and in that part of Venango County south and east of the Allegheny River and north and east of Route 322, and in those parts of Clarion, Clearfield and Jefferson Counties north of Route 322, that part of Centre County east of Route 322 north of Philipsburg and east of Route 350 south of Philipsburg, that part of Blair County east of Route 350, that part of Huntingdon County east of Route 350 north of Water Street and north of Route 22 east of Water Street, that part of Mifflin County north of Route 22 west of Lewistown and north of Route 522 east of Lewistown, and that part of Snyder County north of Route 522, and the parts of Bradford, Columbia, Luzerne, Montour, Northumberland and Wyoming Counties north and west of the North Branch of the Susquehanna River.
- ** *Archery Deer Season*—Jan. 4 to Jan. 9 in Allegheny County and in that part of southeastern Pennsylvania between the Susquehanna and Delaware Rivers and south of Route 22.
- *** *Antlerless Deer Season*—Dec. 14 to Dec. 19 in extreme southeastern Pennsylvania in those parts of Bucks, Chester, Delaware and Montgomery Counties south and east of the following highways: beginning at New Hope on the Delaware River west on Route 202 to Route 309, north on Route 309 to its junction with Route 113, southwest on Route 113 to Route 422, northwest on Route 422 to Route 100 at Pottstown, south on Route 100 to the Pennsylvania line. This is an area designated for the use of bow and arrow or buckshot only for all deer hunting, rifles prohibited.
- **** *Beaver Season*—Feb. 13 to Mar. 14 in the Counties of Bradford, Lackawanna, Monroe, Potter, Sullivan, Susquehanna, Tioga, Wayne and Wyoming.

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